

Which way he can make most money out of Coriander, I don't know, but, I should think, by winning; and, if I'm right in my conjecture, bar accidents, we shall win our money, Gren.

'And if it is the other way?'  
'Shan't lose it, thank goodness! But I'm afraid, if his book makes up a few hundred better on the loss, Coriander will not run up to his previous performances. We've done pretty well, win or lose, we stand a big stake to nothing. Good-night.'

Grenville smoked and mused far into the night. Yes, he had been playing for high stakes lately, and winning game after game. Let this only come off, and he should have fairly won his sweet cousin. Then the thought came into his head that he must see it, and then it flashed across him that Maude must be with him. How he was to manage it he didn't know. As inspirations flash across mankind, so do superstitions. Maude had had her sortilege, he had now his; Coriander's winning the Two Thousand depended upon him and his fiancée being there to see.

'Judicious,' you'll say. There is pretty well as much romance and superstition going about the world as heretofore; but our nineteenth century training teaches us, above all things, not to lay ourselves open to ridicule. We may inwardly admit such things, we don't acknowledge them. Still, the age that recognizes 'spirit-rapping' need not altogether turn up its nose at sortilege.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE RACE FOR THE TWO THOUSAND.

The classic heath is crowded; ay, overcrowded. The carriages stand four and five deep next the ropes. The horsemen feel themselves overwhelmed by the chariots. Jealous *habitudes* of long standing glare disdainfully as huge luncheon-hampers meet their offended eyes; while the despairing tones of an old idolater, who, in accents of bitterest anguish, exclaims, 'Same three infernal machines, covered with pigeon-pies and Gunners's stout, upon my word!' strike chill on the heart of the old Newmarket man.

Yes, there's no doubt about it. I don't say the world, but the civilized world, is not big enough. To use an Americanism, 'we're out.' Everybody goes everywhere in a day. If you happen to have mixed much in the world there is no place of which you can predicate, 'Well, thank Heaven, I can't meet any one I know there.' Personally, I can simply affirm that my particular aversions always turn up on such occasions. At the Grand Mulets, the top of the Pyramids, on the crest of Table Mountain, or in the depths of the Catacombs, I should be on the lookout for them. I consider them as part of the scenery; the quassa-cup from which I quaff the nutty sherry of existence. I shudder, and submit to them accordingly. I hear Herne Bay spoken well of in this respect. The Andaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal, folks say are not socially crowded; and there must be some retired spots about Lake Nyanza at present. The latter, of course, won't last. Steamers, ay, penny ones, probably, probably, will ply there before five years are over, and the Viceroy of Egypt will probably have established a Baden on its banks out of compliment to the prudery of Europe. I suppose we shouldn't mind gambling on another continent.

I wonder how often the world has had its virtuous paroxysms about gambling, and its fits of indignation about money-lending. Legislate! Yes, you may legislate on both subjects. What is the result? Legislation simply diverts gambling into other channels. Laws against usury have failed since the world began, or rather, since our present knowledge of it began. If we must not

she paused:

'What?' inquired her cousin.  
'Don't ask me!—well, never be as happy as I have been.'

Grenville pressed the little band that rested in his, but said nothing; in which he showed great discretion. In love-making, silence is often more effective than conversation.

But the noise of the bursting cork is hushed in Jarvis—the ring is deserted. Flies and horsemen tear across to where the cords, placed in funnel-shape, indicate the finest of the Rowley miles. Every one is on the *qui vive* to see the result of the first great three-year-old race of the season. Carefully have the horses been scrutinized in the Bird-cage and elsewhere, and the scottered ring from the foot of the Jockey Club stand and from amid the carriages still shriek forth spasmodic offers against outsiders. Grenville has never left his cousin's side. As he has already said, the turf was a great mystery to him. All he knows—and this is derived from Dallison—is, that Coriander is favorite, and that Fauxpas and The Saint are each backed for a great deal of money, and that the Lightning colt is a dangerous outsider.

'Now, Maude, stand up on the seat. Are the glasses right? Try.'

'Quite, I can see beautifully.'

'Very well; now repeat what I have taught you. What are the colors?'

'Coriander, black and white hoops; Fauxpas, green and white braid; The Saint, cherry and black cap; and—and, oh dear, I forget that Lightning thing.'

'Mazarine blue; don't forget again. Do you see those two bushes? As soon as we hear they are off, bring your glasses to bear on those. Wait till you catch the horses in their field, and then follow them till you don't want glasses.'

'Yes, Gren, but my hand shakes so. I wish you hadn't told me about all that money if Coriander wins. Oh dear, why don't they start? What are they waiting for?'

Ah me, faces are a study the five minutes before the flag falls for a great race. Emotion, it is true, is very *mauvaise ton*, but the teeth will go through the lip, or the mouth will twitch, and the hand that holds the race glass will shake a little on these occasions, when the possessors are involved in high stakes on the result. Once over, and as a rule it would be difficult to tell whether a man had lost much or little. Winners look jubilant, losers bland, at the hoisting of the numbers. To study faces, use your eyes while the horses still cluster at the starting-post. Still I recollect two heavy losers on the celebrated Derby of '67; the one as *nonchalant* as ever, but the other looked as if stricken with ague—and, for all I know, may have been, it was cold enough.

Suddenly is seen tumult among the distant horsemen, who have gone down some way to witness the start; and almost before Maude can realize that they are all tearing toward her, the fierce shriek of 'They're off!' announces that the race for the Two Thousand has begun. She has barely time to get the bushes within the field of her glasses, when half a dozen of the gay silken jackets pass them. Flashed, panting, excited, and utterly unaccustomed to the thing, Maude grinds her little white teeth in her agitation, as she finds they have passed the point, more like the glimpse of a kaleidoscope than anything else; then for a second she can't find them again. 'Oh, Gren,' she gasps, 'which is Coriander? I forget! Was it blue, or black and white hoops? I've lost them. Oh dear, that green thing will win! Oh, which is Coriander?' And there was a slight gurgle in Maude's throat.

'The Saint wins! No he don't, he's beat! Fauxpas wins! No, the Lightning Colt! Fauxpas—when, sharp and shrill as a clarion above the Babel, came Sam Pearman's cry

another race, they were themselves almost assignedly, and, I fancy, passed a tolerably pleasant two hours. A gentleman on a neat hack, after a moment's hesitation, pulled up at their carriage. Lifting his hat to Maude, he nodded cheerily to Rose, and, leaning over, murmured:  
'No end of congratulation. What a *coupe!* I'm very well satisfied; but Gren, you have played for high stakes, and I suppose I may say have won them? Adieu!' And with another glance, and raising of his hat to Maude, he centered off.

'Who was that?' she inquired.  
'Dallison, who did all my betting for me.'

'And did he know?'

'He knew what that £5,000 meant to me. He's right, Maude. I have been playing high stakes, and to think that I should win all!'  
Mr. Denison turned up in the most jubilant spirits. He had had a delightful day, and won a hundred and odd pounds, he told them. 'Don't think I am going on with it, Grenville, but, as I had come to see 'the Gunneas' run for once more, I determined to risk my pony on it, and backed the horse that had already been such a good friend to me; and, as that was successful, I invested two or three more ten-pound notes on the strength of my first win, so that my gains mounted up, my selections having proved successful.'

Within twenty-four hours Grenville Rose had had a long confabulation with his uncle, and succeeded in convincing him that he was, thanks to the additional £5,000, in a position to marry his cousin at once: he could make up now £600 a year, and he was sure business would shortly come to him. Denison demurred a little, but he certainly was under some obligation to his nephew about that mortgage. The domestic current, too, ran strong in Grenville's favor; so after a little he yielded, saying that 'if they thought fit to begin the world on that income he had no more to say, further than that they could expect but little help from him during his lifetime.'

Maude and Grenville recked little of that, and in three months time they were married; and one of the handsomest wedding presents Maude received was, strange enough to say, from Sam Pearman, with a very correct note, to the effect that, 'forgetting all the past, he trusted Miss Denison would still consider him as a friend and well-wisher.'

Moreover, so immensely struck was that gentleman with Grenville's acuteness in the prosecution of the heriot claim, that he threw a considerable amount of his own and friends' legal business into Rose's hands; and three or four years after that memorable Two Thousand you seldom saw a horse case in which Grenville was not employed. Briefs, too, fell thick from other sources; the Coriander story, was bruited about, and the attorneys pronounced it smart, clever—very, and indorsed their opinions practically.

The picture of that distinguished race-horse may be seen in the dining-room at Mannersley, and Pearman often contemplates it, and soliloquizes as he does so: 'Yes; you cost me £10,000 hard cash, and the prettiest girl in England; but you won the Gunneas and the Derby, you did.'

Over Rose's study mantelpiece hangs a print of that same celebrity. Deep in his papers in the evenings sometimes, when work is so plentiful that it becomes hard to grapple with, Maude will glide softly in, and say, 'Come, Gren; tea is in. Come and drink Coriander's health—the dear old horse that gave us to each other.' And he yields to the voice of the charmer, and, to the benefit of his health, enjoys a twenty minutes' romp with a sturdy little boy of some three years old or so, who, having been once taken by his mother into court, has determined on being a judge almost immediately.

It is a solemn compact between Maude and Mr. Pearman that, when anything happens to Coriander—who, having much distin-

His memory was singularly retentive, and clung tenaciously to all the details of a transaction, not one of which escaped either his observation or memory, no difference what may have been the flight of time or what vicissitudes fortune may have brought in the interim. Hence he was a sort of walking history of the American turf since he began his career. He had witnessed most of the prominent meetings in the country; never let either a meeting or a race escape him that he could possibly see, and he remembered, long years after, the distance of the race, horses engaged, the jockeys, weights, how the race was run, how it was lost or won, and even the time made. His memory was of great assistance to him in following pedigrees. With the prominent families of thoroughbreds of this country he was perfectly familiar, and although there was no Stud-book for more than thirty years after he entered the turf that was accepted in turf circles, he was rarely at fault in the pedigree of a horse springing from any of these families.

He was well learned in the laws of the turf, with all the details of training, was regarded as one of the most watchful and prudent men that ever handled young horses. He understood thoroughly the physical conformation and anatomy of the horse, studied each with great care, and a horse put under his charge was sure of protection from abuse, and to have all his powers preserved. This was a strong point with Dr. Weldon.

The crowning act of his life, however, was his last effort to elevate the standard of the turf in this country. He was advancing in years, had travelled much, had treasured all he had seen, and he finally reduced the whole to writing, and thus gave it to those who succeed him, that they may profit by his experience, observation and labor. Truly the "Thoroughbred Racehorse: How to Breed, Rear and Train Him," is by far the best work on the subject ever issued in any country. Many people differ with the author in some of the rules and maxims laid down by him, and, on this account, are disposed to reject the work. Is this an acknowledged test of the value of an author's labors? The question is not whether all the rules laid down and theories taught in a book are infallibly true, for this has never been the fortune of a single author from the days of Herodotus to the present time; but, is the work a reasonable improvement on its predecessors? is the inquiry of every one who wishes to support legitimate advancement and conservative progress. No one can truthfully say the work is not a wonderful improvement on its predecessors. Whatever may be the fate of the work, it cannot be denied that Dr. Weldon did his duty. He lived a life enviably pure, and before he turned away from its active scenes, he regarded it a duty to deliver to his associates and successors evidences that he had not lived in vain. All those who give a student's search through its pages will find that the proofs that he did not do so are ample.—*Spirit of the Times.*

## THE BIGGEST FISH STORY.

Our readers may have seen an account in the Burlington Hawkeye of the little girl who has trained two pickerel so that they will draw her in a boat. Now the Whitehall Gazette is not to be beaten in telling a "fish" story, so it relates the following:

A man has an artificial trout pond with at least 3,000 fish, each weighing from half a pound to two pounds, more or less. He also has a little girl, five years old, who has succeeded in training the fish so that she can go to the edge of the pond and with a handful of crumbs feed them from her chubby hand. They have learned to jump out of the water and snatch worms from her fingers, and they are extremely fond of their little mistress. One day she lost her balance and pitched headlong into the water where it was deep: She says that when she went "way down" she called lustily for help. Her cries quickly attracted her parents, and they were horrified at seeing the little girl floating upon the surface of the pond. The father rushed to the water's edge and reached out for his pet, and as he raised her from the water a perfect solid mass of trout was found beneath her. These faithful subjects of the little queen, as she fell, quickly gathered beneath her and thus showed their love for their mistress by bearing up her body until aid arrived, thus preventing her from meeting a watery grave.

habit at the post kept him in trouble nearly all the meeting, to which fact may be attributed some of Barrott's numerous mounts.

## HUNTING THE BUFFALO.

Hunting the buffalo is very different sport from stalking either the antelope or redder and is intensely exciting. They are seldom, except by those who make their livelihood by selling the skins, shot with a rifle, the usual method being to ride at full gallop into a herd, select the most promising animal, and then shoot with a revolver. A good deal of practice, and I might add nerve, is required before a man can expect to become an accomplished buffalo hunter, a well-trained horse is also necessary to insure success.

The first precaution to be observed after sighting a herd which it is proposed to run, are to lighten yourself and horse of all superfluous gear, which we always handed over to orderlies, tighten up the saddle-girths, button your holster, and see your revolver handy and ready for use.

When everything is ready, advance towards the herd at a brisk trot or canter. As a rule, they will allow you to approach within about two hundred yards, when, being alarmed, the whole herd will scamper off. This is the time to make the running, or, after retreating about two hundred yards, they will stop to look around to see whether they are being pursued or not. Before they can make up their minds to be off again the hunter ought to be in their midst, splitting the herd in two, and scattering them in all directions ahead of him. Singling out a particular animal—if only the skin is required, a six or seven year old cow is selected; if food is wanted a three-year old is chosen—the hunter dashes up alongside and when within about twenty-two or three yards discharges his revolver rapidly into his victim, striking close to the poor animal until it falls.

The buffalo is wonderfully tenacious of life; I have myself chased an old bull, whose head I was desirous of possessing as a trophy for a distance of eight miles, and he only succumbed after twenty-five bullets had actually taken effect, the majority of which entered a vital part. When wounded they are naturally very savage, and, maddened with pain, will charge furiously, but are easily evaded by a well-mounted horseman.

When they see their efforts are futile, they will stop short, stamp their feet viciously, snort, and shake their heads and shaggy manes with impotent fury. An infuriated buffalo bull is a very ugly customer at close quarters, but is really harmless if the hunter is mounted on a tractable horse. The rapidity with which these clumsy, awkward-looking animals get over the ground is perfectly marvellous, apparently shuffling along like a drove of cows, they are in reality travelling at a great speed, and a man must be well mounted indeed who expects to overtake them if they have the advantage of a good start, or even to keep up with after he has once ranged alongside.

An inexperienced hunter is apt to think after a short chase, that his victim must succumb, from the fact that its head is hanging down and its tongue protruding, but these are not indications of exhaustion, a buffalo, made to 'bite the dust,' will fall out the best horse carrying a rider can back.—*Capt. Markham.*

One McCoo owns a shot-gun, but he was he didn't. In the course of a recent ble he shot a valuable hound, the property of Mr. Hamilton Duperow, which was large on the farm of Mr. Wm. O'Donnell South Easthope. Having been arrested arraigned before the P. M., he was assessed just \$28.50 for his fun.