

A GAME OF DRAW.

They were sitting around the table in a Fifteenth Ward faro bank that is temporarily closed through some misunderstanding with the police, and having tired of short-cards they fell to telling stories. "You may have heard this one," said a square-jawed, firm-faced, gray-whiskered man, "for it was printed briefly at the time; but I was there." In the latter part of '64 I made a trip down the river. There came on board at Cairo a young paymaster who was on his way to pay a brigade of troops somewhere in the neighborhood of Vicksburg. It was very quiet on the boat, and on the first night below Cairo the paymaster spent a good deal of his time after supper walking up and down the saloon. There was also walking up and down the saloon a trim, square-shouldered man who seemed to be suffering from the same tediousness; and when they had met a few times the stranger smiled a little at the paymaster and said:

"Dull."

"Mighty dull," said the paymaster.

"Suppose we have a little game of draw," said the stranger.

"Good idea," said the paymaster, and they sat down and went at it.

Both of them were playing merely to pass time, at least the paymaster was, and the other man seemed to be. They had it one way and the other for an hour or two, playing about \$5 for a top bet and neither of them winning or losing much, but still getting more and more interested. Finally each seemed to get a big hand and they began betting heavy in the most natural sort of way. The fire had been smouldering, you see, and it broke out apparently without their knowing it.

Neither of them seemed disposed to lay down, and they kept on raising and raising till they were making bets of two, three, five hundred dollars, and they got the pot up to about seven thousand. Then the stranger rested his eye on the paymaster for a moment and made an estimate of the amount of his pluck and the probable size of his pile, and the result of his observations seemed to be a belief that he could bluff him or freeze him out, for he threw his hand down on the table and leaned over and pulled a bowie knife out of his boot, and drove the point of it down through the cards into the table. Then he took a big wallet out of his breast pocket and counted out twenty-one five hundred dollar notes. He saw the paymaster's last bet of five hundred, and then hauled a revolver out of his hip, pushed the twenty other bills into the pot and said:

"I raise you ten thousand dollars."

The paymaster looked at the gambler about two seconds. Then he beckoned to his colored boy, a bright young fellow who had taken the thing in from the start, and who would have given his master the wink if he had ever happened to look in his direction, which he hadn't. But he brightened up when he heard the word, and walked straight off for the paymaster's state-room. He disappeared a moment, and then showed up again, backing through the door, dragging a trunk after him; and he came down the saloon rolling that trunk along on its end, just as handy as though life had smashed baggage on a through line all his life. The paymaster took a key out of his vest-pocket, threw up the lid of the trunk, and took off a sheet of sole leather that seemed to serve as a sort of a binder for the bundles of bills underneath. He took two big packages out of the end and laid them up on one side of the table. Then he began taking out the other bundles and stacking them upon the table in front of him. He kept taking out and stacking up till he had built a big triangle shaped pile, like two pairs of stairs meeting at the top and all filled in solid underneath.

Then he threw his hand down on the table and pulled a bowie knife out of his boot and spiked it down through the cards, and while the handle was still shivering he handed the two bundles into the middle of the table and said: "I see your \$10,000—here he braced himself back against the pile and began shoving it up the table, continuing to talk all the time—" and I raise you \$175,000!" and then (he did it so quick that I couldn't see when it was done) he had a pistol off of each hip and was resting an elbow about half way up on each side of the greenback stairs, both shooters covering the gambler, and holding them very straight and steady, too.

Now, the gambler was an old man, and of much more experience than the paymaster, and under any sort of ordinary circumstances he could have handled him, ten to one, and he knew it, and had no thought of laying down even then, and he seemed to revolve the thing in his mind for about a quarter of a minute, and when he had settled what to do he looked up ready to act, but one glance at the paymaster made him change his mind; for he could see shining through the young man's face all the accumulated unused grit of years, and a man with half an eye could have seen that he meant business.

The gambler realized that fact. He pulled

THE CANADIAN YACHT FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

For the information of subscribers and others interested in the building of the yacht intended to represent Canada at the Centennial regatta, we give the following extracts from the report of Capt. Ellis, of this city, who, at the request of Major Gifford, inspected the framework yesterday. Capt. Ellis states that the lines, timbers, and workmanship are all that could be desired, and indicate that it is the intention of builder and modeller to produce a yacht which will be creditable as a specimen of Canadian naval architecture and as a competitor in the approaching regatta. The following are the correct measurements and dimensions of the hull:—Length of keel, 53 feet; length in deck, 107 feet; length over all, 114 feet; beam, 24 feet; depth of hold, 9 feet 6 inches; tonnage, (R. C. Y. club measurement), 221 tons; keelson, 14 x 14 inches; timbers, 8 x 12 inches (18 inches apart); pocket pieces, 14 x 7 inches; stem, 10 x 14 inches; stern post, 10 x 14 inches; bilge ceilings, 4 x 24 inches; clamps, 4 x 12 inches; shelf pieces, 4 x 12 inches. All the frame timbers are of the best white oak; planks of the same material, from keelson to water line, 2½ inches; from water line up clear white pine, 2½ inches; deck, white pine, 2½ square, rounding from the covering board; bilge ceiling, white oak. Draught forward, 3 feet; aft, 6 feet 6 inches; draught with centre-board down, 19 feet; mainmast deck to hounds, 65 feet; foremast deck to hounds, 62 feet; main boom, 58 feet; main gaff, 80 feet. Major Gifford is entitled to every encouragement in his efforts to procure the necessary funds for carrying out this laudable enterprise. Subscribers to the building fund may feel assured that the most rigid economy will be exercised by Major Gifford in the expenditure of the funds placed at his disposal.

Capt. Ellis has gone to New York to look over yachts of the same description, with a view to the adoption of any recent improvements in the arrangement of cabins, &c., in fitting out the yacht for the Centennial.

FEMALE BOXERS.

At the benefit for James Campbell, stage manager at Hill's Theatre, yesterday afternoon, Miss Rose Harland and Miss Nell Saunders sparred in competition for a silver dish. Rose is decidedly the heavier of the two, weighing yesterday 160 pounds, while Nell tipped the scale at less than 120 pounds. Both were attractively dressed, Rose wore a white shirt, blue silk trunks, white tights, red and gray striped hose and neat morocco slippers surmounted by silver buckles. Nell was attired in white shirt, red plush knee breeches, red hose and light boots. After carefully eyeing each other and feeling their way Rose landed well on the mark without a return. She attempted this a second time, but Nell stopped the blow very neatly and equalized matters by getting in a pretty right hander. They then seemed to have mutual respect for each other when Nell broke ground and in a little rally did slightly more effective work than her antagonist. Two or three exchanges followed, when Hill invited them to "walk around," and they retired to their corners. Uncle Bill Tovey, M. C. gave each a glass of water and fanned them with a blue bird's-eye handkerchief. "Old Jim Belcher's colors," said he, Harry meanwhile announcing that the tally for the round stood—Saunders, 5; Harland, 8. Called to the scratch for round 2 both came up smiling—in fact, they were laughing. Looking at each other for a second, they got to work and displayed considerably more science than some of the male novices that frequently box before the public. Nell demonstrated that she quite well understood how to stop and hit, so that the tally at the end of the round stood—Saunders, 12; Harland, 7. During the next round Rose did remarkably well, and they retired to their corners for the third, up with marks of 16 for the former and 18 for Nell. There had been much excitement during the bout, and now the spectators were at fever heat, though orderly. The round was a merry one, each striking quite fast and heavy from the shoulder, and very red cheeks was the order of things. A lively rally was in progress when Hill stopped the girls, and shaking hands they awaited the decision which came from Harry, and was, "that the counter hits were equal, but Saunders had landed one more straight blow than Harland." Thereupon he presented Nell with the butter dish; and thus the first public female boxing match ever seen in New York was over. Croker and Madden wound up the sports of the evening.—N. Y. Herald, March 17.

AN AWFUL BIG SNAKE

English Turf.

THE AMERICAN HORSES AT NEW-MARKET.

(Correspondence New York Herald.)

LONDON, March 4, 1876.

As the commencement of the racing season in England is rapidly approaching, I ran down to Newmarket the other day to judge for myself of the prospects of some of the leading teams of horses. For the last two months Newmarket has been deluged with rain, and I found the ground on the Heath very heavy.

In the course of the afternoon I called on Mr. Littlefield to see how Mr. Sanford's horses were getting on. Old Preckness is thriving wonderfully, and he never weighed so much as he does at the present moment. When he was put on the machine in front of the Horse and Groom public house he bumped down 1,127 pounds, a thing he has never done before. Mr. Littlefield informs me that when he is thoroughly fit to run he weighs 1,000 pounds. He is fed on American corn, which the English trainers, who use old oats, look upon as an innovation. After what Mr. Littlefield had told me the last time I saw him I was surprised that Preckness had not accepted for the Great International Handicap, worth about £1,000, run at one of the early meetings at Newmarket. This, I find, arose through a mistake. The race is what is called a free handicap. That is to say, a number of horses are weighted, and if the owner is satisfied he says, "I will run," and incurs the liability of the stake. If, on the other hand, he makes no sign, the horse is quietly dropped out, and there is a merely nominal sum to pay. Mr. Littlefield, thinking that as in other races a horse was left in unless specially ordered to be struck out, gave no orders. Preckness, however, I see is in another free handicap, to be run in the Craven week, which is the third week in April, and for this I have no doubt that he will accept. His weight is 126 lbs, and he receives 10 lbs from the magnificent Lowlander, who is in grand form just now. Bay Final, in the same race, has 110 lbs. It is only a few days since that Preckness was put into what may be called really a thorough training. I shall not be guilty of the presumption of offering advice to such a practical man as Mr. Littlefield, but if Preckness were my horse I should do nothing with him in the way of racing until June. The most eminent English trainers I have spoken to on the subject scout the idea of Preckness or any American horse being fit to run with the slightest chance of success so early as May. Indeed, one trainer, who has a world-wide reputation, said "he might not be quite ready for the Ascot Cup." The fact of the matter is the English trainers are not accustomed to such big horses as Preckness, and if they had had him they would have broken him down long ago. Surely Mr. Littlefield must know much better than they how long it will take to get off 127 pounds. I must confess that I am not at all sanguine of seeing the blue jacket successful at any of the earlier Newmarket meetings, unless, perhaps, Bay Final manages to scramble through a race of two. Up to the present time the bookmakers have not made any mention of the team under Mr. Littlefield's control, but on Saturday a friend of mine went to one of the leading betting men, who usually bets up to £40,000 on the Derby, and said "How much Bay Eagle?" and was offered 1,000 to 15. I have no doubt if he had said, "I will take 1,000 to 10," he would have been accommodated. From this it would seem that if the Americans feel inclined to back their horses they will not have to complain of the rate of the odds. The general opinion is that Bay Eagle has no chance whatever, and I must confess that I share in that belief. My idea, from a close observation of many years of the English turf, is, that next October will be about the time when horses such as those Mr. Littlefield has will be seen to the most advantage. The two-year-old, Brown Prince, is going on very nicely, as is also the Mate, a nice level type of horse, such as Admiral Rous describes Juncrack as having been.

Walking toward town I met Tom Brown, the trainer, who has under his care a number of very high priced animals belonging to an American gentleman of the name of Stockwell. This gentleman is evidently a rare lucked one. He gave last spring £1,000 for a two-year-old colt bred in France, called Eclipse II. This youngster did not win a penny, and the other day died. Mr. Stockwell, instead of mourning his loss, wrote to the trainer to say that he thought he was well out of him. "A pleasure to train for a man like that," said Tom, "and I shall win some races for him." He has just bought a grand youngster, now two years old, by Blar Athol, out of John Day's dam, for which 1,000 guineas was given. John Day was one of the best youngsters of last season. There

Cocking.

A SENSIBLE LETTER.

To Editors Poultry Journal.

I will now make a few remarks on cock-fighting. It has been argued, that it is a wise policy to forbid this sport, owing to its cruelties. On this principle, why not make pigeon shooting illegal? Why not legislate against hunting and fishing? In the latter amusement, what is more brutal than impaling worms on hooks or trolling with live bait to catch pike? Playing with a fine salmon on your hook is a pleasant pastime, although the victim differs in opinion. Neither of these much to be said in favor of grand butlers, where hundreds of birds and ground game escape, mutilated, to live a miserable life, or be eaten up by rats. All these amusements must, of necessity, be cruel. But they are sanctioned by the upper classes, and the cruelty ignored. With respect to the champions of the cockpit, it is a greater boon for a young cock to be well fed and reared to fight a battle, it is victorious, to be pelted for the remainder of his life, with half a dozen little hens, for his comfort, or to cut his throat early in life, to satisfy the appetite of a carnivorous man? And this man, who daily is an accessory to the murder of youth in the shape of veal, lamb, and spring chickens, prides himself on his amiability, and in the House of Commons expatiates on the cruelty of allowing pugnacious birds to contend in fair fight, to the admiration of thousands of good honest men, who delight in such specimens of first-rate pluck and courage. A vegetarian may indulge in such romance, or a Fakir who declines to wash and comb his hair for fear of disturbing a happy family. It must be clear to every man, that in this country there is one law for the rich, and another for the poor. The knob sticks to the former, but the thoroughbred gentleman stands by the poor man. In ancient times, the gamecock was considered an emblem of divinity by the Syrians and Greeks. When Themistocles besieged Salamis, he commanded that two cocks should be allowed to fight in the view of his army, and exhorted them to behave, as these stout hearted creatures fought. Pomponius Mela, the historian, asserted that the Roman Empire did not begin to decline until cockfighting had fallen into disrepute among its Governors. He proves that Severus was not able to conquer Britain until he had rendered his principal officers passionately emulous of glory, by exhibiting a main of cocks every day before them. The soothsayer warned Mark Anthony to take heed of Caesar, because his cocks were always beaten by him. In the next Journal I will give an article on breeding and keeping of Game.

W. BARBER, Ottawa.

Roughs living in rear of lot 34, con. 6, Pickering, indulge in cock-fighting on the Sabbath.

LIABILITY OF HOTEL KEEPERS.

This question, which has so often been disputed, has recently been before the Court in the case of Grannis vs. Gorien, proprietor of the St. Lawrence Hall, Montreal. The plaintiff brought an action against the owner of the Hall for the recovery of \$110, which he alleged he had paid. Abstracted from his room in the Hotel, while he was residing there along with his wife in December, 1872. The counsel for the defendant held that his client could not be held responsible, inasmuch as a printed notice was placed in each room, cautioning all guests that the proprietor would not be responsible for the safe-keeping of valuables or money unless delivered to the clerk to be deposited in the safe; and further, that the plaintiff must have shown negligence in not bolting and locking his door, as he was also cautioned in the notice to do so. The case was first brought up in the Superior Court, when the action was dismissed, but this decision was subsequently set aside by the Court of Review, upon which the defendant went to the Court of Appeal, this Court sustaining the judgment of the Court of Review, and holding that by the Statute hotel-keepers were responsible for articles brought by travellers. Judge Monk dissented, and held that sufficient precaution had not been exercised by the plaintiff in bolting his door in accordance with the rules of the hotel, laid down in the printed notice and affixed to every bed-room door in the House.

A DEER ATTACKS A FARMER.

A correspondent of the Amsterdam Democrat sends the following. "Mr. Benjamin Sage, residing in town of Moriah, has had a remarkable encounter with a deer. Mr. Sage went to his farm, adjoining the one on which he lives, to feed his cattle about 6 p.

All Sorts.

One day last week George Myers, of Tuscarora, caught a bald eagle in a fox trap. It measured 6 ft. 9 in. from tip to tip.

Mr. Chas. C. Carey, of Ingersoll, purchased from a pedlar, on March 1st, a fresh Sasquet trout weighing 10½ lbs. in the stomach of which was found 3 herrings each 8 inches long, and a stone weighing 1½ ounces.

A Pittsburg girl who went through the ivory stables to count the white horses, expecting to meet her father, who was who had counted a hundred, found only that number, and then fell fainting into the arms of a Chinese hostler.

At Carlingford, on Friday last, a cow, belonging to Mr. Robert Brown, gave birth prematurely to a calf. It was about eight inches in length, and from a good specimen of a cow in miniature, its tail was about four inches and a half long and of the thickness of a piece of whipcord, while its head, in size and shape, was a simple of a full grown gander's. The calf was about two inches and a half long from the skull to the tip, the upper jaw being about a quarter of an inch longer than the other one.

While dressing fish recently at the Gloucester Fish Company's wharf, one of those engaged in the work took a plain gold ring from the paunch of a codfish. It was brought to the sanctum by Mr. Wm. E. Ansell, and had the appearance of having been in the fish for some time. The mark 18 K, signifying the quality of the gold, is plainly discernible on the inside of the ring. The query is, how came the fish in possession, and who the owner?

Nova Scotia partridges are to be sent to Newfoundland, in order to see if the war of "ye ancient colony" can be at all. Some years ago a Mr. Downs sent a number of Nova Scotia rabbits there, and now it is told that rabbits are as numerous in Newfoundland as in Nova Scotia.

A lively scene was witnessed in Hamlet market Saturday 10th inst., when a full grown fox, exhibited for sale, broke loose and ran up James street. An immense crowd of men and boys followed in the chase. Reynard was ultimately captured and returned to the owner.

In Thornley, England, the church, the theatre, and the tavern seemed to have joined hands. We learn from the Durham Advertiser that East Lynne was played at the Thornley theatre for the benefit of the Thornley church. The licensed victuallers displayed placards in their windows and sold the tickets, and the Advertiser ascribes "great credit to the proprietor of the Robin Hood Inn, and the whole of the licensed victuallers for the efforts they made in trying to make the performance a success. The performance was under the patronage of the Rev. Wm. Mayor, vicar of Thornley, and the churchwardens.

THE SKELETON OF AN ANCIENT GIANT. Two miles north of Bloomsburg, in Fayette county, Pa., were found about 100 feet below the surface, in a sitting position. Unfortunately the skull and some of the principal bones were broken in transit. The thigh bones measure about six inches longer than those of the present generation. The skull is very large, sloping back about the eyes to the top of the head. A very marked characteristic is the thickness of the skull, it being at least twice the thickness of modern skulls. The massive upper jaw with every tooth perfect, is a curiosity. The height of the party must have been 6, 8, or 9 feet.

THE FASTEST RUNNING YET

I tell you what's a fact, men none of us has never seed no runner. I seed a boy run wunst. Hit was a spike buck an' war stretched out till he warn't bigger'n a shoe string. Talk about movin': The boy der on a buzzard a drappin' to kyar a powlyer? I had a blue speckled boy who had a tetch of gray lion in him, and he was arter that dyer. He'd upped him in the thick, an' here he come a fairly lumber through them flat piney woods. For he hit tuck my breath away to look at. He got agin me he struck a whalin' big plum centreyer, head foremost. He stuv his splintered bones three inches into the wood! The lick jarred the pine straw off the top limbs! When he struck, his legs stopped rovin' the tree an' I hearn the toe nails what jerked out a rattlin' agin the pines fifty yards ahead! Hits a rare fact.

Horse Notes.