

following authentic anecdote from American Turf Register and Sporting Life: In the summer of 1881, while Capt. T. and his wife, of the United States Army, were on a survey at Canton, near Baltimore, he frequently noticed Bachelor and Jemmy at pasture in the field of Canton Course. One day, after play-time, these two horses were observed to walk up leisurely, side by side, to the judges' stand, where they stood for a moment and then started and ran two rounds regularly. After the heat they played together for a few moments, when they again stood up, side by side, stood at the judges' as in the first heat, and again started on a second heat of two rounds. "Can nature more clearly sanction the value of the turf?"

SHORT FARO.

According to Hoyle, Faro is one of the games of chance, but Hoyle did not say anything about Short Faro, or he would not have said so.

Like the ordinary game of Faro, Short Faro requires but the very simplest tools for carrying on the game. The requirements of a first-class Faro-bank demand a number of genteel and refined sportsmen. A great deal of taste for the fine arts is displayed in the furnishing and arrangement of the rooms in which the gentlemanly exercise is carried on.

On the contrary, Short Faro needs no embellishments. Oh, no, its surroundings are entirely different.

The language of Bill Deadbeat, Professor of the noble science of Short Faro: "All we have to do, is to fill your stocking full and lay around after dark a bit until you meet a fellow what's got more money than brains—a fellow that has got more inside of him than he can comfortably hold around, and when you get a good opportunity, go for him and hit him a decent blow on the ears."

"I'll fetch him to the ground without any bones or hurtin' him any, for he'll only be stunned and will come to his senses in a few minutes, and while he's down, we can go through him and help yourself—everythink he's got."

"Tell yer that's the kind of faro I like: you don't need no cards, no deal-box, no no looker-outs, no big suppers, nor nothin'."

"All yer want is a sand-bag, a drunken master and a dark night, with nobody to interfere with yer, and yer sure to win every time."

There is no doubt that this game is more extensively played by desperate gamblers in larger cities than people generally suppose, and the only prevention is to keep away and go to bed early.

CANADIAN CATTLE.

The Liverpool Post of the 28th May has the following: "The Dominion steamer was brought on Saturday, 140 head of cattle and 26 horses. The same company's steamer Dominion is expected to-morrow with 200 head of cattle. The Guion Company's steamer Nevada landed on Saturday 100 head of cattle and horses; the Denmark, London, 198; the Allan cargo steamer, Canadian, at Glasgow, 200 head of cattle. The spring trade in horses and live fat cattle for the English market has opened briskly, and it is expected a very extensive trade will be done during the season. There is no kind of cattle plague amongst Canadian here, the export from Canada therefore not restricted."

power of motion on the water was tested and enjoyed in a highly satisfactory manner. The progress of the moose and boats was quite rapid, and was enjoyed by numbers of lookers-on, their excitement at the queer spectacle being almost as great as that of the actors in it. The moose showing symptoms of being thoroughly tired, and the parties fearing that he would die under the unusual exertion, he was headed to the shore, where, at a place designated as Camp Frye, he was successfully landed. The camp was occupied at the time by Mr. Frye, member of congress from Maine, and his family, who enjoyed the fun. The moose was kept in cord for some three hours, and then allowed to depart into the woods, where, it is hoped, he will continue to thrive these many years. The capture of a moose of this kind is no easy task, as it is well known that they are, when driven or attacked, very desperate. Great credit is therefore due to Fred C. Barker, one of the guides, for the daring with which he grappled with the animal from his boat, and the success of the manoeuvre which enabled him to secure so powerful a beast, made desperate as it was by being driven, as it were, for its life.—Boston Journal.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

Man's life is a game of cards. First it is 'cribbage.' Next he tries to 'goit along,' at a sort of 'cut, shuffle, and deal' pace. Then he gambols 'on the green.' Then he 'raises the deuce' when his mother 'takes a hand in,' and contrary to Hoyle, 'beats the little joker with the five.' Then with his 'diamonds' he wins the 'queen of hearts.' 'Tired of playing a lone hand,' he expresses a desire to 'assist' his fair 'partner,' 'throws out his cards,' and the clergyman takes a ten dollar bill out of him 'on a pair.' She orders him up 'to build fires. Like a 'knave' he joins the 'clubs,' where he often gets 'high,' which is 'low,' too. If he keeps 'straight' he is oftentimes 'flush.' He grows old and bluff, sees a 'deal' of trouble when at last he 'shuffles' off his mortal coil and 'passes in his checks,' and he is 'raked in' by a 'spade.' Life's fitful 'game' is ended, and he waits the summons of Gabriel's 'trump,' which shall 'order him up.'

A CARNIVOROUS BIRD.

The red-headed woodpecker is pronounced to be a carnivorous bird, by a correspondent of the Naturalist, who relates the following incident as having occurred in Humboldt County, Iowa, last summer: "During that summer a friend raised a large number of black Cayuga ducks. It was noticed that while the birds were still very young many of them disappeared, one after the other, and the bodies of several were found with the brains picked out. On watching carefully to ascertain the cause, a red-headed woodpecker was caught in the act. He killed the tender duckling with a single blow on the head, and then pecked out and ate the brains. Though my friend was an enthusiast in protecting the birds and squirrels that came about his premises, this provocation was too much." The woodpecker was speedily shot.

Another remarkable game of Base Ball was played at Allegheny on June 2, it being the second contest there between the Allegheny and Memphis Reds. At the close of the ninth inning the score stood at 1 to 1, with six base hits to three in favor of the Alleghenias. At the close of the fifteenth inning the score was 2 to 2; base hits, ten to six. At the end of the nineteenth inning the score stood at 3 to 2 in favor of Memphis, with base hits at eleven to seven against them. One run was earned on each side.

writ - that it is three-fourths native and one-fourth Ayrshire. The udder was larger than usual from the time it was calved, and when it was fourteen months old the udder began to show signs of milk, and in one week from the time I first noticed it I was convinced that she would have to have relief by milking, and I ordered it done. She gave half a gallon per day from the first milking. The milk was muddy for about a week (just like the milk from cow with calf.) Since that time it has been clear and white. She now gives three quarts of milk per day, which produces one-fourth pound of very rich butter. She is now nearly sixteen months old, and I have been milking her about two months. I still milk the mother.

TRAINED DENIZENS OF A FISH-POND.

Pliny Jewell, of Hartford, Conn., has a great deal of satisfaction every evening in feeding the crowd of gold-fish which swarm in the lake on his premises. The fish have learned to look for his daily visits. He first places a quantity of crackers in the water near the edge of the lake. The fish will not touch these, as they are for the birds who come flying down in flocks to get their evening meal. Then Mr. Jewell goes to the other side of the lake, and, ringing a small bell, the water is seen to bubble and boil with the fishes which come hastily to the edge and grab at the bits of cracker and bread thrown into the water for them. Even the frogs and turtles come up for their share, and so tame have some of the frogs become that they will come out of the water and hop to Mr. Jewell's feet to pick up the crumbs that are dropped. The turtles eat ravenously and do not show the slightest sign of fear. One and all, birds, frogs, fish and turtles, seem to heartily enjoy their evening meal.

ACRES OF DEAD FISH.

Tens and tens of thousands of dead fish line the banks of the Passaic river. Above and below the Dundee dam, near the city of Passaic, the waters are polluted. For a distance of a dozen miles above Paterson down to undee dam dead fish are everywhere. The sharp turns and eddies of the stream are crowded with them. Some estimate the number among the millions. Above Little Falls, between Mead's Basin and the celebrated Passaic Falls, the dead fish have been taken out by the cart-load and used in trenches as a fertilizer. An ancient and fish-like smell sweeps for a considerable distance from the banks. The mortality among the fish began about a week ago. They appear to be mostly roach, yellow bass and suckers. The pickerel, eels and catfish either sink when dead or are not affected.

The wholesale slaughter of the fish of the Passaic river is an exceptional event. No one along its shores remembers the like phenomena.

AN AMERICAN RIFLE TEAM FOR CANADA.

The Executive Committee of the Amateur Rifle Club held a meeting on the 12th, in the rendezvous of the First Division, National Guard, No. 9 West Thirteenth street, New York.

A communication under date of the 2nd inst. was received from the Victoria Rifle Association, over the signature of its secretary, Mr. J. M. Gibson, Hamilton, Ont. This letter was in the nature of a challenge to the Amateur Rifle Club to shoot a long range match with the Canadians on the latter's grounds in the month of September next. Mr. Alford moved, and Major Fulton seconded, a resolution, which was adopted, whereby the secretary was instructed to notify the Victoria Rifle Club that their challenge is accepted, and that at the time named the Amateur Rifle Club intend sending a team to Hamilton, Ont., to meet the challengers.

(Toronto Cor. Stratford Herald.)

For a year or over the Toronto lacrosse club has held the championship of Canada. Once having won the championship it was not for them a difficult matter to keep it. *Imprimis* they are good players; secondly, they had the advantage of playing on their own ground; and thirdly, they always contrived to have a very effective thirteenth member of their team in the person of the referee. Each side appoints an umpire at each goal; hence when a dispute arises as to whether a ball passed through the flags or not, the spectators are treated to the sight of the two hostile umpires attempting to swear a hole in each other's kettle. The referee, who, in almost every case is out of the vision of the ball, then comes up and organizes a court for the hearing of evidence as to whether the did or did not go through. Each of the umpires, as before remarked, swears with a vim that would credit an Irish witness in a plea of *alibi*; the players of course side with their respective umpires and the referee amid this din of vehement "Yes, it did," and "No, it didn't," has to render a decision in a matter of which he knows absolutely nothing, for he was far out of sight of the disputed ball. Now, what's the referee to do? What can he do? There is but one course open to any mortal, that is to fall back on his inner consciousness, and if he is mortal that inner consciousness will, down in its depths, contain a lump of bias for one club and against the other. Should it happen that he is the bosom friend of one club—and the Torontos have always on hand a number of referees very friendly to them—how can he withstand affection or friendship in such a case? This is why the referee, when he's the friend of a club, is by far the most effective player on its team; and this is mainly why, making every allowance for their skill as lacrosse players, the Toronto champions have been so singularly successful. Their great rival is the Shamrock club, of Montreal. The Torontos are clerks chiefly and all of the clerk class, possessing therefore a ton that at once marks them as something very decidedly superior in the social scale to the rolling mill hands and machine shop fellows who constitute the Shamrocks. They have, in fact, always regarded the Shamrocks as "cads," and a "cad" is an objectionable animal to the select dry goods men and pork butchers, and their wives who attend lacrosse matches, and for whose benefit may Heaven at its earliest convenience raise up another scribeographer like Thackeray! Well, the Shamrocks challenged the Torontos at the beginning of the season and the game should have been played on Saturday. The Shamrocks arrived here at Friday noon; an hour or so after their arrival the Torontos lodged a protest against Burke, the goal of the shamrocks, on the ground that he has been in jail for larceny! This broke the match up, the Shamrocks claiming that the Torontos knowing Burke had been goal keeper for the Shamrocks since the club had a beginning, should have objected not after the Shamrocks had travelled 300 miles to play the match, but the moment they (the Torontos) accepted the Shamrocks challenge. The difficulty created intense excitement, and almost attained the dignity of a religious quarrel. However, the Shamrocks appeared on the ground at 3 o'clock and formally claimed the championship, and it will be for the lacrosse association to say whether according to the rules the action of the Toronto men was justifiable. The Caughnawaga Indians who had been telegraphed for, played an exhibition game with the Torontos, defeating them very easily, the referee to the contrary notwithstanding.

On the evening of Saturday, 2nd inst., Mr. H. M. Anderson, Guelph, noticed that something was the matter with a valuable setter he owned, which showed every symptom of poisoning by strychnine. He at once hastened to the drug store of Mr. W. G. Smith, and procured a quantity of chloral hydrate, an excellent antidote for strychnine, and with a bottle poured it down the dog's throat. The animal in a short time showed symptoms of recovering, and is likely to get round again in a short time. The poisoning was quite accidental, the dog having eaten some bread that had been dozed with strychnine for poisoning rats.

see the race. For the moment they forgot Mr. Atwood, in the excitement of watching the contest between the blooded steeds, but when the race was over, and they knew which was the winner, the crowd gradually returned toward the canvas booths to slake their thirst. Some of them were tearing their little tickets given them by the affable Mr. Atwood, and others were walking around with a ticket firmly grasped between their finger and thumb, and their eyes opened wide, looking for a man, in a white plug hat, of the name of Atwood. For about ten minutes they searched in silence, and then one of them would ask the other, "Have you seen the book-maker?" but the gentleman must have gone to lunch, as he was not to be found. They were looking all the rest of the day, and there are a number holding little white tickets, looking still, but they are gradually beginning to understand that they have made acquaintance of one of the pests of the English race course—the welsher. In future the backers of horses will be more cautious as to who they invest their money with."

Horse Notes.

UNCLE TOM.—This good racehorse, by Uncle Vic, dam Maid of the Mill, is reported broken down. He was recently purchased by Mr. A. M. Burton, of Nashville.

PICCOLO.—The rumor that this fine racehorse had broken down, fortunately, turns out to be entirely without any foundation in fact, and was put on foot by the confounding, upon the part of a gentleman, of the two horses, Vistor and Piccolo, both of the same stable.

SALE OF BADEN BADEN.—Mr. D. Swigert, Stockwood Farm, Spring Station, Ky., sold to Wm. Astor, New York city the chestnut colt Baden Baden, 8 yrs, by imp. Australian out of Lavender, for \$13,500. Baden Baden, luckily, was sold just before he was beaten for the Clark Stakes on Monday, and in our opinion he is the best sold colt that ever left Kentucky. He has had shaped fore legs, and does not promise to remain long on the turf.

Mr. J. C. Howland, proprietor of the Howland House, at Chester, Orange County, N. Y., was a confidential friend of Mr. William M. Rysdyk, owner of the "The Old Horse." When Hambletonian died, Mr. Howland was anxious to preserve some memento of him, but Mr. Rysdyk, before his own death, had expressed his wishes to his wife that, in the event of the decease of the stallion, nothing should be taken from his body, and the widow respected this inhibition strictly. But Mr. Howland managed to secure admission alone to the stable where lay the carcass, and when he came out it was not with empty hands, as a watch chain made from the tail of Rysdyk's Hambletonian testifies. This chain is all of the Hero of Chester that is now above ground, and its possessor regards it with more pride than ever lover did one woven from the locks of his sweetheart. We presume it will always be a valued heirloom in the Howland family.

THOROUGHBREDS FOALS IN 1875-76.

There were 508 thoroughbred foals returned for 1875, 235 colts, 260 fillies and 23 dead foals, total 508. In 1876, there were 660 foals returned, 329 colts, 312 fillies, and 19 dead foals, total 660, showing an increase of 152 in 1876 over 185. The thoroughbred mares are scattered ever with a wide extent of country that it is hard to get full and accurate returns and there are a number that are used every year to trotters. When breeders and owners, become more thoroughly impressed with the importance of returning their foals each year, we may hope after a while to give accurate statistics of the increase and improvement made in these valuable animals.