NAILLESS HORSESHOE.

AN IMPORTANT INVENTION WILL PROVE A BOON.

Will Not Pull Off in Accident—Has Been Put to Numerous Trials and Is a Success—Notes of Science and Industry.

IN ONE RESPECT the human race has made very little improvement during the past few thousand years. This is in the matter of horseshoes. Our present method of shoeing horses has not changed materially for centuries, and has always been rude and irrational. One of the chief objections to the system is that the hoof is made to fit the shoe instead of the shoe to fit the hoof.

This involves a lot of cutting and scraping, and is the chief cause of lameness and stumbling. The use of nails is also a serious objection, as, no matter how careful the blacksmith may be, there are cases when a tender spot will be penetrated. It is quite obvious that nature never intended nails to be driven into a horse's hoof.

Thousands of schemes are put forward every year for improving the present horseshoe, but none of them has as yet proved successful. Many of them seem plausible enough on paper, but are absolutely worthless when put to the test. The inventors fail to properly appreciate the tremendous striking force in the horse's foot.

The accompanying illustrations show a novel horseshoe that has been subjected to careful and thorough trial on half a dozen horses. In every instance it has worked to perfection.

Like a great many works of genius, the one in question is extremely simple. It consists of a band of metal about an inch high, which fits around the lower edge of the hoof. At the base of this band there is a sort of projecting shelf or flange, which is made to fit into a groove which runs around the inside of the shoe. The latter is made of steel, of the usual shape and style. The only differences between it and the ordinary shoe is the presence of the groove and the absence of nail holes.

When the band is fitted to the hoof (which is done very readily), the shoe in turn is attached by slipping the flange into the groove. It now remains to clasp the arrangement by two screws in the rear. These may be turned to any degree of tightness desired, and a moderate degree is sufficient to prevent the shoe from coming off. The cable arrangement may be put on or taken off in a moment.

As the shoe is not nailed to the hoof, there is a perfect freedom for expansion and contraction. This is a very essential point, as all horsemen know. The growth of the hoof is not prevented, and if there is any growth, instead of splitting the hoof, it serves only to tighten the shoe. All the strain on the band as it is tightened comes over the toe and around the lower edge of the hoof at the point where it is the hardest.

The ease with which the shoe may be put on and taken off permits its fortunate wearer to enjoy a luxury that has been denied him up to the present time, for now the horse may remove his shoes before retiring for the night. We all know what a relief it is to take off our footgear, especially in damp weather. There is no reason why the horse should not feel equally relieved when deprived of his heavy iron clogs.

Another point of distinctive advantage, on which the inventor properly lays much stress, is the fact that the shoe is grasped firmly to the hoof at every point. Under the balling system the pull nails toward the rear are driven about half way between the heel and toe. This leaves one-half of the shoe on either side unfastened. There is thus a considerable leverage, and it is for this reason that so many shoes come off. If this shoe is caught, say in a track, at the rear end, it is almost sure to come off. This difficulty is obviated in this shoe. In fact, some persons have objected to this shoe on the ground that it will never pull off in an accident, thus rendering the hoof itself liable to injury.

The fastening in the rear is made by means of a spring catch, which may be of any strength desired. It has one end fast to the foot of the rear upright extension of the calk, and the other end has a metallic bearing attached to the hoof an inch or more farther back than where the last nail is usually driven. The point of the screws, as they are turned up, press upon the center of this spring, and thus while the screw presses the flinch firmly down to hold the shoe and hoof tightly together, the spring exerts upon the screw with equal pressure. This spring releases this solid dead blow that is ordinarily given by the hoof when the shoe is fastened by means of nails.

THE HORSESHOE WITHOUT NAILS.

UPPER PART OF SHOE.

OUR WIT AND HUMOR.

CURRENT PRODUCTIONS OF THE FUNNY WRITERS.

Former Oatcake's Letter to Professor Jones of Bumpus College—A Terrible Revenge—It Was Truly a Bonnet—Humorous and Satirical Notes.

PROFESSOR Jones
I'sposed that when
I send my
boy to college
He'd make a scholar of himself, and
add unto his
knowledge;
An' just some day
He'd graduate
and gain a lasting
name;
An' by reason of his intellect go bound
in into fame.
Per Jim was allersmart, y' know, and
led the sand and grit,
And ever he started on a thing, was
never known to quit.

He writ me from the college, and it
was a big surprise,
That he had gone in training for a lively
exercise.
His grades had kept him close in
Wanto's recitation,
Which, I guess, fell afforded joy the
younger's spirit vacation.
He said the exercise was this—I jerse
member all—
A-kick-ed round upon the ground a
little feather ball.

Well, he's come home to us at last
and I guess I know Jim's Jim.
He looks as if a demon ball 'd been
spinin' 'round with him.
We've tried to every year we could
send the prodigal home,
And Hinderton folks of Wheles for
miles round
Will allus, in all neighborliness, bring
many a gibe and
jeer
Jim's way, and ask us how we
allus gets along with Jim.

I don't know what you'd do to
Jim, Professor Jones, I'm
sure,
If he got a broken bonnet, and had
no money to cure
It. Well, I'm sorry, sir, that he
failed in his fine bonnet
His hopes, but I don't believe that you
will be offended
Per what Jim went to college he was
stylish, perk and trim
And ever was ready to make as fine
a bonnet as
any college man.

So I pay in for damages and expect
you'll pay
Your share.
As always, I remain, your
obliged humble servant,
—S. H. G.

A Careful Wife.

A couple of New York ladies are conversing about their husbands and after the manner of women.

"Mrs. Simplebiy has not been in town in a long time," remarked one of the ladies.

"She knows not time to pass it. She has to take care of and be with her husband all the time."

"Why, what ails him? He was quite well of course he isn't sick, on the contrary, he is in the enjoyment of the best of health. If he was sick I should have to watch him a little more closely."

Only Her Bonnet.

All the Same.

"Have 'you' and 'Jim' flounced," Tony Pippin, with an air that seems to be inserted into his smile, asks of Jim Pippin, who is dispensing refreshments in Park Row.

The fully-haired waiter is gazing absentedly, and Jim is thinking.

"What makes you want to know?" "Flounces."

"Flounces?"

"Howsh you have 'em—baked, fried, shirred or like?" the girl responds, pertinently. The thought Mr. Pippin was given to repeate.

"I want them fried," with some feeling, Tony responded, with some feeling. "Will you take 'em?"

"Yes, if you call for anything on the bill. This ain't no Chinese lamp."

Struck by a sudden fear, Mr. Pippin grabbed the chinaman's pigtail and ned the oyster lady for a moment, then said meekly:

"I made a mistake. It's a little wonky."—New York Journal.

Realistic Illustrations.

She, the sweet and graceful, was trying by the seashore unconscious of fairly falling upon the fully assorted in thrilling love-tales, and he, the manly, gently sound and profusely illustrated.

Why, the rising artist, who shirred his hair the girl responded, pertinently. The thought Mr. Pippin was given to repeate.

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A Combination.

There were considerably more than a dozen people in the theater when the child sneezed.

"Your a scrub."

"Youze dotter."

"Aint he plain."

"Think I'll tell the myself to the level."

"Well, act on the square then."

"Oh, go shoofly."

"Aint he a sneezer?"

"Aint he a jumper?"

"Aint he a sneezer?"

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"Aint he a sneezer?"

"Aint he a jumper?"

Just as the head, which so amazed the foot rule that it doubled up. New York Recorder.

Need of Some New Words.

No propaganda of theories will ever make life worthwhile. Nothing but a woman any more than life is possible to man without woman. Any kind of woman in whose scheme it is not a prodigious pleasure to be with you, is needed is not the habit but the doctor.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Good Company.

"Dog-head—Your case I don't complain when you're walking along, I suppose."

Jagley—Yes, and when I'm walking with you, too.—Kansas City Journal.

Sybil—Jenkins told me Miss Beauchesnet was an old flame of yours.

Jenkins—Well, I'm not surprised. Why impossible?

Sybil—Because she is a fright.—Philadelphia Record.

Terrible Revenge.

Fellow—Lend me a dollar, old fellow, I want to take my wife to the theater.

Friend—Why, you aren't married yet.

Fellow—Yes, and I don't want to be alone with my wife.

Tenderness Paragraphs.

Mrs. Jones—Do you ever read my poems? I'm always sending them to some of the magazines.

Jones—Yes, I read them.

Mrs. Jones—Do you think they are as good as those of Alphonse Alphonse, or Alphonse Alphonse, or Alphonse Alphonse, or