

## THE HORSE'S FROG.

If we were to go to many a blacksmith and ask him if he did not think nature had made a mistake in putting the clumsy frog into the horse's foot he would hardly be ready to say so, and very likely would put on a surprised look, and perhaps explain that in some countries horses did very well without shoes, and so the frog was well enough left to take care of herself. But while not ready to take ground with you in any criticism of the plan upon which the foot is constructed, you have not to look in the corner of the shop where two horses stand nowly shod, lift up their feet and observe for yourself, that if the blacksmith has not said it the knife has said the frog is a bad thing and must be cut away. The horses do not stand on the ground, but nearly half an inch higher, on the iron of their shoes, and which takes the weight of the horse on the outer shell of the hoof. The practice is as sensible as it would be for a man who had to travel on all fours, taking the weight on the nails of his fingers and toes rather than on the cushions which his hands bear. It is always the soft part—the india rubber part of the feet of animals—that have such—much receives the weight, and not the shelly part. We know what an elephant's foot is; it is all rubber-like. The horse has the same incased in a shell, which gives the horse accuracy and steadiness of movement. Now this casing protects the frog. It grows slowly; the frog grows rapidly. The healthy foot of the colt shows a centre, if not projecting at least level with the line of the hoof. He does not take his weight on the rim of his feet. Old horses would have feet more like them, if only blacksmiths would allow they knew a little less than nature, and really knew enough to read her intentions. The object in shoeing the animal, aside from the occasional one of changing its gait, is simply to prevent the wear and snatching of the outer shell, and to enable it to take a firmer hold of the ground, escaping the slipping of the unshod horn. It is an unfortunate incident of our system of shoeing that the horse is raised from the ground as a boy when he mounts stile.—*Scientific Farmer.*

## FIERCE FIGHT WITH A BEAR.

Last Monday, the 18th inst., several young men went out hunting on horseback and when near Wm. Nelson's farm they suddenly came upon two huge bears. They fired upon them and succeeded in killing one but the other ran for the timber and passed out of sight, notwithstanding that one of the boys, Johnny Northover, put four charges of buckshot into him at short range.

As the bear seemed likely to escape, Adam Benson said he would ride around the thickets, which was a short distance, and head him off. He accordingly started off alone, and reached the other side of the wood before the bear. He dismounted and tied his horse to a tree, and had waited but a few moments when the infuriated beast broke from the timber and rushed for him. He fired two shots but the bear was upon him.

The beast rose upon his hind legs as Adam struck at him with his rifle, and knocked the weapon from his hand. Then with a stroke of his paw he fell Adam to the earth, knocking him between two logs, and commenced to bite and claw him. Adam held the beast from his throat by grasping him by the shaggy hair on each side of his head. He is a powerful young man, but he felt his strength beginning to fail, and he knew that his only hope was in his knife that he carried in his belt. He let go of the bear with his right hand, and reached for the knife, but found it was gone. Thrusting the empty sheath into the bear's mouth, he gave himself up for lost. The bear was mauling the muscle of his arm in a terrible manner, and would soon have killed him had not Jack Barnes' dog Rover come upon them.

The dog attacked the bear fiercely and compelled him to leave Adam, who managed to crawl upon his horse and ride back to where the rest of the party had stopped to join the other bear. When he reached them he was too weak to tell what had happened. His friends carried him home, and on the way he managed to tell them he was not anxious to box with a bear soon again. The hunters went to look for the bear, but found that it had escaped. As Benson's injuries

to former method of attack. It made a dive, caught him sideways near the neck, twisted his head around and thrust its lance into his throat, quickly killing him. Then, as before, it sought a resting place, and held its prey suspended until compelled to give it up.

Since that time it has made no further assaults. There are a number of goldfish, frogs, tadpoles, and little fishes in the aquarium, but it takes no notice of them. The animal is of the voracious terror of the water has not been learned definitely, but it is supposed to be a mantis, a devouring insect which nearly answers the description, and which has a habit of folding its five legs in an attitude of prayer.

## ALBINO RATS.

Mr. Bailey, of Dorchester street, Montreal, has been kind enough to bring us a curious piece of information, which may have a more than ordinary interest for Canadian naturalists. Looking out of the window of his house, a few days ago, he perceived what, to all appearance, was a white rat, running across the yard and into a wood shed. Desirous of satisfying himself as to its real character, he set a trap and, in short time succeeded in making prisoner of the stranger. It proved to be a veritable rodent, a rat of snowy whiteness, with pink eyes and all the other characteristics of albino creatures. In proof of its sagacity, Mr. Bailey says that, having been placed in a cage, it gnawed away the wood where the wire entered it, until it succeeded in detaching a sufficient number of them, when pushed outward, to allow of its escape. It was, however, again captured, and later still, a companion of the same species has been found to share its imprisonment. Mr. Bailey naturally wishes to know whether white rats have been at any previous time, seen in this country, and will be glad to receive any information on the subject. He has heard that some years ago, one was killed in the stable yard of a house on Sherbrooke street. The suggestion has been made and it seems reasonable enough, that these creatures may have been imported to Canada on Russian ships as they are said to be indigenous to that country. A gardener, to whom Mr. Bailey showed his find, after carefully examining it, said that he thought it must be a *lapsu linguæ*, by which it is possible that he meant a *lusus nature*.—*Gazette.*

## HOW S. PURDY RODE ECLIPSE TO VICTORY.

Although a chapter of ancient history, the following from the New York Star may not prove uninteresting at this time, being a description of the great four-mile-and-repeat race between Eclipse and Henry, which was run on the 29th of May, 1843. Uncle Jake is relating the story to a reporter, and after describing the rush to see it, etc., he goes on to say:

"Well, it was the biggest race I ever looked at, and I guess that were ever run on that track. American Eclipse, as he were called, was a sorrel horse, bred by Duroc, and his dam was Miller's Damsel. He had scooped in everything for some time. I am not positive who owned him. I think it were General Coles; anyhow, his owner offered to back him for \$20,000 against any horse in the world, at any distance. Colonel Johnson covered his money, and brought the four-miler, Henry, from Virginia, to run Eclipse a race of four-mile heats, best two out of three, on the Union track. The race, as I told you before, took place on a Friday afternoon, on the old track, and it were just lined with people. Well, sir, you may think that I'm joking, but I'll be gosh-darned if there weren't 30,000 people come there to see that race! Well, Henry won the first heat, nearly shutting Eclipse out, in 7:52. This made the boys feel blue. They all had their stuff up on old Eclipse. Yes, I'll bet they even had their shirts mortgaged and the money planked up. The nigger that rode our horse was n.g. The boys felt sure he had sold us out, and run him off the track. They didn't know what to do, and while Bill Brown was looking around for somebody to ride for him, he spied Sam Purdy standing up near Eclipse's stable. I had got down from my roosting-place and was standing close to him. Sam always rode Eclipse, and he was a great favorite among the boys, but he had had a falling-out with the General, and had refused to ride him in the race. I kin remember how blue he looked when he saw his old favorite cut up so bad. 'Sam,' says Bill, 'won't you ride Eclipse for us?' Sam shook his head, walked over to where Eclipse was, patted him on the neck and spoke to him. Well, sir, that

The natural state is not the best state, necessarily, to an animal so highly organized horse. You can take a boy and train him so that at twelve years of age he can lift twice as much as any Indian lad of that age who ever lived. For the purpose of nature, nature is perfect in her educational processes; but for purpose of man, man is the better disciplinarian. A colt, if he be well formed and of average size, should be driven from five to ten miles to a light hitch-up twice a week at least, and be allowed to "strip out" once or twice every drive, for a quarter of a mile too, at that. Colts are made to go, and going does not hurt them, as any one can see who watches them in the pasture. It does not hurt a colt to puff and sweat; but on the other hand, this swift and hot lung and heart action is just what his system needs for its development.

We would not say a word to encourage any to overdrive colts, for we hold that such conduct is criminal; but we believe that where one colt is crippled by over-exercise, fifty in the country are being crippled by constrained idleness. Give your colt plenty of oats and hay, and pure water, and fresh air in his stall, and plenty of exercise in the exercise lot and on the road, and you will have an animal when he is matured, able to go fast and go far, and pull weight without pining out either. Whatever else you neglect in the education of your colt, do not neglect the development of his lungs. No matter what theory of development you adopt, have theory, for this implies thought on your part touching the matter; and the trouble now is, very likely, that you have never given any thought to it at all.

## THE BEACON JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

The announcement of a proposed running meeting at Beacon Park, in August, has met with such hearty endorsement from the best class of citizens, that an association to be known as the Beacon Jockey Club, is in process of organization, and its membership promises to include names so well and favorably known, both here and in other cities, that any announcement in its name will command the support of turfmen throughout the country. The services of William M. Connor, the starter at Saratoga, Long Branch, and Jerome Park races have been secured, thus assuring the utmost fairness in the management of the meeting, as no one has more fully won the confidence of turfmen than this gentleman. The programme for the meeting, as at present arranged, is for three days, August 27, 28, and 29, four races each day, including a hurdle to close each day's sport, and purses in the aggregate amounting to \$5,000. The purses, averaging about \$500, will be so arranged as to give a good variety each day, and many of the owners of running horses, who have frequented the tracks at Jerome Park, Saratoga, Long Branch, and Newport, have already indicated a desire to join in the contests. The Bevere, Tremont, and Parker House have already agreed to offer stakes of generous amount during the meeting, thus showing a liberal spirit, which will unquestionably be followed by other proprietors in the same line, as the establishment of a successful running meeting would bring hundreds of sporting men to this city each season, who would otherwise never visit the Hub. The proprietors of the park show every desire to forward the success of the meeting, both by liberal treatment of the horsemen, by making the park attractive, and by providing every inducement for a first-class meeting that is in their power. The class of gentlemen who have indicated an interest in this meeting are seldom seen at the race tracks in this vicinity, and they all express perfect confidence in the entire success of the proposed meeting. No money or pains will be spared to make the Beacon Jockey Club's first meeting the initiation of a series of annual gatherings, which shall equal the Jerome Park meetings in New York.—*Boston Herald, July 13.*

## QUEER PLACE FOR A WORM.

Henry R. Funk of Allentown, has for some time past been the victim of a disease which he believed to be consumption. He wasted away under his besetting malady until there was hardly anything left on his bodily frame save the skin, and he had about made up his mind that it would be best for him to prepare for the inevitable. He had for a considerable time experienced at intervals queer sensations in his windpipe, as if there was something creeping in it, and frequently remarked these experiences to his family, but was so often talked out of it as being the natural results of his sickness or mere imagination. On a recent day while seated in a rocker the sensation again presented itself. It felt exactly, he says, as if some reptile was endeavoring to crawl up and out of his trachea, and being about the same time

## Horse Notes.

Bay Final was struck out of the Goodwood Stakes July 2. As his weight in this race was only 84 lbs., he cannot be regarded as good for anything.

KING WILLIAM.—This fine racehorse, now at Saratoga, is reported to have "come round" again. If so, he will be a troublesome customer in the cups against any sort of company.

Littlefield is laboring cheerfully but under difficulties. He still has hopes of Brown, Prince and Start. Recent reinforcements will add considerable strength to his stable for next season.

At the annual sale of Her Majesty's yearlings at Hampton Court, eighteen lots realised 5,145 guineas, the highest price being 2,200 guineas for the brother of Springfield.

LORD MURPHY.—Messrs G. W. Darden & Co., Nashville, Tenn., have refused an offer of \$3,000 cash for their bay colt Lord Murphy two years old, by Pat Malloy, dam Womona by Capt. Elgee. It is said that this colt recently ran a half mile at Saratoga in 47 seconds with 112 lbs. up.

NELLIE IRWIN.—Having done some hard work this season, Nellie Irwin is enjoying a brief vacation at the home of her owner, A. J. Russell, in Troy. She was never in such good shape for rapid and arduous work. As a successful horseman remarked, after looking her over, "She is fit to trot for a man's life."

SPOTTED COLT.—The well-known gelding Spotted Colt met with an accident Sunday morning last, which may lay him up for some time; although at last accounts he was doing well. In his exercise he picked up a large nail, which inflicted a severe wound and rendered him quite lame. This is to be regretted, as he was going fast, and it was his trainer's intention to enter him in a number of races in the east.

The closing day of the trotting at Columbus was rather tumultuous, judging from the account published. Splan was fined \$75, and narrowly escaped expulsion, for running into Midnight a sulky, and J. H. Batchelder, owner of John H., was expelled for knocking down W. P. Kinzer, the driver of Deception. Such occurrences are to be regretted, but they do not disgrace the turf; the disgrace rests elsewhere.

Beauregard, the greatest of England's two year olds of 1877, and so long the Derby favorite, has recovered sufficiently from his reported breakdown to induce his owner to back him liberally for the St. Leger. At one time he reached odds as short as 4 to 1 against him, but the last quotations show that 100 to 15 is freely offered, but goes begging, which indicates that it is a case of "hope against hope" with the fine colt.

TURK HAVE RETURNED.—The enterprising horsemen of Brooklyn, whose thriftiness (?) led them to believe they could make a dollar out of western New Yorkers by trotting some fast ones out of their classes, have returned, poorer and wiser men. Webb's Mills, Sodus, &c., were not the bonanzas they had imagined. The other entries were too fast for the "ringers," and the judges were too sharp for the owners of the horses with many aliases.

## THE CURIOUS NEST OF THE TARANTULA.

The nest of the tarantula, occasionally found, excites the admiration of both old and young, and, indeed, nothing could be more ingeniously contrived. It is a subterranean house about the size and shape of a coconut of medium growth, and is made of small pebbles and grains of sand glued together with some viscid matter. Its interior is lined with a silky material as fine and white as satin. Just at the surface of the ground is a circular opening nearly an inch in diameter. Into this fits a little door or lid, made of sand and fine gravel glued together. This lid is lined with the same silken stuff as the nest proper, and at one side has a hinge made of many strands of the same. This door the tarantula can open and close at pleasure. When the lid is closed it is almost impossible to find the nest, as owing to the sand and gravel on its upper side, it presents the same appearance as the surrounding ground, from which were gathered the materials of which it was constructed.—*Virginia City Enterprise.*

## GEORGIA'S FISH STORY.

J. B. Watkins, of Quitman, Ga., tells it, and there is certainly no doubt of its truth. He says: "While fishing with set lines for cat-fish in the Coosa river a small three-pound cat was caught. This cat was put on one of the lines whole for bait. Visiting the

## Miscellaneous.

A golden eagle was recently captured in the neighborhood of Stratford, and presented to Mr. Inman. It measured 6 ft 6 in from tip to tip of wings.

Mr. L. Macdonald, Bay St. Street, Barrie, Ont., has a live double-headed chicken of the brahmin species. And what is still more singular both heads peck.

A 800-pound sword fish was captured in a curious manner by a Fall River schooner recently. When the log was thrown, the fish grabbed it in such a manner as to wedge it in its mouth, and it was towed to the side of the vessel and taken on board.

Miss Beckwith, who astonished London some little time since by swimming ten miles in the Thames before she was fifteen years of age, will shortly try to swim two hundred fathoms. Should she succeed, she may try the passage from Dover to Calais.

Mr. T. Viner writes from Woburn.—I have resided ten years in Porto Rico, rode a great deal there, and have ridden in the races which are run upon the paved streets of St. Juan, the horses are pacers, and some of them cover their mile in under four minutes. I never saw a horse shoe there, a shoe is unknown, and a lame horse is a rarity.

Mr. J. Knibbs, residing at No. 11 Bay Street, Hamilton, Ont., is the first to possess a young kitten with a monkey's head and face, in fact the whole fore part of the animal is all monkey, and the hind part all cat. The mother is a Malt-cat, and how this curious freak of nature came about is a question that will probably puzzle the brain of students in animal history for some time to come.

A few days ago Mr. Montgomery, of the Pembina Mountain, Man., cheese factory, lost a valuable two year old colt in a somewhat remarkable manner. He had tied the animal to a tree, and at it remained there for a short time. By some means the colt got its tail entangled in the bark of the tree, and in endeavoring to free itself absolutely jerked the tail out by the roots, so that the entire is protruded. On discovering its position Mr. Montgomery humanely ended its sufferings with a bullet.

A Florida ox had a strange and fatal encounter with Lake Jackson alligators a short time ago. The ox had waded into the lake to drink, when an alligator closed on one of his front legs. Enraged with pain the animal started for the shore, dragging his assailant after him, hosts of whose friends were attracted by the smell of blood. The alligator's hold was finally loosened, and the furious ox proceeded to attack the fresh-water monsters, two of which he tossed with his horns, but getting into the water again, another alligator caught the ox by the nose and held his head under water until he died.

Some of the foreign papers, we are grieved to see, introduce the descriptions of certain of Dr. Carver's marvellous feats in rifle shooting with the invidious title "More Yankee Lies." What suspicious people those English! Why, the glass-ball shooting of Bogardus, which they think so wonderful, is nothing to Carver's performances. The Sun says that the other day, at two o'clock, Dr. Carver stepped into the field. It was raining hard. He began firing at his drops, and in five minutes had shot a dry space of half an acre around him! Now, that is what might be called tolerably good shooting, even in America.

Colonel G., of Bowling Green, Ky., made a heavy play against a large bank where fine lunches were set at all the hours, and dumped over \$1,000, which completely won him out. He reluctantly laid aside his "copper" and lead pencil and called for a clock and cane. The colored attendant brought the required articles, and, while adjusting the clock, politely remarked, "Lunch is just ready, Colonel; won't you stay and have some?" "Lunch, h—!" roared the Colonel, grinding his teeth and taking a firmer grip on his walking stick. "I don't think I can eat eleven hundred dollars worth of ham and get even?"

The latest instance of can-can in the case occurred near Ulsterville, N. Y., where on the 3rd ult., a horse belonging to Wm. R. Ryer went of his own accord to the blacksmith's shop. As he stood looking in at the window