

English Sportsmen will be interested to hear that a well-known American sportsman, Mr. M. H. Sanford, has shipped from Kentucky four yearlings (two colts and two fillies) which are to be sent to this country, and trained for English engagements. Has the success of Captain Bogardus and the American rifle team stimulated Cousin Jonathan to aspire to the blue riband of the British turf? Possibly. Well, we have borne the humiliation of seeing the Derby won by a Frenchman, and have survived it. It will surely be far less of a blow to our national pride if the great race should go to our own kith and kin. And we have no reason to imagine that we shall always be exempt from such a contingency. In most branches of sport America has proved herself the equal of England. She can turn out as fast yachts, as good shots, as keen all round sportsmen as the old country. Wherever pluck, enterprise, and skill are concerned, we shall always find the Yankees a match for us; wherever strength and endurance combined are required, we shall probably find ourselves their masters. In purely athletic sports—in rowing, running and swimming—the superior stamina of the British race will probably tell. In every other branch of sport, with the sole exception of horsemanship—such horsemanship, that is, as we are accustomed to see in the hunting field, which the Americans do not affect as yet—Yankee and Britisher will be found pretty evenly matched. As to racing, we shall hail a competition between English and American horses with no little interest, and the more so because a previous attempt made by Colonel Ten Broeck to try the respective merits of the two breeds was a failure. The only question is, supposing Mr. Sanford to be successful, how much credit will be due to America after the English ancestor, the English trainer, and the English jockey have each had their share?

WINTERING FOALS.

The season is now approaching when the proper treatment of spring foals, during the winter season, is an important question for the consideration of the breeder, and to this end we suggest the following as embodying the result of long and successful experience. It may be set down as a well-settled point that they should be well-kept and protected from the storms of winter, but this does not imply that they should be constantly housed up and pampered with heating grain. Like all other young and growing animals, they require an abundance of fresh air and exercise, and should have free opportunity of indulging in the gambols, and frolics, and races to which their nature prompts them, and which is so essential in order to properly distend the lungs, swell the veins, invigorate the entire system, and make a hardy, healthy, active horse. Give muscle and bone forming food in abundance, but feed corn sparingly, and, if at all, only in the coldest weather. Oats and wheat, bran and grass, and hay in abundance will make the colt grow; and exercise, with protection from severe storms, will keep him healthy. If it is indispensable that he should run out and take all the storms as they come, which, by the way, should never be permitted, give more corn with the feed, as that produces fat, which is a protection from the cold. Were we to be compelled to choose between the two extremes of close confinement, with high-feeding on heating grain, and no exercise, and the other of running at large in the fields, exposed to the merciless storms of winter, with free access to the corn-crib, we should unhesitatingly take the latter course as likely to develop the hardier, healthier, stouter horse, because we regard the opportunity for abundant exercise as absolutely essential to a healthy, harmonious development in all young animals. But generous feeding and secure housing from inclement weather is not at all incompatible with plenty of exercise, and such a course of treatment will bring the youngster through the winter in perfect health, with constitution unimpaired, and growth unchecked.

Mr. George Quirt recently cut down a bee tree in Arthur township, which will, he believes, contain six hundred weight of honey.

A man in Michigan cut a large piece out of his leg the other day, under the impression that he had been bitten by a rattlesnake, and then discovered that he had merely been stung by a bee. A meaner feeling man, on making the discovery, was probably never raised in that State.

soon found that in his new purchase he had obtained the mistress of the road, and that, notwithstanding her insignificant size, her even, clean, long, low, and level stride enabled her to give the most famous flyers of the day the go-by upon the Bloomingdale road. The pluck and speed which she manifested in these brushes soon began to attract the attention of horsemen generally about New York, and George Perrin's little mare became the sensation of the hour. And not of the hour merely, but for more than a decade thereafter Flora Temple—for that was the little filly's name—reigned the acknowledged queen of the trotting turf, and astonished not only George Perrin and his friends, but the whole world, by her wonderful performances. Her first race was a contest on the road with the Waite Pony, in which the little mare beat her opponent almost to a stand-still, and this contest between the two, of a single mile, over the Red House half-mile track, to take place on the following afternoon, in which Flora was again the victor. She was then matched against Vanderburgh's gray stallion, at \$500 a side, the horse to pull a 250-lb. waggon, and the mare to go in harness, and in this contest she was also successful. A few weeks thereafter she was entered in a stake-race on the same course, with Whitehall, Delaware Maid, Napoleon, and Hiram. This was Flora Temple's first regular race, and was trotted on Sept. 8, 1850. Whitehall took the first heat, and Flora the next three; time of Flora's heats—2:55, 5:52, 2:49. After this race, she again changed hands, John C. Perrin becoming the owner, and the consideration being \$575. In the spring of 1851, she met with an accident which rendered her unfit for racing during that season, and well nigh ruined for her life, so far as racing was concerned, for she became so wild and unsteady with the recollection of the fright, that it was found necessary to throw her out of training and put her on the road. During the next season, 1852, she won two races, and made a record of 2:31½, beating Lady Brooks and Young Dutchman. In 1853, she won a great many races at one and two miles, the best of which were with the famous Tacony, making a record of 2:29 at one, and 4:59 at two miles. In 1854, she trotted and won some good races, but did not lower her record. In 1855, she beat Sontag, to waggon, two miles, in 5:07; and Hero, the pacer, two miles, in harness, in 4:57. In 1856, she astonished the world by trotting a mile in 2:24½, a thing unprecedented, and almost undreamed of at that date, beating Tacony, who went under saddle. The next year she won a great many races, beating Lancet, Ethan Allen, Brown Dick, and others, but did not reduce her record. In 1858, she was engaged in a great many contests, mainly with Lancet and Reindeer, in all of which she sustained herself admirably. In the following year occurred her memorable contests with Princess, whom she defeated in twelve different races during the season. This was her greatest year upon the turf. Her first race of this year was with Ethan Allen, whom she beat in 2:25, Flora going to waggon, the best waggon time up to that date. Her best two races with Princess were trotted Aug. 9 and 16, the former being mile heats, 8 in 5, in 2:23½, 2:22, 2:23½, and the latter two-mile heats in 4:50½, 5:05. It was in this year at Kalamazoo, Mich., that she made her best record, 2:19½, which for several years stood unequalled in trotting annals. In 1860, occurred her famous races with the great stallion Geo. M. Patchen, whom Hiram Woodruff says, was the best horse she ever met on the turf. She defeated him in nine races of mile heats, 8 in 5, and in one race of two-mile heats, the best race being trotted in 2:21, 2:24, 2:21½. She appeared again on the turf in the following year, in a few races, again defeating her old competitor, Princess, and beating John Morgan in three races, two of them being two-mile heats. Although she was now in her seventeenth year, yet she was still the acknowledged Queen of the Trotting Turf. Towards the close of this season, she trotted three races against Ethan Allen and running mate, and, although she was defeated in two of them, yet they may be counted as among her greatest performances, as they were all trotted in very fast time, and in the last of the three she was only beaten by a head, in 2:19½, and in the race won by her she distanced the stallion and his mate on the second heat in 2:20½, clearly showing that she was still in the hey-day of her powers. During her turf career she won seventy-three races of mile heats (most of them 8 in 5), eleven of two-mile heats, and two of three

During this year he has hatched out more than 30,000 of these three different kinds, which have been distributed through our state. The smallest of these fish are exhibited in large glass globes, and the largest in oblong glass boxes about three or four feet long and eighteen inches high and wide. The water has to be constantly supplied with a considerable quantity of ice, and a man is kept continually at work with a pair of bellows blowing fresh air into the water. All day long the space around the glass jars and boxes containing these fish were crowded with people continually coming and going. It was a sight that a man does not often witness. To give an idea of the ice required to keep the fish afloat it may be said that Mr. Watkins one morning ordered 1,000 pounds for their use.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

HUMAN SALIVA KILLS SNAKES.

The Marietta (Ga.) Journal was told by a gentleman the other day that human spit was as deadly to poisonous snakes as their bites were deadly to man. He says while picking up a bundle of straw and trash under his arm, while cleaning a field, a ground rattlesnake, four feet long, crawled out from it and fell to the ground at his feet. He at once placed his heel upon the head of the snake and spit in its mouth. Shortly afterward the snake showed symptoms of inactivity and sickness, and he picked it up by its tail and carried it to the house and showed it to his wife, telling her that he had spit in its mouth and that it was poisoned. At the expiration of fifteen minutes the snake was dead. To further experiment, he came across a blowing adder (snake), which ejected from its mouth a yellowish liquid. He caught it and spit in its mouth, and it died. He caught another blowing, and it refused to open its mouth. He spit upon a stick and rubbed the spit upon the adder's nose, and it died. Afterward he came across a black snake, regarded as not poisonous, and he caught it and spit in its mouth. Instead of the spit killing the black snake, as it did the poisonous reptiles, it only made it stupidly sick, from which it recovered. This conclusively shows that poisonous snakes have as much to fear from the spit of man as man has to fear from their bites.

A RAT STORY.

While Mr. Joseph Terrell was sitting in the back porch about dusk the other evening he saw two rats coming from under some wood close by. Noticing something peculiar about them he paid close attention, and discovered that they had a straw in their mouths one rat at each end. The rats went down to a little pond in the yard, laid the straw down, took a drink of water, picked up the straw and marched back in the same way they went down. Just before reaching the wood Mr. Terrell killed them both, and upon examination found the largest and oldest rat to have been totally blind. Mr. Terrell says the old rat was very fat, and is satisfied that the other rats have been feeding him on young chickens and turkeys, as well as watering him.—*Ballard (Ky.) News.*

THE POLAR BEAR'S CUNNING.

According to the Esquimaux, the seal constructs its habitation beneath the surface of the ice in such a manner that it can enter it from the water below; here the young seal passes its infancy, and when the returning heat of summer has destroyed its igloo or dwelling, the young seal is old enough to take care of itself; but this mode of lodging its youth beneath the ice is well known to the bear, who, with his keen scent, soon detects the whereabouts of the seal's nursery, and in order to gain entrance, makes a spring, and comes down heavily with all its weight on the pool of the igloo, crushes it in, and immediately seizes the young seal with its paw. Here, it might be supposed the hungry bear at once devours its prey; but no, it is far too wary to do so; it knows full well that where a baby is, there must of necessity be a mother, and that she will be in search of her darling; therefore, the bear scrapes away the snow from the seal's hole, and holding the young seal by the flippers allows it to flounder about, and when the young mother approaches, the bear slyly draws the young seal toward it until the old one is within reach, when he seizes her with the other paw, and thus captures both. The mode in

"Why, mother, any fool knows that the right bower will take an ace every time." "It will, eh?" she hussed as she walked him around. "Of course it will. It diamonds are trumps, for instance, and I hold the ace and left bower—" "Bowers! Bowers! I'll bower you to death, young man!" as she walked him the other way. "Or suppose that spades were trumps, and you held the nine-spot and king and turned up the ace, what would you do?" he earnestly inquired. "Oh, I'll show you what I'd do!" she growled as she got in a left-hander on his ear. "I'll teach you a lesson you'll never forget!" "That wouldn't be Hoyle, mother; you could pick up the ace and make a point every

But she drew him over her knee and played a lone hand.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HORSE NOTES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A QUAKER HORSE.—The Hartford Times says: "Mr. Joseph Church, father of the famous painter of 'Niagara,' whose residence is at No. 624 Asylum street, has a horse which regularly lies down and takes an hour's nap every Sunday morning after breakfast, the queerest thing about it being the fact that he never does it on other days, though he has the opportunity to do so. He seems to have the phonological organ of 'time' largely developed. He is usually left in a certain place back of some bank, on such forenoons as his master comes down town, and if the hour of 12 noon passes without his master coming for him, the horse himself comes out, carriage and all, through the alley-way, and stands in front of the bank as a hint that it is time to drop business and go to dinner." There's another horse in Hartford who never takes a drink on Sunday. If a man made the same boast somebody would declare that it was because the saloons were closed.

HORSES FOR HAVANA.—The steamship Crescent City, bound from New York to Havana, took out on Thursday fifty valuable horses for the Cuban capital. As the animals marched, two abreast, with new covers on their backs, no little comment was excited. They have been purchased at the various races in this country during the past season and have been selected for speed and strength. Many of them will probably be in the Spanish cavalry service for officer's mounts. The freight on each of the animals is \$60 in gold, duty in Havana \$132.40, war tax and landing expenses about \$800, making an aggregate of say \$500 per head. Two Shetland ponies also go out by the Crescent City, for which \$2,500 in gold is to be paid. In Scotland the same animals can be had for \$100.

A few days ago W. C. Hodgkinson, horse slaughterer, Sandhills, in England, purchased a horse which had died suddenly. On cutting up the animal he found in the colon about 1,000 nails of various sizes, a number of screws, buttons, and several other small things not less difficult to digest. No one seems able to account for the extraordinary appearance of the large number of nails and screws, but they had evidently been swallowed by the animal some time ago, for they had been worn smooth by friction.

THE EPIZOOTY IN NEW JERSEY.—The epizooty is spreading rapidly in New Jersey. Nearly every animal in the Jersey City Fire Department is affected, although the attack is slight. The horses on the different city railroads are also affected, the disease manifesting itself in a discharge of matter from the throat and nose and a continuous coughing. Chief Engineer Farrier, of the Fire Department, states that the disease is more prevalent than that of two years ago, but not so virulent. It affects the animals in running to fires, and great caution is necessary while they are being exercised. It is estimated that twelve hundred horses are affected within the limits of Jersey City, but no deaths are reported.

GOLDSMITH MAID EN ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.—Budd Doble has completed an arrangement with Mr. Henry N. Smith, the owner of Goldsmith Maid, to take the old queen to California again this fall. We sincerely hope the experiment is not being tried once too often. On her arrival out, it is hoped that,

Some evil disposed persons lately entered the stables of Frank Meyer, Seattle, and extracting his horses during the night, fastened them around the greater part of the city, abusing them, until they were covered with sweat. Such conduct is very reprehensible.

ALL SORTS.

PROGRAM.—Women swimmers, female minstrels, women lawyers, and now a woman prize-fighter. In South Troy last Sunday a fair, stand up fight was fought between Mike Riley, a slender six-footer, and Mrs. Hendrich, who is similarly built. Mrs. Riley acted as Mike's second, and Mr. Hendrich officiated in a like capacity for his wife. Fourteen rounds were fought, and it being apparent that the contestants were as fresh as ever, though badly bunged up, the affair was called a draw. Mike knocked the woman down several times, and she returned the compliment as often. The spectators are convinced that the woman is the better man, though that, of course remains to be decided. Unfortunately, no reporters were present, but the Whig manages to give a good account of the sanguinary struggle. Troy, it will be remembered, is the birth place of the honorable John Morrissey, and the distinguished John C. Hennessy was once born in the same city.

PIGEON MATCH.—On Monday a pigeon match came off between Messrs. Gilbert, Gartrell, King and Duperow, at Stratford, 5 birds each. The score stood:

Gartrell	1 1 1 0 1-4
Giblet	0 1 0 0 0-1
Duperow	1 1 0 1 0-2
King	1 0 1 0 0-2

Mr. M. McCauley acted as scorer and trap-per.

The partridge shooting in England this year is described as unsatisfactory, scores of young birds having died from an inflammatory affection which attacked the eyes, producing blindness, so deprived them, to a great extent, of the power of obtaining food. In Surrey especially, the birds are very scarce in low-lying.

In Nevada the law imposing a tax of \$400 every three months on every gambling place has been sustained by a Supreme Court decision. The effect, it is anticipated, will be to close the small places and extend the business of the large ones.

A Kansas City fisherman, who recently had set afloat several lines attached to bottles, and baited with frogs and had followed them in a skiff for several miles down the river without getting a bite, was chagrined to discover that, owing to the insufficient "leading" of the lines, the frogs had swum to the surface, and had been sitting on the bottles.

THE BIGGEST SNAKE STORY.—Some time ago Mr. R. Williams, near this place, heard one of his wife's ducks making a noise as if something was after it. He got out of bed and went to where she was, but could not see or hear anything. He went the second time, but with the same result. He told his wife he guessed the ducks had gone crazy. Next morning he went to where the old duck was sitting upon her eggs, under a brush pile, and, imagine his astonishment, he saw a large black snake coiled up under the duck. His snakeship having swallowed twelve eggs, Mr. Williams cut his head off, cut it open, took the eggs out and placed them under the duck, and eleven out of dozen eggs hatched. Mr. Williams word is as good as his bond.—*Owen News.*

A farmer boy in Ohio, recently observed a small flock of quails in his father's corn field, resolved to watch their motions. They pursued a very regular course in the foraging, beginning on one side of the field, taking about five rows, and flowing there uniformly to the opposite end, returning in the same manner over the next five rows. They continued in this course until they had explored the greater part of the field. The lad, believing that they were pulling up the corn, fired into the flock, killing but one of them, and examined the ground. In the whole space which they had traversed he found but one stalk of corn disturbed. The earth still adhered to it. In the case of the quail he found the cat worm, twenty one striped vine bugs, and one hundred chinch bugs, but not a single grain of corn.