

Fun, Fin and Feather.

BOGARDUS' NEW RULES FOR TRAP SHOOTING.

SINGLE BIRDS.

Rule 1.—All matches or sweepstakes shall be shot from five ground traps, five yards apart, 25 yards rise and 100 yards boundary, measured from the centre trap, with the use of one barrel only, the choice of trap to be decided by the referee by drawing gun-wads or throwing dice.

Rule 2.—Pulling of Traps.—The trap-puller shall stand from four to six feet behind the shooter. The traps shall be numbered 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5. The referee shall have five gun-wads in his pocket, having numbers upon them corresponding to the numbers on the traps. When the shooter is at the score ready to shoot, the referee shall draw a wad from his pocket or throw a dice, and show the number to the trap-puller. The trap-puller will then say "Ready," after which the shooter must call "Pull." In all cases the trap-puller must pull fair for each shooter. If the trap should be sprung before the shooter has given the word, he can take the bird or not at his option; but if he shoots, the bird or birds shall be scored, whether killed or not, as the case may be.

Rule 3.—Judges and Referee.—Two judges and a referee shall be appointed before the shooting commences, and the referee's decision shall be final. He may allow a contestant another bird in case the latter shall have been balked or interfered with, if he thinks the party entitled to it.

Rule 4.—Birds and Decision.—If a bird shall fly toward parties within the bounds, in such a manner that to shoot at it would endanger any person, another bird shall be allowed and, if a bird is shot at within the bounds by any person besides the party at the score, the referee shall decide how it shall be scored, or whether another bird shall be allowed.

Rule 5.—Position at the Score.—After the shooter has taken his stand at the score, he shall not level his gun or raise the butt above his elbow until he calls pull. Should he infringe on this rule, the bird or birds shall be scored as lost, whether killed or not.

Rule 6.—Rise and Call of Birds.—All birds must be on the wing when shot at. If a bird is shot on the ground before it takes wing, it shall be scored a lost bird; but if shot on the ground after it takes wing, it shall be counted no bird. If the bird does not rise immediately after the trap is pulled, the shooter shall have the option of calling "No bird"; and if he shoots at it on its afterward rising, it will be considered a lost bird.

Rule 7.—Gathering Birds.—It shall be optional with the party shooting to gather his own birds or appoint a person to do so for him. In all cases the bird must be gathered by hand, without any forcible means, within three minutes from the time it alights, or be scored as lost. All "birds" must show shot-marks if challenged. A bird once out of bounds shall be scored as lost.

Rule 8.—Misfires.—Should a gun miss fire or fail to discharge from any cause, it shall score as a lost bird, unless the referee finds, upon examination, that the gun was properly loaded and the misfire unavoidable, in which case he shall allow another bird.

Rule 9.—Size of Gun.—The shooter shall not be allowed to use a gun of larger calibre than that known as No. 10.

Rule 10.—Charge of Shot.—There shall be no restriction as to size of shot used or charge of powder, but the charge of shot shall be not to exceed the regular Dixon Measure, No. 1,106 or No. 1,107, 1½ oz., by measure.

Rule 11.—Penalty for Overloading.—Any person challenging the load of a shooter, after the shooting has commenced, must deposit with the referee the sum of \$5, which is to become the property of the person challenged if his loads are found to be correct. If, however, they are found to be incorrect, he shall forfeit all his rights in that match.

Rule 12.—Ties.—At a shooting match, all ties shall be shot off on the same grounds immediately after the match, if they can be concluded before sunset. In case they cannot be concluded by sunset, they shall be concluded on the following day, unless otherwise directed by the judges or referee. This, however, shall not prevent the ties from

Rule 3.—The time for gathering double birds shall be five minutes. All other rules the same as for single birds.

All ties on single birds shall be shot off at five birds, the same distance as when shooting the match; and ties on double birds at three pairs, the same distance, and so on until the match is decided.

A CHICAGO BLACK HOLE.

Among the desperate devices resorted to by the Chicago laro bank proprietors to evade the vigorous raid of the police, a favorite one is to lock up the inmates in fire proof vaults, which are supplied with ventilating holes for this purpose. Sunday morning at 1 o'clock George Hankins' place was raided and seventeen players were bundled into the vault, the door locked, and the police admitted. Hankins and a colored servant remaining outside. Instead of going away, as usual, on finding the room deserted, the officers who were up to the dodge, sat down and waited. In about an hour the air in the vault had become so vitiated that the prisoners became desperate, and from the inside came the faint cries of "Let us out; we are nearly dead." Even then the proprietor refused for a time to liberate them, and when he did the seventeen inmates rushed out in a state bordering on suffocation. One old man was nearly dead, and all were terribly exhausted. The confinement of seventeen men in an air-tight vault only seven feet square was a dangerous experiment, which laro-bank patrons will hardly consent to try again, and its disastrous result will be of value in aiding the police in their efforts to suppress gambling in Chicago.

THE SAGACITY OF CHICKENS.

The artfulness of common chickens is illustrated by this funny story, published in Land and Water:

In former days, it was difficult for farmers to get anything to eat at John O'Groats, the extreme north of Scotland, there being no butchers or bakers within miles. When visitors arrived, it was the custom of the proprietor of the little inn to chase and catch a chicken, pluck and roast him at once for the visitor's dinner. In course of time, the chickens became very artful. They kept a sharp look-out, and when they saw a carriage coming along the road—they could see a long way down the road from the inn—they bolted with all legs into the heather, and did not reappear until the visitors had eaten their bacon without the chicken, and taken their departure.

That birds learn from experience is quite certain. The following fact proves it. When the telegraph wires were first put up between Berrydale and Hemsdale, the grouse were continually flying against the wires and killing themselves, and in one season the driver of the mail-coach picked up no less than forty brace of grouse that had been so killed. Of late years not a grouse has been found killed by the telegraph wires. They seem to have passed on the warnings that telegraph wires were dangerous.

VALUABLE HORSE FLESH.

These unheard of winnings of Lord Falmouth have naturally reflected great lustre upon his principal jockey, Archer. There seems to be as great a mania about him as there was under Tiberius for the gladiators and trained athletes of moribund Rome. The practice of noblemen associating on familiar terms with their jockeys is pushed in his case beyond all limits. He frequently takes meals at His Lordship's table, and in the company of his Lordship's noble friends.

The success of Lord Falmouth's stud should not, however, be taken as an indication of a general improvement in the horse breeding of the United Kingdom. In Ireland, in Yorkshire, in Lincolnshire, horseflesh is rapidly deteriorating. In Ireland there is a very large falling off in the number of horses. It is estimated that the island has 60,000 horses less than it had before the Franco-German war. The Whitehall Review, basing its conclusions on facts ascertained at the War Office, says:—

Foreign nations have realized the value of British brood mares, and have lost no opportunity of buying up the best of them. They have imported them wholesale to the continent, and the ubiquity of the Prussian uhlan in the late Franco-German war was a great measure

APROPOS OF HORSES.

FRENCH HORSES, ENGLISH HORSES, RUSSIAN HORSES AND COSSACK STEEDS.

(From the Baltimore Sun.)

PARIS, October 3.—I can remember when "hunters and racers" and all fast horses were to be sought in vain in France. Recent contests in England have proved the change or the improvement. The French horses have been crossed by the English and a stock called French produced that in point of speed and endurance will favorably compare with the vaunted racers and hunters of Britain "to the manner born." And I may add that in point of appearance they excel the English horse—in Paris attire. The draught horses of France, and particularly the "black roans" of the Norman breed are unsurpassed and rarely equalled. I should call them as a stock color a dark iron-gray, though they are here designated as "black roans." Their heads are mostly black. Their constitution is powerful and their expense of feeding light. In point of work, they are willing, enduring and trusty; and, though handsome and powerful, can trot with their enormous loads of harness and carts. With such superb, complete anatomy, such fiery eye and grand mien, they combine a speed for cumbrous cart-work equal to eight miles per hour.

The Boulogne breed or "red roans" come next. They are equally stout and vigorous, but more active. America has no such horses in appearance. Rosa Bonheur's horse-fair picture will recall them. England has, but none having the combined qualities of great strength, perfect symmetry and activity. The English brewer's dray horse is a well-known animal, but a sleepy, plodding creature alongside the workhorse of France, particularly those noted herein. France is very proud of these horses, and jealously cares for their form and type, never permitting impurities in the breed or unkind treatment. Next to this class of horse is a smaller, shorter-coupled, yet more powerful class of horse. Their muscular points are superb, and in regard to a hardy, well-set strength they are excellent. Their legs are short-jointed and strong; their thighs fully developed in muscular force; their backs well shaped or lined and firm; their ribs and loins in excellent "form," and their characteristic heads and eyes well set and most intelligent. In a word, they have an immense substance in a little compass. The only features that struck me as objectionable were those which in my time taught us to condemn cavalry horses. They have somewhat coarse points, such as loaded shoulders, heavy-looking and cross-made quarters. Their action is excellent for their type, though they are not as well cared for as the same class of light draught horses and coach horses of England. I have sat behind them in days of yore, when the "diligence and four" made journeying in France "a real ride in the country," and I can bear testimony to their active movements and endurance under those monstrous postillions and their more monstrous jack-boots, to say nothing of their villainous whips and bells. Yet these plump little horses would go their six miles an hour on an average trot, and invariably gallop into the towns, to the delight of inkeepers and bounding beggars. I call them little, for alongside of sixteen and seventeen hands high, like the Norman and Boulogne horses are, fourteen hands, as these are, does look small.

What is termed the "hack" horse in England is unknown in France to the same extent, for the French like not the saddle so much as the English. I can remember when it was a subject of ridicule to sketch "Alphonse and Victor" out for a little ride in the Bois. Poor John Leech, of Punch (himself a capital horseman and one of the few artists who could draw a horse and make him go), was very fond of caricaturing the French horseman. "Things are changed now," but the palm of good riding rests with the Englishman. To make a good hack horse a cross of blood is wanted. The French are encouraging this more than ever with the light Belgian horses, and I was surprised to see some very superior specimens of park hacks at the horse show. They are also doing away with an error in the gait of their saddle-horses, and that is the amble, or motion sacred to sleepy farmers or their sprightly wives, but the most unnatural for the horse. The natural gait of a horse are a walk, trot and gallop. The French ambling horse seldom stumbles. I may here remark that in a relative number of horses in Paris and London, with a similar asphaltum pavement, you do not see one horse "down" here for every fifty you see in London. Is it that the driving or the cleaning of the streets is better here?

In France there is a maxim as to a horse, that half which goes in his mouth is half his goodness, consequently he is well fed (always excepting the public cab company horses—if they be horses at all) and cared for. There is as much difficulty in defining a French race-horse as a "native American." It is to be feared and reared

made to go on the light fantastic hoof so gayly that they appear different animals. And so it is with some people. Paris airs play a huge part in their changed appearance, though often their behavior is not so attractive as that of the horse or even the lower animal. I am convinced the old Roman would have made his horse a consul, nay, an ambassador, out of those Parisian horses at first sight, if the less ambitious equine and docile animal did not intrude, as we frequently find they do.

Napoleon III., more than any other one man, has given to France an impetus to improve the horses of this country—as he did in many other things. I look in vain for any body of men essaying even to do what he did for the agricultural and animal world of France, to say nothing of the human and industrial. The style of riding has changed in France since 1848. The mode of rising in the saddle, after the English style prevails, and the ladies even canter. Some people think in America that by this mode the riders go as far in work as the horses. In riding and driving in France the reverse of the English rule is right, and these people keep on the left!

The French horses, as a body, are very much handier than the English. The horses of England at an early age are subjected to more hardships of labor than the same aged horses in France. Hence, in Orleans, Normandy and Polton you see the horse fully formed in years before strained by early work. The average age for a horse to work well in France is from fifteen to seventeen years. In England it is from ten to twelve years. But the lowest age of work in France is six years, while in England four years is not uncommon.

FATHER M'GLYNN AND GAMBLING.

(From the New York Evening Post.)

The Rev. Dr. McGlynn, pastor of St. Stephen's Church on Twenty-eighth street, reminds one somewhat of Mr. Capel, of London. He is fine-looking, dignified, gracious, merry, philosophical. Having greeted the reporter with almost stately courtesy, he treated him to scraps of a dissertation on the moral law, entertaining him meanwhile with charming frankness, amiability and catholicity.

"I desire," said the reporter, "to ask you a question with reference to the Cathedral Fair. It is said that there is a good deal of gambling in that institution in the shape of games of chance. Is that so?"

"Well, I can't say that I see any difference between raffling for a pin cushion or a stuffed turkey and raffling for a thousand-dollar bond. By the way, I believe there was a bond raffled for a few days ago and disposed of. Each is gambling, undoubtedly—gambling just as really as Wall street gambling is gambling."

"And is gambling right?" asked the reporter, modestly.

"It certainly is not wrong," replied the divine; "it is a penal act, to be sure, but not an immoral act. It is not a sin in itself."

"What is a sin?"

"Sin is a willful, deliberate violation of the law of God."

"Is a violation of the law of man a sin?"

"No. The essence of the moral law consists in the fact of the existence of a lawgiver. Without such a lawgiver (who is God) there can be no moral law."

"Where is the law to be found—in the Bible?"

"In the heart of man. St. Paul says truly that God hath not left himself without a witness. As soon as a person begins to reason he becomes conscious of the moral law. A child seven years old is thus conscious. No record written in a book or trumpeted by an angel is necessary for the promulgation of it."

"To apply this to the subject of gambling—is it wrong for a person to gamble when his conscience tells him that gambling is a sin?"

"Undoubtedly. The conscience, though often perverted and unsafe, must nevertheless always be obeyed. That is a prime principle of ethics."

"Your own conscience, however, does not tell you that gambling is a sin?"

"Not at all. There is high authority for gambling. When Judas died, the disciples held a contest for the vacant apostleship. Each one coveted the temporal honors and spiritual distinction of being an apostle. What did they do? Why, they met together, prayed and that sort of thing, and then cast lots. In other words they risked their chances of getting a valuable emolument. They staked their fortunes upon the result of casting lots. Matthias was the lucky man, and he won. That is not the only instance of the sort in the Bible. Certainly gambling is not a sin per se. If a man has a hundred dollars of his own to spare, and the money is his and he can afford to give it in charity, why can't he stake it on the turn of a die? If he can give it to a church why can't

Horse Notes.

DEATH OF BLACK WARRIOR.—The trotting stallion Black Warrior was burned with other fine horses, by the burning of the stable of Robert McCriss at Champlain, New York.

The filly Maud 9 has been sent by Mr. Vanderbilt to Comas, L. I., where she will pass the winter in charge of Carl S. Loun. Her owner had some thoughts of allowing her to winter in charge of her former proprietor, Capt. Stone, of Cincinnati, and there was correspondence to that effect, but Mr. Vanderbilt at last decided to keep his trotting wonder near home. She could not be better hands than those of Mr. Burr. She was driven a few days ago without weight and cut herself in consequence, but the injury is slight. The probability now is, if she comes out next season in as good form as expected, that she will be exhibited in public.

RARUS VS. SWEETZER.—An exhibition of speed was given at Salt Lake, Utah, on the 2nd inst., between Rarus, trotter, and Sweetzer, pacer, before some 3,000 persons. A purse was made up for the occasion, and the horses were to be allowed trials of a mile in harness. Neither seemed to take kindly to his work, Sweetzer being especially fractious and could not be settled down to his work. Rarus won in 2:21½. The spectators were dissatisfied with the exhibition, and Sweetzer was then drawn and a running horse sent to accompany Rarus. Even with this advantage the King of the Turf did not succeed in doing better than 2:10½. Splan then drove Sweetzer alone, but he could not be kept upon his feet. Mormon soil did not suit him, and the best Splan could get out of him was 2:34½.

Dan Maco has bought the two thorough-breds, Dr. Livingstone and Lucifer.

PATIENT TRAINING REWARDED.

Swinging in a gilded cage in the cozy parlor of Mrs. C. W. Carpenter, whose husband is the proprietor of the Continental Hotel, in Newark, is a brown and yellow canary bird. It looks like an ordinary bird, but listen to it for a second, and you will hear a bird, occasionally varied by genuine bird warblings.

"Dick is about four years old," Mrs. Carpenter said yesterday, "and when he feels like it will sing the German waltz, a few notes of which you just heard, though correctly. He has a mate down stairs that sings nearly as well as does Dick, but he is molting now, and doesn't sing. Dick has also been molting, and isn't in good condition. When he is, he will sing that waltz by the hour, but whenever he makes a mistake he will break into a more canary warble, and then begin again. I wish he would sing now. Perhaps we can get him to."

Thereupon Mrs. Carpenter played the waltz on an organ, using a stop that gave a tone much like a bird's. She played the waltz through, and as she ceased the bird began and sang the waltz nearly through, but it made a false note and then warbled sweetly. The organ sounded again, and then the bird sang again. This time Dick sang the waltz correctly, and at the end of the song gave himself great airs, evidently proud of his skill.

"How did we teach him?" said Mr. Carpenter, in answer to the question of the reporter.

"Mrs. Carpenter took Dick when he was just off the nest, and put him into a room, where no saw no light and heard no sound. Then daily she played the waltz to him, two or three times a day, for fifteen or twenty minutes every time. At the end of a month or two the bird began to sound a note of the waltz, then another. Soon it combined them, and after a time he whistled an entire strain. It was nearly a year, however, before its education was complete. It requires considerable patience to teach a bird. These birds are a cross between a linnet and a canary, and are a heartier bird than a thoroughbred canary. I would not like to part with either of my birds. When the Kellogg opera troupe was here Miss Kellogg was delighted with Dick's performance. She said if she owned him she wouldn't take \$1,000 for him."—N. Y. Sun.

NIGHT WORKERS.

Bats live their active lives in the night, when sunlight comes they fly away to their holes, there to sleep until twilight comes again when they resume the occupation of insect killing. The female bat has rather a hard time of it, she is the nest and the food of her young, and they themselves are apt to fly after her.