

RABBIT COURSEING.

How the Timid Animals Are Chased for Fun.

OPPOSITION TO THE SPORT.

It has, however, secured quite a foothold in the East and has always been popular in the West—some interesting information.

When the nephew of the late Henry Bergh was ousted from the presidency of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in New York, one of the points raised against him was his action in trying to prevent rabbit courseing.



RABBIT COURSEING.

The English people are not so tender hearted about rabbit courseing, for in England the sport is legal and in high favor. From England, the habit has been carried over to America.

The warren is a small enclosure, a few rods square, which is used as a temporary pen for the rabbits. Adjoining the coursing field, and opening into the warren, is a track where they are bred.



IN LEASH.

Once in the warren they can only get out through a trap that opens into the runway leading to the coursing field. At a turn in the runway there is something—either a stack of straw or boughs—to conceal a man and two dogs. This man is the "slipper," who stands holding the dogs.

Dogs are trained for rabbit courseing just as a man is trained for athletic games. The fat is reduced and muscle developed as much as possible.

The dogs are made to play at a game of points like football or basketball teams. The dog that gets away first scores one point, and the dog that kills the rabbit scores two.



THE KILL.

"Escape" he goes free, for the "escapes" are large enough to let the rabbit through but not the dog. The killing is done by the dog taking the rabbit in his teeth by the back of the neck and breaking its backbone with his jaws.

The Eastern Coursing club has secured the services of an experienced man in rabbit courseing, who followed it in England for twenty years. He is Mr. James Black and recently came from the old country.

One by one English sports have been introduced into America until it seems that there are now no more to bring over. There is nothing, however, that Englishmen amuse themselves with on their own island that cannot be followed in the natural way in some part of America.

ABOUT THE GONDOLIERS.

THE STORY OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN'S LATEST OPERA.

Pictures Showing to Some Extent the Costuming of the Characters, Together with a Highly Appreciative Article from an English Paper.

Pictures of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, "The Gondoliers," have come to hand, and two of them are here presented. The English papers all speak highly of the production, of course. Here is what The London Saturday Review had to offer early in the London run of the piece:

"The story of 'The Gondoliers' may be very briefly summarized. One of the two, Marco, Guiseppe Palmieri, is believed to be heir to Barataria; they have both married; but if either is king, he was married in infancy to some one else; so that there are two husbands and three wives, and mystery attaches to the problem which is at once king and bigamist.

"It is bright, with just a touch of sentiment; while Guiseppe's air, 'Kind air, you cannot have the heart our lives to part,' is equally charming, though in some respects the reverse of Tessa's song in treatment—sentiment slightly predominant, but there is a light undercurrent of humor. So we come to the quartet, 'Then one of us will be a queen,' a burst of unmitigated joyousness and fun.

"Once more we find the happy blending of sentiment and the gentlest humor in the verses, with the beautiful refrain of 'O my darling, O my pet,' which the brides sing to their departing lords. And we have spoken of the melody and significance of the music without mentioning one of its chief sources of fascination—the two instrumental accompaniments of grace, fancy and suggestiveness. The horns have had a deal to do that is always curiously effective; the other brass instruments are very seldom employed, but the woodwind is constantly called into requisition; and the writing for flute, clarinet, oboe and bassoon will remain a model of what can be accomplished when perfect taste is united to a thorough mastery of orchestral resources.

"Lala—But stay—the present and the future—they are another's, but the past—that is least one, and none can take away from us, may we not recall it in our hearts? Cas—I don't think I grasp your meaning. Lala—Yes it is logical enough. You say you cease to love me. Cas—(Sighing)—I may not love you. Lala—But you do not say you did not love me. Cas—I loved you with a frenzy that words are powerless to express—and that but ten brief minutes since.

"Lala—Exactly. My own—that is, until ten minutes since, my own—my lately loved, my recently adored—tell me that until, say a quarter of an hour ago, I was all in all to thee! (Embracing her.) Cas—I see your idea. It is ingenious, but don't do that. (Releasing herself.) Lala—There can be no harm in revolving in the past.

"Cas—None whatever, but an embrace cannot be taken to act retrospectively. Lala—Perhaps you may recollect an embrace—I recollect many—but we must not repeat them. Lala—Then let us recollect a few! (A moment's pause as they recollect, then both leave a deep sigh.) Lala—Ah, Casilda, you were to me as a sun is to the earth!

GAY MIDWINTER'S GARB.

OLIVE HARPER TRACES THE FINE LINES OF FASHION'S CHANGES.

Boas No Longer Lead—Now It is Collars, and They Are Known as the Russian, Paris and Berlin Styles—Plush Walking Coats—Henrietta Gowns.

NEW YORK, Jan. 2.—I suppose it would not do for fashion to remain the same all the time, though it would require the eye of an expert to see the changes, but just exactly wherein one style differs from another, so that it can be known as "in" or "out."

A COSTUME IN "THE GONDOLIERS." Cas—A quarter of an hour ago! Lala—About that. Cas—And to think that, but for this miserable creature, you would have been my own for life! Lala—Through life to death—a quarter of an hour ago!

"Cas—How greedily my thirty ears would have drunk the golden melody of the sweet words of a quarter—well, it's now about twenty minutes since. (Looking at her watch.) Lala—About that. In such a matter one cannot be too precise.

The verse is frequently poetical, and it is charming to note the manner in which Sir Arthur Sullivan enters into the spirit of the lines. The Gondoliers' duet, 'We're called Gondoliers,' is light and gay, until a reference is made in the course of it to respect and vigilance and serenade, and then a shade of sentiment is cunningly suggested in the score by other means than a simple piano. The good ideas are discreetly handled and not overdone. The fantastic notion of turning the Duke of Plaza-Toro into a limited company is a case in point.

"The daughter trusts that she may never be called upon at any time to witness her honored sire in process of liquidation; and her mother admits that, 'if your father stops, it will of course be necessary to wind him up.' Otherwise little is heard of the Duke in his novel capacity until the excellent satire of the song in which Duke and Duchess describe the nature of the functions they fulfill, the Duke explaining how he secures honors to satisfy cheap ambition, advertises 'ready-made' fashions, at whose manufacture the admirer that Robinson Crusoe would gibe, while part of the Duchess' confession runs:

"I write letters blatant, And use any other you must; I copy long compositions, Derive its perfection From someone else's soap—which it doesn't."

"It certainly doesn't" the Duke quivers echoes. The ladies who at once advertise themselves and soap are so familiar, and the business is so obvious and absurd, that it is a wonder satirists have had nothing effective to say hitherto. Sir Arthur's music is unflaggingly melodious, and the freshness of it, considering that this is his tenth opera, is quite extraordinary. Only very rarely indeed do we catch a faint echo of his own work in previous operas, but we do so, it is true, but we will not quote (and perhaps strain examples); still more rarely is he ready to ride after as soon as the dogs are loosed. The opera is allowed a hundred yards start, though this varies as it appears that hare and dogs are well or ill matched. When the "flag steward" starts a hare he is to the judge of the course. When the judge thinks that the hare has a fair start he shouts to the "flag steward," who waves a red flag to the slipper. He releases the dogs and the sport begins.

One by one English sports have been introduced into America until it seems that there are now no more to bring over. There is nothing, however, that Englishmen amuse themselves with on their own island that cannot be followed in the natural way in some part of America. Before the herds of buffalo were all slaughtered on the western plains Englishmen often came to America and engaged in this sport. The buffalo were sacrificed by scores by the redskins on the open ground. This sport, however, is near at hand, while wild game must be followed in the wilderness. Besides, courseing satisfies the cravings of the Anglomaniac.

THE NEWEST WRAPS.

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A dressmaker told me recently that I ought to write it down as a law that a dark complexioned woman ought never to allow herself to be persuaded to buy a green or purple gown any more than she should take poison, or smoke a pipe, or any other such thing, for no matter what trimming she put on them, the whole run of greens and purples would make her look sallow and old.

What Floored Him. A good theme for an article is thrift and its great value in the practical world. I cannot find a better text that this wise utterance of the facetious Mr. Wilkins Micawber to his young friend David Copperfield: "My other piece of advice, Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber, "you know, Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen, nineteen pence; result, happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds, ought and six pence; result, misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene—and, in short, you are forever floored, as I am." Mr. Micawber had felt the power of money and the extreme foolishness of lavishly throwing away time and opportunities and he posed as a counselor before young Copperfield.—Detroit Free Press.

The English Cruiser Blake. Here is a picture of the new English cruiser Blake, riding at anchor in Portsmouth harbor. She is remarkable as being the heaviest unarmored cruiser in the world, her only protection being the steel deck which extends from end to end of her hull inside and covers all the vital parts. Speed is to be the Blake's particular characteristic. She will have two independent sets of triple expansion engines, which, under forced draught, will (or so my lords expect) develop 20,000 horse power and drive her twenty-two knots an hour; and under natural draught will develop 13,000 horse power and drive her twenty knots. Her armament will consist of two 9.2-inch 22-ton guns and ten 6-inch breechloaders, besides machine guns and torpedo tubes.

Her length is 375 feet, her breadth 63 feet, her draught 27 feet forward and 29 feet aft, and her estimated cost \$439,653. If she does all that her builders expect she will be cheap at the money.

A Portuguese Explorer. Portugal has been acting as if she would fight England rather than yield any part of her claims to African territory, but those who know best say this is only the bluster of the ruling class in Portugal, who want to divert the people's minds from the movement towards a republic. The "war" between Portugal and the party in power, and so the monarchists have acted shrewdly in backing up Maj. Serpa Pinto in his somewhat high handed proceedings. He was a major in the Portuguese army before he became noted as an African explorer, and, like all educated Portuguese, the burning desire of his life is to restore the glories of the Portuguese empire in Africa and India.

Four hundred years ago, nearly Vasco da Gama made his wonderful voyage and explored the coast of East Africa, and his countrymen have ever since felt as if they owned it all. The British concede them Mozambique and the country west of it, but claim equal rights on the Zambesi and exclusive rights northward, with an open field to the interior. Maj. Serpa Pinto insists on greater rights for Portugal, charges that the British consul at Mozambique excited the Makololo to war against the Portuguese, and is taking the most energetic measures to expel all Englishmen from the region he dominates. In Lisbon all journals of all parties are loud in his praise, and insist on the government sustaining him. He is comparatively a young man, full of enthusiasm, and remarkably successful in dealing with the blacks. So the complication is quite interesting.

Go Harry to See the Elephant. Elephants have been known to live to the age of 400 years. Moral—Young men, do not be in too much of a hurry to see the elephant. He'll keep.—Boston Transcript.

THE BLAKE AT ANCHOR.

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Her length is 375 feet, her breadth 63 feet, her draught 27 feet forward and 29 feet aft, and her estimated cost \$439,653. If she does all that her builders expect she will be cheap at the money.

A Portuguese Explorer. Portugal has been acting as if she would fight England rather than yield any part of her claims to African territory, but those who know best say this is only the bluster of the ruling class in Portugal, who want to divert the people's minds from the movement towards a republic. The "war" between Portugal and the party in power, and so the monarchists have acted shrewdly in backing up Maj. Serpa Pinto in his somewhat high handed proceedings. He was a major in the Portuguese army before he became noted as an African explorer, and, like all educated Portuguese, the burning desire of his life is to restore the glories of the Portuguese empire in Africa and India.

Four hundred years ago, nearly Vasco da Gama made his wonderful voyage and explored the coast of East Africa, and his countrymen have ever since felt as if they owned it all. The British concede them Mozambique and the country west of it, but claim equal rights on the Zambesi and exclusive rights northward, with an open field to the interior. Maj. Serpa Pinto insists on greater rights for Portugal, charges that the British consul at Mozambique excited the Makololo to war against the Portuguese, and is taking the most energetic measures to expel all Englishmen from the region he dominates. In Lisbon all journals of all parties are loud in his praise, and insist on the government sustaining him. He is comparatively a young man, full of enthusiasm, and remarkably successful in dealing with the blacks. So the complication is quite interesting.

Go Harry to See the Elephant. Elephants have been known to live to the age of 400 years. Moral—Young men, do not be in too much of a hurry to see the elephant. He'll keep.—Boston Transcript.

THE GRAVE GETS TIRED YAWNING. Seemingly, for certain wretched invalids who dolefully groan, though always looking as if they were going to die, but owing to do it. They dry up, wither, dwindle away finally, but in the meantime never having robust health, know nothing of the physical enjoyment of the most that exists to which they cling with such remarkable tenacity. They are always to be found trying to mend by tinkering with themselves with some trashy remedy, tonic or "pick me up," to give a fillip to digestion, or "help the liver," or such misguided folk who persist and adhere to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters it would be well with them. This entire body of people, however, may be cured by the use of a certain specific curative power with perfect safety and pleasantness to the patient.

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