

## THE TRUE SPORTSMAN.

The following is from a recent number of the Rutland (Vt.) Herald and is too good not to deserve reprinting in the columns of every sporting paper.

A great injury has resulted in the physical education of youth from confounding the terms "sporting-man" and "sportsman." Many parents have been unwilling that their boys should become sportsmen because of their very dislike of sporting-men. But these terms are in reality the very opposites of each other. A sporting-man is a hunter of all places of questionable resort. He dabbles in betting-books, buys and sells pools at races. He knows nothing of the sports which he pretends to patronize beyond their nomenclature. A horse-trot is not to him an exhibition of animal spirit and physical endurance, but a dexterous piece of jugglery by which money may be won. He is a patron of the ring and the cock-pit, a vulgar fellow to whose idea of a "good time" whisky is indispensable. This equivocal being has been regarded by many as a sportsman, and hence many have been deterred from following the real sportsman's craft by food and field and wood.

But your true sportsman is a gentleman, usually quiet in his deportment, a lover of beautiful scenery, and the study of nature in general. He does not kill game for the sake of killing. The power which was given to man over all beasts is assumed and wielded by him in the gentlest manner. That the lower animals should die a sudden death may be accepted as requirement to their existence, which is again an undoubted necessity to humanity. A more painful supposition could not be made than that the result would be were they allowed to lie down and die in our midst of wounds, disease or old age. The true sportsman, viewing sport in its higher aspects, delights to see his game fall instantaneously, and is grieved should it (wounded) escape to die unkind. His bag of game or basket of fish is rather an accessory to the health, giving exercise and diversion which he seeks in the open air. He will tell you after returning from a half a day on one of our mountain streams with a light basket of trout, that he feels paid for his time and labor, and is just as anxious to repeat the exercise as if he had returned with his basket full. It is the fresh pure air, the prime necessity of a healthy state of existence, the exhilaration of spirits which comes from the quickened process of combustion, by which the used-up atoms in the body are burned up and removed, that lead the sportsman over the hills and beside the streams rather than the pecuniary value of the fish and game.

The true sportsman has always an amusement to turn to, by which the course of his thoughts is completely changed, his mind relaxed and his body re-strung. The return of the fishing season provides for him intense bodily and spiritual enjoyment. After months of duty in its dull routine, especially if there has been care or controversy or any trial of feeling in his experience, he repairs to the forest and stream as a rest from excitement, and there finds quiet, gentle, changeless beauty a balm and joy. This devotion to the sports of the field in their noblest character is one of the features peculiar to the British race. Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his "English Traits," shows how this race has become prepared for its quest of the earth through that combination of moral, mental and physical qualities which characterize the sportsman. He says of the English people:

"They have a vigorous health, and last well into middle and old age. The old men are as red as roses, and still handsome. They have more constitutional energy than any other people. They think, with Henri Quatre, that manly exercises are the foundation of that elevation of mind which gives one's nature ascendancy over another; or, with the Arabs, that the days spent in the chase are not counted in the length of life. As soon as he can handle a gun, hunting is the fine art of every Englishman of condition. They are the most voracious people of prey that ever existed. Every season turns out the aristocracy into the country to shoot and to fish. The most vigorous run out of the island to Europe, to America, to Asia, to Africa, to Australia, to hunt with fury by gun, by trap, by harpoon, by lasso, with dog, with horse, with elephant, or with dromedary, all the game that is in nature. These men have written the game-books of all countries, as Hawker, Scrope, Murray, Herbert, Maxwell, Cuthbert and a host of travelers."

## A HUMAN MONSTROSITY.

There is a phenomenon residing at 227 Stockton street, Brooklyn, Mr. Demoray, who resides at the number named, acknowledges it as his niece. Its parents are both living, the mother being a woman of medium height, 160 pounds and is five feet eight inches tall. The phenomenon is now twenty-three years old. It was born, they say, an apparently healthy infant, but after a few months it began to grow up.

shot, the puma turned and darted with a roar at the hunter who drew a long, keen edged hunting-knife, and with his back against a tree awaited his enemy. He did not wait long, for the enraged animal sprang fiercely at him and fastened its long curved claws into his shoulder, when he drove the knife repeatedly to the hilt into its breast. Both came to the ground together, but the struggle did not last long for the huge animal weakened by the loss of blood from the bullets and knife of Farquarson, soon turned over dead. With the exception of the deep gashes from the talons of the Puma, the hunter was little the worse for the struggle, although completely covered with blood. The animal, which is quite rare in all parts of Canada now, was one of the largest size, measuring nine feet from the nose to the extremity of the tail. With the exception of the stuffed specimen at the rooms of the Ottawa Literary and Scientific Society, formerly the Mechanics' Institute, which was killed some years ago near the frontier, we have not heard of late years of any of these animals being seen in this country. It is not, however, as rare an occurrence by any means, as the presence of a pelican, and it is not more than ten or eleven years since a very fine pelican was shot on the Ottawa River near far from Pembroke. Farquarson deserves great credit for the determined and successful fight which he made with the most powerful beast of prey in America, excepting, perhaps, the Jaguar of South America. The grizzly bear is not taken into account as he never resorts to eating flesh of any kind when he can get fruit, roots and berries, which appear to be his natural food.

## THE PRICE PAID FOR NORFOLK.

There is a little story connected with the sale of Norfolk, by Lexington, out of Novice by imp. Glencoe, by the late R. A. Alexander, to Mr. Theodore Winters, of California, for \$15,001, which is incorrect, and for the truth of history needs correction. After Lexington's great time race, 7:19 3/4, and his defeat of Lecompte in 7:23 3/4, he made the seasons of 1855 and 1856 at W. F. Harper's, near Midway, Ky., limited to 30 mares, at \$100 each, payable before the mare was served. During the month of June, 1856, Mr. R. A. Alexander went to England to import a stallion, accompanied by Mr. Nelson Dudley, of Lexington, Ky. Mr. Dudley insisted on Mr. Alexander purchasing Lexington, and said to him that whatever else he bought he must not leave England until he had purchased Lexington. He said he was the best race horse in the world, and if he did not purchase him, that, situated as he was on an adjoining farm, he would be a thorn in his side. Mr. A. purchased Seythian, and then, in deference to Mr. Dudley's judgment, he bought Lexington off Mr. R. Ten Broeck, in England for 15,000, \$7,500 cash, remainder if Lexington was living upon Mr. Alexander's arrival in America, if not he was to lose the \$7,500 already paid. Upon his return some gentleman remarked (not Mr. H. P. McGrath, who always held Lexington in the highest esteem), "that it was a poor trip to go all the way to England to buy an old blind horse who was already located in Kentucky." Mr. Alexander heard of the remark and said that he would breed and raise a colt, by Lexington, that would sell for more money than he paid for the old blind hero himself. It was in this way the odd dollar was put on and obtained for Norfolk. After Mr. Alexander bought Lexington, Mr. H. P. McGrath, who always believed Lexington the best race horse in the world, bet Mr. B. A. Alexander \$500 that he would not raise or own a colt in five years that would run in or equal Lexington's time, 7:19 3/4. This bet Mr. Alexander lost and paid, and renewed the bet of \$500 for the next five years. After the lapse of some three years Mr. B. A. Alexander died, and his brother, Mr. A. J. Alexander, paid Mr. McGrath the \$500 in two seasons to Lexington, from one of which came Tom Bowling, and from the other Chesapeake.—Kentucky Live Stock Record.

## A KNOWING HORSE.

A correspondent "Ike," from Milwaukee, in the Turf, Field and Farm says:—

"Our jolly Alderman, Wolf, proprietor of our extensive shipyards, is the owner of one of the best trick horses in the country. Barney is as well-known around town as his master, as docile and as knowing as a pet dog. He is quite a favorite with the alderman's friends. Whenever the Alderman goes Barney is not far off. The following anecdote explains Barney, and scores one more Darwinism. Wolf is a staunch Republican; and, of course, our friend Barney votes the straight ticket. After an afternoon's session, he took one of his brother Aldermen out for a ride. The day was fine and the two City Fathers were in good spirits. Finally, Wolf's spirits reached such a height that he thought he would play a joke on his friend. He called Barney, who picked up his ears and snuggled

## HORSES AT HALIFAX, N. S.

Some time ago inquiries were made concerning the whereabouts of Lord Nelson, sire of Dot, or as he was more generally known here, Cape Breton Tom Thumb. Lord Nelson is at present owned by Mr. Charles W. Hatfield, of Tusket, Yarmouth County, N.S., and although twenty-six years of age, is as vigorous as ever, and can easily trot in 2:50. He will stand for the present season in Yarmouth County. Dot, you will remember, was purchased by Budd Doble for \$14,000, and created quite a sensation in sporting circles in New York.

The other prominent horses of this province are: General Knox, 18 years, with a record of 2:58; he was sired by Old General Knox, of Maine, and will stand in Annapolis County this coming season; owned by David Landers, Margareville, Annapolis County, N.S. Frank Allison (exact age not known, but young), with a record in the thirties; is owned by J. O. Mahon, of Truro, N.S., and will stand in Colchester County the coming season. Climax, owned by W. F. Church, of Cornwallis, King's County, imported, I believe, from Kentucky; is well advanced in years, but nevertheless considered one of the fastest horses in the Province. Lord Nelson Jr., stallion, 5 years, by old Lord Nelson, owned by Alex. Madder, of Mahone Bay, Lunenburg County, N.S. Troited against Honest Charley, of Shelbourne (Flying Frenchman stock), and won three heats in 2:44. This is a very promising horse, and will stand the coming season in Lunenburg County. Tom Laing Jr., 4 years, by Tom Laing, he by General Knox; has trotted better than 2:50 on half-mile track; fine in action; will stand in Halifax County coming season. Phil Sheridan Jr., 4 years, by Phil Sheridan, and one of the finest colts in the Province. Won first prize at the Provincial Exhibition held at Kentville last year. Never trotted in any race. I had the pleasure of testing his trotting powers in Kentville the other day, and I was really astonished. I have no hesitation in pronouncing this the coming horse of Nova Scotia; owned by Mr. Leander Neary, Kentville, N.S.

Mr. C. B. Bill, of Billtown, N.S., imported some stock from J. P. Wiser's stock farm.

Mr. Paul Woods, Halifax, is the owner of one or two fine running stallions.

We are expecting to have some fine races at the Truro fall meeting, which will be held in October. A meeting will also probably be held in Kentville. It is expected that a good deal of hidden talent will be brought to light. Some parties in Halifax were trying to establish a racing circuit, to embrace the Maritime Provinces.

## PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT BY ROWING.

In "Harper's Magazine" for May, there is an article on muscular development, to which we invite the attention of every amateur oarsman. The writer, Mr. W. Blaikie, stroke-oar of Harvard's winning crew in 1886, needs no introduction to our readers, and brings to the discussion of such subjects, not only thorough theoretical knowledge, but a ripe, practical experience. The idea that rowing is by no means a complete or satisfactory method of general and symmetrical development was first clearly stated and intelligently supported by Mr. Archibald MacLaren, of Oxford, and has now been still further explained by Mr. Blaikie. Stripped of all technicalities, the bare facts are that the one thing needful for the oarsman is respiratory power. Strength is good and skill is better, but neither is of much use without lung power and capacity. To row successfully respiration must be free and full. Unusually large quantities of carbonated blood must be purified and oxygenated in the lungs, and then sent by the throbbing heart to where the muscles are doing extra work. Without full supply of this rich, red blood, the muscles will falter and slacken. The heart receives this blood from the lungs, and, if the lungs fail in their work, bone and muscle and sinew become an engine with no steam. Curiously enough this lung power and capacity, the prime necessities for rowing, are the very things which rowing fails to develop. The oarsman's daily work

## AN ANTELOPE RUN WITH HOUNDS.

I found a party of Englishmen just ready to start for a great antelope chase, the grand pack of hounds being an important feature of the occasion. No wonder our English brethren are fond of chasing foxes "cross country," but if that is pleasure, how much more deserving of the name in rushing in a headlong dash across the noble prairie after the fleet-footed and graceful antelope. Flora, Nellie, Hercules, Dagmar and the other hounds were in prime condition, and there was no question as to their understanding what was up. Saddling up, we jogged across the plains through the sage-brush and caotus, keeping quiet after we had gone a couple of miles out upon the grassy ocean. Mine host would now and then raise his field-glass and scan the country, until finally he brought it down, closed it with a snap, and fastened it to its place, saying as he did so, in a low tone, "Tere away," turning his horse in the direction as he spoke. On we went steadily, keeping the hounds well in until we saw twelve antelopes eyeing us with evident interest as we drew closer. As a rule, they will allow horsemen to approach them quite nearly before they appear to realize that it is not alone a four-footed animal. So we managed to get within two hundred yards before they took flight, then the hounds were turned loose, and with a yell to our nervous horses we were off like the wind. Never a thought entered my head of bog-holes or gullies, but my pony knew his business, and looked out for both. It was well he did, for, keeping my eye upon the game, and thrilled with excitement, I never noticed a brack-neck buffalo-wallow until my pony rose to it, startling me as much as if I had been sent up like a sky-rocket. But how beautifully he cleared it, and held to his speed, assuring me thereafter of perfect safety if I would continue to allow him to make the running to suit himself. The antelope were sailing along at full speed, when becoming confused they made a double, allowing us to cut off a triangle and bring them closer—a fatal error, for now it was one double after another, while the hounds gained on them at every step. Dagmar and Flora fastened on a lagging doe, Nellie and a couple more hung like death upon another doe, while Hercules, confident in his mighty power, seized single-handed on a fine buck. In an instant we were with the strugglers, and the coup de grace was given in artistic style by the English gentlemen.

## HANDLE THE COLTS.

The horse submits to man's authority for the reason that he is made to believe man is the stronger. He is kind and tractable from being treated kindly and handled lovingly. What a horse is once taught, no matter how young, it never forgets. When the colt is running by its mother's side it can best be taught valuable lessons. Man's strength can then easier overcome it. The more you talk to and handle a colt, the more it will know and the kinder it will be. No one should ever permit a colt to have the mastery in strength, consequently small boys should not handle them until the colt is entirely subdued in this respect. Nor should a colt be ever hitched or led by a halter which he can break. If he once learns he can break his halter it will take years to cure him of the fault, if it is ever cured. But by kind handling and playing with them—which any one can enjoy who has a heart within him—they will ever after be easily caught, kind in service and more trusting in danger and difficulty. Now is the season of the year to attend to this matter. When the colt comes about you never abuse him, but with kindness educate a familiarity with him. Thus he will be always gentle and easily adapted to any work. There will be no trouble breaking a colt. He will naturally take to it. By being treated viciously the colt can also be learned mean tricks and vicious habits.—Iowa Register.

## REMARKABLE LEAPS.

Having recently noticed quite a number of remarkable instances of canine sagacity in your excellent paper, am tempted to give you a brace of marvelous feats of dogs, as related by a couple of well-known gentlemen

## A LONG SLEEP.

The other day we heard from the lips of one who is well qualified to speak of such affairs, the following reminiscence, which told of our old friend J.—S.—of New York, who will forgive us for now reviving what must have been a by no means pleasant remembrance at the time it happened. When Pizarro and Duchess trotted at Boston many years ago, our friend J.—S.—was on to see the match, and invested his pile of thereabouts. This made his backers all the more confident when we state that his opponent, Duchess, was not supposed to be able to beat 2:33. However, Duchess, won the first heat, in time that doesn't matter, and then J.—S.—upon whose head and in the sun beat down remorselessly, thought he would take a sleep under the branches of a tree which grew inside the track. He thought just before lying down, shouted to his friend Charley, who owned the horse, to wake him up "when Pizarro had won a heat." Pizarro did not win a heat, and his owner, a supper that night, to console J.—S.—invited him to go a fishing next day. "I will, said J.—S.—, "providing you'll do one thing. What is that?" asked Charley. "You'll kill Pizarro, and take him along with bait!"

## A GOOD PUN.

The late Nat. P. Willis, although well known as a poet, was but little known as a wit. Yet no man was quicker at a part or more happy in impromptu epigram. One of the best we have never was in print. During one of his visits to Washington, he passed an evening, on the occasion of a particular gathering, at the house of a Mrs. Seaton, which lady, together with a niece visiting her, was the belle of the evening. A Mr. Canwell, who was afterwards our Consul at Havana, paid particular attention to the elder of the two ladies, while Nat Willis was to the full as devoted to the younger. The elder lady imagining a niece to be giving too much of her time to the poet, and too little to the other guests, wrote a warning letter on a visiting card and as she met the young man in passing handed it to her. "You with the piece of diabolism, showed it to me," who immediately returned it to Mr. Seaton with the following written on the reverse side:

Don't seek, dear Aunt, my actions to transmit. Don't strain at my knot, yet swallow a Camel.

## CAN THE DEAD WIN AT CARDS?

A very curious case recently before a Circuit court, arose from the following circumstances. A gentleman stood at a far table in the town of Kootenai, in Idaho, playing with unusual attention and silence. Several plays were made, and the card which the gentleman continued unchanged to keep forward won repeatedly. The gold pushed toward the winner by the croupier, however, was not drawn in by him, and, after several more accumulations he made became inconveniently large, the keeper of the bank rather angrily requested the fortunate man to take in his money. With his eye fixed on his cards, the player took no notice of the request. "Draw in your gold!" was again uttered by several around the table. No answer. "Monsieur, you inconvenience the other players!" said the croupier. The same motionless silence. A person sitting next to the offender took hold of his hand. The winner was dead. As the body was being removed the croupier drew back the money he had shoved toward the dead player, alleging that the game had been upon reciprocal engagements could not be between the dead and the living. The case of the defunct present itself to the court after, declaring that the winner had regularly commenced the game. The question was carried before the tribunal of Kootenai, and will probably depend upon the verdict as to the point at which the dead player was to live.

## THE FORCE OF HABIT.

An amusing incident occurred at Charleston, S.C., on the 10th inst., when a