

A SNAKE-EATING FROG.

C. F. Seis, of Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "It is a well known fact that many of the most voracious of the snake-eating frogs, but I know of no one attempting to devour their enemy, the snake, until I myself witnessed it. Last autumn I had in my vivarium a shad (rana hecinea, Kalm), a young frog (rana catesbeiana, Shaw), and also two marsh frogs (rana palustris, Le Conte). I introduced to them a De Kay's snake (Storeria Eekayi, Holbrook). The shad and marsh frogs were much terrified at the sight of the snake, and leaped wildly hiding at last under stones in corners as moved from the snake as possible. Not so, however, with halcinea. She did not, if I so to speak, 'scare worth a cent,' but looked at the sudden appearance of the snake as a matter of course. The snake, happy at being released from the small dark box in which it was confined, began moving about quite at ease. It at length crawled too near halcinea, with her tongue instantaneously seized it by the head, and began swallowing it with rapidity, until six inches of the snake had disappeared in her now distended abdomen. At that moment the snake had the appearance of a large tongue, which the frog was slithering most energetically. Not wishing to lose the snake, it being the most valuable of the two, I endeavored to force the frog to part with the snake, by tapping her smartly on the back with my lead pencil. This had not, however, the desired effect, but I was forced to grasp her in one hand, and the snake in the other, and draw the snake from its unpleasant position. The snake acted as if partially blind, and after its removal, but otherwise did none the worse for its five minute trip down the frog's stomach; halcinea made two attempts to swallow her fellow prisoner, but both times she was caught in the net of her own tongue, and it is without doubt she at length have succeeded, had I not taken precautionary measures. The above-named snake was twenty inches in length, and the frog, from nose to vent, two and a half inches. Previously, this same frog had swallowed a brown Triton (desmognathus fusca, Say), over three inches long. I will presume the frog must thus: 'I will be compassionate towards you, poor Triton, and end your painful longing for liberty'—and swallowed."

ANECDOTE OF RACEHORSES.

For the benefit of some of our friends who usually speak of the cruelty which the horse undergoes in the race, we reproduce the following authentic anecdote from the American Turf Register and Sporting Life: "The summer of 1881, while Capt. T. and Mrs. of the United States Army, were on a survey at Canton, near Baltimore, and frequently noticed Bachelor and Jemmy at pasture in the field of Canton Course. One day, after play, some 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' stand, as in the first heat, and again started on a second heat of two rounds. A natural more clearly sanctioned the fact 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 requires but the very simplest tools for carrying on the game. The requirements of a first-class Faro-bank demand apartments, tip-top paraphernalia, a number of genteel and refined sportsmen. A deal of taste for the fine arts is displayed in the furnishing and lighting 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, Protes, the noble science of Short Faro: "All have to do, is to fill your stocking full of gold and lay around after dark a bit until

EXCITING CAPTURE OF A MOOSE.

The Rangely lakes in Maine, their beauties and the splendid fishing to be had from their waters have been comparatively but little known till within the last four or five years, but even in this short time considerable notoriety has attached itself to certain localities in this wonderful region, which, if continued, will place the lakes and the woods surrounding far ahead of the Adirondacks, a description of whose marvels has been so vividly set forth by the Rev. W. H. Murray. It was reserved to visitors this year to enjoy a novelty which in all probability has never occurred before, the excitement of which will be long remembered by the participants and those who had the good fortune to witness the novel scene. The principals in the adventure were Weston Lewis, of Lewis, Brown & Co., of Boston, and son, and Messrs. Chase and Sargent, of Haverhill, who were spending a fortnight in the woods and on the lakes in fishing, and David T. Haines, guide with Mr. Lewis; John Haley, guide with the son of Mr. Lewis, and Fred C. Barker, guide with the gentlemen from Haverhill. The party were on Thursday last seated in their boats on what is known as Lake Capsuctuc, enjoying themselves with the rod and line, when all of a sudden there appeared on the scene an enormous buck moose, his sight of which quickly put all thoughts of fishing out of the minds of all, while another feeling, that of catching the animal, took its place. It was but the work of a few moments to haul in the lines and put the boat in motion, and in a shorter time than the story can be told the race in all its excitement was commenced. The moose, as may well be believed, was game, and showed his powers to good perfection, not only in the lake, where his swimming was a sight worth seeing, but also on the land, over which his nimble feet pursued their way at a speed which nearly lost him to his pursuers. On the water and through the woods the chase was kept up for some two miles, resulting at last in forcing the noble animal again into the water, when, after some smart rowing, he was approached near enough to throw a lasso over him, which was accomplished in a fine manner, the rope passing over both antlers. And now began the real sport and novelty of the affair. The rope, which was drawn securely, was attached to the two boats which were in at the catch, and for three miles, with scarcely a break, the new 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 O. 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 'go it along,' at a sort of 'cut, shuffle, and deal' pace. Then he gambles 'on the green.' Then he 'raises the dence' 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.

THE TIME TEST.

The English are beginning to discuss the importance of the time test in connection with racing; and it would seem that the Australians have introduced on their courses a method of timing which has frequently, but vainly, been urged on the directors of the trotting associations of America to adopt. The London Sporting Times says:—"It is not generally known that Brown Prince was tried for the Two Thousand by the time test. On the Newmarket Biennial day he was galloped at his best pace over the Rowley Mile, and the time in which he covered the distance beat the Biennial time by a mile. Mr. Littlefield is of opinion that 'time' in England, if people could only be made to understand it, might be utilized as much as it is in America and Australia. The way that we take our time is nonsense. A starter may drop his flag at any moment when the horses are without the starting post, and, consequently, some races that are called a mile are a much longer distance. Again, only one man is employed at the business, and every one who has been on a race-course must know that after two or three false starts it is often impossible to tell to a few seconds when the real start takes place, and horses have been some time on their way before the fact is realized at the grand stand. This is more particularly so at Newmarket. The way that Mr. Littlefield did his business was to have a man at the starting post and another at the winning post. The instant that the horses passed the Rowley Mile starting post his watch was stopped, and the same as the winning post was reached. By these means the time can be taken accurately, and a fair trial insured. At Melbourne, where we are told that the grand stand and its appointments are far more complete than on any race-course in England, France or America, the starter, as he sends the horses on their way, touches a spring, which communicates instantaneously with a huge dial in the front of the grand stand, and the judge doing the same when the leading horse passes him, the 'time' is made apparent to all. And, from what we can hear, fewer mistakes are made in trials in America and Australia than in England."

MILKING A CALF.

A correspondent of the Savannah News writes of it 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.

Correspondence.

FROM KINGSTON.

To the Editor of the Sporting Times.

DEAR SIR,—A glass ball and pigeon match took place at the Crystal Palace Grounds, on Friday, before quite a number of spectators. The first match was a sweepstake of five balls, at eighteen yards rise, from Bogardus' trap. Following is the score:

| | | | | | |
|---------|---|---|---|---|---|
| Mical | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 5 |
| Smith | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 4 |
| Hathway | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 4 |
| Gale | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 3 |
| Wright | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 |

The second match was a sweepstake pigeon match; \$5 each. The following is the score:

| | | | | | |
|---------|---|---|---|---|---|
| Hathway | 1 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 5 |
| Smith | 1 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 4 |
| Wright | 1 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 3 |
| Gale | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 3 |
| Wheal | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 4 |

Mr. Hathway taking 1st money; Wheal 2nd; Smith 3rd.—K.

THE EXTREME OF BASE BALL.

The base ball fever never reached such a height as it holds to-day. We ventured to call the other evening on the Fergusons and were grieved to find the lady of the establishment at the point of death. "Yes," said Mr. Ferguson sadly. "Death has a sure thing on this game. He has made all the innings thus far. Mrs. F. hasn't had a single run, barring the run of fever. There will be a short stop soon, and I shall lose every cent—that is to say, the best wife I ever had." His predictions were too true. We reached the funeral as the minister was entering upon his first run. "She has reached the home base," said Mr. Ferguson softly. "She made a good run, altogether, but she was finally put out. In the midst of life we are in death. Ho-hum!" There was a pause in the proceedings here, and Mr. Ferguson, covering his lips with his hand, reached over and said with intense anxiety, "I never felt so bad during the whole course of my existence. How did that game come out yesterday?"

THE LATE LACROSSE MATCH.

(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 lamp 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 Toronto's 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

THE "WELSHER" AT JEROME PARK.

As an outcropping of the booking system of betting in New York State we have the "welsher," and his operations at Jerome Park are thus described by the New York Herald:—

"One of the most interesting localities in the neighborhood of Jerome Park is Donnybrook Hill, where the great mass of the public enjoy a view of the races, without being subjected to that unpleasant draft up in the pocketbook commonly called an admission fee. They are all deadheads on Donnybrook Hill, and consequently enjoy the sport with an inward consciousness that they can afford it. Although away from the quarter stretch, and the horses there were plenty of gentlemen on the hill yesterday that had money to bet, even if they could not pay the admission fee to the Park. They wandered around for some time, vainly offering bets and were about to give up in despair, when a gentleman appeared on the scene, attired in a white plug hat, seedy-looking black cut-away coat, tight pants of a light check and white scarf, held together by a horseshoe pin. He carried a small black bag, slung on his shoulder by a strap, and painted on the bag was the name 'Charles Atwood, New York.' He was suddenly attracted by the offer of a gentleman to back Zoo Zoo, and producing a note-book, which had the same name and address printed on its back, he offered to lay 3 to 1 against that animal. The booker took the bet for \$2 and booked it, when Mr. Atwood handed him a little ticket and demanded the money, at the same time saying it was customary for book-makers to hold the money and pay after the race. The booker handed up his two dollar bill, and a number of others tempted by the long odds also invested in Mr. Atwood's book. He was certainly a liberal book-maker, as he laid 10 and 20 to 1 against horses that were quoted at 4 and 6 to 1 on the quarter stretch, but as he jokingly said, he always made it a rule to satisfy every customer. Backers came up very fast, and by the time the horses were ready to start Mr. Atwood's little black bag was nearly stuffed full of two dollar and dollar bills and hung steadily in its place with a ballast of half dollars and quarters in silver which he had also taken, in his good natured way. He laid the odds to a quarter in order to oblige a party. Presently there was a cry 'They're off!' and everybody rushed to the front of the bluff to 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, Victor 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