

out a list with the names of the Grecian and filly, Boardman, Lenichest and Ike Bonham. He outlaid \$1,000 to \$10 from both Cridge and McCloud. He won the three first races, while his choice for the fourth race was a big favorite. He then thought the situation over and calculated that after Bonham the best would be Viceroy and Shyllock. These he bought at the auction pools, and finally bet \$500 against \$200, the field against Bonham. Viceroy won the race and the field beat Bonham. The result of this shrewd young man returned to the "sleeper" Saturday night. He won \$800 ahead. Of course where one streak of luck nineteen others fail. One of the races many persons ascertain to be engaged to ride, and then make a bet on the horses. Barrett, of the famous stable, is quite a favorite, nor is that the only one. Up to date forty-six races have been run, and Barrett has ridden eight winners. Of the other boys Hughes, Howard and Donahue each has his followers, and each has been fairly lucky. Hughes has won six races, while Rind has won five; McLaughlin, three; Howard, two; and Blaylock two each, and the cross-country riders Manoy and Jayward. Considerable business is done at the races from distant cities, especially from Lexington and Louisville, where the horses are sent each day. The names of the winners, if the combination is the same way. It is said that in Nashville has never yet failed to pick the winner. Of course the amount of odds laid on the number of horses entered to start in the several races. If the fields are small the odds are small; if the fields are large, as they were on July 22, when two of the races had five entries each, \$2,000 to \$10 could be obtained. All combinations are play or pay, for they were not no business could be done. Taking the business as a whole, it is doubtful if there is much money made. One day one side won, the next the other. It is said that Cridge was called upon for no less than nineteen bets in one day last week.

## BEAUTIFUL DAMSEL WHO PLAYS POKER ON THE CARS.

There has been a great season for women of the sharpest criminal lawyers is alone enough to furnish food for rejoicing for the female convicts of the next two years. And her example has encouraged several others to make brilliant exhibitions on the witness stand, a place where women have always been supposed to be at disadvantage. But all these achievements sink into insignificance before those of a "beautiful damsel" who travels on the New York Central Road. Hitherto it has been supposed that the game of draw-poker, so called, was entirely beyond the female comprehension. Some of them have become proficient in "old maid" and have mastered cribbage, and now and then they are found one who would recognize a partner's call for trumps, but these are brilliant exceptions to the rule. But as for learning the mysteries of draw-poker it was not supposed to be a possibility for women. In fact, few of the fair sex, even with the assistance Schenck's deal, have mastered the game, although they have striven diligently and paid heavy tuition. It is said to be a particularity of the game that those who think they know it, frequently find that they have mistaken the value of the hands. But it seems that a young woman, Jamestown, N.Y., the home of Senator Allen, became weary of the monotonous duties of school teaching, and devoted her leisure hours to learning the fascinating and fluctuating game. She succeeded so well that she now travels in Palace Cars on the Central Road, occupying the room into which she invites the occasional Boston drummer or other young men who know the game. The result is said to be very one-sided, the fortune of the game invariably with the fair one. The young woman who "calls" on her in her pleasant journey usually finds himself at the end of the journey as lean in pocket-book as if he had followed Jay Gould's advice in speculating in stock. One man spirited creature, after enjoying the advantages of her instruction, had her sent to Rochester as a swindler. But if she is the woman that she appears she will be disappointed. She has a future before her.

better, but we have not yet reached the highest outcome of the change, and shall not reach it, probably, for several generations. But we have come to the recognition of the fact that it does not toughen a man to reduce his diet, to cut him short in sleep, to take long walks on an empty stomach, and to indulge in cold baths when there is no well supported vitality to respond to them. We have come to the conviction that, for a useful public life, brains are of very little account if there are no muscles to do their bidding. In short, we have learned that without high physical vitality, the profoundest learning, the most charming talents, and the best accomplishments are of little use to a public man, in whatever field of professional life he may be engaged.

So, the men whom we used to starve, we feed. We bid them take all the sleep they desire. We assemble them daily in the gymnasiums, and train them to the development of every muscle in their frames. We encourage sports on the land and on the water. We try to raise a sound and powerful animal, in place of the sickly and feeble animal of former times, that the mind may have a source of vitality behind it, and the largest possible fund of executive power. This is all, and it cannot fail to tell in good results, sooner or later. We have still much to learn, but we are working in the right direction.—Scribner

## BETTING ON THE OLD GRAY.

WHERE POOL SELLING GAVE ZEST TO A STEEPLE-CHASE

"So you are in favor of pool-selling on horse races?" said a horseman to Judge Fortly, the other evening. "Yes," replied the Judge, "I think the life is taken out of a race when the spectators are prevented from investing money, in large or small sums, on their favorites. What would the Derby be without the universal betting which prevails in England? Take our Jerome Park and Long Branch races, for instance. Last summer I visited Jerome Park with my wife to see the races. Pool tickets were not allowed to be sold, the assemblage was small, and there was not so much excitement as I have seen over a scrub race on a country track. Subsequently we attended the Long Branch races. Pools were sold there. Almost every person felt joy. Even young ladies bought tickets on the horses, and the groups in which they were the central attraction on the grand stand were made merry by their gleeful action when they won, or their lugubrious faces when their favorites were beaten. I shall never forget the last investment I made in those races.

"You know," continued the Judge, "I never feel much interest in a horse unless I have something staked on him. My wife was brought up a Presbyterian; still she likes to have her favorite horses win; but, as will sometimes happen, they lose. The last race was a steeple-chase of about two miles and a half. Six horses ran. Five of them were sleek, young blooded bays, and the other an old gray nag that resembled a cross between a carriage horse and a livery hack. Only a few tickets were sold on the gray, one of them was inside of my vest pocket. I returned to my wife just as the horses started. Away swooped the bays like a flock of pigeons before a hawk. The old gray dropped behind as though he had no business with flyers. At the first jump he had lost so much ground that on a straight track he would have been distanced. 'What horse are you betting on?' inquired my wife. 'The old gray,' I replied. 'Good-by to that money, Judge,' said she. I thought so, too, but quietly remarked that the race was not finished. 'Yes, but see, the bays are at the second jump and the gray is further off than he was the first hurdle.' I saw the bays springing over the bars like a pack of fox hounds well together, while the old gray galloped up and plunged over like a run-away cart-horse nearly knocking the hurdle down. As he landed on the turf, however, he seemed to be infused with new life. Stretching out his neck, he struck a tremendous gait, clearing twenty feet at a bound. As the horses neared the third jump old gray's nose was close on the tail of the hindmost bay. He made the jump in better style than before, but still he lost ground in getting to work again, but was quickly after the bays with gaining strides. On reaching the water-jump his head nearly came in contact with the hoofs of the bays, who bounded over like gazelles. Old gray succeeded in securing a footing after his bound

cuse that I have a little further to go, and will call again for it.' It is mountain admitted, and on the return of the man, generally sold at a high price. After a day or two, when the bird feels himself at home in his new place, he turns his attention to the novelty of his apparel, and in pluming himself, he soon discovers that art has embellished him with the plumage of more startling birds. These borrowed feathers are soon plucked out, particularly those put into the back, or shaken out, and the bird regains its hues; but the deception lasts long enough to enable the operator to dispose of the fictitious bird. Guess the surprise of the buyer, who having placed his prize in a cage where he can get at the water, has changed his appearance—the colors have washed out and the feathers have come off.—London Land and Water.

## THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE GOODWOOD RACES.

Some time in the course of that year in which the union of Ireland with England became an accomplished fact, the officers of the Royal Sussex Militia—whose headquarters are at Chichester—working in conjunction with the members of a local hunt club, made arrangements for a race-meeting to be held at Goodwood in the following year. Leave having been obtained from the Duke of Richmond of that period, due encouragement was given by the inhabitants of the neighborhood favorable to the enterprise, and those entrusted with the management, working in harmony, put their shoulders to the wheel in such good earnest that the sum of £313 public money was collected to be given away in prizes, plus £300 subscribed for sweepstakes, and races were first held at Goodwood in April, 1802. This fact accounts for the question we asked last week as to why a bugler of the Royal Sussex Militia is detailed from Chichester each day during the Goodwood meeting to blow a fanfare from the top of the grand stand when the flag falls to announce that the horses have started. No doubt at first it was simply a regimental affair, and as the Royal Sussex had no conventional bell to ring, the bugler was put on as a happy thought, and has continued to do duty ever since, in order to perpetuate the connection of the militia with that meeting. Their regimental drag daily attends, and the splendid hospitality of the officers is a distinctive feature of glorious Goodwood. In the year following (1803), principally from lack of funds the races fell off in point of attraction, and 1803 showed a greater deficit in money, so much so that there was only one day's sport. For several years afterwards Goodwood met with very scant encouragement and in 1810, with two days' sport, little over £200 was scraped together to be run for, and up to 1825 the public money given varied from £80 to £300, while the sweepstakes subscribed were from £60 to £800. Two years later a decided improvement set in, and the money run for was over £2,000. In 1829 the course was altered and considerably improved and the total cash in stakes was £3,253. In the following year the new grand stand was opened, and in 1831 the Royal Purse of one hundred guineas for the first time was provided to be run for. From that period the success of Goodwood was insured and the great progress made between 1832 and 1835, when the average annual amount of stakes was £6,000, which in 1837 increased to £11,145. Subsequently the Duke of Richmond spent a large sum on improvements, and intrusted the management of the meeting to the late Lord George Bentinck, whose personal exertions and sound judgment caused Goodwood to make such gigantic strides in public estimation that it not only rivaled but eclipsed many of the other principal race meetings. We may wind up our statistics by mentioning that in 1845 the value of stakes amounted to £24,909, a substantial proof of Lord George Bentinck's influence on the turf, for after this lamentable death the stakes rapidly decreased and for years showed an annual average of £11,000.

## A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to Rev. J. T. LAMMAN, Station D, Little House, New York City. 532-em

bers I respectably. I, 2 and 3, and say they, throwing the cards about, 'You can't pick up the old woman.' 'Well,' says I, 'wantin' to be social lik., I'll bet you two bits I kin.' One of 'em slick fellows craned up and says, 'Ef that's all the money you've got, stranger, you'd better keep it for vittals.' That made me kind o' mad, an' I says to 'em, 'I reckon as how I've got as much money as any o' you has, sir; an' ain't afraid to bet it neether.' So I bet 'em five hundred, and they throwed the cards around, and darn my skin ef I didn't lose. I bet 'em agin, but the land'rd wouldn't let me. But I bought these h-rs kears, and I'm agoin' to take 'em down to Texas an' win heaps o' money from the boys that with 'em.'

'During this harangue the 'cattle drover' continued to throw the cards clumsily about, breaking off in his talk, every once in a while to give vent to that peculiar chuckle he had first indulged in, and to expectorate a liberal quantity of tobacco juice, half on one of his boots, and the other half under the seat opposite. My fellow passenger spoken of before, by way of a banter, offered to bet the drover he could pick out the 'old lady.' The two 'commercial travellers' then got up and came over to where the drover was sitting and asked to see the cards. I afterward discovered that those two men were nothing more nor less than 'cappers' or partners of the supposed drover, and it was their duty to work up the 'graff.' The cards were shown them, and while they were examining the queer designs the drover turned his back to the 'cappers' and expectorated in the aisle. My fellow passenger was watching the cards intently, and the 'cappers' knowing that he was watching them, deliberately bent down one corner of the queen, or 'old woman,' so that it could readily be picked up from the other two. As soon as the drover had faced us again, the taller of the two commercial travellers, whom we will call Capper No. 1, said:

'I say, old man, let's see you throw those cards again; I won't bet you anything, but I can pick up the winning card every time.' 'Wall, here she goes!' answered the drover, throwing the cards in such a clumsy manner as to expose the queen constantly. Of course No. 1 picked up the right one. 'Wal, by Jove, ye did do it sure enough.' At this point the other capper offered to bet half a dollar, he, too, could pick up the right card. The drover would not accept the bet, saying that capper No. 1 knew the card and would tell No. 2. Upon being assured that such would not be the case, he allowed capper No. 2 a chance to pick up the 'winner,' but only for fun. The cards were again clumsily thrown, but when capper No. 2 picked up the card it was the shield. 'You have lost it, I'll swan!' said the drover, who seemed to be mightily pleased, and chuckled loudly. At this point my fellow passenger, who hadn't the remotest suspicion that the nice-looking commercial traveller was a capper, leaned over to him and remarked in a low tone, 'I don't believe that old fellow is as green as he looks, I believe he's a genuine monte man.' 'Oh, no,' said the capper; 'that old fellow is a fool of a cattle drover; you can tell by his dress and talk. I've seen 'em hundred of times, just such fellows, come into Kansas City. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do,' said he, still addressing my fellow passenger; 'we'll give him a lesson. I'll bet him \$5 I can turn up the queen. If you want to come in with me on the bet, I'll do the same, and while you talk to the old fellow I'll turn up the corner of the queen, as I did before, and we've got a dead sure thing on him. Why, it'll be like finding money.' Unfortunately I, though naturally honest, bit at a bait so tempting. It would be like 'finding money.' Still I was not willing to put down a large sum of money. Turning to the drover, I remarked, 'Say, mister, I'll bet you \$20 that man, pointing to the capper, 'can pick out the queen. And I'll give you a fiver myself,' chimed in

and with a wink to the cappers, 'My d-r-fellows, I've had enough. The boys gathered themselves up and left the train, jumping from it, I believe, while it was in motion.

## VITALITY OF A SHARK'S HEART

The Providence Press tells this story, an episode of a shark story in *Wide Awake*, written by Dr. J. T. Payne. He describes the capture of a shark and its dissection at sea, and says that after the heart had been removed from the body and placed upon the deck it kept up its contractions for a period of twenty minutes or more, just the same as when in place and performing its office of pumping the blood to the various parts of the body. We, in company with the late Surgeon McGregor, used to enjoy annually a shark-dishing excursion. One season we rendezvoused at Edgartown, and fished for the monster off 'Capoge. We caught among others a fellow of splendid pluck and proportions, and decided to dissect him. We landed him upon an old wharf in Edgartown, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and proceeded in true surgeon's style. We opened him, took out his immense jaws, which, when opened, passed over to the extreme of our shoulders, and afterward found his heart expanding and contracting as if in life, though the body was devoid of blood. We cut the heart out, placed it upon an inverted iron fry kettle used by whalers, and proceeded with our work. After we had finished, it was nearly dark—we took the jaw and the heart, the latter still pumping, to our hotel, and placed the latter upon a stone post, while we went in and had our supper. We took a lantern with us and examined that marvelous heart again. It was still contracting, though feebly, and its last quiver, about 8:30 o'clock, was merely a spasm. Dr. Payne's story is not as marvelous as ours, and we vouch for its truthfulness.

## CARE OF HORSES.

A run in a pasture field at night will be very acceptable to the working horses. In close stables the flies greatly disturb them, which they escape in the field. After a day's work, to sponge the coat with clean water, having a dash of carbolic soap in it, will be refreshing and healthful, and will prevent much of the annoyance from flies. Cleanliness will almost entirely avoid the disagreeable horse smell so prevalent in hot weather. The night a pasture should be counted as part of the feed; the usual feed should be given before they are turned out in the evening.

Where the skin is chafed or galled by the harness, it should be washed with salt water, and, when dry, painted with spirits of turpentine. This will heal the raw spot and keep off the flies. To prevent galls, scrape and wipe off with a fine cloth the harness where it presses closely upon the skin. Pads are to be avoided. A collar or other part that will admit of a pad under it, fits badly, and is almost certain to produce galls.

Cattle may now get a few oats daily as the grass fails. A shelter should be provided in the pasture where they can find shade. It should be in an airy part of the field, free from flies.

## AN ARAB AND HIS MARE.

An Arab Chief who lived near Bassorah had a favorite breed of horses. He lost one of his mares, and could not for a long time discover whether she was stolen or had strayed. Sometime after, a young man of a different tribe, who had long wished to marry his daughter, but had always been rejected by the sheik, obtained the lady's consent, and eloped with her. The sheik and his followers pursued, but the lover and his mistress, mounted on one horse, made a wonderful march, and escaped. The old chief swore that the fellow was either mounted on the Devil or the favorite mare he had lost. After his return he found the latter to be the case, that the lover was the thief of his mare as well as his daughter, and that he stole the one to carry off the other. The chief was quite gratified to think that he had not been beaten by a mare of any other breed, and as easily reconciled to the young man, as the mare was an Arab, about which he was more solicitous than his daughter.—Sporting Times, London.