

SARATOGA RACES.

FIFTH DAY.

SARATOGA, N. Y.—Fifth day of the July meeting of the Saratoga Racing Association, Wednesday, August 4, 1876.

First Race.—The twelfth renewal of the Saratoga Stakes for two-year-olds; \$100 each; half forfeit, with \$1,000 added; the second to receive \$200 out of the stakes; closed with thirty-two nominations; value of stakes, \$3,500, three-quarters of a mile.

P Lorillard's br g Parole, by Leamington, dam Maiden, 97 lbs.	1
A Belmont's ch f Adelaide, by imp Australian dam Dolly Carter, 97 lbs.	2
A Belmont's b f Sultana, by Lexington, dam Mildred, 100 lbs.	3
D McDaniel & Co's b c by Lexington, dam Canary Bird, 100 lbs.	4
J M Harney's ch f Athlone, by Pat Malloy, dam Anna Travis, 97 lbs.	0
Stringfield & Clay's Blue Coat, by Jack Malone dam Monica, by Sovereign, 100 lbs.	0
Lawrence & Lorillard's ch c Snuburst, by Planet, dam Bettie Ward, 100 lbs.	0
P Lorillard's ch g Durango, by Jack Malone, dam Fannie Barrow, 97 lbs.	0
Doswell & Cammack's ch c Osseo, by imp Eclipse, dam Oliata, 100 lbs.	0

Time, 1:18 1/2.

Second Race.—Same day.—The twelfth renewal of the Sequel Stakes, for three-year olds, \$50 each, play or pay, with \$700 added, the second to save his stake; winner of any three-year-old stake to carry 7 lbs extra; closed with twenty-four nominations; value of stakes, \$1,900; two miles.

E A Clabaugh's ch c Vistor, by Vauxhall, dam Heatherbell, 110 lbs.	1
J M Harney's ch c General Harney, by Pat Malloy, dam Yellowbird, 110 lbs.	2
A B Lewis & Co's b c Vagabond, by Vandal, dam Gem, by Child Harold, 110 lbs.	3
D McDaniel & Co's b c Paul Fry, by Enquirer, dam Mary Churchill, 110 lbs.	0

Time, 3:43 1/2.

Same day.—Purse \$1,000, for all ages; entrance 5 per cent, which, with \$100 of the purse, goes to the second horse; three miles.

Thomas Paryear & Co's ch c Rutherford, 4 yrs old, by imp Australian, dam Aerolite, 109 lbs.

M A Littell's b h Wildside, 5 yrs old, by imp Australian, dam Idlewild, 114 lbs.

D McDaniel & Co's ch f Madge, 4 yrs old, by imp Australian, dam Alabama, 105 lbs.

Time, 5:38.

This brought the Summer Meeting to a successful conclusion.

WINNING SIRES AND STABLES AT SARATOGA.

The following tables will give the winning sires and stables, including the winners' entrance money or stakes:—

By imp Leamington.	
Parole, dam Maiden, by Lexington	\$2,950
Olitpa, dam Oliata, by Lexington	2,900
Faithless, dam Felicity, by Eclipse	2,450
McDaniel's filly, dam Naptha, by Eclipse	500
Milner, dam by Lexington	300
Total	\$9,100

By Lightning.

D'Artagnan, dam Zingara, by Star Davis (including \$500 in plate)

Daylight, dam Laura Spillman, by Wagner

By imp Australian.

Springbok, dam Hester, by Lexington

Rutherford, dam Aerolite, by Lexington

Countess, dam Lady Blossington, by imp Eclipse

Caroline, dam imp Camilla, by King Tom

By Jonesboro.

Diavolo, dam Ninette, by Revenuo

By imp Warminster.

Inspiration, dam Sophia, by imp Bonnie

By Rod Dick.

Mattie W, dam Etta Shippen, by John C.

By Ulverston.

Trouble, dam by Mickey Free

By Pat Malloy.

General Harney, dam Yellow Bird, by imp

By War Dance.

Sister of Mercy, dam Sister of Charity, by

WINNING STABLES.

The following are the gross earnings of the several stables during the meeting:—

P Lorillard	\$5,850	J Hunter	\$600
J A Grinstead	4,950	J Donahue	500
A Belmont	3,325	J O'Donnell	300
T Puryear & Co.	2,650	Doswell & Cammack	300
D McDaniel & Co	2,325	M A Littell	250
M H Sanford	1,875	R W Cameron	250
E A Clabaugh	1,850	A H Torrance	225
G Longstreet	1,000	A P Green	150
Ayres & Sutcliffe	700	J M Harney	50

First Day, Aug 5.—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, for horses that have never beaten 2:33, for a purse of \$2,500; \$1,250 to first, 625 to second, 375 to third, and 250 to fourth.

Charles S Green, b g Breeze	1	2	1	1
J W Crawford, g g Sand Hill	3	1	2	2
J W Patterson, ch m Gum Ball	2	6	5	4
A Howard, b m Hattie R.	11	3	4	3
C L Bailey, b g Calmar	4	11	3	6
Geo W Voorhis, b g Sam	5	4	7	5
Jno D Benton, b g J D Benton	9	8	10	
Ewing & Williams, ch g Tearaway	9	8	6	7
S Willet, b m Fanny D	6	10	11	9
Peter Curran, ch g Varcoe	7	7	9	8
A T Britton, b m Kittie Fiske	10	9	10	dis
A M Wilson, b m Belle Porter	dis			
R B Bissell, g g Transfer	dr			
P Wineman, b g Duke	dr			
L C Lennon, blk g The Forger	dr			
E K Bradbury, s g Utica	dr			
M Higbee, blk s Gor Sprague	dr			
N B Emerson, b g Gen Hood	dr			

Time—2:31 1/2, 2:34 1/2, 2:28 1/2.

Same Day—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, for horses that never beat 2:24; for a purse of \$5,000, \$2,500 to first, 1,250 to second, 750 to third, 500 to fourth.

Chas S Green, b m May Queen (formerly Nashville Girl)	1	1	1
C A Bailey, b g Gen Garfield (formerly Bedford)	2	2	5
Van Ness & Henderson, b m Lady Star	3	3	2
W C Trimble, ch m Musio	6	5	2
John Trout, g m Sea Foam	6	4	4
J M Leach, r s Monarch, Jr.	4	6	6
N B Mills, b g Frank Wood	dis		
T F & J Ellis, b g Derby	dr		
R Patterson, Jr, b m Belle Brasfield	dr		
M McManus, b m Carrie	dr		
E K Bradbury, blk m Catskill Girl	dr		
Abner Rush, b g Brother Jonathan	dr		

Time—2:22 1/2, 2:21 1/2, 2:23 1/2.

Second Day, August 7.—Mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness, for horses that have never beaten 2:29, for a purse of \$5,000; \$2,500 to first, 1,250 to second, 750 to third, 500 to fourth.

M Higbee's b g Little Fred	2	1	1	2	1
A F Fawcett's b g Albert	1	4	9	11	10
Geo J Bart's b m Eva	11	9	7	1	9
S A Brown's blk m Lady Turpin	6	6	2	3	4
M Burgess's b g York State	8	2	4	8	8
R Bailey's b g Shanty	12	7	12	10	2
W H Wilson's g g General Mac	7	5	3	5	3
W H Crawford's b m Annie Collins	8	2	10	4	5
John Trout's br m Jean Ingelow	4	8	8	9	11
D Kirkore's ch s Caledonia Chief	5	11	6	6	7
C H Olmstead's b g Sam West	10	10	5	7	6
John George, jr's g Gen Picton	13	12	11	12	dis
Ewing & William's b g Scott's Chief	9	13	dis		
E K Bradbury's br g Berkshire Boy	dr				
J C Foster's blk g Scotland	dr				

Time—2:24 1/2, 2:26 1/2, 2:26 1/2, 2:28 1/2, 2:29 1/2.

The 2:40 race not being concluded was adjourned till Monday. Ashland Pet, Woodruff, and Quaker Boy had each two heats; Pilot and Sam were sent to the stable for not winning a heat in five.

Third Day, Aug. 9.—Adjourned Trot from Aug. 7.—Mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness, for horses that never beat 2:40, for a purse of \$1,000; \$500

A James & g Ashland Pet

Simon Jac ss' b g Woodruff

Wm Winalow's b g Quaker Boy

T B Fairchild's b g Pilot

Geo W Voorhis' ch g Sam

M Higbee's blk s (Gov Sprague)

The conclusion of the 2:31 race was adjourned until Tuesday. Honest Harry, Idol, and Lewinski each having two heats.

Mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness, for horses that never beat 2:22, for a purse of \$4,000; \$2,000 to first; \$1,000 to second; \$600 to third; \$400 to fourth.

Chas S Green's b m Lucillo Goldust

Wm L Simmons' b m Bella

Van Ness & Henderson's b m Lady Star

John L Doty's ch g Thos L Young

John Trout's g m Sea Foam

R Peniston's ch g Grafton

Mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness, for horses that never beat 2:31, for a purse of \$2,500; \$1,250 to first, 625 to second, 375 to third, 250 to fourth.

M S Forbes' ch g John W Hall

John Trout's b s Sir William Wallace

H W Brown's g g Capt Smith

E Wilcox's b g Billy Paver

W Kilpatrick's b m Lady Johnston

C Davis' br m Sophia Temple

Ewing & Williams' blk s Carlisle

Geo W Voorhis' ch g Sam

A M Wilson's br m Frank

J Jameson's r m Anna

R B Bissell's g g Transfer

John D Benton's b g J D Benton

L C Lennon's br m Minnie Sanders

E K Bradbury's s g Utica

N Thompson's blk m Lady Thompson

Time, 2:30 1/2, 2:33 1/2, 2:30 1/2.

FOURTH DAY, Aug. 10.—On account of the mail arrangements between Buffalo and Toronto being so defective, we are without our summaries of the last day's proceedings, and are obliged to content ourselves with the meagre telegraph report as follows:—

The first race on the programme was the unfinished race of yesterday for the 2:31 class, which was won by Idol, Lewinski second, three lengths behind, and two lengths ahead of Honest Harry. Time, 2:25, 2:26, 2:25 1/2, 2:27 1/2, 2:28 1/2, 2:24 1/2.

Next on the programme was the free for all. Bodine being drawn left Nettie and Lula to start. The race was won by Lx in three straight heats. Time, 2:22, 2:18 1/2, 2:15. This is the fastest time ever made on this track, and as the board was swung announcing the time the excitement was immense, the crowd rushing on the track to see the wonderful mare, and congratulating her driver, Charley Green. The mare was walked up and down the track before the Judges' stand, the crowd cheering both mare and driver lustily.

The next race was for the 2:27 class. Nine horses entered, only six starting. Mollie Morris won in three straight heats, Carrie second, Rarus third, and Belle Brasfield fourth. Time, 2:22, 2:24 1/2, 2:24 1/2.

After the second heat of the 2:27 race it was announced that the owners of the four-year-old black stallion, Gov. Sprague, would trot an exhibition heat. After giving him a turn around the track he was sent off, making the mile in 2:21 1/2. This far exceeds any previous record made by any four-year-old. He was sired by Rhode Island and his dam Bella Brandon, is owned by Hiebio Bros. & Co., Canton, Illinois, and has no record. His height is 15 hands 1 1/2 inches; \$50,000 is the price asked for him by his owners.

POUGHKEEPSIE RACES.

It was decided by the executive committee to make two separate purses in the 2:38 class, on account of the numerous entries, of \$1,500 each, thereby adding \$500 to the original amount of the purse, and distinguishing them by purses A and B.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Aug. 4.—Purse A, \$1,500, for horses that have never beaten 2:38; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness; \$650 to first, 450 to second, 250 to third, 150 to fourth.

W Sargent b g St Julien	2	1	1	1
A J Feek b g Great Eastern	1	2	2	
M Roden's ch g Dan Bryant	4	3	3	4
J K Levitt's c m Lady Goodwin	3	4	11	3
Eugene Root's b g Northwood	6	8	4	6
W S Thoms ch m Elsie	8	9	5	5
F B Cumming's br m Queen	10	6	8	7
W B Smith's blk m Celerity	11	5	6	8
R Thornton's b m Kitty Allen	7	7	7	9
J O Smith's b s W H Bode	5	10	9	11
Alex Patterson's g m Privateer Maid	9	11	10	10
J H Goldsmith's b m Sister	12	12	dr	

Time 2:30, 2:30, 2:26 1/2, 2:30 1/2.

Same Day.—Purse B, \$1,500, for horses that have never beaten 2:38; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness; \$650 to first, 450 to second, 250 to third, 150 to fourth.

W H Doble's d g Preston	1	1	1
John D Gillett's b g Proctor	4	2	2
Wm J Payne's g m Amelia D	2	7	7
H W Howe's b s Tom Moore	6	3	3
T Lesage's br g Drummer Boy	3	5	4

J D Brown's ch g I Guess So

R Dempster's b g Chaucey M Beadle

Wisnor Park's b g George M

John Lovett's g g Willie

John Minchen's b s Lumberman

Same day.—Purse \$4,500, for horses that have never beaten 2:24; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness; \$2,000 to first, 1,250 to second, 800 to third, 450 to fourth.

Budd Doble's b m Clementine

Jas Dougrey, Jr.'s b g Joker

J A Batchellar's d g Frank J

Brigg's & Ross' blk m Blanche

J S Parke's b s Parke's Abdallah

John Splan's g g George B Daniel

C Dickerman's b g Spotted Colt

Dan Mace's b m Vanity Fair

J C Eckerson's Everett Ray

Wisnor Park's br g Olegary

Second Day, August 5.—First Race.—Purse \$4,000, for horses that have never trotted better than 2:29; \$2,000 to first, 1,000 to second, 600 to third, and 400 to fourth.

E C White's g g Jack Draper

Wm Hunt's wh g White Cloud

J B Serrill's wh m Twilight

James Doughrey, Jr.'s g g Ben Smith

J W Goldsmith's b m Edie Dean

J H Phillips' b m Adelaide

A J Feek's ch g Bonner

John Murphy's ch m Grace Bertram

Dan Mace's b m Maud

M W Whipple's b m Lady White

R P Stetson's ru m Dinal

Time 2:28 1/2, 2:27 1/2, 2:31 1/2, 2:31 1/2.

The third heat was trotted in a fearful rain and hail storm.

Same day.—Second Race.—Purse \$4,500, for horses that have never trotted better than 2:18; \$2,250 to first, 1,500 to second, 750 to third.

Benj Mace's gr g Hopeful

Wm H Doble's b m Lady Maud

J H Goldsmith's b m Huntress

Budd Doble's ch g Judge Fallerton

J A Batchelor's b g John H

Daniel Mace's b g Sensation

Time, 2:31, 2:22 1/2, 2:28, 2:28.

Third Day, August 6.—First Race.—Purse \$2,500, for horses that never beat 2:31; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness; \$1,500 to first, 900 to second, 500 to third, 300 to fourth.

Benj Mace's b m Nelly Walton

Wm M Hughes's s m Little Mary

J H Goldsmith's b g Batesman

John D Gillett, Jr.'s b g Proctor

Edwin Thorne's b m Enigma

John Murphy's b g Matt Tannur

R J Slater's b g Carrolton

D Cunningham's gr g Messenger Boy

Time, 2:28

WON IN A CANTER.

(CONTINUED)

The crowd, scared man left the house with-
out answering.

"Was anything so nice?" "Think of that dear Mr. Gammone giving an afternoon party" such were the exclamations running through the mind of the pet curate's parish "So kind and considerate of him." "So friendly," "So charming." All the parish was asked; at least, all who were invitables. There was a first rate lunch in his greenhouse, which was large, and had been beautifully fitted up and warmed; it was yet too cold for a garden party outside—ices, champagne, claret cup, in fact it was as well done as it could be.

The curate was here, there, and everywhere, in the greatest spirits; bowing to one, getting cold chicken for another, and sherry and lemonade for a third.

Miss Smithers had made up her mind for conquest on this day. She was arrayed in the very palest of sea-green silks beautifully made. But Miss Brown was not to be outdone. Miss Smithers' maid had split as to the color, so Miss Brown went up town and ordered a beautiful pink one from Marshall and Snellgrove, and a magnificent bouquet from Solomon's. Miss Jenkins invested in a bright blue; and Miss Robinson, who was getting somewhat past mark of mouth, appeared in virgin white. Each young lady, who fancied she made the least impression or had a chance, had fully made up her mind to do or die.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the pompous Mr. Broadmead, a wealthy and retired grazier, who always would speechify, getting on his legs, "unaccustomed as I am—"

"To public speaking," put in an indiscreet young gentleman, who had taken more champagne and claret cup than was good for him.

"No, sir," said the grazier, glaring round with his gold eye-glasses, to detect the offender, which he failed in doing. "I am not unaccustomed to public speaking. I was going to observe, when I was so unseemingly interrupted, unaccustomed as I am to afternoon parties"—he had never been to one before—"given on this unusual scale—of—of—of—liberality and magnificence—"

"Cock-a-doodle-do!" cried the young gentleman, who was highly delighted at his success at not being discovered and seeing there was a general titter, for Mr. Broadmead was not popular.

"You may cock-a-doodle-do me, sir, as much as you like, whoever you are," returned the grazier, "but you shall not put me down. I repeat, liberality and magnificence of our worthy host and entertainer, for he is—"

"A jolly good fellow," bawled out another, emboldened by his friend's success.

"Very well, sir," said the irate speaker, "by all means, let it be a jolly good fellow, if you choose, but that is not what I was going to say. I therefore beg without trespassing on your time any further to propose his health with—"

"Three times three, and the musical honors," shouted out the first.

"Sir!" exclaimed the orator, with great emphasis and grandeur, "allow me to remind you this is not a tavern but the—the—" he was going to say "the Hall," but as they were in a greenhouse, substituted "the domain of a much respected and valuable gentleman."

"One of the olden school," put in another, amidst the laughter of all.

"Oh, Mr. Gammone, dear Mr. Gammone," said Miss Smithers, who was seated next to him, "I am quite too awfully terrified and alarmed. There is not—oh, say there is not going to be—to be—a fight, is there?"

"Dearest Mr. Gammone," uttered Miss Jenkins, who was determined not to be outdone, "they will not hurt you, will they—tell me you are safe?"

"Mr. Broadmead, ladies and gentlemen," said the host, getting on his legs, and throwing his hair back with his white hand, "I cannot sufficiently express myself for your kindness, and the great honor you have done me;" here he passed his scented handkerchief across his eyes. "Yes," he continued, "it has come on me quite unprepared, and I really am at a loss what to say." (No! no!) "I must throw myself on your indulgence, and generosity, if I inadequately express myself. You know not the pleasure it gives me to see the old and young, rich and poor, happy. I cannot bear discussions or discord, it need not be, for a soft answer turneth

me—Why has Mr. Gammone concealed his marriage? Why has our curate not brought her amongst us? He has been here three years, and we never heard of his being a Benedict before. My friends, I will tell you why; no man has been free from blame. I ran away with my wife; she had a poor old and infirm father, on his forgiving us, which he immediately did, I promised him—a promise which I have rigidly and faithfully kept—that I would leave her with him, never take her away, or mention my marriage till his death. He is dead. It was an old man's whim—folly I may say, let it be so, but I am happy in knowing I kept faith." ("Noble young man," from an elderly lady.) "My beloved wife, the cherished one of my heart, will be amongst you soon; to-morrow I go to fetch her. I feel you will accord her the same kind reception you have given me; you find her gentle, affectionate and amiable; she will enter fully into all your feelings; she is generous to the poor, and rich in virtue; if anything had happened to her during the three years I have been away, I should have broken my heart." (Here he was much overcome.) "My dear friends, let us drink the health of her I love and value, and who will ever be a friend to those who need one, or are in distress." (Vociferous applause.)

Here the old lady filled her tumbler by mistake, and the "Jolly-good-fellow" man returned his compliment on his "Cock-a-doodle" friend, by taking him a tremendous rap on the mouth with a stewed pear, which suddenly stopped his cheering.

The party broke up an hour after; many were the handshakings and protestations of undying friendship, but the Reverend Butcher Gammone could not fail to see that the young ladies, one and all, were not so friendly or cordial as before.

How the reverend gentleman managed to make his peace with his long and cruelly deserted wife, is not known, but he did; for in due time she appeared amongst them, tall, pale, and calm, beautifully dressed, which set off her elegant figure to perfection.

She certainly was a very fine and charming woman, and greatly admired; but from the hour she entered her husband's house he got no more worked slippers or braces, and his presents of game fell off considerably.

Still he was the pet curate, and people came far and wide to hear him; but there was one in his parish which he feared above all others, who never entered his church again, and that was Alice; she used to drive to another three miles off in her little pony-chaise.

Her non-attendance at the parish church was generally remarked, and people set it down that, being so friendly with the curate as she had been, she was indignant and jealous at not being invited to his afternoon party; but he knew better, and was ever most polite in raising his hat when they met, and his wife constantly called at Thorley Farm—in fact, Mrs. Gammone took more notice of Alice Lee than anyone else in the parish, much to the disgust of the upper ten; but she was so gentle and unassuming that nothing could be said, and the curate's wife was as popular as ever, as well as her husband.

But matters were not to go on so smoothly; there came to reside in the neighborhood a small family that had lived at St. Servan, and it gradually came out that Mr. Gammone had deserted his wife there; but as this family did not move in the first circles, it did not much matter.

But as time went on the reverend gentleman, finding that his callers were gradually falling off, went boldly to work, took the bull by the horns, and told every one that he knew what had been said about him, and also the people who had spread the wicked and malicious reports, and that they themselves had run away from France without paying their debts which was a fact.

By this judicious stroke he not only cleared himself, but put the others in for it. The tradesmen got shy and suspicious, would only give short credit, and pressed for payment, this, coupled with a hint from the curate that they were a bad lot who never paid any one, settled them in the parish, and one day they were *non est*, and the curate had it all to himself again.

But he was in too populous a neighborhood to be safe, people were constantly going and coming, and once or twice he very narrowly escaped being recognized—so thinking discretion the better part of valour, managed an exchange, with fifty pounds a year to the good, and wended his way down into Cornwall with all his belongings, close to the place where the Brutons were settled.

There he felt comparatively safe, and as

separating, they would have a stirrup-cup in the shape of egg-flip, which the house was famous for. The landlord of the "Hand and Spear" was a horsey man himself, he had been the Honorable Hugh Welcher's stud-groom, but though the Honorable Hugh managed to do a pretty good thing in the way of betting, yet with his own horses he hardly ever managed to land a stake.

He, therefore, under the circumstances, thought it advisable to get rid in a quiet way of his *charge d'affaires*, which he did, but not before that worthy had filled his pockets at his master's expense. The "Hand and Spear" being at that time to let, Mr. Nobbleall took the business, good-will, and fixtures, and a capital thing he made of it. He bought and sold horses, lent money when it was safe and the security undeniable, attended race meetings, and made a book. Many and many a flyer came out of the pockets of his customers, for the landlord knew the latest state of the odds, and therefore had the pull of the farmers and yeomen who frequented his house.

On a Saturday night they generally mustered in great force, Pastern was one of the few Mr. Nobbleall did not attempt to bleed; he was not so easily caught. A very wary customer was Mr. Pastern; if it had not been for his indomitable laziness and fondness of liquor, he was by no means a bad servant in his particular walk; he knew when a horse was in condition, and he knew how to make him and how to keep him so.

"It's a pity, Pastern," remarked the landlord, as he and about twenty others sat in the blue parlour, each puffing at his "yard of clay," which filled the room with a dense cloud of smoke, so thick as to render the figures on the other side of the room hardly distinguishable, and made one imagine that they were in a London November fog—"it's a pity you have not a horse to prepare for these steeple-chases; suit you a deal better than driving the Colonel and his missis about,—more your form, eh?"

"I should think it was," returned Pastern, "but some people don't know when they are well off. Now there's my Lady Verriest, she runs two for the Ladies' Cup. Who was the most likely to put her horses in fettle—I who've 'ad 'em under my 'ands and knows their constitution, or the chap that is a training of 'em; galloping and galloping, a-taking all the steel out of 'em, and making 'em stale? Now let us see how many of 'em are fit. There's two from the Mount. Two Mrs. Allsnob runs, they will be as fit—as fit as attention, good feeding, and proper work can make them—that will be four; one of Lady Mary Slyfox's, five; one of Lady Lavender's, six; Miss Dutechill sends her old elephant, seven; Miss Thornhill's Sultan, eight; Mrs. Conyers's, nine, and four a-coming from the next 'unt—thirteen in all. Well, I can't say anything about the last four, because I knows nothing about 'em. I hear they ain't much, but out of the nine from our 'unt there will be only four fit; and these will be Mrs. Allsnob's two, Miss Thornhill's, and Mrs. Conyers's. He's a rare hand at a horse is Mr. Blake. I don't know what Allsnob would do without him; but there's one quite as good, and a more patient rider of the two, and that is young Mr. Thornhill. It's a pity he is so ill and cannot get up. It would be a treat to see 'im and Mr. Blake at the finish; there will be some good 'ands up; but the match of the meeting will be Duffer's and Bluster's."

"Who do you think will be the best man of the two, Mr. Pastern?" asked a pad-groom, deferentially.

"I think, sir," said Pastern, throwing himself back in his chair, stretching out his legs, and sending out a volume of smoke, "I think, sir, they will both come to grief. If either of the muffs have a pull over the other, I consider Mr. Bluster as the call. What do gentlemen like them know about racing or steeple-chasing? And now I am on the subject and I see a lot of young 'uns about me, I will, with my friend Nobbleall's permission, just tell you in as few words as possible what I think of 'oss racing in general. It's a humbug and robbery."

"No, no," exclaimed several, "not so bad as that, Mr. Pastern."

"I say it is," resumed that individual. "It's just this; many gentlemen are born to large fortunes, or comes into them; nothing will do but they must go into 'oss racing, of which they know nothing more than—Duffer or Bluster; they won't be content with two or three 'unters, and 'ave a day with the 'arriers, or what not, but they must 'ave race 'osses or steeple-chase 'osses, and send 'em to crack 'ands to be trained; 'praps you don't know what trainers' bills are."

There's many of 'em as would sell you for a five pound note. 'Oss racing is a wheel within a wheel, but if you will bet, and my friend Nobbleall will tell you the same, if you will pile the agony on, always follow the money; but chaps with no means puts on their half-crowns, or half quids, loses and gets into trouble—the footman steals the silver plate or pawns it to meet his engagements, and clerks and shopmen's 'ands oftentimes find their way into their master's till. Now with steeple-chasing, and where there are gentlemen riders up, mind ye, gentlemen riders—none of yer half-and-half swells, but the genuine article who are above bribery, buttered gammon, and don't bet, it's all well and good, and that's where the Wareheel steeple-chases will be clippers—no professional are allowed, and every race will be ridden on the square, and from end to end; but talking of the turf—as the turf, it's a bosh and a delusion. There, my boys, now you 'ave my idea on 'oss racing. Give me another four-pennyworth, Nobbleall, I'm as dry as a limekiln."

"Right you are, Pastern," said mine host, "and I agree with all you 'ave said; but you have forgotten to state that some of the swells are just as slippery as their trainers and jocks, and that when a horse is fit to go for his life, he is scratched, the trainer sold, and very often a stable put in the hole, when it could have pulled through and with lots to spare. Pastern has given you the correct tip; Miss Thornhill's Sultan, Mrs. Allsnob's two, and Mrs. Conyers' will be there or thereabout; back them for win or a place and you can't go wrong."

"I'll just tell you a circumstance that happened when I was a stable lad. There was as nice a young gent as ever you see; he was but three or four and twenty, and he lived with an aunt, whilst she was alive, and he could not handle the coin, except what she allowed him; it was all right, and he was as quiet and steady as need be; he was fond of shooting, and a rare good shot he was, he had his couple of hunters, and all he wanted in reason. The old lady dies and leaves him everything, fifteen hundred a year and the estate. Well, Master Jack goes up to London, and presently there comes down a rumor he had gone into racing, which turned out to be correct; he won one or two stakes, then he increased his stud and made a book; that cooked him, for he dropped heavily on his first Two Thousand. Then he made a heavier one for the Derby, which he pulled off, but lost it all again on the Leger, and so he went on from year to year; by-and-by the estate was sold, and then he went ahead again for a time, but at last he was entirely ruined; trainers sold him, jockeys sold him, and men that owned him money sold him. There was imprisonment for debt in those days, but he was too plucky to hide away from 'em, so he invited all his creditors to come to his place one day, to take a receipt in full of all he owed them—well they came over rejoiced to think he was right."

"I'm sure Mr. —," says one of the creditors, "we should never have pressed you, we knew you would be all right one day or other."

"How can you say so?" says the poor fellow. "Why you are the very one who has been hunting me the most. You have a writ out against me."

"That is true, sir, but it has not been put in force."

"But it would have, if I had gone out; the very instant I put my nose out of the door, the sheriff's officers would have me; there they are on the opposite side of the street now."

"Well, sir," says the other, looking red and ashamed, "there is no need of them now you are going to do the proper thing."

"Who told you I was going to do the proper thing?" asked the other, savagely. "I invited you all to come here to take a receipt in full, and here it is." There was a bang and the brains flew up to the ceiling and about the walls; he fell stone dead; they said it was a horrible sight. My governor who was there was terribly cut up—he owned him a pot full of money; but he said he would rather have lost it ten times over than it should have happened. Now these steeple-chases are amongst friends, and quite a different thing. I attend races and bet, because I know how to, but I never go heavily to work. No man ever heard of me laying the odds. I can't afford to do that for the sake of making a foundation for my book. I take the odds when I know it to be safe, long or short, it's all the same to me."

"You think then Miss Thornhill's Sultan has a good chance," asked one.

and the race you'll see will lie between those four I have named, for condition will tell in the country they will have to go over, as well as in any other country. If Mr. Charles puts a good man up on his cousin's horse, which he is certain to do, 'Sultan' will be near about winning it; for he is a splendid fencer, a sticker, a fine turn of speed, and well-bred. I've heard Mr. Blako say over and over again he is the best horse they ever had in their stable, and that is saying a good deal, for a bad one never finds room there. It's a country as will try the metal of men and horses, the jumps are big and some of the going is very heavy, but its nothing more than good hunters ought to be able to do. Then the prize is worth having; a two hundred guinea cup is something to have on one's sideboard. And the second horse will not do so badly either with entrance money, there is no half forfeit, five guineas each, P.P. No, the sixty-five guineas will not go begging, for every horse you may depend will be ridden out—there, I've done."

The following Sunday, as Colonel Downey and his wife had gone to Harrogate for a few days, Pastern resolved to take a round and see what was going on. Saddling his master's celebrated "Jim Crow," he rode leisurely over to Lord Verriest's.

"Ah, there you are, 'ow are you?" he said, as he espied his Lordship's old groom. "I've just ridden over to give the Colonel's 'oss a little exercise, or he will be too much for him, they come 'ome the day after to-morrow; 'ow are the nags?"

"Nicely, Mr. Pastern. Come and have a look at your old friends. The one my Lady first had, not the one my Lord gave her, is as fit as a fiddle; the other one is coming on, but is a little to full in flesh yet."

Pastern had a look at the horses, walked through the stable, walked into some October ale, talked big, and then walked off. He visited Captain Slyfox's and Lord Lavender's, saw the horses, found out what work they were doing, and then rode over to Squire Conyers'; there the men were away and he could hear or see nothing. He then wended his way to Mr. Thornhill's, and found one of the grooms there asleep by his harness-room fire, with "Bell's Life" on the floor beside him.

"Why it's Mr. Pastern," said the man, as he woke up from the slap on the shoulder he received. "Dashed if I've not been asleep I bring a chair near the fire, it's uncommon chilly, there's no one here but myself; the coachman and all of 'em are gone to afternoon church, except Mr. Charles; he is lying down, I believe, for he has not quite so well to-day."

"I can't stop very long," replied Pastern, "I've been round looking at all the 'osses, some of 'em are uncommon fit. I mean those that are going for the Ladies' Cup; 'ow is your going on?"

"Very tidy, Mr. Pastern. Mr. Charles says he is as fit as can be made, he was in prime condition when he came to us; a little loaded about the shoulders, but that is all off, he is fit to run for a man's life."

"Glad to hear it, I'm sure, John; who do you think will be put up?"

"That I can't say; Mr. Charles is very close, but he says there will be a good hand on him."

"Well, I should like to have a look at the horse, John."

"What?" exclaimed the man, "look at our horse—look at Sultan! Why, Mr. Pastern, it would be more than my place is worth, even if I had the power to show you, which I have not. Mr. Charles keeps the key of the box to himself; it is a large stake the horse is going for, and one can't be too particular, you know. I never see a gentleman more anxious than he is about this horse, and bar accidents I think we shall pull it off; but here comes the governor, it must be feeding time, what a thundering long while I must have slept."

"No, Mr. Pastern," said Charlie, in answer to his question, "I am sorry I cannot show you Sultan, I promised Miss Thornhill no one should see him; but this I can tell you, he is well and fit, and if, as you say, you are going to lay out a little money, I do not think you can do better than back him for win or a place."

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Thornhill, I am sure," replied Pastern. "It's all very well backing an undeniable good 'oss, and your 'oss is all that;—but then it's money thrown away if a muff is put up. Now Mrs. Allsnob's brother will ride one of her horses, and Major Rasper the other. Mr. Conyers's nephew, young Mr. Greenway, will ride Mrs. Conyers's, he is a fine horseman is the young

to public speaking," put in an indiscreet
gentleman, who had taken more
champagne and claret cup than was good for
him.

"No, sir," said the grazier, glaring round
with his gold eye-glasses, to detect the offend-
er, which he failed in doing. "I am not
unaccustomed to public speaking. I was
going to observe, when I was so unseemingly
interrupted, unaccustomed as I am to after-
noon parties" he had never been to one be-
fore—"given on this unusual scale—of—of—
of liberality and magnificence—"

"Cock-a-doodle-do!" crowed the young
gentleman, who was highly delighted at his
success at not being discovered and seeing
there was a general titter, for Mr. Broadhead
was not popular.

"You may cock-a-doodle-do me, sir, as
much as you like, whoever you are," return-
ed the grazier, "but you shall not put me
down. I repeat, liberality and magnificence
of our worthy host and entertainer, for he
is—"

"A jolly good fellow," bawled out another,
emboldened by his friend's success.

"Very well, sir," said the irate speaker,
"by all means, let it be a jolly good fellow,
if you choose, but that is not what I was go-
ing to say, I therefore beg without trespassing
on your time any further to propose his
health with—"

"Three times three, and the musical hon-
ors," shouted out the first.

"Sir!" exclaimed the orator, with great
emphasis and grandeur, "allow me to re-
mind you this is not a tavern but the—the—
—he was going to say "the Hall," but as
they were in a greenhouse, substituted "the
domain of a much respected and valuable
gentleman."

"One of the olden school," put in another,
amidst the laughter of all.

"Oh, Mr. Gammone, dear Mr. Gammone,"
said Miss Smithers, who was seated next to
him. "I am quite too awfully terrified and
alarmed. There is not—oh, say there is not
going to be—to be—a fight, is there?"

"Dearest Mr. Gammone," uttered Miss
Jonkins, who was determined not to be out-
done, "they will not hurt you, will they—
tell me you are safe?"

"Mr. Broadhead, ladies and gentlemen,"
said the host, getting on his legs, and throw-
ing his hair back with his white hand, "I
cannot sufficiently express myself for your
kindness, and the great honor you have done
me;" here he passed his scented handker-
chief across his eyes. "Yes," he continued,
"it has come on me quite unprepared, and I
really am at a loss what to say." (No! no!)

"I must throw myself on your indulgence,
and generosity, if I inadequately express my-
self. You know not the pleasure it gives me
to see the old and young, rich and poor,
happy. I cannot bear discussions or discord,
it need not be, for a soft answer turneth
away wrath. No, my dear friends, as long
as you are happy in yourselves you make me
happy." ("Yes! yes!" and applause.)

Several young ladies went into tears, and one
exclaimed, "Sublime!"

"We are all cringing mortals," ("Too true,"
from an old lady, who filled herself inadver-
tently a glass of sherry and drank it). "And
we should learn to bear and forbear, to for-
give and forget," (great thumping on the
table); "these in glass houses should not
cast stones." (Tremendous applause, dur-
ing which the Cock-a-doodle-do gentleman hit
the Jolly-good fellow gentleman full in the
eye with a bit of orange peel in which some
tipsy cake was rolled up.) "It has given me
the greatest pleasure to see you all here to-
day, and I hope it may not be the last time
by a great many." (Frantic applause, dur-
ing which the old lady took another glass of
sherry.) "I have been obliged to put you
all in my greenhouse, for my rooms are so
humble and small; but thanks to my friends,
I think I may say, without being egotistical,
it is beautifully decorated, like all the gems I
see around me." (Here both young ladies
squeezed his arms.) "I can only compare it
to Aladdin's cave or grotto—the Cave of the
Lamp—but which never gave such a light as
I see in the bright eyes of those around me."
("True!" and "Yes! yes!") "But now I
must prepare you for a revelation, my most
valued friends. I am not a marrying man."

"Yes, yes, but you will be," from several
maumas. "No, ladies, I am not a marry-
ing man because—I am a married man."
(The hands of the Misses Smithers and Jen-
kins were withdrawn from his arms simpli-
tantly.)

"Yes, my beloved friends, I have a dear,
good, and affectionate wife. You may ask

How the Reverend gentleman
make his peace with his long and cruelly
deserted wife, is not known, but he did, for
in due time she appeared amongst them, tall,
pale, and calm, beautifully dressed, which set
off her elegant figure to perfection.

She certainly was a very fine and charm-
ing woman, and greatly admired; but from
the hour she entered her husband's house he
got no more worked slippers or braces, and
his presents of game fell off considerably.

Still he was the pet curate, and people came
far and wide to hear him; but there was one
in his parish which he feared above all others,
who never entered his church again, and
that was Alice Leo, she used to drive to an-
other three miles off in her little pony-chaise.

Her non-attendance at the parish church
was generally remarked, and people set it
down that, being so friendly with the curate
as she had been, she was indignant and jeal-
ous at not being invited to his afternoon
party; but he knew better, and was over-
most polite in raising his hat when they met,
and his wife constantly called at Thorley
Farm—in fact, Mrs. Gammone took more
notice of Alice Leo than anyone else in the
parish, much to the disgust of the upper ten;
but she was so gentle and unassuming that
nothing could be said, and the curate's wife
was as popular as ever, as well as her hus-
band.

But matters were not to go on so smoothly;
there came to reside in the neighbourhood a
small family that had lived at St. Servan, and
it gradually came out that Mr. Gammone had
deserted his wife there; but as this family did
not move in the first circles, it did not much
matter.

But as time went on the reverend gentle-
man, finding that his callers were gradually
falling off, went boldly to work, took the bull
by the horns, and told every one that he
knew what had been said about him, and
also the people who had spread the wicked
and malicious reports, and that they them-
selves had run away from France without
paying their debts which was a fact.

By this judicious stroke he not only clear-
ed himself, but put the others in for it. The
tradesmen got shy and suspicious, would
only give short credit, and pressed for pay-
ment; this, coupled with a hint from the
curate that they were a bad lot who never
paid any one, settled them in the parish, and
one day they were non est, and the curate
had it all to himself again.

But he was in too populous a neighbor-
hood to be safe, people were constantly going
and coming, and once or twice he very nar-
rowly escaped being recognized—so thinking
discretion the better part of valour, managed
an exchange, with fifty pounds a year to the
good, and wended his way down into Corn-
wall with all his belongings, close to the place
where the Brutons were settled.

There he felt comparatively safe, and as
his duties were nothing like so heavy as in
the parish he had come from, he had plenty
of time on his hands, he had no new sermons
to write, the ones he had by him would carry
him through three or four years, and when
he had gone through them all he could com-
mence them again, for a lively and discern-
ing Cornish congregation were not likely to
recollect them, or what they had been about.

Although in former days he had denounced
hunting, shooting, and fishing as cruel, he
took to it with wonderful gusto, and there
were few better sportsmen in the country
than he was.

One thing must be said in his favor, he
never ill-treated or spoke a cross word to his
wife, in fact the lady in a quiet way had got
the whip hand of him, but this she never al-
lowed him to know, and we doubt if he dis-
covered it himself.

CHAPTER XXV.

PASTERNA AND CO'S IDEAS ON 'OSS RACING.

A snug hostelry was the "Hand and
Spear," a resort of hunting-grooms, whips,
and men of that kidney; it was there runs
were run over again, and many foxes were
broken-up afresh in the blue parlour of the
said house.

The bar-parlour was too small to accom-
modate the numbers that assembled there of
an evening. The tap was too low, the
smoking-room was monopolized by the com-
mercial. So the blue parlour was reserved
for Pastern and Co. And this was in some
measure wise, for the gentlemen were not
niggardly in their orders. Gin-cold was the
more favored beverage, but on a night before

a pity you have not a horse to prepare for
these steeple-chases; suit you a deal better
than driving the Colonel and his missis about,
—more your form, eh?"

"I should think it was," returned Pastern,
"but some people don't know when they are
well off. Now there's my Lady Verriestast,
she runs two for the Ladies' Cup. Who was
the most likely to put her horses in fetter—
I who've 'ad 'em under my 'ands and
knows their constotootion, or the chap that is
a-training of 'em; galloping and galloping,
a-taking all the steel out of 'em, and making
'em stale? Now let us see how many of 'em
are fit. There's two from the Moat. Two
Mrs. Allsnob runs, they will be as fit—as fit
as attention, good feeding, and proper work
can make them—that will be four; one of
Lady Mary Slyfox's, five; one of Lady Lav-
ender's, six; Miss Dutchbild sends her old
elephant, seven; Miss Thornhill's Sultan,
eight; Mrs. Conyer's, nine, and four a-
counting from the next 'unt—thirteen in all.
Well, I can't say anything about the last four,
because I knows nothing about 'em. I hear
they ain't much, but out of the nine from our
'unt there will be only four fit; and these
will be Mrs. Allsnob's two, Miss Thornhill's,
and Mrs. Conyer's. He's a rare hand at a
horse is Mr. Blake. I don't know what All-
snob would do without him; but there's one
quite as good, and a more patient rider of the
two, and that is young Mr. Thornhill. It's a
pity he is so ill and cannot get up. It would
be a treat to see 'im and Mr. Blake at the
finish; there will be some good 'ands up;
but the match of the meeting will be Duffer's
and Bluster's."

"Who do you think will be the best man
of the two, Mr. Pastern?" asked a pad-
groom, deferentially.

"I think, sir," said Pastern, throwing
himself back in his chair, stretching out his
legs, and sending out a volume of smoke, "I
think, sir, they will both come to grief. If
either of the muffs have a pull over the other,
I consider Mr. Bluster 'as the call. What do
gentlemen like them know about racing or
steeple-chasing? And now I am on the sub-
ject and I see a lot of young 'uns about me,
I will, with my friend Nobbleall's permis-
sion, just tell you in as few words as possible
what I think of 'oss racing in general. It's
lumbering and robbery."

"No, no," exclaimed several, "not so bad
as that, Mr. Pastern."

"I say it is," resumed that individual.
"It's just this; many gentlemen are born to
large fortunes, or comes into them; nothing
will do but they must go into 'oss racing,
of which they know nothing more than—than
—Duffer or Bluster; they won't be content
with two or three 'unters, and 'ave a day
with the 'arriers, or what not, but they must
'ave race 'osses or steeple-chase 'osses, and
send 'em to crack 'ands to be trained; p'raps
you don't know what trainers' bills are. I
do. Why, if they was to win three or four
races off—skin the lamb at a small meeting,
they would be out of pocket; wot with hen-
trances, expenses, riding fees, and so on, it
ain't on the cards for them to win; but they
will swallow buttered gammon. In course
trainers wants to live like other people, and
if men are husses enough to send horses to
train, it's the trainer's dooty to do their best
by 'em, and get 'em as fit as possible for the
post, which many do. Though a horse may
be a good 'un and could win, it ain't always
the stable interest he should win, so he's
roped, coopered, or got at somehow or other;
but this I do know, that in great races where
the money is on 'ot, I mean on any particular
'oss, as a rule there goes the race—that is,
the money follows the 'oss, or the 'oss the
money. Then again, chaps as knows nothing
about it, they will go into betting—that's
safe to stump 'em. Now, I ain't no ways
against racing, and for men who understand
it, it is all very well; but the turf is terribly
low now, and lots of the swells 'as cut it. If
gentlemen are soft enough to go into it, and
be plundered, why the outsiders may as well
have a cut in as any one else; that's my
motto. Now with gentlemen as races for the
sake of racing, not betting, that's right
enough, especially if they can stand the
racket; but racing as it is, means betting
and nothing more; when there's no betting
there will be no racing. Except for those as
I have said race for the love of the thing,
betting, my boys, will be the ruin of the turf.
There will be no turf soon, so we may as
well make hay whilst the sun shines. There's
honest trainers as do their dooty by their
employers, and there a great many dishonest
ones; the same with the jocks, there's many
first-rate fellows as won't go astray, but

he could not manage the horse, except
she allowed him; it was all right, and he was
as quiet and steady as need be; he was fond
of shooting, and a rare good shot he was, he
had his couple of hunters, and all he wanted
in reason. The old lady dies and leaves him
everything, fifteen hundred a year and the
estate. Well, Master Jack goes up to Lon-
don, and presently there comes down a
rumor he had gone into racing, which turned
out to be correct; he won one or two stakes,
then he increased his stud and made a book;
that cooked him, for he dropped heavily on
his first Two Thousand. Then he made a
heavier one for the Derby, which he pulled
off, but lost it all again on the Leger, and so
he went on from year to year; by-and-by
the estate was sold, and then he went ahead
again for a time, but at last he was entirely
ruined; trainers sold him, jockeys sold him,
and men that owned him money sold him.
There was imprisonment for debt in those
days, but he was too plucky to hide away
from 'em, so he invited all his creditors to
come to his place one day, to take a receipt
in full of all he owed them—well they came
over rejoiced to think he was right.

"I'm sure Mr. —," says one of the
creditors, "we should never have pressed
you, we knew you would be all right one
day or other."

"How can you say so?" says the poor
fellow. "Why you are the very one who has
been hunting me the most. You have a writ
out against me."

"That is true, sir, but it has not been put
in force."

"But it would have, if I had gone out;
the very instant I put my nose out of the
door, the sheriff's officers would have me;
there they are on the opposite side of the
street now."

"Well, sir," says the other, looking red
and ashamed, "there is no need of them now
you are going to do the proper thing."

"Who told you I was going to do the
proper thing?" asked the other savagely.
"I invited you all to come here to take a
receipt in full, and here it is." There was a
bang, and the brains flew up to the ceiling
and about the walls; he fell stone dead;
they said it was a horrible sight. My gov-
ernor who was there was terribly cut up—he
owned him a pot full of money, but he said
he would rather have lost it ten times over
than it should have happened. Now these
steeple-chases are amongst friends, and quite
a different thing. I attend races and bet, be-
cause I know how to, but I never go heavily
to work. No man ever heard of me laying
the odds. I can't afford to do that for the
sake of making a foundation for my book. I
take the odds when I know it to be safe, long
or short, it's all the same to me."

"You think then Miss Thornhill's 'Sultan'
has a good chance," asked one.

"I don't think anything about it," return-
ed the other. "I know he has, but he is
kept so quiet. No one gets at anything about
him. Mr. Charles keeps the key of his box
himself, and sees that he is done; he watches
him in all his ex-ercise, which is mostly walk-
ing, and that he gives him himself now he is
getting better. When the horse has a canter
or gallop, a lad is put up; the same may be
said of Mrs. Allsnob's horses, her brother
sees to them, he will ride one and Major
Rasper the other. I don't know who will be
on the others. God bless my soul, there's
plenty of good gentlemen-riders if they would
only come forward; it will be a fine race
this ladies' race, but all depends on condition,
and that, my lads, means having them hard
in flesh and muscle, which is only got by
good and judicious feeding, by regular and
constant exercise, not too much of it, or yet
too little of it. It means putting undying
pluck into them, to cut, and come again as
long as they can shove one leg before an-
other; it's only the faint-hearted ones that
dies away and shuts up. Condition means
getting them into wind, and when they comes
to the post they're a credit to themselves and
those who have looked after them. One
horse may not be so speedy as another,
otherwise we should have nothing but dead
heats, but that's no reason they should
be faint-hearted or curs. A good horse
will go till he drops, and many do in the
hunting-field, being ridden by muffs who don't
know when a horse is dying under them, and
that he has been galloped broken-hearted;
they goes busting them through the ploughed
land and a-racing of them on the grass, and
won't cry a go as long as there is any go in
the unfortunate animal. But you will see
four horses in the ladies' stakes that are fit
brought up to the post as they ought to be,

visited Captain Slyfox's and Lord Lavender's,
saw the horses, found out what work they
were doing, and then rode over to Squire
Conyer's; there the men were away and he
could hear or see nothing. He then wended
his way to Mr. Thornhill's, and found one of
the grooms there asleep by his harness-room
fire, with "Bell's Life" on the floor beside
him.

"Why it's Mr. Pastern," said the man, as
he woke up from the slap on the shoulder he
received. "Dashed if I've not been asleep!
bring a chair near the fire, its uncommon
chilly, there's no one here but myself; the
coachman and all of 'em are gone to after-
noon church, except Mr. Charles; he is lying
down, I believe, for he has not been quite so
well to-day."

"I can't stop very long," replied Pastern,
"I've been round looking at all the 'osses,
some of 'em are uncommon fit. I mean those
that are going for the Ladies' Cup; 'ow is
yours going on?"

"Very tidy, Mr. Pastern. Mr. Charles
says he is as fit as can be made, he was in
prime condition when he came to us; a little
loaded about the shoulders, but that is all off,
he is fit to run for a man's life."

"Glad to hear it, I'm sure, John; who do
you think will be put up?"

"That I can't say; Mr. Charles is very
close, but he says there will be a good hand
on him."

"Well, I should like to have a look at the
horse, John."

"What?" exclaimed the man, "look at
our horse—look at Sultan! Why, Mr. Pas-
tern, it would be more than my place is
worth, even if I had the power to show you,
which I have not. Mr. Charles keeps the
key of the box to himself; it is a large stake
the horse is going for, and one can't be too
particular, you know. I never see a gentle-
man more anxious than he is about this horse,
and bar accidents I think we shall pull it off;
but here comes the governor, it must be feed-
ing time, what a thundering long while I
must have slept."

"No, Mr. Pastern," said Charlie, in an-
swer to his question, "I am sorry I cannot
show you Sultan, I promised Miss Thornhill
no one should see him; but this I can tell
you, he is well and fit, and if, as you say, you
are going to lay out a little money, I do not
think you can do better than back him for
win or a place."

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Thornhill, I
am sure," replied Pastern. "It's all very
well backing an undeniable good 'oss, and
your 'oss is all that; but then it's money
thrown away if a muff is put up. Now Mrs.
Allsnob's brother will ride one of her horses,
and Major Rasper the other. Mr. Conyer's
nephew, young Mr. Greenway, will ride Mrs.
Conyer's, he is a fine horseman is the young
gentleman, one of the best 'ands out; if
Sultan has a good man up he will be near
upon winning," and as he said this he looked
craftily at Thornhill.

The young man saw the groom's drift in
an instant and replied—
"I am not at liberty, Pastern, to tell you
who will ride him, you will know all in good
time; but one will get the leg up who will do
his best to win; but I must be going now.
Good-morning to you."

The worthy Pastern was foiled, and had
nothing to do but get on Jim Crow, and can-
ter off to th "Hand and Spear."

"Well, Pastern," said Mr. Nobbleall, as
the man walked into his snug little sancto-
rum, "what news?"

"Not much," returned the other, "I've
been the round on 'em; seen Lady Mary's
two and Lady Lavender's two; Conyer's
people were out; as for Miss Thornhill's
Sultan, he's watched as close as can be; I
saw Mr. Charles himself and asked him
plump to let me see the 'oss, but it was no
go, he refused me right out."

"But did he tell you who was to ride the
horse?"

"No, he would not do that either; he said
he was not at liberty to do so, so I came
away as wise as I went."

"Sly gentleman, sly gentleman," replied
the mine host, puffing away at his church-
warden, "how the deuce is a fellow to make a
book, or earn an honest siver, if he can't
know nothing? what's the good of swells
having horses if the public ain't to see them?"

"Well, I can't help that, Nobbleall; he
told me the horse was fit and well, and that
I might back him for win or place."

THE GAME OF CARDS.

This life is but a game of cards,
Which mortals have to learn;
Each shuffles, cuts and deals the pack,
And each a trump doth turn;
Some bring a high card to the top,
And others bring a low,
Some hold a hand quite flush of trumps,
While others none can show.

Some shuffle with a practiced hand,
And pack their cards with care,
So they may know when they are dealt
Where all the leaders are.
Thus fools are made the dupes of rogues,
While rogues each other cheat,
And he is very wise indeed
Who never meets defeat.

When playing, some throw out the ace,
The counting cards to save,
Some play the deuce, and some the ten,
But many play the knave,
Some play for money, some for fun,
And some for worldly fame,
But not until the game's played out
Can they count up the game.

When hearts are trumps we play for love
And pleasure rules the hour,
No thoughts of sorrow check our joy
In beauty's rosy bower;
We sing, we dance, sweet verses make,
Our cards at random play,
And while our trumps remain on top
Our game's a holiday.

When diamonds chance to crown the pack
The players stake their gold,
And heavy sums are lost and won
By gamblers young and old,
Intent on winning, each his game
Doth watch with eager eye
How he may see his neighbor's cards
And beat him on the sly.

When clubs are trumps, look out for war
On ocean and on land,
For bloody horrors always come
When clubs are held in hand;
Then lives are staked instead of gold,
The dogs of war are freed—
Across the broad Atlantic now,
See, clubs have got the lead!

Last game of all is when the spade
Is turned by hand of Time;
Ho always seals the closing game
In every age and clime.
No matter how much each man wins,
Or how much each man saves,
The spade will finish up the game
And dig the player's graves.

ROMAN WRESTLING.

A TERRIBLE TWO HOURS' STRUGGLE

A crowd of about five hundred men and a number of ladies assembled Sunday afternoon in the inclosure adjoining the Olympic works to witness the much talked of wrestling match between Joseph Farnworth, of Lancaster, England, and Emil Regnier, of Paris, France, in Roman style, for \$1,000, best two in three falls. Pool-selling was quite brisk previous to the men putting in appearance, Farnworth being the first choice in every instance. Farnworth is thirty-two years of age, five feet eight inches in height, and weighs 170 pounds. The umpires were Eugene Markey and Wm. Pillow. Referee, J. W. Sheridan. After considerable delay, the men finally came together about 4.45 o'clock, and then commenced the most stubbornly-contested wrestling match ever witnessed in this section. Very few of our people understand the Roman style of wrestling, which merely consists of taking a hold above the waist, using neither legs nor feet to trip, and using only main strength of the arms and body. The man thrown must touch both shoulders square on the ground, or it is no fall. Both men are experts in the business and exhibited very careful training, Regnier being a pupil of M. Bauer, and Farnworth receiving his finishing touches from Prof. Miller. Betting was nearly three to one on Farnworth.

Round 1.—After some time spent in watching each other to gain a hold, the men clinched, when Farnworth went down first, flat on his belly; then on his hands and knees Regnier lying flat upon Farnworth's back, until by main strength Regnier threw him clear over his head, landing him square upon his back. First fall for Regnier.

Round 2.—Was a repetition of the first, Farnworth being upon his hands and knees or belly the greater part of the time, with Regnier pressing his head to the ground or lying flat upon his, using the utmost strength to tip him over. Both men cautious and

RACEHORSES AND THEIR NOMINATORS.

The recent deaths of the Reverend Mr. King and Sir Joseph Hawley, two distinguished members of the English turf, have brought the question of disqualification of racehorses, by the death of their nominator, prominently before the public, on account of the magnitude and importance of the interests therein involved. By the death of the first named reverend gentleman, Holy Friar, the leading favorite for the Epsom Derby, at the time, was disqualified and prevented from starting in that race, thereby diminishing vastly the interest attached to that momentous turf event. By the death of Sir Joseph Hawley, the three-year-old filly Chaplet, for whom the Marquis of Hartington had given a large price, was prevented starting for the One Thousand Guineas or the Oaks, although the Kentish Baronet had sold her two years before. The operation of the rule which disqualifies valuable horses in case of the death of their nominator, although the latter may have long before disposed of all interest in them, inflicts such hardship and injustice upon responsible owners, that the English Jockey Club purposes taking action in the matter, and at their next meeting, a proposition will be made to add to the rule, which declares "All nominations are void by the death of the subscriber," the following clause, "Unless the subscriber at the time of entry for any race shall pay into Messrs. Weatherby's hands the amount of all the forfeits in that race for the horses he then enters, or unless the purchaser of a yearling, with his engagements, shall, before October 1, pay into Messrs. Weatherby's hands the amount of its liabilities, when he may have these engagements transferred to his own name; and entries so paid for in advance shall not be void by the death of the nominator." The effect of this resolution, if adopted by the Jockey Club, will be, that a horse's nomination will not die with the owner, if his representative make good the stakes within a given time; and the purchaser of a yearling, with his engagements, can, on paying the amount of its liabilities, have these engagements transferred to his own name, so that they shall not become void by the death of the nominator, as is the case at present. There is every reason to think that the proposed alteration in the existing rule of the Jockey Club relating to this matter will be adopted, in which case we hope to see the same rule regarding the nominator's death, not disqualifying racehorses entered in his name, adopted by the Jockey Clubs throughout the United States.—*Wilkes.*

NEWS OF TOM SAYERS.

Admirers of the late Mr. Thomas Sayers will be glad to know that some interesting intelligence of his present position and prospects has just been received through a spiritualist medium. The medium in question was a lady, and I am told that the audience was considerably amazed to hear her talk in the racy but not very intelligible slang of the Ring. Tom appeared to be in a very penitent mood. He was sorry for a good many things he had done, but it was a relief to him to reflect that he had always "acted on the square." He said that many of his backers had followed him into the spiritual world, where they are the pest of his existence, for ever urging him to resume his immoral courses, and to glory in things of which he feels that he ought to be ashamed. He entreated the audience to pray for him, and when they promised to do so he exclaimed, with great fervor, "God bless you!" remarking at the same time that it was not often such a benediction had been evoked from him. I understand that the medium, who is a young person of very correct, not to say prudish, manners, was horrified when, on awakening from her trance, she was told to what kind of spirit she had given a temporary home and acted as a temporary mouth-piece. Poor innocent dear! it was too bad of Tom to take advantage of her weak moments.—*"Man About Town," in Sporting Gazette.*

TO CURE SWEENEY.

Sweeney may be the result of various causes—generally external injury. The shoulder is most likely to be affected; incision presents lameness; then comes shrinkage, and the animal soon becomes almost

A CRAZY HORSE.

A HEALTHY BLOODED HORSE MANIFESTS SYMPTOMS OF MENTAL ABERRATION.

One of the most curious cases ever known, and one that will tend to revolutionize some of the preconceived notions concerning brute intelligence, has come to light in this city. It would appear that the affliction which has fallen upon the head of an unfortunate horse is destined to open a new window in the realms of science, and to flood the walks of physiological research with light upon that mooted question, the intellect of the brute.

About three months ago the firm of O. H. Short & Co., purchased for use in their livery stable on Elm Street, near Third, a fine-looking black stallion, for which they paid \$500. The animal is a magnificent specimen of horseflesh. He stands fifteen hands and an inch high, is now about 10 years of age, and came from Vermont five years ago. He was considered one of the finest buggy drivers ever kept on livery in the West, and enjoyed the reputation of a 3 minute horse. His sire was Dave Hill's "Black Hawk," of Vermont, and, taken all in all, the Messrs. Short found they had secured quite an acquisition to their stock. The horse was cared for and treated as a horse of such value always is, and, though driven enough to keep him well exercised, he was not abused or hauled recklessly. His health was and is still excellent. His appetite has not been at all impaired. His coat is as sleek and glossy as it ever was, and he is as full and rounded as in his palmy days. Physically the horse is all that could be demanded of horseflesh.

Four weeks ago, certain peculiarities in his demeanor attracted attention. It is impossible to describe those peculiarities, but in horses watched so carefully and attended so regularly they excited some comment. Mr. Short examined the horse, and was puzzled. In wind, limb, and appetite he was as sound as a new dollar; but, for a horse, he manifested more idiosyncrasies and eccentricities than horseflesh had ever betrayed before. Sometimes he would aften all his limbs and contract his muscles, and stand for five minutes like a bronze statue. Sometimes he would drop down on his fore knees, and, sinking his head down between his legs, remain in that uncomfortable position for several minutes, lashing the air with his tail. At other times he would throw his head up, and opening his mouth to its widest capacity would shake all over. Of course, the impression was that he was in pain, but it looked so much like a downright jolly, good horse laugh that those who stood by would laugh in sympathy. A later symptom was the manifestation of an inclination to get one fore foot into his manager. His legs were tied together at the ankles, but he refused to eat until he had been untied. Then he would imitate the motion of the rocking-horse balancing himself alternately on his fore and hind legs.

Mr. Short was bewildered. Here was a new disease to him, breaking out in his stable, whether infectious or not he had no idea. He looked helplessly around upon the hundred or more stalls and their contents, and began to speculate upon the effect if his hundred animals should become similarly afflicted. Then he gave the cause of his bewilderment an extra kick in the ribs, and then sent out for horsemen. They came in crowds, and they came from all directions, to examine the phenomenon. They pulled his mouth open, looked in, and shook their heads. They pulled his eyes open, and shook their heads. They poked him from the root of his neck to the stump of his tail, and shook their heads. They lifted up his four hoofs, one after the other, and shook their heads. And then they all looked at each other and shook their heads. The horse was in perfect health, they all agreed upon that. The most minute investigation a horse ever went through failed to reveal any bodily disease. Finally, an old fellow delivered his opinion:

"Shouldn't wonder of the darned boss was crazy."

"Then they all fell back four or five feet and watched him."

It may be that the existence of reasoning faculties are essential to support insanity, but if that is the case, the existence of the reasoning faculties in the mind of the horse is no longer debatable. For that horse is as clearly and unmistakably insane (so the horsemen say), as was ever a human being. In their view it is as clear a case of mental aberration as has ever been known, and they are now watching the "case" with more interest than even they ever manifested in a horse before.

During yesterday quite a number of people visited the stables, and were permitted to examine the horse. To-day a sort of a caucus of professionals will be held on him, and an effort will be made to locate the difficulty.

A PUGNACIOUS RABBIT.

On Wednesday last, while Taft's coach from Pescadero was entering the canon this side of the tall house, on its return to San

PEDESTRIANISM.

PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL CONTEST BETWEEN W. PERKINS AND W. K. HARDING.

An international walking match is on the tapis between W. Perkins, the famous English short distance walker, and W. E. Harding of New York. Harding's backers, who are well-known turf men, sent a challenge some time ago to the office of *Bell's Life*, in London, offering to match Harding, in a walk of fifty miles, against any man in England. Perkins, through the same medium, offers to give the American one minute's start in a walk of four miles, or two minute's start in a walk of ten miles.

These propositions do not meet with the favor of Harding's backers, but they have transmitted a reply to Perkins, offering to make a match for \$500 a side, the men to walk fifty miles on the level. A home and home contest is desired, and Hackney Wick grounds, London, or the Royal Oak grounds, Manchester, will suit the Harding party, while the West Side Driving Park, Jersey City, is named as the locality of the match in this country. It is stipulated in the letter from Harding's backers that each man shall pay his own expenses upon leaving home.

THAT OLD HORSE.

The old horse which has been discovered at Jackson, Michigan, is to make the rounds of the country for the purpose of demonstrating the importance of breeding from unported blooded-stock in order to obtain superior qualities of speed, endurance and vitality. In other words, he is to be used for show purposes. He is expected to assist the lecturer in extracting twenty-five cent notes from the pockets of the curious. Such being the case, we are inclined to look with suspicion on the historical sketches of the animal now being published in the newspapers. The owner has an object in making the life of the horse appear as strongly romantic as possible. We are told that he was foaled in the town of Clarence, Erie County, N.Y., in June, 1824; consequently he is fifty-one years of age. We are further informed, that he ran on the turf under the name of Romp; that his sire was Dragon, and his dam an imported English mare, captured from an English officer at the battle of Lundy's Lane, in 1812. Imported Dragon died in 1812; therefore he could not have been the sire of Romp. There were two other Dragons, one owned in Granville County, North Carolina; the other in Tennessee. They were sons of imported Dragon. Which one of them begot Romp, and where did he begot him? Romp does not appear in the *Stad Book*, which he certainly would do were he thoroughbred. As the story runs, Romp was fast on the turf; but in a race in his three-year-old form, at Alexandria, Genesee County, N.Y., he stepped on a stone and broke his ankle. Under good treatment he recovered, but ever after had a stiff joint. The horse remained in New York until 1854, when he was taken West. In the Fall of 1858, Mr. Carter, his former owner, recognized him in a team near Jackson, Michigan. For the last fifteen years the aged equine has worked every day, with the exception of Sunday, in a coal wagon, keeping in excellent health, and standing up to the hardest labor. During this time six young horses working by his side sickened and died. The venerable Romp, it is said, bears his fifty-one years lightly. If his age is as great as represented, we should like to have it authenticated. Cannot Mr. Robinson, of Jackson, acquaint us with the facts?—*Turf, Field & Farm.*

THE DETROIT BARREL FEAT.

The *Detroit Post* of the 19th ult., says—"Bob Blackhawk, the coloured man who attempted the novel and difficult feat of standing upon the head of a common barrel and constantly rotating, or turning round, for twenty four hours, completed his task at 6 o'clock Saturday evening. He began at 6 o'clock Friday evening, and during the entire time was watched by two men, who relieved each other at intervals of six hours. They have made affidavit that the feat was honestly accomplished. Blackhawk complained of a slight soreness in his lower limbs and in the back, the result of his cramped position, but otherwise felt no fatigue or inconvenience. It must be remembered that he was without food or drink during the entire time that he was upon the barrel. When

A FARMER BOY JUMPS INTO GLORY.

The social king of Saratoga that night was J. N. Ostrom, Captain of the Cornell crew. Yesterday Ostrom was a poor college boy at Cornell University, working for his board and tuition—struggling sometimes in the college printing office, where he set type, then working on the farm, mowing and harvesting. A sharp row of three miles in sixteen minutes and fifty-three and one-quarter seconds sounds his fame across the continent. The details of the race you have had by telegraph. But that scene when the seventy-eight young athletes, naked to the waist, rowed up to the grand stand with its twenty thousand throats yelling as if each owner had his right hand in scalding water, could not be given. As Captain Ostrom struck the bank the crowd lifted him over their heads. He was not carried in triumph, but he was lifted and tossed in the air in ecstasy. The crowd fairly ran under him, and the poor farm boy was wasted over their heads like a bubble in the air. At night again, with bands of music and the smiles and screams of ladies, the Yale and Harvard and Columbia carried poor Ostrom on their shoulders through hotel parlors, along balconies, and up through streets.

At the great ball at the United States Hotel in the evening young Ostrom led out the belle of Saratoga. He, the poor farm boy was petted everywhere. The swellest young ladies from Madison and Fifth avenues manoeuvred to dance with him. Wealthy young ladies with thousand dollar worth dresses contended for the honour of a promenade with the type-setter, and unsuccessful bidders would have tossed out a diamond from their forefinger, that would cost young Ostrom nine thousand ems of type-setting to buy, just to walk around the room with the young college printer dressed in his thirty-five-dollar suit of clothes.

In the evening, during a conversation with Captain Ostrom, I asked him if he was surprised any at the result.

"Not at all," he replied. "I knew my crew was composed of men accustomed to labour. They are not gentlemen in the vulgar acceptation of that name. That is, our boys know how to work. They are strong all over—strong in the ankles as they are in the arms. They can endure more than the other crews only drilled and disciplined in rowing."

"How about yourself? I asked. "I hear you are one of the fifty students in Cornell who pay their college expenses by working. Is it so?"

"Yes, I am working my way through college. My parents are not able to help me. I work on the college farm summers, and sometimes set type in the Ithaca printing office. One term I was janitor of the college building, rang bells, built fires, and swept out the rooms."

And this is the hard-working young nobleman who wins the laurels from the aristocrats to Yale and Harvard, born and bred in the lap of luxury and ease.

THIRTEEN BLACK DOGS

Recently 19 beef cattle came over the covered bridge from West Troy. They were in charge of two boys and four dogs. Big and unclean, and one of them was yellow. The boys were armed with long sticks, stolen from a lumber pile. As the procession entered King street 10 city dogs, with tails a few ears elevated, ran after the country dogs, and they halted. The 10 visiting dogs were black, and 8 of the country dogs were black, which made exactly a baker's dozen black dogs. They kicked up an unprovoked fight in about 40 seconds, which alarmed the cattle, and with one accord they bowed down their heads and advanced into the parlor of canines. A short, quick upward jerk of the beavers' necks and the atmosphere was full of dogs, kicking, howling and pawing in the air. Some came down on their backs, and on their sides, and some on their heads. The dog landed on an sewer, and rolled a keg of nails into a tub of water where a youth had been bathing. Some of the dog fight was over and each cur limped home as best he could. Time, one minute. *Troy Times.*

IT LOOKS PROFITABLE.

A farmer of our acquaintance in this country cleared last year a cool \$2,000 on a flock of sheep numbering in the neighborhood of 250 ewes, and did it so easy that the work is, some one else didn't get it done like

For bloody horrors always come
When clubs are held in hand,
Then lives are staked instead of gold,
The dogs of war are freed—
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ROMAN WRESTLING.

A TERRIBLE TWO HOURS' STRUGGLE

A crowd of about five hundred men and a number of ladies assembled Sunday afternoon in the inclosure adjoining the Ophir works to witness the much talked of wrestling match between Joseph Farnworth, of Lancaster, England, and Emil Regnier, of Paris, France, in Roman style, for \$1,000, best two in three falls. Pool-selling was quite brisk previous to the men putting in appearance, Farnworth being the first choice in every instance. Farnworth is thirty-two years of age, five feet eight inches in height, and weighs 170 pounds. The umpires were Eugene Markoy and Wm. Pillow. Referee, J. W. Sheridan. After considerable delay, the men finally came together about 4.45 o'clock, and then commenced the most stubbornly-contested wrestling match ever witnessed in this section. Very few of our people understand the Roman style of wrestling, which merely consists of taking a hold above the waist, using neither legs nor feet to trip, and using only main strength of the arms and body. The man thrown must touch both shoulders square on the ground, or it is no fall. Both men are experts in the business and exhibited very careful training, Regnier being a pupil of M. Bauer, and Farnworth receiving his finishing touches from Prof. Miller. Betting was nearly three to one on Farnworth.

Round 1.—After some time spent in watching each other to gain a hold, the men clinched, when Farnworth went down first, flat on his belly; then on his hands and knees Regnier lying flat upon Farnworth's back, until by main strength Regnier threw him clear over his head, landing him square upon his back. First fall for Regnier.

Round 2.—Was a repetition of the first, Farnworth being upon his hands and knees or belly the greater part of the time, with Regnier pressing his head to the ground or lying flat upon his, using the utmost strength to tip him over. Both men cautious and wary. Regnier is active as a cat, and has tremendous strength. In this round he lifted his opponent on his feet twice, and held him in mid-air, but could not plant him on his back. After a series of struggling for mastery, in which both men displayed wonderful powers of endurance, Regnier was thrown. The fall was given to Farnworth, but created great dissatisfaction among many present, as they considered it no fall. But the referee decided it was a fall.

Third and Last Round.—Farnworth caught Regnier by the back of the neck with both hands and pulled him on his knees, but he immediately jumped to his feet and got away; both men flat on the ground, trying to loosen the strong grip each had upon the other, with heads apparently buried in the ground, both struggling violently, when Farnworth was lifted up bodily and dropped upon his hands and knees; Regnier was thrown over Farnworth's head, once alighting on the top of his (Regnier's) head; Farnworth caught Regnier by the back of the neck and pulled him down on his knees and then threw him over his head. (Cries of foul, but not allowed.) In coming together again Regnier jumped completely over Farnworth's head, when they clinched, and Regnier was again thrown over Farnworth's head, and shortly after he was again in the same way, fetching up on the top his cranium. After a considerable display of strength—first one and then the other on top—Regnier was thrown square on his back, which was declared a fall, and ended the match, which occupied two hours.

A perfect fitting shirt is a great comfort to the wearer, leave your measure at Trebles 53 King St. West, 2 doors East of Bay.

The effect of this rule will be, that a horse's nomination will not die with the owner, if his representative make good the stakes within a given time; and the purchaser of a yearling, with his engagements, can, on paying the amount of its liabilities, have these engagements transferred to his own name, so that they shall not become void by the death of the nominator, as is the case at present. There is every reason to think that the proposed alteration in the existing rule of the Jockey Club relating to this matter will be adopted, in which case we hope to see the same rule regarding the nominator's death, not disqualifying racehorses entered in his name, adopted by the Jockey Clubs throughout the United States.—*Wilkes*.

NEWS OF TOM SAYERS.

Admirers of the late Mr. Thomas Sayers will be glad to know that some interesting intelligence of his present position and prospects has just been received through a spiritualist medium. The medium in question was a lady, and I am told that the audience was considerably amazed to hear her talk in the racy but not very intelligible slang of the Ring. Tom appeared to be in a very penitential mood. He was sorry for a good many things he had done, but it was a relief to him to reflect that he had always "acted on the square." He said that many of his backers had followed him into the spiritual world, where they are the pest of his existence, for ever urging him to resume his immoral courses, and to glory in things of which he feels that he ought to be ashamed. He entertained the audience to pray for him, and when they promised to do so he exclaimed, with great fervor, "God bless you!" remarking at the same time that it was not often such a benediction had been evoked from him. I understand that the medium, who is a young person of very correct, not to say prudish, manners, was horrified when, on awakening from her trance, she was told to what kind of spirit she had given a temporary home and acted as a temporary mouth-piece. Poor innocent dear! it was too bad of Tom to take advantage of her weak moments.—*Man About Town*, in *Sporting Gazette*.

TO CURE SWEENEY.

Sweeney may be the result of various causes—generally external injury. The shoulder is most likely to be affected; incipiently presents lameness; then comes shrinkage, and the animal soon becomes almost useless. Friction is beneficial, but the mode of application is essential. My treatment has always been attended with the most satisfactory results, and is as follows: Prepare a liniment by using linseed oil, spirits of turpentine and strong, clear lime water in equal parts. Shake well before using. Apply daily to the diseased part; and with a brick covered with some coarse fabric, rub thoroughly on a line with the natural course of the hair. Plenty of good food and light work will in a short time bring about the desired result. The cure will be more rapid if the animal is kept steadily on the gain in flesh, never driven rapidly or caused to draw heavy loads. Forty to sixty days is time ample to produce a cure. Never blister. I would almost as soon have sweeney on a horse as blister. Perhaps the most prominent cause of the sweeney is overwork, but it is frequently caused by bad treatment, as a blow with a club or some other hard substance. The truth is, most diseases to which the horse is subject are the direct result of bad treatment in some way. Let every horse keeper look well to the manner in which this favorite animal is kept and cared for. See that he is regularly supplied with wholesome food, good clean quarters, reasonably worked and never pounded. Keep the liniment for all external injuries.—*Cor. Col. Ag.*

The sporting element of Philadelphia are in high glee over the release from prison of "Ned" O'Baldwin, the Irish Giant. He has served two years for knocking a man's eye out with a cane. He gave a sparring exhibition in Philadelphia a few nights ago, after which he issued a challenge declaring his willingness to fight Tom Allen, Jim Mace, or any man in the world, according to the new rules of the London Prize Ring.

for five minutes like a bronze statue. Sometimes he would drop down on his fore knees, and, sinking his head down between his legs, remain in that uncomfortable position for several minutes, lashing the air with his tail. At other times he would throw his head up, and opening his mouth to its widest capacity would shake all over. Of course, the impression was that he was in pain, but it looked so much like a downright, jolly, good horse laugh that those who stood by would laugh in sympathy. A later symptom was the manifestation of an inclination to get one fore foot into his manager. His legs were tied together at the ankles, but he refused to eat until he had been untied. Then he would imitate the motion of the rocking-horse balancing himself alternately on his fore and hind legs.

Mr. Short was bewildered. Here was a new disease to him, breaking out in his stable, whether infectious or not he had no idea. He looked helplessly around upon the hundred or more stalls and their contents, and began to speculate upon the effect if his hundred animals should become similarly afflicted. Then he gave the cause of his bewilderment an extra kick in the ribs, and then sent out for horsemen. They came in crowds, and they came from all directions, to examine the phenomenon. They pulled his mouth open, looked in, and shook their heads. They poked him from the root of his neck to the stump of his tail, and shook their heads. They lifted up his four hoofs, one after the other, and shook their heads. And then they all looked at each other and shook their heads. The horse was in perfect health, they all agreed upon that. The most minute investigation a horse ever went through failed to reveal any bodily disease. Finally, an old fellow delivered his opinion:

"Shouldn't wonder of the durned boss was crazy."

"Then they all fell back four or five feet and watched him."

It may be that the existence of reasoning faculties are essential to support insanity, but if that is the case, the existence of the reasoning faculties in the mind of the horse is no longer debatable. For that horse is as clearly and unmistakably insane (so the horsemen say), as was ever a human being. In their view it is as clear a case of mental aberration as has ever been known, and they are now watching the "case" with more interest than even they ever manifested in a horse before.

During yesterday quite a number of people visited the stables, and were permitted to examine the horse. To-day a sort of a caucus of professionals will be held on him, and an effort will be made to locate the difficulty.

A PUGNACIOUS RABBIT.

On Wednesday last, while Taft's coach from Pescadero was entering the canon this side of the toll-house, on its return to San Mateo, Supervisor Steele, who was seated on the outside with Taft, observed a rabbit perform some strange antics in the road ahead of the coach. Mr. Steele called Taft's attention to it, when the latter slackened his speed, and holding the horse up, watched the rabbit for a moment. They were sufficiently near by this time to distinguish everything. The rabbit seemed to have hold of a piece of cloth or ribbon, about three feet long, he grasped it in his mouth and tossed it about; he gambolled and frisked with it as a kitten with a ball of yarn. Suddenly the gentlemen were startled to see one end of the supposed ribbon double and make several darts at the head of the rabbit. The latter again grasped and tossed it fully a foot over its head. On reaching the ground the snake, for such it really was, made an attempt to get away; but the rabbit was upon him in an instant, and had him by the head. He shook and tugged at him like a terrier with a rat. At this time Taft started his horses, and as the coach approached the scene of combat, the rabbit gave his enemy another toss and scampered away. The snake quickly followed his example; but before he got into the bush on the other side of the bank the gentlemen had a chance to observe his size. He was fully three feet long, and about the middle, Supervisor Steele says, he must have measured four inches. This is the first time we ever remember hearing of a rabbit and a snake fighting. But Messrs. Taft and Steele think the rabbit would have gotten away with the honors if there had been no interruption.—*San Mateo Times*.

Trebles shirts are all the rage this season. They have been gradually gaining favor for the last five years, try them, Trebles, 53 King St. West, 2 doors East of Bay.

animal now being published in the newspapers. The owner has an object in making the life of the horse appear as stately and romantic as possible. We are told that he was foaled in the town of Clarence, Erie County, N.Y., in June, 1824, consequently he is fifty-one years of age. We are further informed, that he ran on the turf under the name of Romp; that his sire was Dragon, and his dam an imported English mare, captured from an English officer at the battle of Lundy's Lane, in 1812. Imported Dragon died in 1812, therefore he could not have been the sire of Romp. There were two other Dragons, one owned in Granville County, North Carolina; the other in Tennessee. They were sons of imported Dragon. Which one of them begot Romp, and where did he beget him? Romp does not appear in the Stud Book, which he certainly would do were he thoroughbred. As the story runs, Romp was fast on the turf; but in a race in his three-year-old form, at Alexandria, Genesee County, N.Y., he stepped on a stone and broke his ankle. Under good treatment he recovered, but ever after had a stiff joint. The horse remained in New York until 1854, when he was taken West. In the Fall of 1858, Mr. Carter, his former owner, recognized him in a team near Jackson, Michigan. For the last fifteen years the aged equine has worked every day, with the exception of Sunday, in a coal wagon, keeping in excellent health, and standing up to the hardest labor. During this time six young horses working by his side sickened and died. The venerable Romp, it is said, bears his fifty-one years lightly. If his age is as great as represented, we should like to have it authenticated. Cannot Mr. Robinson, of Jackson, acquaint us with the facts?—*Turf, Field & Farm*.

THE DETROIT BARREL FEAT.

The *Detroit Post* of the 19th ult., says:—"Bob Blackhawk, the coloured man who attempted the novel and difficult feat of standing upon the head of a common barrel and constantly rotating, or turning round, for twenty-four hours, completed his task at 6 o'clock Saturday evening. He began at 6 o'clock Friday evening, and during the entire time was watched by two men, who relieved each other at intervals of six hours. They have made affidavit that the feat was honestly accomplished. Blackhawk complained of a slight soreness in his lower limbs and in the back, the result of his cramped position, but otherwise felt no fatigue or inconvenience. It must be remembered that he was without food or drink during the entire time that he was upon the barrel. When Blackhawk completes his feat he asserted that he could just as well remain twelve hours longer."

KILLED BY THE BITE OF A HORSE.—The *Pondout Freeman* says that Conrad Elmendorf, of Olive, Ulster County, who was bitten by a stallion, died on Wednesday. The patient was attend by Drs. Hull and Hasbrouck. We understand the family blame the doctors because they did not immediately amputate the arm; but we do not think the doctors should be blamed. They did all in their power to save the man's life, and Dr. Loughran himself says that if the arm had been taken off the man would have died all the sooner, because the muscles were torn, not only the whole length of the arm, but also on the breast and shoulders. The powerful animal had actually stretched these muscles and sinews so that they were entirely dead. There was no cure for such a wound. Of course the warm weather did not help it, and the saliva of the horse besides has no doubt acted as a poison. The horse was a powerful animal, and, like nearly all stallions, was full of brute force and fire. When he became unruly, Elmendorf took him by the head with one hand and whipped him on his fore legs until he partly lay down on the ground. He continued to whip, and then the horse, becoming infuriated, sprang upon him, inflicting the wound. The sad affair should be a lesson to horsemen to exercise more care in the government of their animals of this class.

A monster snake, of the blue race species, was lately killed by Mr. John Little, living near Oxley, Colchester township. It measured eight feet in length.

praised any at the result
"Not at all," he replied. I knew my crew was composed of men accustomed to labor. They are not gentlemen in the vulgar sense of that name. That is, our boys know how to work. They are strong all over as strong in the ankles as they are in the arms. They can endure more than the other crews only drilled and disciplined in arm pulling."

"How about yourself?" I asked. "I hear you are one of the fifty students in Cornell who pay their college expenses by working. Is it so?"

"Yes, I am working my way through college. My parents are not able to help me. I work on the college farm summers, and sometimes set type in the Ithaca printing office. One term I was janitor of the college building, rang bells, built fires, and swept out the rooms."

And this is the hard-working young noble man who wins the laurels from the aristocratic Yale and Harvard. Born and bred in the lap of luxury and ease.

THIRTEEN BLACK DOGS

Recently 19 beef cattle came over the covered bridge from West Troy. They were in charge of two boys and four dogs. Big and sleek, and one of them was yellow. The boys were armed with long sticks, stolen from a lumber pile. As the procession entered King street 10 city dogs, with tails at feet and ears elevated, ran after the country dogs, and they halted. The 10 visiting dogs were black, and 8 of the country dogs were black, which made exactly a baker's dozen black dogs. They kicked up an impromptu fight in about 40 seconds, which alarmed the cattle, and with one accord they bowed down their heads and advanced on the quarrelsome canines. A short, quick, upward jerk of the bovers' necks and the atmosphere was full of dogs, kicking, howling and pawing in the air. Some came down on their backs, some on their sides, and some on their heads. One dog landed on an awning and rolled off like a keg of nails into a tub of water where a youth had been bathing some ice. The dog fight was over and each cur lapped his head as best he could. Time—one minute.—*Troy Times*.

IT LOOKS PROFITABLE.

A farmer of our acquaintance in this county cleared last year a cool \$2,000 on a flock of sheep numbering in the spring not over a 150 ewes, and did it so easily that the wonder is, some one else didn't go and do likewise. He is one of those bold fast men, who stick to a thing until they prove whether it is good or not. Years ago he went into the business with hundreds of others, and through misfortune or another kept on the even tenor of his way, until to-day he is—well, better off than most of his brethren who dropped out, and went into something else. He started with Merinos, and has bred strictly in the line. Each year he has sought to improve the wool of his flock by judiciously breeding to long and fine woolled bucks, and the result is certainly flattering to his skill and judgment as a breeder. The staple is superior every way, and commands the highest price in the market. Not only this, but his flock has attained some celebrity, and his lambs sell off at good prices to ready customers. According to the old rule, an acre of tame grass will keep three sheep through the year. At this rate, 50 acres if properly fenced and put for pasturage and a part for hay would feed 150 sheep, leaving, if on 60, 50 acres for crop to support them. Not everyone could make \$2,000 a year off it, yet many could make \$1,000, and this is ten times more than many of us have cleared for the last five years on wheat.—*Farmers Union*.

Mr. L. H. Smith, of Strathroy, has recently sold to Mr. Middleton his field trial setter bitch Luffy, by Leicester, out of Dart. Mr. Middleton takes Luffy to Japan, and we trust he will not share the fate that has met so many fine dogs imported into that country and China. The last named is a particularly fatal climate for dogs, a setter seldom lasts more than one or two seasons.

The demand for Trebles perfect fitting shirts is rapidly increasing, leave your measure early at Trebles, 53 King St. West, 2 doors East of Bay.



The Gentleman's Journal.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1876.

P. COLLINS & CO., PROPRIETORS.

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

RACING FIXTURES.

AUGUST.

Rochester, N.Y.	10 to 18
Toronto	10 to 18
Port Burwell	18 to 19
Utica, N.Y.	17 to 20
Springfield, Mass.	24 to 27
Simcoe	25 to 26
Saratoga, N. Y., alternate days	10 to 21
St Albans, Vt	31 to Sept. 2
Hartford, Conn	31 to " 2

SEPTEMBER.

Colt Stake, Hamilton	1
Battle Creek, Mich.	1 to 4
Syracuse, N.Y.	7 to 10
Kingston, N.Y.	14 to 16
Port Wayne, Ind.	14 to 17
Louisville, Ky.	20 to 25
Ogdensburg	28 to 30
St. Thomas	
Woodbine Park, Toronto (trotting)	
Caledonia Springs, Ont.	
Ottawa	
Exeter, Ont.	
Hamilton	

OCTOBER.

Baltimore, Md.	20 to 22
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ENTRIES CLOSE.

Springfield, Mass.	" 14
Simcoe	" 23
Hamilton	" 28

The proprietors of the SPORTING TIMES are desirous of securing correspondents in all the leading cities and towns in the Dominion. A weekly letter will be required and only one correspondent will be appointed in each city or town. Gentlemen wishing to occupy this position will please communicate with this office when full particulars will be forwarded. Several advantages are connected with this position.

AMERICAN RACES.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER, POUGHKEEPSIE, AND SARATOGA.

The present may be said to be the carnival time of the year among horsemen. The meetings of the Grand Trotting Quadrilateral are in progress, and the second meeting at Saratoga is in full blast. Last week the Buffalo Association had the misfortune to meet with very unfavorable weather; the races being postponed from Tuesday to Thursday on account of the rain, and again from Friday to Saturday for the same reason, thus throwing the last day's trotting over until Tuesday of this week, and consequently clashing with the first day of Rochester.—The remarkable performances at Buffalo have been the wonderful third heat of Charley Green's Lula, on Tuesday, in 2:15; and the public trial given the 4-year old stallion Gov. Sprague, when he dotted down 2:31, the fastest 4 year old time (though not a

2:24 class, when the Southern mare Molsoy beat the Western crack Clementine, who had been selling in the pools at \$100 to \$80 for the field.

At Poughkeepsie large crowds and fine racing were the order, although bad weather, but not to the same extent as at Buffalo, tended to interfere with the success. Jack Draper, a horse not unknown to Canadians the past two seasons, captured the first money in the 2:20 class, winning the three last heats over a muddy track in such time as not to break his '80 record. The distancing of the white-legged Fullerton by the grey gelding Hopeful in the 2:18, was a fearful drop to the "favorite" speculators. It has been remarked of Fullerton, that he was a bad horse to trot when he was a hot favorite—which may probably account for his defeat—as many think it did at Buffalo two years ago.

The Saratogians were greeted with fine weather for the first day of their second meeting on Tuesday. McDaniel & Co's Madge, who may be remembered at the Buffalo Running Meeting last September by the Canadians who were there, was the bright particular star of the day, marking down to her credit the fastest 3-mile, 1:15½, beating her own time of a year ago over the same track by a quarter of a second.

THE NEWMARKET RACES.

FINE STRINGS OF HORSES.

If doubt can remain in the mind of any horseman concerning the prospects for the meeting at Newmarket next week, let him take a drive on one of these cool mornings down the Don and Danforth road and see the horses that are taking their morning gallops over Newmarket and he can hardly fail to come to the conclusion, that barring something altogether unforeseen, the meeting must be a grand success. Although many more horses are expected, there are enough now at this track alone to make up respectable fields for both days. The scene is decidedly animating, especially to one who has just shaken off the dust of the city, and put in a good humour by a glimpse of rural scenery and a few breaths of country air, is disposed to be pleased with whatever comes under his notice, and surely he might be pleased with more ordinary sights and less beautiful surroundings. Where could you see a finer picture than a bright sunrise over Newmarket, with its picturesque surroundings. Every leaf and every blade of grass is radiant with dewdrops that glitter like diamonds in the bright morning sun, while a dozen silky-coated thoroughbreds are bounding along the course at all paces, from an easy and graceful canter down to a clip that is fast enough for a half-mile dash. Trainers are keenly watching the stride and action of their horses; stable boys are lounging about with rubbing cloths thrown over their shoulders, waiting to rub out their stable's representative as soon as he shall have finished his gallop, and altogether, the scene is one that cannot fail to make a striking impression on the mind of the uninitiated visitor.

Charlie Boyle is here with a goodly number already on his string, and there is scarcely a doubt that his number will be increased before the end of the week. Inspiration, already described in another column, may be said to head the list. She is looking very finely and will probably help to make the mile and a quarter heat race a very lively one or else carry off first money. Mignonette is looking particularly well, and Jack Vandal seems to be in something like his old form once more. Emily was looking a little less bright and fresh in the early part of this week than she did when she won her race at mile and a half heats at the Hamilton meet-

AT CARLETON.

Archie Fisher is training Katie P. who is running and jumping particularly well, Cecilia, the dark filly who combines the famous strains of Stockwell and Lexington through Canwell and Lucy Wade, and Pilot, who is in capital form, and will probably put in an appearance in the two mile dash for Province-breds. Kelso, having not yet entirely recovered from injuries received in the hurdle race at Montreal, will not start at the Newmarket meeting.

Jonathan Scott's stable, besides embracing his three campaigners, is honored with the distinguished presence of Vespucci, who, though still carrying too much flesh, is rapidly getting into form, and Mr. Grand's "Quetton St. George." Goldfinch and Jim Christie are looking splendidly, and the grey Thunder colt is as rank as ever and showing a fine turn of speed at times. Many more horses are in training in and about the city, and at present the prospects for a first-rate meeting could not be better.

NEW ARRIVALS.

Last Friday and Saturday the Veterinary stables of Dr. Smith, on Temperance Street, were visited by large numbers of horsemen from all parts of the city, who were anxious to catch a glimpse of the new arrivals from Saratoga, which Charlie Boyle had brought home in company with Helen Bennett. Our readers have already received the announcement of the purchase of Hyder Ali by Mr. Lyon, but in addition to this, there was the further attraction in the shape of the four-year-old mare Inspiration, purchased by Dr. Smith. The new pair were apparently none the worse of their journey, and looked as much at home there as if they had never known any other stable.

Giving the gentler sex the preference, you will first direct your attention to the brown mare. Inspiration by Warminster, 1st dam Sophia by Bonnie Scotland, 2nd dam Lady Spang by Gazen, 3rd dam by Bertrand, 4th dam Annette by Snow Storm, 5th dam Miss Dowden by imp Buzzard, 6th dam by imp Speculator, 7th dam by Damon, 8th dam by imp Fearnought. In 1874, at Long Branch, she won the three-quarter mile dash in the extra meeting in August, beating such good ones as B. F. Carver, Quits, Minnie Mc, Stockwood and Century, and five others, in 1:17½, and carrying four pounds over her appropriate weights. This year she ran second to Countess in her first dash of a mile, in 1:42½, and was beaten by only a length, after being the fourth behind the winner in round-off the first turn, and running past the wonders Leander and Spindrift to get her place. She is a tall, fine, blood-like mare, with considerable length of limb and body. Her muscles are long and strong, and taper gradually down to the tendons in a way that gives promise of fine action. Though decidedly rangy she is well coupled, and if she had not already proved herself a racer, he would be but a dull horseman who could not see in the gamey head, deep chest, strong back, broad stifles, and clean strong limbs, the points of a fast horse. She has size enough to promise well for her stock should she be put to breeding by-and-by; her pedigree is as good as need be asked for.

Just across the yard Hyder Ali is trying to thrust his bright mischievous face between the slats above his box door, and as soon as he sees that you are coming that way, he turns away and cuts a caper or two in his box to show that he "is delighted to make your acquaintance," and when his sheet is removed you behold one of the most beautiful pieces of horseflesh you have ever beheld.

ANOTHER NEW HORSE.

Mr. Torrance, the owner of the famous Trouble, has purchased the well-known four-year-old running horse Harry Felter, by Daniel Boone, dam Sigma by Epsilon. As will be seen this horse is a full brother to Frank Ross. He is a thorough race horse and will doubtless help to make the fall campaign in Canada a very lively one. He ran twice last season but was beaten on both occasions in fast time by good ones.

INFLUENZA IN HORSES.

This disease is prevalent in various sections of the country, under many different names. In some points it is regarded as fatal as the epizootic of '72, notably in those localities where it has assumed an epidemic form. It has been discovered that the chief danger lies with the horses attacked, in a choking of the throat, caused by the accumulating of mucous matter, which, obstructing the passage, prevents the animal from swallowing its food and from breathing freely. What the "vets" have failed to do, an old Michigan farmer has succeeded in doing, viz., in supplying a simple remedy. He says:

"It may not be out of place, as a severe epidemic is prevailing among our horses, to give a remedy which may be the means of saving many of us from the loss of animals. I have had two already attacked with the prevailing influenza, and one of them was so bad that the water which he attempted to drink would run back through the nostrils, the throat being so choked-up by the mucous-matter which had gathered in the passage that he could not swallow. I gave this horse bran mash, as hot as I could bear my hand in it, in a pail set on the ground so that the steam from it might pass up and loosen the matter which hindered him from eating or drinking. It is the steaming that does this, as well as the warm, moist, soft food, of which the horse eats all he can. I then took a half pound of black antimony, and two pounds of ground flax seed, and mixed them well, and gave a tablespoonful every other day till the horse was better, then twice a week only till he was fully recovered. With me this treatment cured the distemper of a year or two ago."

TURF ITEMS.

A steeplechase meeting will be held at Caledonia Springs some time during the month of September.

ON THE TRACK.—Ottawa race horses undergo training daily at Mutchmor's Driving Park. The fall turf season soon opens.

POISONED.—The Express says that Mr. F. Kaylor, of Ernestown, had a valuable mare, worth \$200, poisoned last Sunday, by eating the plants known as Hemlock.

The Ottawa Turf Club intends to hold its Fall meeting about the time of the Provincial Fair in that city.

A meeting is talked of at Arnprior. The programme will consist largely of hurdle races and steeplechases.

Vicksburg and Van Dorn have been working at Hamilton. "Ras" thinks the latter will give his southern friend a hard race.

Nine Canadian horses put in an appearance at Buffalo Races. Result of advertising their meeting in SPORTING TIMES.

Messrs. Quimby & Forbes, the Canadian pool sellers, we are informed, did the largest business at Buffalo Races.

Pool selling will commence at Bookless' Derby Club, Saturday evening, on the Newmarket Races.

Messrs. Quimby & Forbes' Pool Room during the Newmarket Races, will be at Bookless' Derby Club, 163 Yonge St.

Vicksburg has been training over the Hamilton track on account of the state of the Woodstock course.

It is the intention to give a meeting at Hamilton shortly after Mr. Bovle's Colt

MONTREAL LETTER.

MONTREAL, August 9, 1875.

From "our own."

A trotting meeting was held on Fashion Course on Friday last. The number of spectators was very limited, owing perhaps, to not being sufficiently advertised. The sporting fraternity alone "assisted." Appended are the results:—

FIRST RACE—Purse \$75, for horses that never won public money; \$50 to first, 15 to second, and 10 to third.

D Gervais' b m Flora 2 1 1 1
A Langevin's b g Baker Boy 1 2 2 2
There were five entries for this race, the above two however only put in an appearance.

SECOND RACE—Purse \$125, free to all; \$100 to first, 15 to second, and 10 to third.

J Renaud's b m Susie 1 1 1
E Plante's ch m Village Girl 2 2 2
Susie had it all her own way, and won easily.

There were no races on Saturday owing to the heavy rains; the meeting was postponed sine die.

The match for \$500 between Aerolito and Kelso—8 miles—to be run first week in September, is off, the owner of the former having paid forfeit.

DeBar's Opera House.—The "Japanese Troupe" were here last week, and drew a large and appreciative audience each evening. The juggling of "Gangero" was wonderfully good, and called forth enthusiastic applause. The diminutive Jap called "Que" displayed some remarkable balancing powers, his performance with a screen—which he balanced with his feet while lying upon his back—was of an extremely high order; he also gave a slack-rope performance of a thrilling nature, which certainly excels anything of the kind ever seen here. The contortionists "Tomey Taro" and "Kulne Taro" were immense in their special acts.

The Theatre Royal re-opens on Wednesday evening, under the lesseeship of Neil Warner & Co, on which occasion the play of "Money" will be produced.

Mr. William Moore, an amateur swimmer, attempted on Saturday the 31st ult., to swim from Allan's Wharf to St. Helen's Island, a distance of a mile and three-quarters; the water was very rough, after going a short distance he returned, but will make another attempt, and as the current is very strong here, he will have to show some "staying powers" to accomplish the task.

Yours, etc.,

SWEETMEAT.

SALE OF THOROUGHBREDS.—By an advertisement in to-day's paper it will be seen that John Hendrie, Esq., will offer for sale by Public Auction, at the Crystal Palace Grounds, Hamilton, on Friday, 20th inst., the five thoroughbreds he lately imported from Kentucky, viz.: Blue Grass, War Path, Don Carlos, Hornpipe, and Wild Briar. The importations were selected by Mr. Hendrie personally, in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, and the sale presents a rare chance to obtain a fine horse at a low figure. Messrs. Henderson & McFarlane, Yonge St., this city, have charge of the sale, and full particulars of the horses may be obtained at their rooms.

RENFORTH HOUSE.—This leading house of call on Yonge Street has obtained a reputation for its viands that must be highly complimentary to its urbane proprietor, Mr. Geo. H. Briggs. Here can always be learned the latest news of prominent sporting events, from an equine contest to a base ball discussion.

BLINKERON.—By an advertisement in another column it will be seen this famous race horse and stallion is offered for sale. Of good size, unexceptionable breeding, gamey as any horse that ever stood up, very fast and as gentle as a kitten, with youth on his side, he is certainly a desirable horse for any gentleman wishing to purchase one for stock purposes. The price asked is ridiculously low on account of the owner having no further use for him. It is an opportunity to get such a horse that does not often present itself.

Port Wayne, Ill.	14 to 17
Lansville, Ky.	20 to 25
Ogdensburg	28 to 30
St. Thomas	
Woodbine Park, Toronto	
Caledonia Springs, Ont.	
Ottawa	
Exeter, Ont.	
Hamilton	

OCTOBER.

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The first day at Rochester opened brightly with a very large attendance, notwithstanding the counter attraction at Buffalo the same day. The Canadian horse Orient handled by Mr. H. W. Brown, of the Rysdyk-Stock Farm, Prescott, won the 2:38 race besting the favorite handily, in time which may possibly surprise those who have more than a slight acquaintance with him. Another surprise was in store the same day in the

If doubt can remain in the mind of any horseman concerning the prospects for the meeting at Newmarket next week, let him take a drive on one of these cool mornings down the Don and Danforth road and see the horses that are taking their morning gallops over Newmarket and he can hardly fail to come to the conclusion, that barring something altogether unforeseen, the meeting must be a grand success. Although many more horses are expected, there are enough now at this track alone to make up respectable fields for both days. The scene is decidedly animating, especially to one who has just shaken off the dust of the city, and put in a good humour by a glimpse of rural scenery and a few breaths of country air, is disposed to be pleased with whatever comes under his notice, and surely he might be pleased with more ordinary sights and less beautiful surroundings. Where could you see a finer picture than a bright sunrise over Newmarket, with its picturesque surroundings. Every leaf and every blade of grass is radiant with dewdrops that glitter like diamonds in the bright morning sun, while a dozen silky-coated thoroughbreds are bounding along the course at all paces, from an easy and graceful canter down to a clip that is fast enough for a half-mile dash. Trainers are keenly watching the stride and action of their horses; stable boys are lounging about with rubbing cloths thrown over their shoulders, waiting to rub out their stable's representative as soon as he shall have finished his gallop, and altogether, the scene is one that cannot fail to make a striking impression on the mind of the uninitiated visitor.

Charlie Boyle is here with a goodly number already on his string, and there is scarcely a doubt that his number will be increased before the end of the week. Inspiration, already described in another column, may be said to head the list. She is looking very finely and will probably help to make the mile and a quarter heat race a very lively one or else carry off first money. Mignonette is looking particularly well, and Jack Vandal seems to be in something like his old form once more. Emily was looking a little less bright and fresh in the early part of this week than she did when she won her race at mile and a half heats at the Hamilton meeting, but she is nevertheless doing well, and will, no doubt, be ready to give a good account of herself by next Monday. Mr. Hendrie's new importations Sweet Briar and Don Carlos, make a very handsome pair, and though as yet somewhat high in flesh, will, no doubt, be in finer shape before Mr. Boyle has had them under his care a week. Helen Bennett who is always a good one wherever she is found, has been partially laid up from a slight injury to one of her legs, but she is all right again now and looking well. Banjo Charlie and Judge Pryor are reported to be intended for Mr. Boyle's guidance during the coming meeting, but in the absence of positive information on the subject it is not well to be too sure.

Mr Paul Wood has Prince Edward looking as fine as silk, and Galvantruss having recovered from the injuries she received at Woodstock, is also in good form. Glencora has also been added to Mr. Woods' string and will doubtless make her appearance in the "gentleman's race."

Mr. Lannon has Maritime and Islander in first-rate fix, the Derby entry looking particularly clean and fine.

George Hull, with Frank Ross under his care, arrived at Newmarket, on Monday night, the gallant chestnut looking fine enough to run for a man's life.

In addition to those mentioned, many others will doubtless put in an appearance before next Monday morning.

home in company with Helen Bennett. Our readers have already received the announcement of the purchase of Hyder Ali by Mr. Lyon, but in addition to this, there was the further attraction in the shape of the four-year-old mare Inspiration, purchased by Dr. Smith. The new pair were apparently none the worse of their journey, and looked as much at home there as if they had never known any other stable.

Giving the gentler sex the preference, you will first direct your attention to the brown mare. Inspiration by Warminster, 1st dam Sophia by Bonnie Scotland, 2nd dam Lady Spang by Gazen, 8rd dam by Bertrand, 4th dam Annetto by Snow Storm, 5th dam Miss Dowden by imp Buzzard, 6th dam by imp Speculator, 7th dam by Damon, 8th dam by imp Fearnought. In 1874, at Long Branch, she won the three-quarter mile dash in the extra meeting in August, beating such good ones as B. F. Carver, Quits, Minnie Mc, Stockwood and Century, and five others, in 1:17½, and carrying four pounds over her appropriate weights. This year she ran second to Countess in her first dash of a mile, in 1:42½, and was beaten by only a length, after being the fourth behind the winner in rounding the first turn, and running past the wenders Leander and Spindrift to get her place. She is a tall, fine, blood-like mare, with considerable length of limb and body. Her muscles are long and strong, and taper gradually down to the tendons in a way that gives promise of fine action. Though decidedly rangy she is well coupled, and if she had not already proved herself a racer, he would be but a dull horseman who could not see in the gamey head, deep chest, strong back, broad stifles, and clean strong limbs, the points of a fast horse. She has size enough to promise well for her stock should she be put to breeding by-and-by; her pedigree is as good as need be asked for.

Just across the yard Hyder Ali is trying to thrust his bright mischievous face between the slats above his box door, and as soon as he sees that you are coming that way, he turns away and cuts a caper or two in his box to show that he "is delighted to make your acquaintance," and when his sheet is removed you behold one of the most beautiful pieces of horseflesh you have ever beheld. In color, a dark bay, mixed with so many grey hairs that it almost verges on roan; coat as smooth as satin and soft as velvet; a small handsome head, with large roguish eyes, fine small beautifully set ears, wide but delicate nostrils, a light, cleanly cut and splendidly arched neck, well set on a strong sloping shoulders, a deep full chest, a finely rounded barrel which carries its weight well back to the hind-quarters, a broad full loin, strongly joined to such grand hind-quarters as a cross of the Leamington and Lexington strains might be expected to give, quarters which keep their height well out to the croup and their weight well down in the stifles, which are wider than the hips. Set such a head, neck and body on strong clean limbs, long and full of muscular power above the knee and gambrel, and short broad and flat below them, and you have an idea of Hyder Ali, but to know what manner of horse he is you must see him, and then look over his pedigree and performances, published in last week's issue. The fore-leg, the injury to which caused the cancelling of his important engagements this year, has so far improved that he shows no disposition to favor it when taking his exercise, and many entertain the hope that he will be sufficiently recovered to stand training next season. The size, form, speed and pedigree of this colt combine to make him one of the most promising of untried stock horses now living, and if put into the stud he would no doubt be liberally patronized.

back through the nostrils, the throat being so choked up by the mucous-matter which had gathered in the passage that he could not swallow. I gave this horse bran mash, as hot as I could bear my hand in it, in a pail set on the ground so that the steam from it might pass up and loosen the matter which hindered him from eating or drinking. It is the steaming that does this, as well as the warm, moist, soft food, of which the horse eats all he can. I then took a half pound of black antimony, and two pounds of ground flax seed, and mixed them well, and gave a tablespoonful every other day till the horse was better, then twice a week only till he was fully recovered. With me this treatment cured the distemper of a year or two ago."

TURF ITEMS.

A steeplechase meeting will be held at Caledonia Springs some time during the month of September.

ON THE TRACK.—Ottawa race horses undergo training daily at Mutchmor's Driving Park. The fall turf season soon opens.

POISONED.—The Express says that Mr. F. Kaylor, of Ernestown, had a valuable mare, worth \$200, poisoned last Sunday, by eating the plants known as Hemlock.

The Ottawa Turf Club intends to hold its Fall meeting about the time of the Provincial Fair in that city.

A meeting is talked of at Arnprior. The programme will consist largely of hurdle races and steeplechases.

Vicksburg and Van Dorn have been working at Hamilton. "Ras" thinks the latter will give his southern friend a hard race.

Nine Canadian horses put in an appearance at Buffalo Races. Result of advertising their meeting in SPORTING TIMES.

Messrs. Quimby & Forbes, the Canadian pool sellers, we are informed, did the largest business at Buffalo Races.

Pool selling will commence at Bookless' Derby Club, Saturday evening, on the Newmarket Races.

Messrs. Quimby & Forbes' Pool Room during the Newmarket Races, will be at Bookless' Derby Club, 168 Yonge St.

Vicksburg has been training over the Hamilton track on account of the state of the Woodstock course.

It is the intention to give a meeting at Hamilton shortly after Mr. Boyle's Colt Stake gathering.

Van Dorn, who will meet Vicksburg for the first time in Canada in the mile and a quarter heat race at Newmarket, on Monday next, has been taking his breathings at Hamilton under the watchful eye of Ras Burgess.

A two-days' meeting will be held at Exeter some time next month, when \$1,200 will be hung up for competition.

Charley Boyle has a large stable of flyers on preparation for the Newmarket Races. No less than twelve being on his book.

Woodruff and Quaker Boy cut down their records below the 40s at Buffalo. Two more out of that class. Remember this when you are making out your Fall programmes.

Ed. Tiffin, who rode War Jig at Cleveland in the two-mile dash, is in town.

Special trains will leave Union Station on Monday and Wednesday for the Newmarket Course, landing passengers within a very short distance of the entry gates.

A horse shoe was found a few days ago on a farm near St. Catharines, which measured from heel to heel twenty-one inches. That the shoe was in actual use the well worn heel and toe corks attest. George Brock has secured it to ornament his stable at Atwood's Western, Sus. Bridge.

JEAN INGLOW.—Mr. F. M. Wetherbee has sold this well-known trotter to Mr. John F. Merows. Price \$5,000.

ture, which certainly exceeds anything of the kind ever seen here. The contortionists "Tomey Taro" and "Kuhuo Taro" were immense in their special acts.

The Theatre Royal re-opens on Wednesday evening, under the leaseholdship of Neil Warner & Co, on which occasion the play of "Money" will be produced.

Mr. William Moore, an amateur swimmer, attempted on Saturday the 31st ult., to swim from Allan's Wharf to St. Helen's Island, a distance of a mile and three-quarters; the water was very rough, after going a short distance he returned, but will make another attempt, and as the current is very strong here, he will have to show some "staying powers" to accomplish the task.

Yours, etc.,

SWEETMEAT.

SALE OF THOROUGHBREDS.—By an advertisement in to-day's paper it will be seen that John Hendrie, Esq., will offer for sale by Public Auction, at the Crystal Palace Grounds, Hamilton, on Friday, 20th inst., the five thoroughbreds he lately imported from Kentucky, viz.: Blue Grass, War Path, Don Carlos, Hornpipe, and Wild Briar. The importations were selected by Mr. Hendrie personally, in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, and the sale presents a rare chance to obtain a fine horse at a low figure. Messrs. Henderson & McFarlane, Yonge St., this city, have charge of the sale, and full particulars of the horses may be obtained at their rooms.

RENFORTH HOUSE.—This leading house of call on Yonge Street has obtained a reputation for its viands that must be highly complimentary to its urbane proprietor, Mr. Geo. H. Briggs. Here can always be learned the latest news of prominent sporting events, from an equine contest to a base ball discussion.

BLINKERON.—By an advertisement in another column it will be seen this famous race horse and stallion is offered for sale. Of good size, unexceptionable breeding, gamey as any horse that ever stood up, very fast and as gentle as a kitten, with youth on his side, he is certainly a desirable horse for any gentleman wishing to purchase one for stock purposes. The price asked is ridiculously low on account of the owner having no further use for him. It is an opportunity to get such a horse that does not often present itself.

ELECTRICITY.—Messrs. Storer & Windram, Buffalo, N.Y., announce in another column that they are prepared to put up Hotel Annunciators on the electric principle, of the latest designs. During a visit to Buffalo we paid a visit to the factory of Messrs. S. & W. and were much entertained with the numerous novel machines they had in process of construction and completed.

BOYNTON.—Mr. Chas. Nurse, the well-known pedestrian and athlete, has assumed a new role and now appears in the bright waters of Ontario, clad in the famous life-saving suit of Capt. Boynton. It is Mr. Nurse's intention during the present season, to visit the principal towns and cities on our lakes, both frontier and inland, and give his interesting exhibition of walking, eating, smoking, reading and sailing while in the water. We commend Mr. Nurse's exhibition to our friends as one at once entertaining and instructive, while his performance in the water is a wonder to the curious.

QUININE WINE.—This valuable tonic and preventative of malarious diseases is universally recognized for its efficacy. Purchasers should be careful in buying to ask for "Campbell's," and be sure that they get it genuine, as inferior, and sometimes counterfeit articles are substituted. For sale by all druggists.

SALE OF SPRINGBOK.—Col. D. McDaniel & Co., Princeton, N.J., sold on Monday last, to go to California, the chestnut horse Springbok, five years old, by imp Australian, son of Hester, by Lexington; for \$15,000. Springbok, it will be recollected, ran a dead heat with Preakness for the Saratoga Cup on the 30th ult., in 8:56½, the fastest time on record for this distance.

CANADIAN TURF.

RACING AT WAUBUNO, ONT.

The Waubuno Club held a meeting on August 4th. The Judges were:—Messrs. D. A. Cook, Tecumseh House; John Cootes and Hiram Shano, London; and — Rider, Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. J. F. Odell acted as starter.

The first race was a green trot for \$40; \$80 to first, 10 to second. There were four entries. Won by Gray Warrior, owned by Mr. Norton, of Westminster; Black Piper second.

2nd. Three-minute Trot.—\$50; \$40 to first, 10 to second. Four entries but only two started. E. W. Young's Windsor Bill, first; E. W. Ellis' Dextress, second.

3rd. Open Trot.—\$100; \$70 to first, 80 to second. Six entries, Little Angus, Vanderbilt, Gray Bird, Forest Maid, Lady Stewart, and Tecumseh Girl. Won by Little Angus; Vanderbilt second. Many thought if Lady Stewart, owned by Mr. Collier, of Beachville, had been sent for keeps she could have beaten Angus. She gives promise of being one of the best horses in Canada, showing extra style and action, and can speed very fast.

4th. Flat Race.—\$25; Four entries. Won by Mr. Tomlinson's bay mare, McCarty's mare second.—Com.

RACING AT THOROLD.

The St. Catharines Daily News, from which we clip the following paragraph, thinks the above Association want re-organizing badly. We have received no report of the meeting from the Secretary, but fancy the News man, in some way must have had the worst of it.

"The Thorold Park Association had a meeting on Friday last, at which three purses were contended for, and the first in the respective races were Caractus, Gissy Queen and Welland Girl. Great complaints are made as to the swindling style in which things are done, and both drivers and track want regulating badly, or Thorold will have the reputation of having the worst dead beat racing Association in the Dominion."

THE TRIGGER.

A private match took place at Grand Rapids, Mich., on Saturday, July 17, between Hawkins, Eldridge and Stenton, of Detroit, and Glen and Hascall of that city, came off at the fair grounds this morning. The match was \$125, or 25 each; \$25 went to pay for the birds, and the balance, 100, was awarded to Messrs Glen and Hascall, 60 to the former and 40 to the latter; F. C. Dowling referee. Following is the score:

Hascall...10111 11111 11111 11111—24
Hawkins...01011 11111 11111 11111—22
Stenton...11111 11011 11111 11111—23
Eldridge...11111 11111 11110 11111—22
Glen...11111 11111 11111 11111—25

The above score is one of the best we have ever seen, and is really remarkable shooting. It also decides the fact beyond question, that Grand Rapids can boast of having as good amateur sportsmen as there are in the country. Mr. Glen, especially, has done some very excellent shooting during the tournament, probably a trifle better than any one else.

BOLD CHALLENGE FROM WARD.

TORONTO, Aug. 8, 1875.—I will shoot a match against any man in the world for \$500 a side, Canada rules, each to shoot at fifty single black birds, 21 yards rise, and twenty-five pairs of wild pigeons from ground traps, 21 yards rise, the traps to be placed ten yards apart. I will furnish all the birds for the match by any one accepting it paying me \$20; the match to be shot at Buffalo. Any one wishing to shoot this match can put \$250 forfeit with the editor of the Turf, Field and Farm, and allow me two weeks to furnish the birds, and I will immediately attend to it.

JAMES WARD.

ROCHESTER RACES.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., August 10.—The summer meeting at the Rochester Driving Park opened to-day.

The 2:38 race was won by Orient in three straight heats, Dan Bryant second, and Hattie R. third. Preston, the favorite, came in fourth, and only got eighth place in the last heat. Time—2:25½, 2:23, 2:20½.

In the 2:24 race the first heat was won by General Garfield, the second and third by Clementine, and the fourth by Joker, and then Nolsy took the race in three straight heats. The other starters were Blanche, Vanity Fair, Music, and Lady Star.

SARATOGA SECOND SUMMER MEETING.

SARATOGA, August 10.—The first day of the August meeting was greeted with delightful weather and a fine track.

The opening race was the Kentucky Stakes, for two-year-olds, \$100 entrance, half forfeit with \$1,000 added, second to receive \$200 out of the stakes; one mile, 88 nominations. Mr. P. Lorillard's br g Parole, by Leanington, dam Maiden, took the lead and kept it to the finish, winning the race in 1:44½; Mr. A. Belmont's ch f Adelaide, by imp. Australian, dam Dolly Carter, was second, Mr. A. Belmont's b f Sultana, by Lexington, dam Mildred, third.

The second event was a Summer Handicap, for all ages; 2 miles; \$100 entrance, half forfeit, or \$20 if declared out, with \$1,000 added; 29 entries. Won by Messrs. T. Puryear & Co's b c Grinstead, 4 years, by Gilroy, dam Sister to Ruric; after a close contest with Mr. A. Littell's bh Wildside, 5 years, by imp. Australian, dam Idlewild. Time—3:37½.

The third race was a sweepstake for all ages, ¼ mile. Won by Messrs. D. McDaniel & Co's ch f Madge, 4 years, by imp. Australian, out of Alabama, in the extraordinary time of 1:15½.

The last race was a free handicap steeplechase of about 8 miles, for a purse of \$650, all ages. Won by Mr. J. Donahue's b g Dead Head, 4 years, by Julius, out of Leisure, in 6:06½.

GOOD TROT AT WEBSTER, MASS.

July 29.—Purse \$150, for horses that have never beaten 2:45; \$75 to first, 50 to second, 25 to third; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.
B Russell's b m Lady Teasel... 2 4 2 1 1-1
Henry Burke's b m Kitty Hill... 1 1 5 3 4 3
E N Darling's b s Honest Allen... 4 8 1 7 5 2
L W Elliott's ch m Bell... 5 5 7 8 2 ro
E W Twitchell's b g Bush Boy... 8 6 8 5 3 ro
Washburn & Vaughn's blk m Kate Sloan... 3 2 3 2 dr
Geo Benway's b g Limber Jim... 7 7 6 6 dr
Isaac Sanderson's g g Thorn... 6 3 4 4 dr
Time 2:44, 2:48, 2:45, 2:46, 2:46½, 2:47½.

PACING AT BUFFALO, N. Y.

July 29.—Purse \$500, for pacers; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.
J Jamison's g g Billy Hopper... 1 1 1
R Corriston's s g Sorrel Frank... 2 2 2
Time, 2:24½, 2:26½, 2:28.

GOOD TROT AT FLEETWOOD N. Y.

July 30.—Purse \$100, for horses that have never beaten 2:38 in harness, and horses that have never beaten 2:40, to go as they please; mile heats, 3 in 5.
G Walker's br m Lady Anne, in harness... 1 3 1 2 2 1
D B Goff's br m Lady Woods, in harness... 4 1 2 3 1 2
J Hallett's b g Sherman, in harness... 5 5 3 1 3 3
J Splan's b g Clover, under saddle 3 2 4 5 5 ro
P Manoe's b g Creedmoor, with running mate... 2 4 5 4 4 ro
Time, 2:40, 2:36½, 2:38½, 2:34, 2:37, 2:38½.

GOOD TROT AT WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

July 5.—Purse \$300, free for all; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.
Mr Lindsay's b g Mark Twain... 1 1 2 0 2 1
Mr Glasford's b m Bellflower... 2 2 1 0 1 2
Mr Coggan's s h Mystery... dis.
Mr Warwick's b h Bashaw... dis.
Time—2:37½, 2:38½, 2:39½, 2:41, 2:41, 2:40½.

GOOD TROT AT SARATOGA, N. Y.

GLEN MITCHELL, July 30 and 31.—Purse \$100, for horses that have never beaten 2:40; \$50 to first, 30 to second, 10 to third; mile heats, 3 in

HORSE NOTES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

SALE OF SIMSON GIRL.—This famous California trotter has been purchased by Mr. A. Hayward for \$10,000.

BALANKKEEL.—The Westchester Cup winner, Balankkeel, was seized with a dangerous attack of cramps, the day before the Saratoga Cup was run, which prevented him starting in that race, for which he had been heavily backed. So severe was the attack that his owner, Mr. Jennings, sat up with the horse all night, expecting his death hourly. We are glad to state that he is now recovering, but slowly.

BODINE.—We regret to learn that this famous trotter is still lame, and instead of being at Buffalo, contending gloriously for the front, as in days of yore, he is limping badly in his box at Chicago. His lameness was caused by striking his ankle, in his race at Big Rapids, which was not regarded as of sufficient importance at the time to cause his trainer to lay him up. It is now hoped that he will be able to start at Utica; but his long let up will be likely to put him out of condition for several weeks to come, even should his lameness leave him.

DISSATISFACTION.—At the late Dexter Park meeting, at Chicago, there was much ill-feeling engendered among the stables there, at the parsimonious action of the management. It has culminated in an agreement among the entire Western and Southern owners, that they will not again enter any horse in any purse offered by the present management of Dexter Park. This is a death-blow to racing in Chicago, unless the management awake to the issue, and, by a thorough reorganization, win back the confidence and esteem of the racing public.

GRAFTON.—It is reported that Mr. George A. Baker, the President of the Cleveland Club, has bought the chestnut gelding Grafton, by Waxy out of Kavanagh's Gray Eagle mare, for \$20,000. The way that Grafton, came to make his great time of 2:15½ was thus: Mr. Baker said that if Grafton could trot a mile in 2:16 he would give \$20,000 for him. Grafton made the mile in 2:15½, which killed him in the pool-box, but Penistan got his \$20,000 all the same. It must be borne in mind, however, that this 2:15½ trial is not a record under the rule. His real record is still 2:22.

MAZOMAINS.—The Milwaukee trotter, Mazomaine, went so lame after his Cleveland race, last week, that he has been let up for the present, and will not start again until he has entirely recovered. The trouble is similar to that of Bodine, excepting that it is on the near hind leg.

SALE OF DUKE.—Mr. P. Winneman, of Joliet, Ill., has sold the trotting gelding Duke, that won the 2:38 purse at Cleveland, last week, in 2:26½, to Mr. W. H. Sholl, of the latter city, for \$5,150. He was entered at Buffalo, but did not appear there as his owner designs using him as a saddle-horse hereafter. It is a pity that so promising a green trotter should be lost to the turf. Duke was bred in Illinois, was got by Duke of York, a grandson of old Sir Henry, is eight years old, and had no record till last week.

A GREAT FOUR-YEAR-OLD TROTTER.—Mr. Morrell Higbie, the former trainer and driver of Flora Belle, is the owner of a four-year-old colt, that, he thinks, is destined to beat the world as a trotter, and there are several gentlemen, who have held watches on him, that affirm that he can wipe out the best stallion record any day that Higbie wants him to. He was timed on last Thursday, at Cleveland, on a soft track, by Mr. J. H. Conley, of this city, a mile in 2:26½ while taking his daily jog, and Higbie declares that such time as that is mere play for him. He was entered in the 2:38 class at Buffalo and Utica, but the field was so large that Mr. Higbie declined to take the risk of starting so valuable a horse in such a crowd. He is also entered in the Colt Stake at Hartford. He was bred by Messrs. Sprague & Akers, is by Rhode Island out of Belle Brandon, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, is as black as a crow, and is as level-brained and pure-gaited a horse as was ever harnessed. His name is Gov. Sprague, and he is certainly the nonpareil of trotting four-year-olds.

SALE OF RUTHERFORD.—The Messrs. Puryear & Co. have sold their chestnut colt Rutherford, four years old, by imp. Australian, dam Aerelite, by Lexington; 2nd dam Florine, imp. Glencoe, to Messrs. Brewster

Lady Camp, aged, by Red Lion out of a Morgan mare, with a record of 3:45, has been sold by Wallace Pierce of Sharon Pa., to Harry Richardson of Cleveland, O., for \$1,000. On the 30th ult. she made a trial in 2:33.

A. STORER. F. J. WINDHAM.
STORER & WINDHAM,
MANUFACTURERS OF
HOTEL AND RESTAURANT
Electrical Machinery,
203 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.

All descriptions of Sporting Tools made and repaired.

Valuable Stallion for Sale!

"BLINKIRON," 8 years old, 15-2 high, beautiful bay; sired by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam Magenta, by imported Berkshire.
Blinkiron is well known as one of the fastest and gamest horses ever brought to Canada. At Kalamazoo Mich., he won two heat races in very little time considering the track, viz: 3:39½, 3:47½, the last mile of the second heat being run in 1:47½. The 8 in 6 was also won by him in 1:46½. Last year, Woodstock, he beat Protection, Jack Vandal and Donnybrook, mile heats, and at London beat Major Macon, Tommie and Longueil, a dash of two miles, in 3:40.
Will be sold very cheap, as the owner has no further use for him. For price and extended pedigree, apply at SPORTING TIMES Office.
207-11.

SALE OF THOROUGHBRED HORSES.

Messrs. Henderson & McFarlane have received instructions from Mr. John Hendrie to sell at the

CRYSTAL PALACE GROUNDS, HAMILTON, On Friday, August 20th

The following THOROUGHBRED HORSES, Late imported from Kentucky:

- BIRD GRASS,
- WAR PATH,
- DON CARLOS,
- HORNPIPE,
- WILD BAYAR,

Also, BAY MARE BY RURIC.

PAIR MATCHED BLACK WHALEBONE MARES.

For full particulars with catalogues showing pedigree, &c., apply to

HENDERSON & McFARLANE,
Yonge Street, Toronto.

Hamilton, Aug. 1875.

POOLS, POOLS.

POOLS WILL BE SOLD ON THE NEW MARKET Races,

BOOKLESS' DERBY CLUB, 168 YONGE ST.,

SATURDAY, MONDAY, AND TUESDAY EVENINGS NEXT,

On the several races to take place at the Autumn meeting.



BOYLE'S COLT STAKE.

Hamilton, Sept. 1

The Sapling Stakes, for all Colts and Fillies owned in Canada since 1st January, 1874, and which were foaled since 1st January, 1872. A sweepstake of \$25 each, with 250 added by Chas. Boyle. Closed with 15 entries.

Additional Purses.

\$400—2:35 Trot—\$250 to the first, 100 to the second, 50 to the third, mile heats, 3 in 5

\$225—1½ Mile Dash, for Province-breds—Turf Club Weights—\$175 to the first, 50 to the second.

\$125—Half-mile Heats, 3 in 5, for Province-breds, catch weights, \$100 to the first, 25 to the second.

Rules and Regulations.

Entrance 10 per cent. on first money in running purses, and 10 per cent. of purse in trot.

Entries to close August 28th, and to be addressed to Mr. John Esson, or Charles Boyle, Hamilton, Ont.

Trotting horses to be eligible at date of programme, July 21st, 1875.

The balance of the forfeit in the Colt Stake will have to be made good by the 1st of August.

CHARLES BOYLE,

Hamilton, Ont., July 21, 1875.

SETTER PUPS.

FOR SALE,

PUPS FROM AN IMPORTED ENGLISH BITCH

Black and White, with tan on cheeks. Highly bred. Apply to

A. BLACK, P. O. Drawer 38, Guelph

THE Renforth House,

263 YONGE STREET,

GEO. BRIGGS, - Proprietor.

Wines, Liquors and Cigars of the choicest brands always in stock.



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The Thorold Park Association had a meeting on Friday last, at which three purses were contended for, and the first in the respective races were Caractus, Gissy Queen and Welland Girl. Great complaints are made as to the swindling style in which things are done, and both drivers and track want regulating badly, or Thorold will have the reputation of having the worst dead beat racing Association in the Dominion.

THE TRIGGER.

A private match took place at Grand Rapids, Mich., on Saturday, July 17, between Hawkins, Eldridge and Stenton, of Detroit, and Glen and Hascall of that city, came off at the fair grounds this morning. The match was \$125, or 25 each; \$25 went to pay for the birds, and the balance, 100, was awarded to Messrs Glen and Hascall, 60 to the former and 40 to the latter; F. C. Dowling referee. Following is the score:

Hascall	10111	11111	11111	11111	11111	24
Hawkins	01011	11111	11111	11111	11111	22
Stenton	11111	11011	11111	11110	11111	23
Eldridge	11111	11111	11110	11111	10011	22
Glen	11111	11111	11111	11111	11111	25

The above score is one of the best we have ever seen, and is really remarkable shooting. It also decides the fact beyond question, that Grand Rapids can boast of having as good amateur sportsmen as there are in the country. Mr. Glen, especially, has done some very excellent shooting during the tournament, probably a trifle better than any one else.

BOLD CHALLENGE FROM WARD.

TORONTO, Aug. 3, 1875.—I will shoot a match against any man in the world for \$500 a side, Canada rules, each to shoot at fifty single black birds, 21 yards rise, and twenty-five pairs of wild pigeons from ground traps, 21 yards rise, the traps to be placed ten yards apart. I will furnish all the birds for the match by any one accepting it paying me \$20; the match to be shot at Buffalo. Any one wishing to shoot this match can put \$250 forfeit with the editor of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, and allow me two weeks to furnish the birds, and I will immediately attend to it.

JAMES WARD.

MORE LAVERACKS IN THE FIELD.

STRATHEON, Ontario, Canada, July 27, '75.

Editor *Forest and Stream* :—

I have just received in my kennels a brace of pure Laverack setters—Carowitz, sent me by Mr. G. Teasdale Buckell, and Victress, purchased for me by Mr. Buckell at Aldridge's, on the 10th ult. Carowitz is by Pilkington's Dash, out of Lilwellin's celebrated Countess. Victress is by Dash, out of Moll, own sister to Nellie, Daisy, Countess, Fairy, etc.

L. H. SMITH.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

INQUIRER, Toronto.—Believe he is a Province-bred. You had better write to Mr. Weld, London.

A SUBSCRIBER, Mt. Forest.—She is by Allendale; her dam we are not quite sure of. 2. No. You would have to establish that the dam was a thoroughbred.

SWEETMEAT, Montreal.—He was ridden by Wells.

J. F. D., London.—Will be pleased to hear from you at any time. Thanks.

ENQUIRER, Hamilton.—To Taylor.

J. H., St. Catharines.—You can get the Pope Rifle Air Pistol from Harry Piper, who advertises.

T. F., Exeter, Ont.—If you mean to affiliate with the National Association, address Mr. T. J. Vail, Secretary National Trotting Association, Hartford, Conn.

M. G. L., Lockport.—Have done as you requested.

G. B., Guelph.—Sent you entries Tuesday, 3 m.

ages, 4 years, bred by Mr. J. J. Madge, 4 years, by imp. Australian, out of Alabama, in the extraordinary time of 1:15 1/2.

The last race was a free handicap steeplechase of about 8 miles, for a purse of \$650, all ages. Won by Mr. J. Donahue's b g Dead Head, 4 years, by Julius, out of Leisure, in 6:06 1/2.

GOOD TROT AT WEBSTER, MASS.

July 28.—Purse \$150, for horses that have never beaten 2:45; \$75 to first, 50 to second, 25 to third; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.
B Russell's b m Lady Teasel..... 2 4 2 1 1 1
Henry Burke's b m Kitty Hill..... 1 1 5 8 4 3
E N Darling's b s Honest Allen... 4 8 1 7 5 2
L W Elliott's ch m Bell..... 5 5 7 8 2 ro
E W Twitchell's b g Bush Boy..... 8 6 8 5 8 ro
Washburn & Vaughn's blk m Kate Sloan..... 3 2 8 2 dr
Geo Bonway's b g Limber Jim..... 7 7 6 6 dr
Isaac Sanderson's g g Thorn..... 6 3 4 4 dr
Time 2:44, 2:48, 2:45, 2:46, 2:46 1/2, 2:47 1/2.

PACING AT BUFFALO, N. Y.

July 29.—Purse \$500, for pacers; mile heats, 3 in 6, in harness.
J Jamison's g g Billy Hopper..... 1 1 1
R Corriston's s g Sorrel Frank..... 2 2 2
Time, 2:24 1/2, 2:26 1/2, 2:28.

GOOD TROT AT FLEETWOOD N. Y.

July 30.—Purse \$100, for horses that have never beaten 2:38 in harness, and horses that have never beaten 2:40, to go as they please; mile heats, 3 in 5.
G Walker's br m Lady Anno, in harness..... 1 3 1 2 2 1
D B Goff's br m Lady Woods, in harness..... 4 1 2 3 1 2
J Haslett's b g Sherman, in harness..... 5 5 8 1 3 3
J Splan's b g Clover, under saddle 3 2 4 5 5 ro
P Manoe's b g Creedmoor, with running mate..... 2 4 5 4 4 ro
Time, 2:40, 2:36 1/2, 2:38 1/2, 2:34, 2:37, 2:38 1/2.

GOOD TROT AT WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

July 5.—Purse \$300, free for all; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.
Mr Lindsay's b g Mark Twain... 1 1 3 0 2 1
Mr Glasford's b m Bellflower... 2 2 1 0 1 2
Mr Cogan's s h Mystery..... dis
Mr Warwick's b h Bashaw..... dis
Time—2:37 1/2, 2:38 1/2, 2:39 1/2, 2:41, 2:40 1/2.

GOOD TROT AT SARATOGA, N. Y.

GLEN MITCHELL, July 30 and 31.—Purse \$100, for horses that have never beaten 2:40; \$50 to first, 30 to second, 10 to third; mile heats, 3 in 5, in harness.
Mr Carr's b g Harry Irving... 4 2 1 4 2 1 2 1
Mr Hubbard's blk g Pickles... 2 1 3 2 3 4 1 2
Mr Murphy's b g Dave..... 3 4 2 1 7 8 3 3
Mr Akin's blk g Billiards..... 1 5 4 4 4 2 2 dis
Mr Simon's Lady Black Hawk. 5 3 dis
Time—2:43, 2:43 1/2, 2:44, 2:44, 2:46, 2:46, 2:46, 2:41.

THEATRICAL.

The following is given as the company at the Grand Opera House, Mrs. Morrison, Manageress, for the Fall season, which will open on September 6 :—

J R Grismer, C P DeGroat, W G Davis, M B Curtis, J Sumbush, E A White, W Stokes, O Semblar, L Roberts, I Gobay, Miss Mary Davenport, Miss Mary Carr, Mrs O Marlowe, Miss Mary Preston, Miss Emily Delmar, Miss Ada Foy, Mrs M Davis, &c. During the season the following Stars will appear:—Edwin Booth, Charles Fechter, Jane Coombs, Edwin Adams, Augusta Dargon, Fred Robinson, Minnie Palmer, Lillie Wilkinson, McKee Rankin, Rose Wood and Lewis Morison, Ada Gray, &c.

Mr. Alf Hudson is engaged for the Arch St. Theatre, Philadelphia, commencing September 6.

The name of Mr. J. H. Banks appears in the list of the company engaged for Ford's Baltimore and Washington Theatres.

Mr. Frank Mordaunt has been secured for the Varieties' Theatre, New Orleans.

The Lotta and Edwin Adams Combination announce Mr. C. W. Condock as one of their company. The season will commence September 20, and will extend thirty-six weeks. They will visit the principal cities and towns in the New England States and West and South.

GRAFTON.—It is reported that Mr. George A. Baker, the President of the Cleveland Club, has bought the chestnut gelding Grafton, by Waxy out of Kavanagh's Gray Eagle mare, for \$20,000. The way that Grafton came to make his great time of 2:16 1/2 was thus: Mr. Baker said that if Grafton could trot a mile in 2:16 he would give \$20,000 for him. Grafton made the mile in 2:15 1/2, which killed him in the pool box, but Penistan got his \$20,000 all the same. It must be borne in mind, however, that this 2:15 1/2 trial is not a record under the rule. His real record is still 2:22.

MAZOMAIN.—The Milwaukee trotter, Mazomaine, went so lame after his Cleveland race, last week, that he has been let up for the present, and will not start again until he has entirely recovered. The trouble is similar to that of Bodine, excepting that it is on the near hind leg.

SALE OF DUKE.—Mr. P. Winneman, of Joliet, Ill., has sold the trotting gelding Duke, that won the 2:38 purse at Cleveland, last week, in 2:26 1/2, to Mr. W. H. Sholl, of the latter city, for \$5,160. He was entered at Buffalo, but did not appear there as his owner designs using him as a saddle-horse hereafter. It is a pity that so promising a green trotter should be lost to the turf. Duke was bred in Illinois; was got by Duke of York, a grandson of old Sir Henry, is eight years old, and had no record till last week.

A GREAT FOUR-YEAR-OLD TROTTER.—Mr. Morrell Higbie, the former trainer and driver of Flora Belle, is the owner of a four-year-old colt, that, he thinks, is destined to beat the world as a trotter, and there are several gentlemen, who have held watches on him, that affirm that he can wipe out the best stallion record any day that Higbie wants him to. He was timed on last Thursday, at Cleveland, on a soft track, by Mr. J. H. Conley, of this city, a mile in 2:28 1/2 while taking his daily jog, and Higbie declares that such time as that is mere play for him. He was entered in the 2:38 class at Buffalo and Utica, but the field was so large that Mr. Higbie declined to take the risk of starting so valuable a horse in such a crowd. He is also entered in the Colt Stake at Hartford. He was bred by Messrs. Sprague & Akers, is by Rhode Island out of Belle Brandon, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, is as black as a crow, and is as level-brained and pure-gaited a horse as was ever harnessed. His name is Gov. Sprague, and he is certainly the nonpareil of trotting four-year-olds.

SALE OF RUTHERFORD.—The Messrs. Puryear & Co. have sold their chestnut colt Rutherford, four years old, by imp. Australian, dam Aerelite, by Lexington; 2nd dam Florine, imp. Glencoe, to Messrs. Brewster & Ainsworth, of New York, for \$8,000. His last appearance this season was on Wednesday last, at Saratoga, in a three-mile dash, for a club purse of \$1,000, which he won over a heavy track, beating Madge and Wildidle in 5:38. Rutherford is a good, stout horse, and in long-distance races, if well ridden and in good fettle, will be found near the front at the finish. He will be sent to California, and be entered in the \$80,000 purse, four-mile heats.

Col. McDaniel has sold Springbok for \$15,000, and he will go to California. The price paid is none too much, for Springbok is one of the finest horses we ever saw, and when his racing days are over he will be worth a great deal of money for stud purposes.

SALES IN KENTUCKY.—By Messrs. Hall Brothers.—Trotting stallion Kirkman, by Gage's Logan, dam by Florizel, to Messrs. E. Stubble & Co., Sharon, Penn. By W. T. Withers, Lexington, gr yearling filly, by Almont, dam Alice Drake, by Norman; second dam by Pilot, Jr., to G. Addison, Ontario, Canada.

BRIGADIER.—Mr. A. Corbin, Jr., of New York, has purchased of J. A. Smith, of the United States Navy, the thoroughbred stallion Brigadier, by Monarque, dam Sweet Lucy, by Sweet Meat, and will send him to his farm at Gouverneur. Brigadier is 16 1/2 hands high, and a very fine specimen of the English thoroughbred. He was purchased for 1,000 guineas by Mr. Lefevre, who trained and ran him with success. He was entered for the Two Thousand Guineas, the St. Leger, and the Derby races, for which he was unfitted by an accident, and sold to go to the United States for breeding purposes. Brigadier will be a valuable acquisition to the breeding stock of St. Lawrence County.

pedigree, apply at Sportsman Times Office, 207-st.

SALE OF THOROUGHBRED HORSES.

Messrs. Henderson & McFarlane have received instructions from Mr. John Hendrie to sell at the

CRYSTAL PALACE GROUNDS, HAMILTON, On Friday, August 20th

The following THOROUGHBRED HORSES, Late imported from Kentucky:

BLUE GRASS, WAR PATH, DON CARLOS, HORNBLE, WILD BAYAR, ALSO, BAY MARE BY RURIC,

AND A PAIR MATCHED BLACK CHALIBONE MARES.

For full particulars with catalogues showing pedigree, &c., apply to

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Hamilton, Aug. 1875.

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POOLS WILL BE SOLD ON THE NEW MARKET RACES,

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Rules and Regulations.

Entrance 10 per cent on first money in racing purses, and 10 per cent of purse in trot

Entries to close August 28th, and to be addressed to Mr. John Eason, or Charles Boyle, Hamilton, Ont.

Trotting horses to be eligible at date of programme, July 21st, 1875.

The balance of the forfeit in the Colt Stake will have to be made good by the 1st of August

CHARLES BOYLE.

Hamilton, Ont., July 31, 1875.

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Black and White, with tan on cheeks. Highly bred. Apply to

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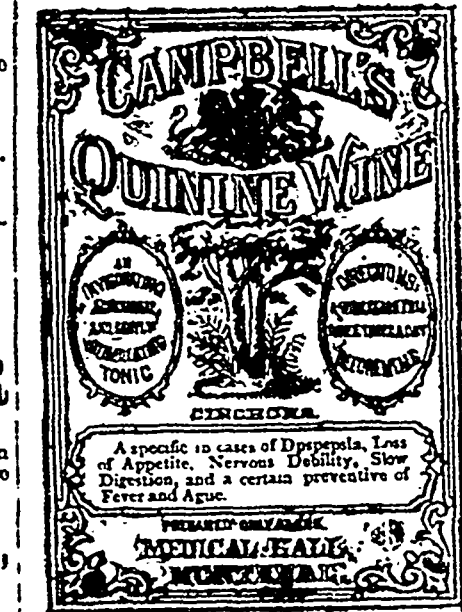
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BEHOLD THE BULL-DOG.

Let those who maintain that instinct is the sole governor of an animal's motion sit down and hear about a bull-dog at Alexandria, Va. This bull-dog had a combat with a fellow cur, and found in the course of the conflict that the fellow cur was too much for him. When this fact had made its way through his skull the worsted dog fell dead and motionless to the ground. The victorious dog gave the prostrate form a parting chew or two, and then strutted around with an air of importance befitting the occasion. In a short time he took up the line of march for home. As his footsteps were dying away in the distance the eye of the prostrate dog slightly unsealed. Seeing the victor in the distance and on the retreat he opened his eyes widely, and when the victor turned a corner and was out of sight the prostrate dog arose from the earth, shook the dirt from his garments, and jogged off home with a broad grin on his face. Are we to be told that such a dog had no "intellect in him?"

THE FIGHTING BULL.

The bulls for the Corridas de Toros (regular bull-fights) are bred with great care for this special purpose, the most celebrated herds being those of the dukes of Osuna, and Scraguas and of Don Antonio Mura, and very handsome is this fine breed of cattle, deep-chested, straight backed animals, which, standing on clean, slender legs, look almost as much like racing as a Derby favorite. Their fine, thorough-bred head, surmounted by fine, tapering upright horns, is well put on to a graceful neck, and differs considerably from the heavy massive front of an English bull; indeed, the beautiful head borne by these cattle more resembles that of a stag, to which animal they may also be compared in their wonderful activity and jumping powers. The colors usually predominant are fawn, more or less light, with dark muzzles and ears: dark dun, relieved by light shades in places black and red; occasionally an admixture of white will be found, but this is rare, and is probably due to some foreign cross. In size and weight, I suppose the Spanish bulls used for the ring differ but little from the Ayrshires.—[Mr. Rose's Untrodden Spain.]

ALL SORTS.

THE DANGER OF PARIS GREEN.—Mr. John Wilson of Paisley Block, last week lost a valuable horse by its coming into contact and eating some Paris Green which had been left carelessly standing in a waggon. People cannot be too careful in using this article.

The international quoit match between Zachariah Boardman, of Manchester, and Job Pearson, of Philadelphia, for £200 and the championship of the world, took place in London lately, and was won by Boardman. Score—Boardman, 62; Pearson, 86.

The memorable feat of that Yorkshire woollen manufacturer who sat down to dinner at 7 o'clock in a suit made from wool which was sheared from the sheep after sunrise on the morning of the same day, has been rivalled by a man in Chautauqua county, N.Y., who lately had a pair of Angora goats sheared at sunrise, their fleeces carded, spun, woven, dyed and finished, and the cloth made into a fashionable dress which his wife wore at sunset. The cloth was ready to be made up early in the afternoon. Four dress-makers at once took it into hand, and at the appointed time not a flounce or a furbelow was lacking or imperfectly finished.

Capt. Webb has determined to attempt the feat of swimming across the British Channel, and has begun training for that purpose. As he can remain in the water for fourteen hours, and can swim one mile and a-half an hour, he believes that the feat is quite within the range of possibility.

A TWENTY MILES RUN.—Norman Taylor, of Woodstock, Vt., ran twenty miles at Glen Mitchell the other day in two hours, twenty minutes and fourteen seconds, beating his stipulated time of two hours and a-half by nine minutes and forty-six seconds. He ran the last mile in eight minutes and six seconds.

Madison sportsmen are preparing for the first flight of ducks which takes place annually in the latter part of August. Rice Lake, and the Thousand Isles, are well known and

HORSE NOTES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

LANCER DEAD.—Mr. Taylor, proprietor of the Winona Stock Farm, Burlington, N. J., lost recently the famous Percheron stallion Lancer, from colic. He was valued at \$2,000.

ORANGE BLOSSOM.—Orange Blossom is still confined to the stable at Charter Oak Park, but is gradually improving from the severe cut he received in the spring. His owner hopes that he will fully recover.

IMPORTATION OF PERCHERON AND BELGIAN STALLIONS.—Messrs. Degan Brothers, Ottawa, Ill., have lately imported fifteen Percheron and Belgian stallions, from three to five years old. The lightest weight 1,650 pounds, and the heaviest 2,100 pounds.

PISCATORIAL.

A sturgeon was caught at Hamilton on Saturday weighing 200 lbs.

Some enormous hauls of white-fish have been made on the Wellington Beach, Belleville.

On Tuesday last two gentlemen from Park-hill visited Port Franks on a fishing excursion, and caught in one day, with hook and line, upwards of 200 lbs. of fish including some magnificent black bass, pickerel, sunfish, mullet, pike, &c.

A well-known fact in connection with the cultivation of salmon rivers is commented on, in a report just issued by Mr. Frank Buckland. This is that ducks are among the most formidable enemies to very young salmon. The eggs, being deposited by the parent fish in the the gravel, gradually develop, and in the spring Mr. Buckland says he has often turned up small fish about the size of, and not unlike, barley-sugar drops. It is at this time the terrible duck commits its ravages. Its bill seems "especially formed for robbing salmon" nests of their contents, and it exercises its capacities to the full. In a few minutes a single duck will clear out of a salmon's nest every infant fish.

A few days ago a sturgeon weighing about 800 pounds jumped into a small sail boat in which were five persons, when opposite West Amesbury, Mass., splitting the boat in two and throwing the occupants into the river. Three of them swam ashore, and the other two clung to the wreck until rescued by a boat from the village.

Black bass are beginning to take the fly among the Thousand Islands, and the sportsmen are enjoying fine sport. Wall-eyed pike are frequently taken. Among the leading anglers on the ground are Messrs. Clark and Lowrey, of New York City, Fred Massey, of Brooklyn, H. E. Morse, and Mr. Hart (Kimball & Co.) of Rochester, Mr. Redfield, of Hartford, and Mr. Beasley, of the Cuvier Club, Cincinnati.

While Capt. Smith of the Yacht Dreadnaught was cruising in a small boat with two men off Sandy Hook in search on Sunday, he saw the head of a large sea turtle above the water, and shot four balls into it from a revolver. The party, after considerable effort, made fast to it with a rope. Then it started off and towed the boat some five or six miles before it was finally captured and taken alongside the yacht, bound which it was towed to Stapleton. The turtle's length, measured on the bottom shell, is 7 feet; across from claw to claw 9 feet; 2½ feet through, and weight 900 pounds.

GOLD FISH.—Feed them very little, a few crumbs a day will be sufficient. In the winter they will need no food at all. Balls made of cracker dust and corn starch mixed are much better than bread. A dish of little black tadpoles and pollywogs, served up alive will be a great treat. The tank or globe should be placed where the sunlight will strike it. On the part next to the window paste a sheet of blue tissue paper, so that the sunlight can enter no where except at the top, then the manner in which natural ponds are lighted is imitated. If plants grow in your receptacle, introduce a water-snail or two to devour the green scum which would otherwise accumulate on the sides of the globe or tank. The water should be changed very seldom; so long as it remains clear and fresh-looking do not disturb it, but when it begins to look murky change it. Fresh water should be introduced by pouring it through a watering pot. This aerates it. It can also

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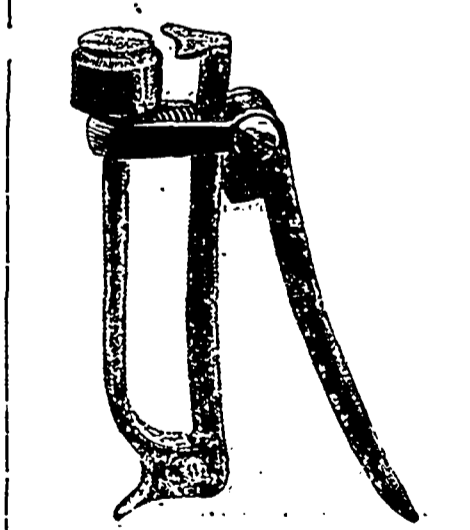


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THE HAMBLETONIAN STALLION.
"COUNTRY GENTLEMAN,"

BY RYSDYK'S HAMBLETONIAN.
1st dam, by Highlander; 2nd dam, by Cogswell's Consul; 3rd dam, by Ducoc.

Bay; 15 hands, 3 inches; black mane, tail and points; two white ankles behind, and small star. A natural trotter, and a successful trotting sire. Took the first prize at the New York State Fair, at Albany, in 1873, open to the whole United States and Canada. The sire of Vox, Cobbler, Country Girl, Country Lady, Miss Ann, Country Lass, Country Queen, Golden Farmer, Kentucky Gentleman, Kentucky Girl, Kentucky Lady, Toronto, Gordon Graeger, and others, all registered in the 2nd volume of Wallace's American Trotting Record.

English bull, indeed, the beautiful head of the by these cattle more resembles that of a stag, to which animal they may also be compared in their wonderful activity and jumping powers. The colors usually predominant are fawn, more or less light, with dark muzzles and ears: dark dun, relieved by light shade. In places black and red; occasionally an admixture of white will be found, but this is rare, and is probably due to some foreign cross. In size and weight, I suppose the Spanish bulls used for the ring differ but little from the Ayrshires.—[Mr. Rose's Untrodden Spain.]

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THE DANGER OF PARIS GREEN.—Mr. John Wilson of Paisley Block, last week lost a valuable horse by its coming into contact and eating some Paris Green which had been left carelessly standing in a waggon. People cannot be too careful in using this article.

The international quill match between Zachariah Boardman, of Manchester, and Job Pearson, of Philadelphia, for £200 and the championship of the world, took place in London lately, and was won by Boardman. Score—Boardman, 62; Pearson, 86.

The memorable feat of that Yorkshire woollen manufacturer who sat down to dinner at 7 o'clock in a suit made from wool which was sheared from the sheep after sunrise on the morning of the same day, has been rivalled by a man in Chautauqua county, N.Y., who lately had a pair of Angora goats shorn at sunrise, their fleece carded, spun, woven, dyed and finished, and the cloth made into a fashionable dress which his wife wore at sunset. The cloth was ready to be made up early in the afternoon. Four dress-makers at once took it into hand, and at the appointed time not a flounce or a furbelow was lacking or imperfectly finished.

Capt. Webb has determined to attempt the feat of swimming across the British Channel, and has begun training for that purpose. As he can remain in the water for fourteen hours, and can swim one mile and a-half an hour, he believes that the feat is quite within the range of possibility.

A TWENTY MILES RUN.—Norman Taylor, of Woodstock, Vt., ran twenty miles at Glen Mitchell the other day in two hours, twenty minutes and fourteen seconds, beating his stipulated time of two hours and a-half by three minutes and forty six seconds. He ran the last mile in eight minutes and six seconds.

Canadian sportsmen are preparing for the first flight of ducks which takes place annually in the latter part of August. Rice Lake, and the Thousand Islands, are well known and deservedly popular resorts, both for ducks and sportsmen. The rice on the back lakes is not yet quite strong enough to stand, but will soon afford feed and cover.

Victor Emanuel is no less a sportsman because he is a King. The description of his hunting grounds given in foreign journals make them seem to be a sportsman's paradise. The chase among the mountains of Val-Avarache, which abound with game on the Italian side, is reserved to the King, who has established his central hunting lodge on a splendid plateau at Lerville, 7,000 feet above tide level.

TRAPPING BIRDS.—The bird-catchers of France have a curious way of trapping birds. A sort of tent is made of young poplars or some other straight growing wood, and in the centre of this tent is a seat for the accommodation of the bird-catcher. This tent is now completely covered with leafy bows, among which are small openings. When the birds alight near the openings they are quickly seized by the bird-catcher, who thrusts his hands through, or a small flap-trap is pushed through the openings, upon which the birds alight.

DEATH OF MR. J. LA MERT.—This gentleman, well known on the English turf, died lately in London of disease of the heart. He at one time owned Katherine Legg, by Flying Dutchman, from whom he bred King o' Scots, Bathwell and other animals of less note.

GAME CHICKENS.—Many persons object to raising game chickens because the young fight so much. This is easily remedied. When they commence fighting catch the youngsters and grease their heads well, and they will stop. They have such aversion to grease that they will not catch a bill hold.

velop, and in the spring Mr. Buckland says he has often turned up small fish about the size of, and not unlike, barley-sugar drops. It is at this time the terrible duck commits its ravages. Its bill seems "especially formed for robbing salmon's nests of their contents," and it exercises its capacities to the full. In a few minutes a single duck will clear out of a salmon's nest every infant fish.

A few days ago a sturgeon weighing about 800 pounds jumped into a small sail boat in which were five persons, when opposite West Amesbury, Mass., splitting the boat in two and throwing the occupants into the river. Three of them swam ashore and the other two clung to the wreck until rescued by a boat from the village.

Black bass are beginning to take the fly among the Thousand Islands, and the sportsmen are enjoying fine sport. Wall-eyed pike are frequently taken. Among the leading anglers on the ground are Messrs. Clark and Lowrey, of New York City, Fred. Massey, of Brooklyn, H. E. Morse, and Mr. Hart (Kimball & Co.) of Rochester, Mr. Redfield, of Hartford, and Mr. Beasley, of the Cuvier Club, Cincinnati.

While Capt. Smith of the Yacht Dreadnaught was cruising in a small boat with two men off Sandy Hook in search on Sunday, he saw the head of a large sea turtle above the water, and shot four balls into it from a revolver. The party, after considerable effort, made fast to it with a rope. Then it started off and towed the boat some five or six miles before it was finally captured and taken alongside the yacht, behind which it was towed to Stapleton. The turtle's length, measured on the bottom shell, is 7 feet; across from claw to claw 9 feet; 2½ feet through, and weight 900 pounds.

GOLD FISH.—Feed them very little, a few crumbs a day will be sufficient. In the winter they will need no food at all. Balls made of cracker dust and corn starch mixed are much better than bread. A dish of little black tadpoles and pollywogs, served up alive will be a great treat. The tank or globe should be placed where the sunlight will strike it. On the part next to the window paste a sheet of blue tissue paper, so that the sunlight can enter no where except at the top, then the manner in which natural ponds are lighted is imitated. If plants grow in your receptacle, introduce a water snail or two to devour the green scum which would otherwise accumulate on the sides of the globe or tank. The water should be changed very seldom; so long as it remains clear and fresh-looking do not disturb it, but when it begins to look murky change it. Fresh water should be introduced by pouring it through a watering pot, this aerates it. It can also be aerated, without changing, by means of a syringe.

AN UNEXPECTED CUSTOMER.—A negro fisherman caught a jew-fish weighing 140 pounds, recently, and, securing the game with a heavy line, so that it could enjoy the native element, he sought a purchaser. Two gentlemen examined the fish, and offered what they deemed a fair price. The negro wanted more. The bidders refused to come down. Another man attracted by the little crowd that had gathered to view the fish, approached the negro and offered him a sum in advance of the amount tendered by the first bidders. Still the fisherman held out; he wanted his price or nothing. While the question was under discussion, a huge shark 22 feet long, one of the largest seen in these waters of late, gently took the jew fish in, cutting the head from the body as though it had been done with a sharp knife. Everybody looked on in amazement, but the most astonished individual in the group was the fisherman, who appeared much aggrieved when a laugh went around. Turning to last bidder, he said, gravely, "I believe you knowed dat shark was dere all de time."—*Galveston News.*

WORTH KNOWING.—Every little while we read of one who had struck a rusty nail in his foot or some other portion of his person, and lockjaw has resulted therefrom. All such wounds can be healed without any fatal consequences following them. The remedy is simple: It is only to smoke such wound, or any wound or bruise that is inflamed with burning wool or woolen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke of wool will take pain out of the worst case of inflammation arising from a wound we ever saw.

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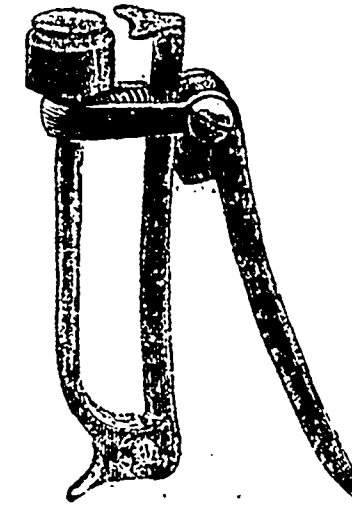
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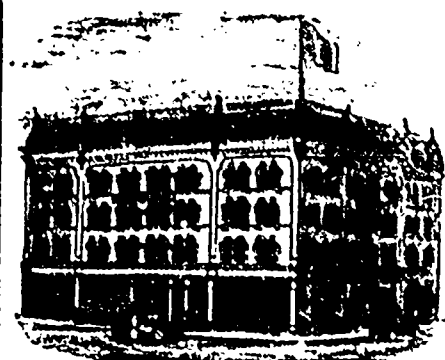
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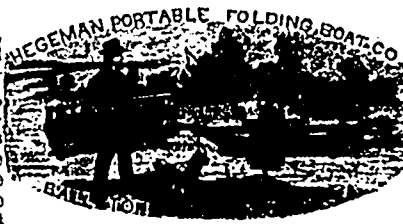
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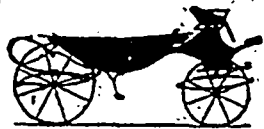
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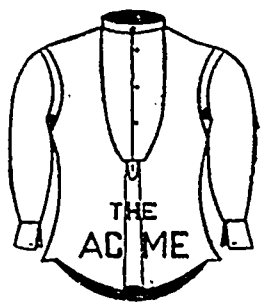
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Race 2—Merchants' Purse—Hurdle Race; \$200. Heavy Welter Weights. Open to all horses. Two miles over eight hurdles. \$160 to first, 40 to second.

Race 3—Home Purse—\$225. Open to all Dominion bred horses. A dash of 2 miles. \$175 to first, 50 to second.

Race 4—International Stakes; \$600. Open to the world. 1 1/2 mile heats, two in three. \$500 to first, 100 to second. Foreign bred horses owned and wintered in Canada, allowed 5 lbs.

Race 5—Ladies' Purse; \$150. Open to Dominion bred horses. 1/2 mile heats; two in three. \$125 to first, 25 to second.

SECOND DAY.

Race 1—Hunters' Purse—Hurdle Race; handicap; \$225. Open to all horses. 2 1/2 miles, over ten hurdles. Top weight, 165 lbs. \$175 to first, 50 to second.

Race 2—Flash Stake; \$125. Open to all horses. A dash of one mile; 100 lbs up. \$100 to first, 25 to second.

Race 3—Cable Stake; \$250. The gift of S. Davis & Co., Montreal, manufacturers of the celebrated Cable Cigar. Open to all Dominion bred horses; handicap, 1 1/2 mile heats. \$200 to first, 50 to second.

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CONDITIONS.

1. Races to be governed by Dominion Turf Club Rules.



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Entries close Monday 23rd August, at 8 o'clock. See Posters for Conditions.

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WINFIELD SCOTT,

and Harlequin

Will serve a limited number of mares at the stables of the undersigned during the season of 1875

"HIGHLAND BOY"

was sired by Hamlet, he by Volunteer (sire of Gloster, record 2:19 1/2, Huntress 2:22 1/2, W H Allen 2:23 1/2) he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian.

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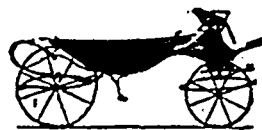
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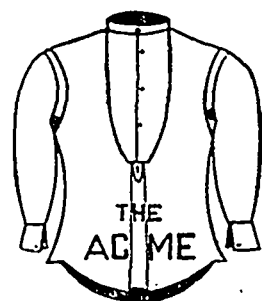
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CONDITIONS.

- 1—Races to be governed by Dominion Turf Club Rules.
 - 2—Entrance 10 percent. on first money only.
 - 3—Handicaps half forfeit, but owners must declare by 7 p.m., prior to each day's races.
 - 4—Entries must specify age, name, color, sex and pedigree, and must be made on or before Thursday, August 12th, at 9 p.m., or mailed prior to that time, addressed to the Secretary, care of "The Derby Club" House, 168 Yonge Street.
 - 5—Entries unaccompanied by the money will not be noticed.
 - 6—Riders to appear in proper costume.
 - 7—Province bred horses allowed 8 lbs.
 - 8—Three horses to enter and two to start.
 - 9—The Judges' decision in all cases to be final.
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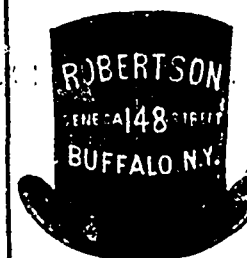
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HIGHLAND BOY,

**WINFIELD SCOTT,
and Harlequin**

Will serve a limited number of mares at the stables of the undersigned during the season of 1875

"HIGHLAND BOY"

was sired by Hamlet, he by Volunteer (sire of Gloster, record 2:19 1/2, Hantress 2:22 1/2, W H Allen 2:28 1/2,) he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Highland Boy's dam was sired by Mambrino Chief who was the sire of Lady Thorn, record 2:18 1/2. In Highland Boy's breeding is combined the two best trotting strains in America, and he is also the sire of the finest looking and most promising trotting colts in Canada.

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was sired by Edward Everett, late Major Winfield, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, Edward Everett was also sire of Judge Fullerton, record 2:19 1/2, Mountain Boy record 2:20 1/2, Joe Elliott, Tanner Boy, Everett Bay, &c. Winfield Scott's dam was the celebrated mare Lady Shannon, by Harris' Hambletonian, he by Bishop's Hambletonian, and he by imp. Messenger. Lady Shannon, record 2:28

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was sired by Hampton, he by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam Julia Machree, by American Star. Julia Machree was the dam of Enfield, Mercury, and Dickens, one of the fastest young horses in the United States. Julia Machree was also full sister to the celebrated mare Widow Machree the dam of Aberdeen.

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