

fairly as to what the others have, till they come to what they call a 'show-down.'

'Well, I learned this game, and played it with unvarying success for some days, winning on an average four or five dirhems at a sitting. As I gathered in my spoils, I saw nothing wrong in the game. It seemed to me a most desirable and in all respects a gentlemanly game.

"I am sorry," I said to myself, 'for Hafiz, the bellows-maker, and for Nadir, the seller of shawls; but Allah knows I risk my substance on the cards as do they, and had they my luck, they would have my money. Be chesum, it is a highly moral game, and had I an hundred children, I would teach them. What is there wrong in it? It is my money which I risk; it is their money which they risk. There is no trickery or cheating in this game, for the cards are fairly dealt, and we make wagers on our judgment or our luck. So does the merchant who buys the wheat of Khurdistan, believing that the crop will be short and that it will go up. So does the merchant who sells the corn of Kohaul, believing that the crop will be heavy and the price will go down. What is this but gambling? If they play with wheat and corn, why should not Hafiz and I play with cards? And then it strengthens the mind, develops the judgment, quickens the reasoning powers, and broadens, widens and strengthens the mental man. It is a noble game and a great pursuit.

"Thus reasoned I, joyously.

"I had no remorse, nor did it occur to me that it was gambling.

"But one night it so happened that I had a certainty on Hafiz. I had three cards alike in my hand—that is, three aces—and when the cards were helped, as the phrase is, I took another. Hafiz drew one card to the four that he had in his hand, and the betting began. Now, four aces is a strong hand, and there being but one that can beat it, namely, a strate-plush. I wagered a kopeck to help Hafiz on to his ruin. How I gloated over those four aces! I saw nothing wrong in those four aces, nor in making out of Hafiz, the bellows-mender, all that he should make by his trade for a year. He saw my modest kopeck and said that he would wager a dirhem in addition. Exulting in the strength of my four aces, I gladly put up up the dirhem, and remarked that such was my faith in my hand that I would impoverish him the extent of ten dirhems more. Hafiz—on whose head light curses!—saw the ten dirhems, and boosted me (boost is a Persian phrase) one hundred dirhems. I made sure that the four aces was not an optical delusion, and went him one thousand dirhems which he saw, and came back at me five thousand dirhems, which, feeling that it would be cruel to utter ruin him, I called, without further gymnastics.

"Smilingly I laid down my four aces and reached for the property. Smilingly he put away my outstretched and eager hand, and laid down beside my four aces his accursed hand, which was a strate-plush.

"The property is mine!" said he.

"It is!" said I.

Then I experienced a feeling of remorse. Then I felt that drah-poquier was gambling, and that gambling in any form was a sin of the most heinous nature, and that I had been guilty of a crime.

"Oh! why," I exclaimed, 'did I ever permit myself to become infatuated with the desire for gaming? If I win, it is my neighbor's dirhems; if I lose, it is my own. In any case, there is nothing of actual value that passes. While we use capital in gambling, we produce nothing. One side is richer, the other poorer, and there has been a waste of precious time. Besides, it is terribly demoralizing. It infatuates a man and enfeebles his mind. His mind dwells on the game, to the exclusion of everything that is good; it crushes out everything that is high and noble, and develops everything that is mean and small in one's nature. It ruins the loser financially and ruins the winner morally. Wretch that I am! why did I ever permit myself to play at all? Why did I permit this cursed infatuation to grip me? And remorse sat on me, and I beat my breast and pulled my hair. Bewailing my wickedness, I determined to purge myself of the unholy thing.'

"Would I have so thought and so done had I held the strate-plush, and the accursed bellows-mender the four aces? I do not know."

WAS IT INSTINCT OR REASON?

'As a farmer in a neighboring town was getting in his hay he noticed an unusual com-

possible, on the first opportunity. Four years ago this command was given by McLaren, but in all that time no opportunity for answering the order offered itself until last February, when one was perceived and instantly given chase. For several weeks, with the most indomitable fortitude, the four hunters continued the pursuit on snow-shoes the men seemingly as untirable as the agile antlered fugitive they were endeavoring to run down. At length, when success appeared to be but a more myth in perspective, and the utter fruitlessness of the chase had taken firm possession of the minds of the hunters, they were rewarded for their energetic perseverance, and their eyes gladdened by the welcome sight of the noble moose lying panting on the snow, and utterly unable through fatigue to escape its merciless pursuers. To approach it, thoroughly exhausted as it was, was a hazardous venture not to be thought of, as a stroke from its powerful limbs might be dealt which would leave the victim of it *hors de combat*. A consultation followed, and it was decided to pen the deer where it lay. Trees were then cut down and a high wall built around the exhausted animal, which eyed the preparations for its capture with fear and trembling, uttering at intervals plaintive cries of distress, but unable to make the slightest attempt for a continuance of the former flight for freedom. When the hunters had built a surrounding wall, over which it was impossible for the moose to leap and escape, they resolved to keep it penned in the enclosure until it would become tamed to allow itself to be led by a halter, and taken to the trading post. For over a week the men fed it with browse, which it ate readily, becoming at last, after several days, so accustomed to the sight of the hunters that it took food without the slightest sign of alarm from the hands of its captors. The hunters then concluded that since the animal had become so tractable that keeping it detained in its prison was no longer a matter of necessity, and that it might with perfect safety be conducted to the post, the hunter Reeves leaped over the enclosure, expecting no resistance, but in this opinion he was at fault, for scarcely had he entered the pen when a terrible fight for supremacy took place between the deer and him. The narrowness of the pen incommoded the moose, fortunately for the hunter, from using its natural means of defence with its habitual freedom, but notwithstanding this clog on its activity it nearly proved the death of Reeves, who, although endowed with wonderful powers of athleticism, found it necessary to bring his greatest agility into play, in order to escape the deadly thrusts of the moose's antlers and its savage kicks. Round and round the pen Reeves and his four-footed companion went, the deer endeavoring to gore and kick his captor to death, and Reeves, unable to escape from the pen, calling loudly for help from his three Indian companions, who, notwithstanding all the bravery attached to the "noble red," stood terror-stricken on the outside of the enclosure, and refused to assist their endangered companion. Reeves finally managed to get a rope round the neck of the deer, and threw one end over the wall to the Indians, who grasped it and held the moose fast in one corner, while Reeves escaped, which he happily was enabled to do, although bleeding from every pore and almost stripped of every vestige of clothing. The prison was then broken down, and it was resolved by the four hunters to drag the deer by means of the rope back to the trading post. It was conducted in this manner for about two miles, the deer plunging and kicking and offering such obstinate resistance that this means of procedure was deemed too ineffectual, so they fettered the animal with ropes, threw it on an extemporized sleigh, and Reeves sitting on the sleigh to keep it from rising, the remaining three hunters dragged the load to the trading post with the utmost difficulty. After being brought to the post the moose was put in activetraining and kept there till last June, by which time it had become quite tractable, and then brought to Eganville, where it is still undergoing a severe training, and is to-day so thoroughly subdued that a child can drive it. It drives contentedly in a sulky and harness, and is daily increasing his speed so rapidly that it is confidently expected it will be able this winter to make a mile in less than two minutes, and it is supposed that when full grown it will be able to do its mile in about a minute and a half. Unlike a horse it strikes into its fastest gait on the first word of command, and in trotting throws its hind feet in front of its fore ones. When captured it weighed 200 pounds, and now 500 pounds, and stands fifteen hands high. For

the bay gelding, was the first witness called, and his evidence was to the effect stated, acknowledging that the bay broke several times, but was pulled up at once, and he considered he had fairly won. Mr. Tencken having proved the start was a fair one. Mr. D. Allen, the referee, was then examined, and acknowledged that he tried to stop Jessie, but on understanding the start was fair he more than once advised the driver of Jessie to make the best of the way. Mr. Smith, of *Bell's Life*, said as the referee had exceeded his duty in attempting to stop the driver of the pony Jessie, who lost ground by the mistake, coupled with the fact of the horse breaking so often, he should have decided it no race. The judge, in summing remarked that the law of the case was that an arbitrator's decision was final, providing it was honestly given, and that the jury had only two questions to consider: first, whether it was substantially a race; and secondly, was it an honest decision on the part of the referee. The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff for £100, the whole amount named.

A FISH STORY.

The Rutland Herald is responsible for the following:

Two weeks ago to-night I slept with a small party of tourists, in a tent on an island in Lake Kaweambejewagamog, in Muskoka. I gave the Indian name of the lake as it appears upon the government official map of the district, though it is more commonly known among the hunters who occasionally visit it by the less impracticable name of Hollow Lake—a name given to it on account of the numerous echoes for which it is remarkable. The next morning we were awakened by the splashing made by salmon trout, jumping for food in the water about us. Emerging from the tent, an exciting scene presented itself. As far as I could see up and down the lake the surface was agitated by the leaping fish. While the guides were getting breakfast, I cut a bush, and rigged a short pole and line, with which I easily caught several minnows in the shallow water near the shore. These I placed in a fish-basket, and suspended it at the side of the canoe, and kept them alive and safe. These precautions completed and breakfast disposed of, I took my tackle and paddled out in the deep part of the lake. I first took a very strong trolling line, and attached a triplet hook. Selecting the largest minnow in my basket, and attaching it very firmly to the hook, I let it down a hundred feet or more. To the end of the line remaining in my hand I then tied the neck of a tightly corked empty bottle. (Muskoka is a great place for empty bottles.) This I then let go into the lake, and leaving it to support the line, paddled away a short distance, still keeping the bottle in sight. My remaining tackle consisted of an ordinary black bass pole, that is considerably larger and heavier than a trout rod. Upon this was a light silver reel and a delicate trout-line, such as one uses to catch the small speckled beauties in the Clutenden streams. Baiting one of my hooks with one of the liveliest of minnows, I cast it as far as possible from the canoe, and commenced paying out the line. Almost instantly there was trouble and excitement in that part of Muskoka. A large salmon trout ventured to discuss that minnow, and was immediately seized with a desire to "go home."

Away went my line to its utmost length—a hundred and thirty feet—my pole was drawn into the water until only the end of which I had held was in sight above the surface, and the canoe, which was made of birch bark, and weighed when dry, about 40 pounds, swung round and was drawn, slowly, of course, but quite perceptibly, through the water. But the fish, which had swallowed the hook, could not endure this tension long. He soon yielded a little and I quickly got my pole out of the water and commenced winding in my line. I had recovered perhaps one half its length, when the creature became frantic again and started for parts remote. Again the reel quickly yielded the line, the pole was drawn below the surface, and the canoe was turned into a miniature canal boat, with a fish for the motive power. This little game of "give and take" continued an indefinite time. The fish, at one end of the line, would have things all his own way for a while, and then permit the man at the other to superintend movements for a season. At the end of two hours I could not see that the creature showed any signs of exhaustion. I had not yet brought it near enough to the surface to get a sight at it. I could only

see and struggle with it. The fish, caught on the trout line weighed twelve and a half pounds, while the one which, like Master Pip, was brought up on the bottle, quickly turned the scales at fourteen.

TROUT FOR A DOLLAR A POUND.

A correspondent writing from Williamstown, Mass., says that the proprietor of the Manson house has a fish pond in which the speckled beauties disport themselves and in which guests are permitted to fish by paying one dollar per pound for all the fish they catch. Dr. Radway and family with scores of other well-known New Yorkers, are sojourning at the Manson House. Fishing in the pond is a favorite amusement, particularly as very few fish are caught. The other day the whole party had tried their luck with no results and Mr. Bailey was ridiculing their lack of skill. Finally, General Stinson asked permission to fish.

"Certainly," said Mr. Bailey, wondering at his attempting where all others had failed: "Certainly you may fish for nothing, and more than that, instead of you paying me I'll pay you \$1 a pound for all you catch."

"All right," said General Stinson throwing a line with the precision of an old Adirondacker.

The crowd looked on with breathless interest. The float bobbed, the line ran out and after a struggle of a few minutes a magnificent four-pounder was gasping on the grass. Mr. Bailey was astonished but astonishment soon gave place to grief. Another, another, and still another levathan was drawn from the depths by the plucky sportsman.

"Stop," cried Mr. Bailey, this has gone far enough. Why I won't have a trout left!"

But the General did not stop just then. He went on until two hundred pounds of the prettiest trout that ever took a fly were lying on the grass. Mr. Bailey was as good as his word. He paid the \$200 which was just what a banquet that General Tom gave his friends the next day cost.

HORSE NOTES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

AN IMPERIAL RACEHORSE.—The two-year-old colt, Vordermann, by Buccaneer out of Viscountess, winner of the two-year-old stake at Baden Baden, is the property of the Emperor of Germany. He had previously won at Berlin and once at Frankfurt, and has never been defeated. Vordermann is a bay, stands nearly 16 hands, with magnificent girth and loins, and capital thighs and arms. He is considered the best two-year-old out, and £5,000 was refused for him.

THE MAID AGAINST TIME.—At Mystic Park, Boston, on Thursday of last week, Goldsmith Maid trotted against her best record. It will be remembered that it was over this track, about a year ago, that the Maid popped under the wire, lowering her record to 2:14. When the Queen of the turf appeared, it was raining hard, and as she speeded up and down, the mud flew lively. The bay mare Jennie, runner, accompanied her when the word was given; she reached the quarter in 34½s. The rain came down now in torrents, and the wind blew a gale, in spite of this the Maid speeded on her course, she reached the half in 1:09, and came home in 2:18. Had the weather been fine, and the track in good condition, the Maid would probably have lowered her record, as she was in superb trim.

SALE OF SEARCHER.—Mr. George Lorillard, having dissolved his racing confederacy with Mr. J. G. K. Lawrence, is forming an independent racing establishment. He some time ago purchased six Lexington yearlings at Philadelphia, and some of them are now being handled and broke in by R. W. Walden, at Jerome Park, who will train them for their future engagements. Mr. Lorillard has recently purchased from his brother, Mr. Pierre Lorillard, the three-year-old colt Searcher, by Enquirer, who at the Lexington, Ky., May meeting, this spring, made a mile record, carrying his regular weight for age, in 1:41½, which was the fastest mile time ever made, until beaten by Kadi's 1:41½, at Hartford, Conn., last month. Searcher will make a capital schoolmaster and trial horse for the young Lexingtons in the stable.

WONDERFULLY MADE.—A horse's hoof is

the make of its owner, and it is seen to be appreciated. Drawing figures on the talk cloth, he made the figures and retraced the draught and execute a 10 and shot at the same time. Placing a row of ten or twelve or fifteen balls a few inches from the cushion, he sent his ball behind them, touching first a ball and then the cushion, until the whole line had been traversed. He put gobs to where the ball had been, and made his ball run around and between each without touching them. In a word he seemed to inspire the balls with instinct and intelligence, and used them as he pleased. The entertainment was interesting from beginning to end and marvellous at times.

THE TWO BEST FILLES IN ENGLAND AND THEIR OWNERS.

One of the most notable circumstances that has arisen on the English turf of late has been the running of Lady Moslyn, a two year old, with an American pedigree, and perhaps the best racehorse in England. Annette, the dam of Lady Moslyn, was one of the mares that Mr. R. Ten Broeck took to England. She is by Lexington out of Ance Carnal (the dam of Lexington), by Sarpedon. From this it will be seen that Annette is half sister to the celebrated Umpire, whom it is said Mr. Ten Broeck backed to win £150,000 in the Derby of 1860, won by Thormanby Umpire, who was by Lexington there can be no doubt, was a magnificent horse when in condition to run. Annette found her way into the stud of Mr. L. Dewett, a trainer, at whose death she was sold to Sir Thomas Lennard for the small sum of 110 guineas. Lady Moslyn is the property of the widow of Mr. Drewitt, who, at the death of her husband, was only poorly provided for. Luckily in the young American was discovered a gem of the first water. In less than a fortnight she won in stakes no less than £2,500, and the great French two year old M. de Fligny, had no chance with her. Mrs. Drewitt treats the Lady like one of her own children, and though, as we have stated, she is far from being a rich woman she returned £8,150 for the filly when it was offered her and cried as she did so. No money, she says, will induce her to part with her lady. The noted turfmen in this country should observe the breeding of this filly, and with some of their mares with the Alice Carnal blood in their veins would no doubt do well by mating them with sires strong in the Touchstone blood. Lady Moslyn throws back to that famous horse, both through her sire, Lord Clifden, and her dam, who on the main day sprang through Orlando from Touchstone. John Scott always said that Touchstone was the best horse he had ever known. It was fortunate for England that he belonged to a Cræsus like the Marquis of Westminster or the Americans would have had him. They asked the Marquis to put a price on him, and he said "the United States of America would not buy him." The best horses in England and France trace back to this highly valued animal.

LILY AGNES.

A poor woman is the owner of the best two year old in England, and a poor man rejoices in the possession of the best four year old. This is Lily Agnes, who recently in the Elbur Handicap at York lowered the colors of Apology, who last year carried off the One Thousand Guineas, Oaks and St. Leger. Mr. James Snarry, the owner of Lily Agnes, is an eccentric old character. He was for many years stad groom to that rare old specimen of an English gentleman, Sir Tatton Sykes. Sir Tatton bequeathed to his faithful servant a brood mare whose first foal proved to be Lily. As a yearling she was so puny that her body would make a bid for her, and Snarry, in high dudgeon, took her home again. To the surprise of every one she turned out a racer of unusual excellence, and she is the Benjamin of Snarry's affections. The gentleman always carries about with him an umbrella of extraordinary dimensions. Before the race at York an officious individual ventured to suggest to Snarry that Lily Agnes would not win. "Not win! not win!" he cried, "what does thee mean by saying she will not win?" he shouted the old man, and with the words he brought down his minnow "whack" on the head of the doubter of the mare's abilities. Mr. Snarry took to heart for a month last year, when some one dared to ask him if he would take 2,500 guineas for his darling, and he has never been induced to speak to that man in a friendly way since. Part with her, indeed!