

DOGS FOR THE FIELD.

CHARACTERISTICS OF ENGLISH, IRISH, AND GORDON SETTERS.

With a Few Points about Pointers, Illustrated by Pictures of Dogs Who have Become Widely Known—A Comparison Between the Pointer and Setter.

The sportsman has plenty of material from which to choose his field companion. The pointer, the three different breeds of setters and the spaniel family are all adapted by heredity and superior prowess of reason and scents to the pursuit of the quail and the woodcock. Of course individual taste must determine to a great extent a man's choice. Sportsmen differ, and I suppose always will do, between the merits of the pointer and the setter, and by setter I mean the English setter for the



IRISH SETTER—MOLLY BAWN.

Irish and Gordon, in America at least, have not received that care in breeding and training that will entitle them to the consideration of the other two breeds. But perhaps a brief description of the Irish and Gordon setter would not be out of place. For distinctive type and race characteristics the Irish setter is not surpassed by any other breed, and the well-bred specimen possesses a degree of elegance and symmetry of form that cannot be surpassed. The breed has not been well represented in the field, the greater attention of sportsmen having been devoted to the development of

the more popular English setter. Still the Irishman, true to his name, is a dashing performer in the field, for no laggard is he, but rather is his headstrong disposition the cause of his neglect by trainers, who find the more tactful English setter the easier animal to handle. However the Irish setter has field working merit of a high order, and there are many very practical sportsmen who keep them for this purpose.

The Gordon, or black and tan setter, marked in the picture of Ch. Beaumont is also a handsome animal, but built on heavier lines than either of the heavier breeds of setters. The experience of sportsmen

with the average Gordon setter in America has been far from satisfactory. They do not show the keenness of nose nor the speed and ranging powers of other breeds. Nor yet have they been bred with that discrimination and care that has fixed the type of the others. Of course there are individual specimens of the Gordon breed that are considered by their owners as exceptional performers. Had they been as good in the field as their admirers claim, their general average would have been better at the public field trials.

Mention of these two breeds brings us now to a consideration of the most important breeds of sporting dogs—America possesses. The pointer has been improved during the past two years by careful breeding

with a view to good field form, and their interests being in the hands of energetic sportsmen they are fast becoming almost as popular as the English setter. Last year at the field trials they demonstrated their ability in several cases to outrange and outpoint their longer coated cousins. Sportsmen have generally complained that the pointer, if overworked, becomes "stale," and from a stylish, snappy field worker, begins to lag and potter round in his work, requiring a lengthened rest before he can recuperate and regain his ardor.

They maintain he has not the recuperative power possessed by the English setter. Pointer enthusiasts claim the pointer, having a short coat, can endure heat better, and requires less water and not so often as the setter; this may be the case with individual dogs, but, as a rule, I do not think there is much difference. The pointer is the quicker of the two to condition.

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A STORY BY MAX O'RELL.

How He Imparted Delicate Information to a Boston Lady.

It was on a Friday afternoon in Boston, the reception day of Mrs. X., and old friend of my wife and myself. I thought I would call upon her early in the afternoon, before the crowd of visitors had begun to arrive. I went to her house at half-past three. Mrs. X. received me in the drawing-room, and we soon were talking on the one hundred and one topics that old friends have on their tongue tips. Presently the conversation fell on love and lovers. Mrs. X. drew her chair up a little nearer to the fire, put the toes of her little slippers on the fender-stool, and with a charmingly confidential, but perfectly natural, manner, said—

"You are married, and love your wife; I am married, and love my husband; I am both artists, let's have our say out." And we proceeded to have our say out. But, lo! all at once I noticed about half-an-inch of the seam of her black silk bodice was unsewn. We men, when we see a lady with something awry in her toilette, how often do we long to say to her: "Excuse me, Madam, but perhaps you don't know that you have a hairpin sticking out two inches just behind your ear," or, "Pardon me, Miss, I'm a married man, there is something wrong just under your waist belt."

But we dare not say so. We are afraid we shall be told to mind our own business. Now, I felt for Mrs. X., who was just going to receive a crowd of callers, with a little rent in one of her bodice seams, and tried to persuade myself to be brave, and tell her of it. Yet I hesitated. People take things so differently. The conversation went on unflaggingly. More than once I had started a little cough, and was on the point of—but my courage failed. The clock struck half-past four. I could not stand it any longer.

"Mrs. X.," said I, all in a breath, "you are married, and love your husband; I am married, and love my wife; we are both artists; there is a little bit of seam come unsewn just behind your left arm, run and get it sewn up."

The peaks of laughter that I heard going on upstairs while the damage was being repaired proved to me that there was no resentment to be feared; but, on the contrary, that I had earned the gratitude of Mrs. X.—Max O'Rell, in the Strand Magazine.

HE HAD THE NERVE.

Else He Would have Died a Speedy and Horrible Death.

Dinner had just finished in the messroom and several English officers were sitting around the table. The conversation had not been animated, and there came a lull, as the night was too hot for small talk. The major of the regiment, a clean cut man of 55, turned toward his next neighbor, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair, with his hands clasped behind his head, staving through the cigar smoke at the ceiling. The major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when, with sudden alertness and in a quiet steady voice, he said: "Don't move, please, Mr. Carruthers. I want to try an experiment with you. Don't move a muscle."

"All right, Major," replied the subaltern, without even turning his eyes. "Hadin't the least idea of moving, I assure you! What's the game?"

"By this time all the others were listening in a lazily, expectant way. "Do you think," continued the Major—and his voice trembled just a little—"that you can keep absolutely still for, say two minutes—to save your life?"

"Are you joking?"

"On the contrary, move a muscle and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?"

The subaltern barely whispered "Yes" and his face paled slightly.

"Burke," said the Major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of that milk into a saucer and set it on the floor here just at the back of me. Gently, man! Quiet."

Not a word was spoken as the officer quietly filled the saucer, walked with it carefully around the table, and set it down where the Major had indicated on the floor. Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern in his white linen clothes, while a cobra de capello, which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers, slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor and glided toward the milk. Suddenly the silence was broken by the report of the Major's revolver, and the snake lay dead on the floor.

"Thank you, Major," said the subaltern, as the two men shook hands warmly; "you have saved my life!"

AN OLD-TIME BRIDE.

The Resolutions Written By a Gentlewoman of the Year 1740.

An old book, treasured as an heirloom, contains the following: Resolutions of a lady of the olden time on the day of her marriage, April 28, 1740. The good lady wrote thus in a clear, round hand that showed a conscientious vein even in the writing:

Some rules I resolve to observe through the assistance of Almighty God when I am a wife:

1. I resolve never to contradict my dear husband without it be quite necessary; and then with the greatest good nature I am mistress of.

2. To serve God more sincerely than I have done in the state I am now about to leave, and to lead a life suitable to the blessing calling of my husband.

3. Never to fret or fall into a passion about small matters, but to have always a cheerful heart, knowing my blessings much exceed any troubles that can possibly befall me, and in all dangers to commit myself and family to an all-wise Providence, and then to be easy about the event.

4. Likewise to lay aside all fondness for dress, but to be always exactly neat and clean.

5. I resolve to be very active and never, for the sake of saving myself a walk, to neglect anything, though it be never so great a trifle.

6. I resolve to be very frugal, and never to put my husband to any needless expense.

7. I resolve to be very kind to my servants, as well to their souls as to their bodies, and always to give exact orders, and never to be in a passion if they be not executed.

8. I resolve to treat my friends kindly, but never extravagantly, and to be full as glad to see my husband's relations as my own.

This would I live, thus would I die, And when this world I leave to heaven would fly.

This paper was signed on the eve of her marriage. MARY CHRISTIAN. April 28, 1740.

And certainly its maxims are valuable at this time, and the book is interesting as a bright example of a gentlewoman of the old time.—N. Y. Advertiser

An Actress on Stage Kisses.

Miss Sheridan would not tell explicitly how large a proportion of the kisses which Mansfield appears to bestow to her face, neck and arms, in the tragedy of Nero, are actual, but she tacitly admitted their genuineness as follows: "Does Mr. Mansfield kiss me? No; Nero kisses Charis. It would be absurd otherwise. If a part is to be played it must be played. Nero would be likely to kiss a girl for whom he had conceived a violent infatuation, would he not? The tyrant was restrained neither by moral sense nor by the manners of his time and court."

"If Mr. Mansfield is going to play Nero he must convey to the audience an impression of what Nero was—how he felt and what he did. Nero was a creature of tremendous and unbridled passions. He was violently in love with Charis, and he naturally held her in his arms and kissed her. Nero likewise holds a harp in his arms and plays on it. Why not agitate the question whether Mr. Mansfield really plays the harp? Nero lifts a cup to his lips and drinks. Why not discuss the issue whether Mr. Mansfield really drinks from the empty cup? Why not go further and wonder if the imaginary draught intoxicates him?"

"You will not tell how much Mansfield kisses you?"

The Stage Struck Girl.

When a young lady is really and intelligently stage-struck, says a writer, she does not let people know it by any outward signs. When a girl informs you and everybody else remarks that she would "just love to be an actress," depend upon it she would go home to mother the first week. A girl with honest histrionic aspirations will when questioned talk earnestly about the subject and usually is a good critic and has some ability. It is a good deal the same with the stage-struck young man. The talkiest ones are the poorest actors. How many dressy young fellows do I know who think that the genius of a tragedian is latent in them. The budding tragedian is usually a mild enough young man who would not harm a kitten, yet he runs his fingers through his ambrosial locks and imagines himself straggling sweet Desdemona or as Macbeth addressing Banquo's ghost.

Some Children Growing Too Fast.

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