to practice law. Among the pursons imized was the proprietor of the St. Nicholas botal, who allowed Guiteau to ran un a big bill. His exploits as a intel and boarding house beat finally got into the papers. The New York Herald wrote him up extensively. This seemed to be the chance that Onitean had long sought. Previous to that day ne had not appeared in the public prints, but when the Herald denounced him at length he proposed to sue Mr. Bounett for libel, and did institute proceedings against him, which were compromised in some form or other.

He afterward returned to Chicago and reaumed his career of dead beating. He was exposed by the Times two or three times, but continued on his course. He threatened suit, and visited the Times office several times. His visit, grew tiresome, and one day he was given the privilege of going downstairs in double-quick time or being thrown over the railing. He preferred to go down the easiest way, and did not bother the office again for months.

Gniteau at times assumed the appearance of a pious person, and at such times he was a regular church-goer, Sunday school teacher, and general missionacy.

A Lumntie After Mr. Blaine.

Washington, July 5 .- Daniel McNamars, supposed to be insane, appeared at police headquarters to-day, and said he was from King William county, Va., but had been living in Philadelphia. He announced that he had been inspired by God to come here and kill Secretary Blaine. He asked where the accretary lived, and exhibited a revolver. He is not clear whether his mission is to assassinate Secretary Blaine or General Arthur. He has been sent to the insane asylum. He stated when examined that he had been inspired by the spirit to kill General ful gravity was full of suggestion.

Grant during the latter's administra- And then Margaret, always more tion, but was defeated in that object, and said that if an opportunity were given him he would explain the manner in which Guiteau was prompted to assail the President.

PHILADELPHIA, July 5 .- Daniel Me-Namara, who was arrested to-day in bellion and afterward for five years served in the regular army. On the twenty-second of last October he was sent to the Philadelphia almshouse, but left there on the follow-Last January ing day. Last January he ment of that time that she had not tried was arrested for throwing a brick not to think of him and grieve for him. through a back window, his purpose being to secure a commitment to jail. relatives of visiting Secretary Blaine to making for a living. secure that gentleman's influence in his excited.

A Village of Terrors.

A Detroiter who had business in a village in Washtenaw county drove out there in a buggy, and of course went to the inn for his dinner. The landlord was eaten and paid for and he then found opportunity to inquire :

"Were you going out to 'Squire Brown's place?"

"I didn't know but you were a light-

and I'm glad you are somebody else. Maybe you are going over to Judge Hardy's to sell him some fruit trees for fall setting?"

"Well, that's lucky. Only yesterday the judge was remarking to me that the gate would want a coffin. Fact is, I myself have got to do some kicking to pay for being swindled on grape vines. You are not a patent-right man, eh?"

"Well, that's a narrow escape for forks, enlitivators, gates, pumps, churns lecturer?" " Oh, no."

"Well, you haven't lost anything. We never turn out very strong here to a lecture. The last man who struck us per. You are not a book-canvasser?"

should offer to sell a \$20 Bible for fifty cents we'd suspect a trick to beat us. Strikes me now you may be a lawyer."

"Good 'nuff. Last one who settled here had to leave town at midnight, and we don't want any more. Say, what are the giant they oppose -woman's strong, you, snyway?"

you value your life! We've just impeached our pound-master for embez-

A correspondent of the London Oueen expresses no little astonishment at find ing that the women of Leadville, Coloracio, drees in the latest fashion, and wear materials every day which their sewing machine wheel made her aware European sisters don on state occasions | that Margaret had observed her and was elves with lockets made of virgin basting of the satin fold in her work.

Advice.

"I must do as you do?"-your way, I own Is a very good way; and still there are sometimes two straight roads to

mwn-One over, one under the bill. fou are treading the safe and well-worn way That the prudent choose each time, And you think me reckless and rash to-day Decause I prefer to climb.

Your path is the right one, and so is mine. We are not like peas in a pod, compelled to lie in a certain line. Or else be scattered abroad.

Twere a dull world, methinks, my friend, If we all went just one way, Yet our paths will meet no doubt at the end. Though they lead apart to-day.

You like the shade and I like the sun; You like an even pace; I like to mix with the throng and run, And then rest after the race,

Hike danger and storm and strife; You like a peaceful time, like passion and surge of life; You like its gentle rhyme,

You like buttercups, dewy sweet, And crocuses, framed in snow; I like the roses, born of the heat, And the red carnations' glow.

I must live my life, not yours, my friend, For so it was written down, We must follow our given path to the end, But I trust we shall meet-in town.

GRACE'S DESK.

Margaret looked up from her sewing machine for a minute to glance across the room at the quiet little figure sitting at the window—a round, graceful-little figure, whose attitude of thought-

And then Margaret, always more or less crusty, but kind-hearted, gave an impatient sigh and increased the speed of her machine by a savage motion of her slippered feet, and compressed her lips and puckered her fcrehead all up in a perfect nest of wrinkles; while Grace, unconscious of it, sat looking Washington, lives in Philadelphia at out of the window at the gloomy pros-Sixth and Catharine streets. He came pect-half-melted, dirty, slushy-brown from Ireland when he was fourteeen snow that was rapidly growing slushier years old. He served through the rerain that was falling; and, of course, thinking about Laurie Marcellus.

For several months Grace had not thought of much else but him, and yet there had not been an hour or a mohe ment of that time that she had not tried known it.

It had been very similar to the same old story. Laurie Marcellus, handsome, The authorities disappointed him by elegant, aristocratic, fairly well-to-do in sending him to the insane asylum, the world's estimation of riches, had where he remained for several months. been Grace Warrener's most devoted for Recently he has been employed at the several months, until by one of those Baldwin locomotive works, but lost his venomous waves of fortune's wand social place a week ago. Then he conceived position and wealth had suddenly van-the idea of going to Washington to ished, and the Warrener girls found get a pension, and spoke to his themselves obliged to take in dress-

Friends who had always been friends, behalf. He left Philadelphia on Mon- who redeemed the dear name, who knew day afternoon to go to the capital, and them for what they were worth, did not before going spoke in strong terms in desert them; but first and foremost in denunciation of Guiteau's crime. Mc- the ranks of those who so conveniently Namara always had extravagant ideas of preferred to dispense with the society his own importance, and when dis-cussing politics always became greatly Appledore row was Mr. Laurie Marcellus

He had dropped out of Grace's life as sky. He had called one evening, the room, for years? same as ever, with the sweet, caressing tenderness in his voice—the glad, eager made no inquiries until after the meal the girl's heart spring within her; and a letter, for her, from him, and it had heard from him.

That very next day the crash came, through which the great spice house of Warrener & Gray suspended; and a month later Caleb Warrener died with ning-rod man, and I was going to say apoplexy, and as soon as decency per-that the 'Squire had threatened to mitted the splendid mansion and furnired flag.

Margaret came grandly to the fore in next fruit-tree agent who entered his than gentle-it was Margaret Warrener's way to use heroic treatment.

"He's not worth the everlasting fuss you make about him, Grace. I'm ashamed of you-downright ashamed; and he not your betrothed, either !"

That was true, so far as formal words von. We've been swindled here on hay went. Laurie Marcellus had never asked Grace Warrener to be his wife; and a dozen other things, and I'm keep- he had never in so many words told her ing sixteen dozen bad eggs for use he loved her; but he had known just as that thought, slender though the conwhen the next patent-righter shows his | well as he had known he was alive how face in this town. Perhaps you are a the girl's heart was all his own-how she loved him dearly and truly, for all her sweet reserve.

Grace smiled faintly when Margaret spoke of the "fuss" she made about him. She knew well enough that the lectured on "Our Currency," but didn't take in enough to pay me for his supper. You are not a book-canvasser?"

"fuss" was only her grave, sad face, her quiet ways, her listless manner, that she tried desperately hard to conquer, and in all the months that had "That's another escape. We've been passed had not succeeded, and seemed laid out here so often that if an agent no nearer succeeding than in the bepassed had not succeeded, and seemed ginning-so nearly hopeless a task is it for a woman to conquer thoughts and take a step in the matter. heartsick longings for the man she loves. Pride and shame may do valiant shame are baby foes in comparison with

enduring love for her chosen beloved. "A politician," replied the Detroiter. And so the dreary time went on for as it had been a gift to Mr. Dempsey
"A politician! Then git! For heavGrace, and by steady, persistent effort from himself, on the eve of his departen's sake! don't stand around here if she disallowed herself to be dull or ure abroad, five years before. And complaining, or a kill-joy. She resolutely determined to at least be cheergling the public money, and the excite-ment is so intense that the Democrats what the inward commotion. And toful and patient outwardly, no matter choked her utterance. will ride you on a rail or the Republis day-this cheerless January day-she cans duck you in the water trough. Git had only given a momentary rein to her right up and spoot!"—Detroit Free Press. thoughts, enough to make her lay down thoughts, enough to make her lay down

Marcellus love. Until the unusual whirring of the "Even the servants display their displeased. So, with a little, desperate bered leaving the letter in the desk, and iks on Sundays, and not a few adorn effort, she forced herself back to the understood liow, by accident—nay, by

said, almost crossly, "You want a years deak, you said, and Maggie Rich says "I there's a very good one to be sold there.
I'll go and bid on it for you, I think, if
I ever under the sun get these bands
stitched on! It seems to me that those Rich girls are not happy spless their I did love you. dresses are absolutely leaded with trim- He stepped r ming.

Grace looked up, with such sweet, sweet eyes-it was no wonder handsome Marcellus had liked to look into the

pure brown wells of limpid light. beld her t want a desk, if you are sure you can afford it."

"You needn't say if I can afford it, money as I have. I'm going to buy So you are my darling yet, Grace?" myself a cashmere polonaise—you can have the desk if it is reasonable in prico.

So that was how Miss Warrener came to be at the auction sale at the big house on the hill that evening-Dempsey's grand mansion, whose prince had taken a whim to sell out and spend a few years abroad.

And the next day the desk was delivered at the cottage in Appledore row, and Grace put it in her room-a small, beautiful article, standing nicely in a cozy corner, and just the very thing for Grace's few books and her stationery.

It was very handsome, and Grace cried a little over it, because it brought back so many thoughts of the dear old days when she was surrounded by just such elegancies of furniture, and when -everything seemed, somehow, to lead to that one pivotal thought-when Laurie Marceltus had been her friend.

growing sweeter and paler, and more miles, of what is regarded as the very patiently thoughtful, with every day that widened the distance between her and her memories.

New friends gathered around themtrue friends-and there was more than accepted a lover, only she had no love to give, no heart to win.

Her happiest and her saddest hours were spent at her desk, or it seemed to her that it was like a link to the past; around, the horizon was seen to be as and one windy, wildly-stormy night, sharply defined in every direction as it five years after she had taken up her is at sea. There were a few small motts cross, for Laurie Marcellus' sake, she of live-oak trees, and some scattered was sitting before her desk making out a score of bills to the "Misses ing else, not even fences, obstructed the Warrener, artist dressmakers," and going back to one other stormy, snowy night, when she had said the good-night that mean good-bye, although she had not

She was leaning her head on her hands, her elbow resting on the slant of her desk, when, with a little crushing noise, it broke, revealing a shallow aperture, of whose existence she had not the slightest knowledge.

She looked in, and all the blood in her body seemed to rush madly to her brain; for there, lying in the little secret place, fresh and clean, as though laid there an hour before, was a letter, stamped for mailing, and directed plainly to herself-"Grace Warrener, The Willows," and-in Laurie Marcellus' handwriting.

She dared not touch it for a minute. She feared she was in the midst of some improbable dream; she wondered if it were possible she had gone suddenly

But how-how could it have got there, from fifty to five hundred yards in width, a brilliant comet disappears from the when the desk had been locked, in her while the Chiltopin river forms its

Then she touched it, half expecting to see it vanish before her eyes. But light in his handsome eyes—that made it did not vanish; it was all true— -she had never seen him since nor laid there all these years, so near, so

She sank trembling on the chair and opened it-Laurie Marcellus' proposal of marriage; his avowal of love; his manly sympathy and pitiful tenderness because of her father's financial trouble; his caressing pleading to be alshoot the next one on sight. We don't ture, the horses and carriages, the sillowed to comfort and protect her as his and the company are filling up the go much on them fellers around here, ver and jewels, all were sold under the wife should be comforted and protected pastures with cattle purchased from and cherished. He begged for an immediate answer, and he would come to those dark days, when her keenest grief her at once if she loved him and did from Mexico, and a despatch announced was to witness little Grace's dismay and not say him nay. But if—if there was astonishment and suffering at Laurie no such blessed answer for him—if he Marcellus' defection; and yet her words had been presumptuously mistakenwere usually more bitter and sarcastic her greatest kindness would be not to their delivery in good order in the pasanswer him at all.

five years.

Poor little Grace! White and trembling, amazed and bewildered, she sat

solation was.

But of what avail was it now? Where in that long, fateful interim?

letter had ever come in that desk she annum. had bought at Dempsey's, she dated not imagine. Grace only realized that some tremendous fate had discovered it to

She kept her strange, sweet, pitiful secret in her own heart for days, wondering with every hour if she could dare

And then, one day, the auctioneer who had sold the desk to Margaret Warbattle for the victory, but pride and rener went to her and told her that a the desk sold at Mr. Dempsey's auction, And so the dreary time went on for as it had been a gift to Mr. Dempsey

"Tell the gentleman to call here and he may have his property."

And that evening, when she went to her sewing and leau her head against opened it, with her face slightly paler the window, and wish she might never than usual, Laurie Marcellus stood have known the sweetness of Laurie there.

> gently, while amazed and bewildered he could only bow and obey.
>
> Then she explained; then he rame #

sals at Dempsey's to-night," Margaret, grave to be resurrected after all these

"I do not know that I should tell you even now," she said, bravely, "for I do not know whether you are - are the same or not. But " and she looked up in his grand face, "I want you to know

for the minute.

"I am Grace Warrener still." And then he snatched her in his arms, held her to his heart, kissed her sweet,

"I never have once thought of another woman, my darling. When no answer came I was crushed to the very earth, Grace. You have as much right to the and got myself away as well as I could

> And then Margaret came in, half an hour afterward, in surprise that the gentleman required so much time to make a bargain for the desk.

Texas Pasture Fields.

A correspondent in the Baltimore American, who is visiting the immense cattle pastures, describes a visit to the one of these, the Fulton and Coleman Companies' grazing lands in Texas.

We left Fulton after an early breakfast, on the morning of the 31st of May, and were soon out on the open prairie, approaching the lands of the Peninsula Pasture Company, which are but a short distance from Rockport. There were but six in our party, four of whom were pilot. Eight miles from Rockport we passed through the gates of the Big Pasture of the Coleman-Fulton Pasture So the months went on, and the two Company, and entered on its broad sisters led their busy life, and Grace was domain of 168,000 acres, or 206 square best pasture land in Texas. We were to stop at the ranch, the herdsmen's headquarters, ten miles from the gate, for dinner, and to rest horses, and afterwards to continue our journey to Mr. one opportunity for Grace to have Coleman's mansion, eleven miles further on-making twenty-one miles from the gate to the house.

"When fairly on our journey inside of cattle browsing on the plain, but nothview. By the unpracticed eye there was really no road to be seen, but during this and subsequent drives both Colonel Fulton and Mr. Coleman seemed to know every cowpath. These cowpaths are made by the cattle going to the lakes for water, as on such occasions they always walk in single file, and pursue the same course day after day. This was the case before the new pasture system was adopted, when an instinct seemed to guide the cattle in the pursuit of water. Then there were no artificial lakes, with the winter rains stored in them for the use of the cattle, as is now the case, and it often happened that the distance between water and the grazing grounds was twenty miles or more. In a dry season thousands of them would die from burning thirst, and leave their bones along the cow-tracks, or, on reaching the water, drink to such excess that death was sure to follow. Now there are five or six of these lakes on this great pasture,

northern boundary.
"The Coleman-Fulton Pasture Company's lands are by careful estimate capable of sustaining at all seasons of the year about 35,000 head of cattle and herses, though at the present time there is not more than half this number there. During the past year the stock of cattle was reduced to about one-half the full complement, and the grass allowed to renew itself by seeding. The pastures are consequently now covered with a heavy coat of mesquite grass, Texas and largely from Mexico. During our sojourn a lot of 2,000 head arrived that 4,000 head more, purchased by their agents at \$6, \$9 and \$12 per head, were on their way, this price including ture. When they arrive the beeves will And she had just received it, after be fattened, and shipped to New Orleans as soon as in condition for market, the cows will be driven to the Barada pasture of 39,000 acres, used for breeding there long after Margaret had gone to graded stock, and the male yearlings her own room, so unconscious of the driven to the Big Pasture of 105,000 drama enacting so near her.

He had loved her—he had loved her stock for the market. The sorting and acres, which is devoted to beeves and after all; and Grace's heart thrilled at separating of the cattle require experience and good judgment, and a vast force of men and horses. The prospects of the company were never so good as was he? What might have happened at present, they having just declared a in that long, fateful interim? She thought of it all, keeping virgil six months, while they are very confi-with her thoughts that night. How the dent of increasing it to 12 per cent. per

"Viper Men and Women,"

At Guadalajara there exists an indithat of a viper, even to the green color. and smoke all the time; it is not recre-He has, besides, the viper habit of ation to push on in crowds for excitechanging or shedding his skin every ment out of doors; it is not recreation year. The skin comes off in a single to overheat yourself and feel more piece, and not, as might be supposed, in parts. On the man's head there is before. For recreation you want leisure, gentleman who had just returned from not a single hair. A sister of this man, Europe desired to regain possession of who died a short time ago, manifested kindly company, some pleasant talk the same phenomenon, and toward the cheerful music, refreshing food and close of her life began slowly to grow drink, and, above all, a thankful heart blind, owing to the viper's skin en-croaching on the eyes to such an extent no one could say that such recreation Grace listened with dilating eyes and that she could only see through a narrow | would be against the highest religious throbbing heart, whose beats almost aperture at each eye. The same thing rules of living. Food, drink, dwelling, is now happening to the brother. He clothing, activity, rest and recreation can scarcely see any object, and the all are modified by the social circumhead presents the repulsive aspect of a stances under which we are livingviper. In Cantla these unhappy beings | Food and Health. the door at the sound of the bell, and have been known as the "viper men and women," and the phenomenon is attributed to the fact that their mother ate an excess of viper's meat to cure a "I expected you-come in," she said, disease of the blood. In Cuba it is a common practice for people to eat viper's flesh as a remedy for blood dis-eases.—Santa Fe New Mexican.

"I was thinking about that auction and the letter had slipped into its living marry for five years.

HOW TO LIVE IN SUMMER.

some Judicians Advice from an Anthority. It is as yet a point of dispute whether cotton stuffs are the best wear, many approving of light woolens. For women, He stepped up to her, quietly enough linen dress; it is a pity we do not pat-or the minute. children, cottons; for workingmen, weighing them down in summer, and weighing them down in summer, and clothes of serge are far preferable to those of thick woolen cloth. Verythin silk is a cool wear. The heavily laden old John Chisum?" skirts of women impede the free action of movement much, and should be sim-

> So also the headgear, down in the shirt in which he has peraccustom themselves to good washes. going to their hard day's work.

Frequent changes of linen is absolutely necessary—anyhow, a night and day change. This change alone would but six in our party, four of whom were ladies, with Col. George W. Fulton as if accompanied with other healthy measures, such as sponging the body with a little salt and water. Where tenements are very close ref. that." placed against walls will aid to revivify the air and absorb bad vapor in rooms, All children's hair should be cut short; boys' hair may be cropped, and girls' hair so arranged by nets or plaits that air passes freely round the neck.

Light head coverings are essential in summer, for the head must be kept cool. The most serviceable dress is that which allows air to pass freely around your limbs and stops neither the the Big Pasture, on casting the eye tion of the refreshing atmosphere. In evaporation of the body nor the circulasummer you must breathe freely and lightly; you cannot do so with your stomach full of undigested food, your blood full of overheated alcohol, your lungs full of vitiated air, your smell disgusted with nauseous scents, your system unable to carry out the natural process of digestion. All the sanitary arrangements in the world will do no good if we eat and drink in such a fashion that we are constantly putting on fuel where it is not needed, and stuffing up our bodily draught, as we would that of a heating appliance. Our ig-norance and our bad habits spoil the summer, that delightful season of the year-nothing else.

Activity, rest and recreation are veighty matters in influencing our nealth in summer. We are not so well inclined for activity, and yet nothing will so much assist us as a healthy employment of our energies, without overexertion. Pity those who must exert themselves to the utmost in this horrid weather, and feel gratified if you need only moderately use your strength.

Activity keeps the system going, the blood in healthy circulation, the digestive process free from costiveness, the Was it a letter—to her—from him? one of them three miles in length and all clogging of the machine. If not forced to work in some way or other be active anyhow; occupy your mind and exercise your limbs. Stagnation will bring about lethargy and allow the atmosphere a greater influence upon

On the other hand, full rest is as necessary. The exhausted frame wants more recuperation, the brain less strain, the system more gentle treatment. Things look often darker in hot weather; heat weighs upon the upper portion of the head, communicating itself to the perceptive powers, and influences the senses. We see pictures before us, and fancy we have not the power to combat difficulties. It is said that more suicides are committed in hot than cold weather. A healthy sleep in this hot season is worth a great deal to us; try to court it, and never play with your life and health by

willfully neglecting it.

And what shall we say of that precious, and, as yet, so little understood phase of life, our recreation? If there is one thing more than another to be encouraged in summer, it is reasonable recreation; that exercise between body and mind which brings about harmony between both; that periodical abstaining from incessant labor which renders us fresher for it; that intercourse with beautiful Mother Earth which leads us to value natural aspirations.

Never pass a day in summer without ome calm balf-hour for quiet and enjoyment; life has only so many years, and during their space we should live, not vegetate. The time will come when sanitary measures and means for enjoying a higher phase of life will be thought of more than laying up things that rust.

We cannot here enter upon the mean ing of recreation in a wider sense; but it is not recreation to rush out of town vidual having a scaly skin exactly like and stop at some place to drink beer fatigued the day after than the day moderate movement, happy thoughts,

"Don't you think we ought to separate our husbands?" said a lady to her friend. "Do you not see how excited they have become? They are beginning to call each other 'ox' and 'ass' and all soris of Minnia Palmer, the actress, is under they have known each other for more grim fate-the slant was not fastened \$5,000 bonds to her manager not to than twenty years, and ought to know what they are talking about."

A Desperado's Triple Murder. A correspondent of the Denrer (Col.) lepublican tells how "Billy the Kid," a notorious desperado, killed three cowboys in Lincoln county, New Mexico? The escaped desperado, says the correapproving of light woolens. For women, spendent, rode up to a cow camp of nothing is sweeter in summer than a John Chisum's, the well-known cattle scated around a fire cooking supper, The heavy suits of men are | while the fourth, Bennett Howell, was

"Yes," was the reply. "Then here's your pay," a bullet from the "Kid's" pistol plearing his brain at the same time. Seeing the murder of plified as much as possible for summer. Infants, if at all delicate, should not their comrade the other cowboys sprang be allowed to go with bare feet; it often to their feet, but before they could craw produces diarrhea, and they abould their six-shooters, that of the killer had always wear a flannel band round the exploded twice again, and two more of stomach. Another important matter is the cowboys fell. Pulling down on the the changing of night and day linen one remaining, the murderer shouted: among the poorer classes. It is terrible to think that a workingman should lie obeyed. "Now," continued Billy, "I want you to take a message to old John spired all day at his hot work. Let men Chisum for me. Tell him that during accustom themselves to good washes the war he promised to pay me five dol-every evening before they sit down to lars a day for fighting for him. I fought their meals, and to changes at night, for him and never got a cent. Now I inthat they may take up a dry shirt when | tend to kill his men wherever I meet them, giving him credit for five dollars every time I drop one, until the debt is squared, or, if I happen to meet him be-fore, I'll kill him and call the whole account settled. All I'm living for now is

The "Kid" then rode away toward the Pecos, and the cowboy, after seeing that his friends were dead, made all haste to the nearest camp, where he told his story and secured assistance to bury the bodies of the murdered men.

While this story may be, and probably is, somewhat exaggerated, still it is certainly true in its main facts, so far as your correspondent, by close investigation, is able to ascertain. It seems to be generally thought in this county that Billy is hiding at the present time somewhere between this place and Puerto de Luna, watching the movements of Pat Garrett, who, it is said, is about the only man in the county with nerve enough to follow him alone and waiting his opportunity to get in a blow at his real or supposed enemies. This makes sixteen men that are known to have died at the hands of the "Kid."

Chisum, it will be remembered, was the leader of one of the sides in the bloody war between the Lincoln county cattle men in 1878. When this trouble broke ont Chisum hired the "Kid" as a sort of lieutenant, promising to pay him \$5 a day, as stated. The "Kid" did valiant work, if you could denominate success as a murderer by such a term, killing several men, it is claimed, on the opposite side.

The Mustang of Australia.

The mustang of the American continent has its counterpart in the 'brumbie" of Australia, large herds of which exist in the interior parts of Queensland and New South Wales. These animals are so numerous that they have often been destroyed and boiled down for the sake of their tallow and hides; and in some of the newly-settled di swarm in such numbers that the squatters have to protect themselves and the pasturage against thir inroads. Brumbiestalking is a recognized pastime, the destruction of the wild horses being as necessary as the destruction of kangaroos or rabbits. The sport of capturing and taming these animals, however, has attracted a good many adventurous spirits, who adopt tactics somewhat similar to those adopted by the inhabitants of Mexico and South America. The hardiness and size and strength of these brumbies are remarkable, and when trained they are of considerable value. Their progeny, when crossed with European horses, possess excellent qualities. It is recorded that in one year no less than seven thousand wild horses have been shot on a single station in New South Wales.

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