

"COMBINATION" BETTING.

WHAT IS IT?

The last "off" hours in the forenoon were highly attracted by the two or three gentlemen engaged in betting against combination or "combinations" as they are familiarly called. A combination bet is one in which three or four horses are named to win the same number of races during the day. To some this may seem an easy task, but it is so difficult that any amount from \$2,000 down to \$200 is wagered against \$10, or half against \$5, that all the horses named do not win. The mode of doing business is—persons wishing to back their judgment write the names of the horses on a piece of paper and submit them. But first, to give a better idea of the business, the Saratoga Association have let the privilege of doing a cutting business in the large pool room and in the enclosure at the race-course to Cridge & Co. and McCloud, & Co., of New York, who with tables or desks occupy space to the right and left of the entrance. The better having made his selection hands the list to Cridge or McCloud or their clerks, who hastily examine their books to see how they stand against the horses named, and quietly answer \$200 or \$2,000 to \$10, as the chances of the horses to win are calculated. For instance, against the following combination made on Wednesday for Thursday's races: Enquirer, the Finesse filly, Alveur and Coronet, \$1,000 to \$10 was refused, the man making the selection wanting \$1,500, while on the same day and for the same races \$125 to \$5 was offered, accepted and the following ticket issued: "Combination ticket, play or pay. First race, Inspiration; second race, Virginus; third race, Egypt; fourth race, Waller. No.—\$125 to \$5. J. McCloud & Co." This was, of course, a losing combination, for Egypt was beaten by a head. Had Charlie Gorham been on the ticket for the third race the owner of it would have been "in clover," for if he did not care to stand on Waller to win the fourth race, he could have bought all the others in the mutuals and, if Waller had been beaten, he would have won something anyhow; while if Waller did win he would be a winner of the \$125, less his investment in the mutuals. The latter is called "hedging" and can invariably be made to pay if the holder of the ticket is quick at figures and has a fair knowledge of the horses in the race, backed up with ready money to invest on the last race. For instance, a well-known "operator" in New York came up on the "sleeper" last Friday night, and on his arrival at the room glanced at the board and immediately made out a list with the names of the Grecian Bend filly, Boardman, Lemcheff and Ike Bonham. He obtained \$1,000 to \$10 from both Cridge and McCloud. He won the three first races, while his choice for the fourth race was a big favorite. He then thought the situation over and calculated that after Bonham the best would be Viceroy and Shylack. These he bought in the auction pools, and finally bet \$500 against \$200, the field against Bonham. Viceroy won the race and the field beat Bonham. The result was that this shrewd young man returned to his room on the "sleeper" Saturday night with a profit of \$800 ahead. Of course where one has such a streak of luck nineteen others fail. We are not of the races many persons ascertain that they are engaged to ride, and then make combinations of the horses. Barrett, of the Kentucky stable, is quite a favorite, nor is that to be wondered at. Up to date forty-six horses have been run, and Barrett has ridden fifteen winners. Of the other boys Hughes, Effert, Hayward and Donahue each has his followers, and each has been fairly lucky. Hughes and Effert have each won six races, while Ringer has won five; McLaughlin, three; Hayward, Hayward, and Blaylock two each, and Krawford one. Of the cross-country riders Maney has won four times. Considerable business is done by telegraph from distant cities, especially from Louisville, Lexington and Louisville, where the horses are sent each day. The names of the horses are sent, and the money is sent by telegraph. The winnings, if the combination wins, are turned the same way. It is said that the Nashville has never yet failed to pick the winner. Of course the amount of odds laid varies with the number of horses entered to start in the several races. If the fields are small, the odds are small; if the fields are large, as they were on July 2, when two of the races had twelve entries each, \$2,000 to \$10 could be obtained. All combinations are play or pay, for they were not no business could be done. Taking the business as a whole, it is doubtful if there is much money made. One day one side wins, the next the other. It is said that Cridge & Co. were called upon for no less than nineteen bets in one day last week.

SEA-SICK ANIMALS.

(From the Washington Star Liverpool Letter.)

It is a fact perhaps not widely known that most of the wild animals procured for the menageries and zoological gardens of Europe and America are brought from Africa by a German New Yorker named Knoch, who has an aquarium in that city. It is another curious fact that these animals should come from Africa mainly through North Germany. It seems they are collected in Africa (mainly Cuba) and brought to Trieste, and thence to North Germany, and from there are distributed to the countries where they are needed. It thus happens that the North German steamers frequently carry these animals to the United States, and it is interesting to hear about their habits on ship board. The lions, tigers and hyenas are great cowards in a storm. They also suffer a great deal from sea-sickness, and whine about it. The elephant has little to say when he is sea-sick, but he sways his great head from side to side and looks "unutterable things." It has been described by a famous writer, Charles Reade, how the sagacious elephant in storms at sea saves himself from being washed off the deck by throwing himself flat upon his belly, with all his four legs and his trunk spread out with suction-power upon the planks. Captain Neynaber being interrogated upon this point remarks, with a sly wink in the direction of the undersigned, that it will not do to believe all we see in print. He says that no shipmaster would undertake to carry a loose elephant on deck. A loose elephant tumbling about in a gale would be a more dangerous object than the loose gun told of by Victor Hugo. The elephant and all the other wild animals transported by sea are confined in the strongest kind of boxes, and the boxes themselves are secured in the firmest manner. The horse it appears, is the most nervous and sensitive animal that goes to sea, and a hen shows the most utter disgust with life when sea-sick by vomiting eccentric movements.

THE MORAL VALUE OF PHYSICAL STRENGTH.

The American scholar and thinker is by rule a dyspeptic. He is a razor-faced, lantern-jawed, thin, nervous man. This is partly the effect of climate, and partly that of diet and regimen. In the old days of bran bread, and prayers of daylight in the college, and long morning walks before breakfast, and suicidal, consumptive habits, it required a pretty tough man to live through his studies at all. We are now doing this thing better, but we have not yet reached the highest outcome of the change, and shall not reach it, probably, for several generations. But we have come to the recognition of the fact that it does not toughen a man to reduce his diet, to cut him short in sleep, to take long walks on an empty stomach, and to indulge in cold baths when there is no well supported vitality to respond to them. We have come to the conviction that, for a useful public life, brains are of very little account, if there are no muscles to do their bidding. In short, we have learned that without high physical vitality, the profoundest learning, the most charming talents, and the best accomplishments are of little use to a public man, in whatever field of professional life he may be engaged.

So, the men whom we used to starve, we feed. We bid them take all the sleep they desire. We assemble them daily in the gymnasiums, and train them to the development of every muscle in their frames. We encourage sports on the land and on the water. We try to raise a sound and powerful animal, in place of the sickly and feeble animal of former times, that the mind may have a source of vitality behind it, and the largest possible fund of executive power. This is all, and it cannot fail to tell in good results, sooner or later. We have still much to learn, but we are working in the right direction.—Scribner.

BETTING ON THE OLD GRAY.

WHERE POOL SELLING GAVE REST TO A STEEPLE-CHASE.

"So you are in favor of pool-selling on horse races?" said a horseman to Judge Portly, the other evening.

"Yes," replied the Judge, "I think the life is taken out of a race when the spectators are prevented from investing money, in large or small sums, on their favorites. What would the Derby be without the universal betting which prevails in England? Take our Jerome Park and Long Branch races, for instance. Last summer I visited Jerome Park with my wife to see the races. Pool tickets were not allowed to be sold, the assemblage was small, and there was not so much excitement as I have seen over a scrub race on a country track. Subsequently we attended the Long Branch races. Pools were sold there. Almost every person felt in it. Even

with a desperate struggle. The bays skimmied over the sod in a bunch ahead of him, and it looked as though he would be nowhere at the finish. My wife poked me in the ribs, exclaiming, 'Judge, you are a nice man to pick out a horse.' I said nothing, but kept my eyes fixed on the old horse. After regaining his feet he shot out like a thunderbolt, and as the horses burst into the homestretch I heard a voice at side say, 'I do believe the gray is crowding into the bays.' All I could see was a heap of dark horses, with a gray streak sandwiched in somewhere near the end of the bunch. They came along in a whirlwind of dust, and somehow, as they passed under the wire, the old gray was a neck ahead. Some one whispered in my ear, 'Judge, you are sound on the horse question, after all. And that is the reason why I am in favor of pool selling.'

BIRD "MILLINERY."

The ingenuity of the London street bird-sawyers has been proverbial for many years. We are happy to be able to inform our readers that we have at last fathomed the business of this mysterious bird millinery. It is the habit of the bird street hawkers to dress up ordinary birds in borrowed plumes, the result being that the public will often become purchasers of these apparently hitherto unknown and undescribed birds. In our window can be seen a first-class specimen of so-called "faked" greenbird—common greenfinch. When it is necessary to dress him, the artist procures various gaudy-colored feathers from the Plumossiers. The British bird is so admirably made up as a foreigner, in borrowed plumes, that his own mother would not know him. The one in our possession is decorated thus: Ptarmigan feather on the top of the head, fitting on his natural feathers. Down the centre of the back and on the tail he wears an extraordinary curled feather, this feather curling upward and forward. These are the natural feathers of the tail of a black drake. The tail feathers are from the gray hackle of a common fowl. The color used for the breast or body of the bird is ultramarine and chrome. Before being operated upon they must be kept in a cage for an entire week. These birds as a rule are "worked" in an ordinary German canary cage, such as may be seen in the streets. The party selling is made up as a gentleman's servant in livery, his story being that he has brought the bird from South Africa, and his master—giving the name of some officer—will not allow him to keep it on account of the noise of its singing. The bird, as a rule, is left over the bar of a public-house, in a good neighborhood, with the excuse that 'I have a little further to go, and will call again for it.' It is meantime admired, and on the return of the man, generally sold at a high price. After a day or two, when the bird feels himself at home in his new place, he turns his attention to the novelty of his apparel, and in pluming himself, he soon discovers that art has embellished him with the plumage of more startling birds. These borrowed feathers are soon plucked out, particularly those put into the back, or shaken out, and the bird regains its hues; but the deception lasts long enough to enable the operator to dispose of the fictitious bird. Guess the surprise of the buyer, who having placed his prize in a cage where he can get at the water, has changed his appearance—the colors have washed out and the feathers have come off.—London Land and Water.

THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE GOODWOOD RACES.

Some time in the course of that year in which the union of Ireland with England became an accomplished fact, the officers of the Royal Sussex Militia—whose headquarters are at Chichester—working in conjunction with the members of a local hunt club, made arrangements for a race-meeting to be held at Goodwood in the following year. Leave having been obtained from the Duke of Richmond of that period, due encouragement was given by the inhabitants of the neighborhood favorable to the enterprise, and those entrusted with the management, working in harmony, put their shoulders to the wheel in such good earnest that the sum of £313 public money was collected to be given away in prizes, plus £300 subscribed for sweepstakes, and races were first held at Goodwood in April, 1802. This fact accounts for the question we asked last week as to why a bugler of the Royal Sussex Militia is detailed from Chichester each day during the Goodwood meeting to blow a fanfare from the top of the grand stand when the flag falls to announce that the horses have started. No doubt at first it was simply a regimental affair, and as the Royal Sussex had no conventional bell to ring, the bugler was put on as a happy thought, and has continued to do duty ever since, in order to perpetuate the connection of the militia with that meeting. Their regimental drag daily attends, and the splendid hospitality of the officers is a distinctive feature of

THREE CARD MONTE.

H. Welly Touhey, an Englishman who arrived in San Francisco recently, fell into the hands of three-card monte men on the Union Pacific Railroad, and lost a sum of money. He says he has been in the country over thirteen months, and has always considered himself, up to a few days ago, as fairly equal to the ordinary tricks of sharpers. He tells his story thus:

'I was in the smoking-car, and an odd-looking genius came shuffling up the aisle and sat down in front of me. He did not seem to take any notice of any one in the car or of his surroundings, but was all the while chuckling to himself in a subdued tone. There was no mistaking him. He was a cattle man. His general make up, to say nothing of the odor his presence imparted, confirmed it. As he troubled no one, no body troubled him. About the same time there entered the car two well dressed men, apparently commercial travellers. The two seated themselves opposite the supposed cattle dealer, and conversed between themselves in a low tone. Suddenly the 'cattle drover' ceased chuckling and turned round until looking me square in the face, and, with a broad grin on his dirty, unshaven visage, inquired in a squeaky voice, pitched in a high key: 'Hullo, stranger; Where mount you be from?' In travelling I always make it a rule to be sociable with my fellow travellers, and thus pass pleasantly away what might otherwise prove a tedious journey. There was nothing in the manner of the stranger to excite suspicion, and so I replied: 'From New Yawk.' 'I kum from Texas, I did,' said the supposed drover, 'an' I bring up a heap o' cattle to Sidney. Just sold 'em thar for a right smart o' money. I wuz over to Omaha last night an' having a good time. Some fellows over to the hotel thar cleaned me out 'en a few hundred dollars party slick.' The old fellow seemed communicative, and I determined to 'pump' him, particularly as a fellow passenger leaned over my shoulder and said, 'The old coo've been roped against the old thing, monte!' 'Yes,' put in the drover, overhearing the remark, 'that's it, that's what they called it—onte. They wanted to bet me I couldn't pick out the 'old lady.' You see they had three cards jest like these, (producing three Spanish monte cards, a shield, a queen and an eagle, numbered respectively, 1, 2 and 3), and says they, throwing the keards about, 'You can't pick up the old ooman.' 'Well,' says I, 'wantin' to be social like, 'I'll bet you two bits I kin.' One on 'em slick fellows brushed up and says: 'Ef thet's all the money you've got, stranger, you'd better keep it for vitals.' That made me kind o' mad, an' I says to 'em, 'I reckon as how I've got as much money as any o' you has, sir; an' ain't afraid to bet it neether.' So I bet 'em five hundred, and they throwed the keards around, and darn my skin ef I didn't loose. I bet 'em agin, but the landlord wouldn't let me. But I bought these here keards, and I'm agoin' to take 'em down to Texas an' win heaps o' money from the boys thar with 'em.'

'During this harangue the 'cattle drover' continued to throw the cards clumsily about, breaking off in his talk, every once in a while to give vent to that peculiar chuckle he had first indulged in, and to expectorate a liberal quantity of tobacco juice, half on one of his boots, and the other half under the seat opposite. My fellow passenger spoken of before, by way of a banter, offered to bet the drover he could pick out the 'old lady.' The two 'commercial travellers' then got up and came over to where the drover was sitting and asked to see the cards. I afterward discovered that those two men were nothing more nor less than 'cappers' or partners of the supposed drover, and it was their duty to work up the 'graft.' The cards were shown them, and while they were examining the queer designs the drover turned his back to the 'cappers' and expectorated in the aisle. My fellow passenger was watching the cards intently, and the 'cappers' knowing that he was watching them, deliberately bent down one corner of the queen, or 'old woman,' so that it could readily be picked up from the other two. As soon as the drover had faced us again, the taller of the two commercial travellers, whom we will call Capper No. 1, said:

'I say, old man, let's see you throw those cards again: I won't bet you anything, but I can pick up the winning card every time'

the capper. The drover looked in a suspicious kind of a way at both the capper and myself, as it half afraid to try it, but finally remarked: 'Wall, yer kon try it if yer want to; I've got lots o' mousy left from the old-tle I sold up there in Sidney, and I wouldn't sell every one, but it's only you fellows that know it. How much do you want to bet? The capper nodded my friend and urged him to 'go him \$25 any way. My friend demurred, however, and the drover got up and went for a drink of water, leaving the cards in the hands of the capper.

As soon as the drover had gone down the aisle, the capper again deliberately bent a corner of the queen, and then laid it down with the shield and eagle, face upward. When the drover returned we put up our money in the hands of No. 2. All this time I was intensely interested, hardly knowing whether to believe that I was betting against a real monte man, or a fool of a drover. The money up, the drover jostled the cards around just as clumsily as when previously, throwing them for fun. At last he gave them a final turn and they lay face downward on the car seat. The drover apparently, had not noticed the turned corner of the queen. There it lay, there was no mistaking it. Capper No. 1 then refused to pick it up, insisting that I should do so. It was such a sure thing that I didn't hesitate a minute, but confidently picked up a card with the bent corner and turned it face upward. It was the 'shield' and not the 'queen,' and I had lost.

'What my particular feelings were at that time I won't tell you, but I felt as if the car seat had been pulled from under me. No one spoke for a moment, for I suppose the expression of my face must have been one of blank amazement, but finally the capper turned a villainously amused face to me and said: 'You were so excited you couldn't pick up the right card; the queen was the card, next to the one you turned up!' and as he spoke he turned up the other two cards, and sure enough there were the 'queen and 'eagle. But the trick had been played, and it suddenly dawned upon my mind that I had 'roped' myself against monte. I was and am, though, too much of a thoroughbred to 'kick' for my money; and the amount being small, the lesson I learned was worth treble what I had lost; so I contented myself with saying to the sharpers, 'My dear fellows, I've had enough.' The boys gathered themselves up and left the train, jumping from it, I believe, while it was in motion.

VITALITY OF A SHARK'S HEART

The Providence Press tells this story about a shark story in Wide Awake, written by Dr. J. T. Payne:—"He describes the capture of a shark and its dissection at sea, and says that after the heart had been removed from the body and placed upon the deck 'it kept up its contractions for a period of twenty minutes or half an hour, just the same as when in place and performing its office of pumping the blood to the various parts of the body.' We, in company with the late Surgeon McGregor, used to enjoy annually a shark-fishing excursion. One season we rendezvoused at Edgartown, and fished for the monster off 'Capoge.' We caught among others a fellow of splendid pluck and proportions, and decided to dissect him. We landed him upon an old wharf in Edgartown, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and proceeded in true surgeon's style. We opened him, took out his immense jaws, which, when opened, passed over to the extreme of our shoulders, and after ward found his heart expanding and contracting as if in life, though the body was devoid of blood. We cut the heart out, placed it upon an inverted iron fry-kettle used by whalers, and proceeded with our work. After we had finished it was nearly dark—we took the jaw and the heart, the latter still pumping, to our hotel, and placed the latter upon a stone post, while we went in and had our supper. We took a lantern with us and examined that marvelous heart again. It was still contracting, though feebly, and its last quiver, about 8:30 o'clock, was merely a spasm. Dr. Payne's story is not as marvelous as ours, and we vouch for its truthfulness."

CARE OF HORSES.

A run in a pasture field at night will be very acceptable to the working horses. In close stables the flies greatly disturb them, which they escape in the field. After a day's work, to sponge the coat with clean water, having a dash of car-