

his eyes, goes to the seat where Canada Bill was playing and bets on the game. Of course he lost, but didn't say anything until about \$1,000 was put up, when Ramsey pulled two big six-shooters down on Bill and says, 'Turn down that card. You know me. Hand that money over d—n quick?' Bill wasn't scared at all; he was too cool for that, but simply passed the cash over, with the remark, 'Of course the money's yours, you won it. You hold the winning cards in your hand.' It broke Bill, that play of Ramsey's did, but he knew it wasn't worth fooling with Ramsey. Bill was good-hearted, but he liked to snake in the greenies."

## NEW RACING LAW.

The way of the *Sporting Times* has the following among other changes in the Jockey Club Rules: "A flat race is a race the gains upon which are to be shared equally among all the 'flats' on the course, to the utter discomfiture of the 'sharp.' A 'maiden' means a horse, mare, or gelding of such a bashful, shy, retiring disposition, that he, she, or it, is afraid to meet the judge's eye. A match at 'catch weights' means a match when the weights are so arranged beforehand that owners and their commissioners are enabled to 'catch' the unwary. A meeting shall be deemed to commence whenever it likes, and shall conclude at ten in the evening of the last day, or the races, provided the Clerk of the Course be drunk enough by that time. The barbarous practice, now so much in vogue, of causing a jockey to be 'suspended,' or hung by his heels from the telegraph frame, is hereby revoked, and the Stewards shall in future have no authority to prevent any official from 'acting' at the meeting—provided he be as good an actor as Mr. John Sheldon, and does not essay any of Hamlet's soliloquies until after the last race. They may, however, fine as many evil-doers as they can find, provided that they shall not fine any one person more than two and sixpence for drinks (unless he may be a member of the Jockey Club, in which case they can impose any fine not exceeding a monkey). After the conclusion of a meeting the Stewards may go wherever they like. The law is repealed which compelled them to sleep in the lavatory after the last day's racing. Yearlings shall not run for any cup, juvenile depravity, and especially a taste for 'nipping' must be rigorously 'nipped' if they bud. Two year-olds shall not run with their heads loose until Sept. 1. After that time they may run each others' tails off. No horses, of whatsoever age, shall be permitted to run more than one dead heat in the year, and no steeplechases are ever to be run except in leap year. The jockey's head is to be considered the top weight in a handicap. A horse shall always carry extra weight for doing an *extra wait*, or running second. Each time he finishes second—especially if only just beaten a head—he shall be loaded with curses by his disappointed owner and backers. Every horse shall win as many races as he possibly can—and more, if his owner's money isn't on. No animal shall be ashamed to walk over for a forfeit, since he is provided with four feet for the purpose. No stakes under 11d. per lb. shall be run for. American beef is on no account to be used. Two horses belonging to the same owner shall not run for a plate, as they might break it between them. Neither shall one horse run for two or more plates at the same time, unless he chances to be a good waiter; in which case he may go in for four plates—on his feet."

## A SHREWD DODGE OF SWISS GUIDES.

An artist has recently published in a French journal an account of his Swiss sketching tour. On a beautiful afternoon in last June he left his hotel in Interlaken, went out alone with his camp stool and easel, and strayed as far as the foot of the Jungfrau. As he was about to begin his sketch he was started by seeing in front of him a huge bear, that growled ferociously. He seized a revolver and levelled it at the beast, but before he could fire he heard the words, "Halt! halt!" The bear sat on his hind legs and wrung his fore paws. "What," cried the artist, "do bears speak English?" Then, holding the revolver close to the nose of the pretended beast, he demanded, "What dost thou in this accursed costume?" The rogue in the bear's skin replied that he was merely making his living. He was a driver by profession, but the season had been a very bad one, and he was obliged to take

the eyes of the learned men of the country to a fact in the science of motion of which they were previously in ignorance. It was practically demonstrated in Cincinnati before over a thousand witnesses, including several prominent mathematicians, and the experiments made were thoroughly successful. The trial occurred Oct. 20, and the result was published in *The Clipper* at that time.

The theory of the curve is a very simple matter when it is examined into. The curve is produced by imparting to the ball a rotary motion, which causes it to revolve on its axis, similarly to the spinning of a top. By this motion double the amount of friction through the air is induced on one side of the ball to what is produced on the other, and thereby the horizontal curved line through the air is the result. The *modus operandi* of imparting this curve to the ball is thus described by R. H. Hammond, of Cincinnati. He says:

"A right-handed pitcher can easily curve the ball to strike near the handle of the bat by revolving the ball to the right, but as pitching the ball out of the reach of the batter is desirable it must revolve and curve to the pitcher's left. Here is where a left-handed pitcher has the advantage, as most batters are right-handed. For a right-hand pitcher to do this there are several ways; one is to draw the thumb as far as possible towards the little finger in holding the ball, and in drawing the arm back to pitch to turn the hand outward; when the arm is brought forward the hand is turned over towards the left, by which the ball revolves to the left, and again the revolving is increased as much, if not more, by the action of the thumb in its position turning the ball as it leaves the hand."

## THE MONEY CONSIDERATION IN GIVING THE SECOND HORSE A RECORD.

This question, "Will it reduce his money value?" we take it, embraces the pith of the opposition to the proposed measure of timing the second horse. It is possible some men may oppose it merely for the sake of maintaining a kind of mystery about their horses, without having any special object beyond that; but men are all cast substantially in the same mould, and we think the only argument, either solid or specious, that can be urged, is the financial one. To this phase of the question, then, we have two or three very brief considerations to present.

First.—Associations holding trotting meetings can have no regard for what record a horse may be compelled to make, in order to win any part of the purse. If they are honest men, they must administer the race so that the best horse will win.

Second.—If a horse goes through a campaign, winning second place and the second share of the public money, and at the end of the campaign has a great price fixed upon him merely because he has no record, all that amount above what his price would have been with his just record is so much money dishonestly obtained.

Third.—The additional price placed upon the successful campaigner without a record is determined by the unfair advantage he may have over slower horses in slower classes. This point is self-evident, and needs no argument.

Fourth.—This fictitious money price of the horse has not only been obtained by unfair means, but, in preparing to obtain it, he has robbed slower horses out of what they would have won if he had been in his proper class. It not only has this retrospective aspect, but it looks to the future, and counts his chances for sweeping the slower classes where in justice he should have no right.

Fifth.—The increased price of a successful second-place campaigner is made up out of the depreciation of the horses with which he is brought into competition. This is the point to which we wish to call special attention. Mr. A. has a valuable young horse that has trotted in thirty and a fraction, and next year he expects to send him well down into the twenties. Mr. B. has a horse with no record below thirty, but he has frequently lapped the winner out in twenty-three or twenty-four, and these two horses will be in the same class through the next campaign. Everybody knows that a dozen men stand ready to buy B.'s horse at a great price, while A. could hardly find a man willing to take his horse as a gift, and trot him in the circuit against B.'s horse. In this simple illustration we have the whole matter; where one man

along his spine that double-edged knife. It is claimed that a few shocks will eventually bring any horse, however ugly, to terms. The bit will be tried on Cognac on Sunday afternoon. Prof. Tapp, who has made Cognac his study, states that the man-eater's propensity for taking a slice out of every man he sees is directly caused by cruel blows on the head given him by former owners. These blows deranged his brain and rendered his head tender, and instead of fighting with the feet, as the natural way for horses to battle, he fights with his mouth in order to protect his sore head. Tapp further thinks that the electricity, in addition to keeping the man-eater in check, will also tend to regulate his brain. At any rate, the result of the exhibition on Sunday will be another brick in the tower of electric science. The experiment was tried on a mustang at the stables yesterday with gratifying results. But Cognac is blissfully unconscious of the forthcoming earthquake in his mouth.

## HOW A HORSE KEPT WARM.

The Meriden (Conn.) Republican tells this story:—"One cold morning last week, Dr. Wilson drove up to a house on Crown street, and left his horse without hitching it. The horse waited a few moments, and his master not returning, he began to dance a double snuff, presumably to get his feet warm. Finding this rather monotonous, he started up toward Olive street, keeping up a kind of Kentucky breakdown. When he had gone several rods, he crumped the buggy, backed, and turned round as neatly as though guided by a skillful driver, and pranced back to the hitching-post. Here he waited about five minutes, and then started toward Main street, going through several kinds of paces. Near the corner he stopped and turned round as skillfully as before, and frightened a boy, who had tried to stop him, almost out of his wits, by pursuing said boy with open mouth and bent back ears, as though his usual habit was to eat every small boy that he came across. He then continued his antics until he had reached the house where he had been left, and when Dr. Wilson came out he was standing at the hitching-post, as demurely as though he had never thought of leaving it."

## A DANGEROUS CREATURE.

### A SERPENT SEEN IN THE DESCHENES LAKE.

About two weeks ago, as Mr. Bradley and his son, both residents of Eardley, were crossing from Buchan's Bay to McLean's Landing, about 17 miles above this village, they were suddenly startled by a hissing sound coming quite close to them. On turning round they saw a large serpent, or something of that nature, coming up the river at a great speed. It passed within three or four feet of their boat, with its head and neck protruding above the water about four feet. A strong westerly breeze was blowing at the time, but he says it made great headway, going as fast as a steam tug, and seemed to be heading for the Chatts Rapids. He was so scared for the time that he scarcely knew what to do—it passed so near his boat he could have struck it with his oar. It being about seven o'clock in the evening he could not distinguish its color, but from the bend in its neck, he says it resembles a horse very much. Mr. Bradley and his son are both willing to testify to the above.—*Aylmer Times*.

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fourth heat in 2:23, and Little Fred the 5th and sixth in 2:23, 2:26. The next week at Rochester he trotted the three best heats of his life, beating Blue Mare, Little Gypsy, May Bird, Amy B. and Breeze in 2:21, 2:22, 2:21. This year he again started in the Eastern circuit, and at Buffalo obtained a record of 2:20. He was then prostrated by a severe cold and did nothing of consequence afterward.

## GIBB CUTS DOWN THE FIGURES.

On Saturday, Nov. 17, a ten-mile race for a challenge cup presented to the London A. C. by F. S. Weill came off at the grounds at Stamford Bridge, London Eng. More than usual interest was evinced in this race, it being generally anticipated that J. Gibb would accomplish a wonderful performance. His only opponents were W. E. Fuller, P. H. Stenning, and W. A. Tyler, and they were not in the hunt after the first quarter. Gibb, without being pressed, ultimately winning by nearly half a mile, completing the ten miles in 54min 46sec, or 1min 18-sec faster than any amateur had previously run the same distance. Gibb finished remarkably fresh, and, wonderful as the performance is, there is no doubt that had it been necessary, he could have made even better time. His times for the following distances were also the best on record: Six miles, 32.07; seven, 37.46; eight, 43.30; nine, 49.15.

## CRANE ON CRANE.

Mr. W. H. Crane, the well-known actor, who "learned his business" in this city, unabashed himself of staidy reminiscences to a report for a Boston paper, the other day: "I was always wild on music," said Mr. Crane, "and fond of singing, so when, on leaving school in 1863, at the age of eighteen I had an opportunity of joining the Holman Opera Troupe, I jumped at it, and immediately secured an engagement. I was with that company seven years, and obtained a thorough dramatic schooling, besides ample facilities for developing and training my voice. When I first joined, my salary was 'nothing a month and found,' with victuals and clothes thrown in, and I worked harder then I did last year for \$200 a week. Presently, however, I got a 'rise,' and when I reached \$20 a week, I felt rich as a king. But I had to earn it, I assure you. Why, I have a bill out home, which shows that on one night at Toronto I sang the part of Count Arnheim in 'Bohemian Girl,' played 'Handy Andy,' introducing Irish jigs and a song, and 'Paddy Miles' Boy,' and besides that sang and danced between the acts. There's a night's work for you! I have had some curious experience in parts of an entirely different character. I remember once I played Balger in 'Streets of New York,' and sang Mephistopheles in 'Faust,' on the same evening. I shall never forget my first part. It was about three months after I joined the Holman company, and, as it happened, the only bass voice available that night was mine. So I was cast for Count Arnheim. I had no wig and filled my hair with powder, and stuck a grey moustache and long 'imperial' on my beardless face. I was very nervous—my friend Robson says, by the way, that I am the most nervous first-nighter he ever knew—but I got on very well until I went out to sing 'The Heart Bowed Down.' I faced the footlights, and all the horrors of situation burst upon me. I perspired like rain at every pore, and to add to my distress, the gum arabic with which my 'imperial' was fastened on began to dissolve, and the long piece of false hair commenced to slip down. I stumbled in the song, forgot my words, and skipped from the first verse to the last of the second. Then turning my back to the audience, I caught

was just a young man. The two dead men were calm and bore few traces of the prolonged illness through which they passed. There was perceptible little emaciation of the frame. Altogether Walker looked as robust as when he faced Walker in the ring at Pensacola. He seemed rather to be asleep than dead.

At the foot of the coffin his mother was weeping, while to the assemblage the Rev. Mr. Taylor, of the Macedonian Baptist Church, spoke of the lesson which was taught by the life and death of her misguided son. His eloquent warnings fell upon the ears of many who had been Warden's companions and admirers during his career as a pugilistic. They all listened respectfully, and some were moved to tears.

Arthur Chambliss was on hand, the acknowledged master of ceremonies. He has been the first friend of Warden, and his face was red with weeping. Fred Smith, a well-known "boxer," was also present, as was Frank Germley, the referee in the fight at Pensacola, where Walker met his death, and "Bill" Coates and Neph Magas, and Harry Hyatt, and William Early, all well known to fame in the world of fistiana.

At the appointed hour the coffin was lowered, and the remains were taken to the hearse. The pall-bearers were Arthur Chambers, Harry Hoken, Stephen C. Brown, and Mike Clery. The last named young man was once the opponent of Warden in the ring. At 3:30 o'clock the hearse, followed by four carriages, rolled slowly off to Mount Moran Cemetery.

Weeden died of heart disease, and not consumption as was generally supposed. His illness came upon him when he was undergoing imprisonment in the Trenton Penitentiary for the killing of Walker, and was probably induced by the terrible body punishment inflicted on him during the fight when he killed so disastrously. He was a one-time blacksmith in Morris & Tucker's foundry, Walker, or Koma, was his helper. The extraordinary physical development of young men attracted attention of sports people, and they were induced to fight for money. Weeden was the victor, but the friends of Walker were confident of his ability to win if better trained, and a second bout was fought between them. The latter conflict was one of the most brutal of all the brutal business, and cost both men their lives.

## FRESH EGGS IN WINTER.

Fowl must have warm quarters if they are expected to do anything in the egg line during winter. If it roams the barn yard and roost in open sheds, it will be all they can do to exist through the extreme winter. To do their best as layers, they should have a frost-proof house with a glass front facing the south. If thus provided and supplied with good food, water, old lime, and a box of sand and ashes, they will lay as well in the summer. It is held by some that hens will only lay a certain number of eggs during the year, and that to stimulate laying in winter is like stimulating house-plants to bloom indoors during cold weather. In bad cases, there must be a period of rest at some other season. Granting this, it is desirable to have at least a part of the stock set as to lay in winter. It is then that eggs are most welcome on the breakfast table, and it is then that they command the highest price in the market. A little extra expense and trouble are well expended in securing a supply of new-laid eggs during winter.

One lady in Maine boasts hair eight feet and one inch in length, and that she has refused an offer of \$2,000 for it.