THE MAN WHO STARTS RACES.

HE NEEDS TO HAVE HIS WITS ABOUT HIM WHEN THE TRACK IS FULL.

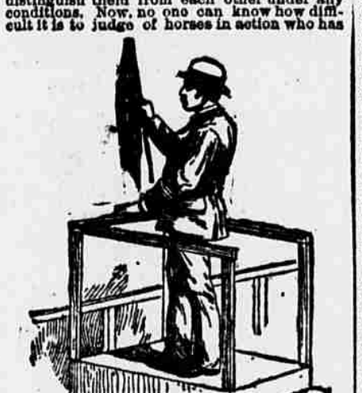
A Talk with Capt. Connor on the Starter's Qualifications—Jockeys and their Ways—Starter Caldwell's Tough Job.

Horses and riders so nearly monopolize the attention of spectators at a race that were it not for an occasional bad start, or a decision of doubtful justice, the fact that there are such men as starters and judges would be overlooked and forgotten. A moment's thought shows how important a part these officials play in a race, and the questions then arise, How do they get their places? What are their qualifications? How much do they get?

Of all the men who ever started races in America, Capt. William M. Connor of this city is undoubtedly the best known and most highly esteemed. He has retired from the turf as an official, but he keeps up his interest in the sport by attending the most important meetings, and on occasion it is possible to persuade him to take the red flag in his hand and start a special race. Such was the case, for instance, a year ago, when Troubadour and Miss Woodford ran their famous race at Sheepshead Bay. Capt. Connor, as a favor to the owners of the horses and the Jockey Club, went down and officiated at the start. He is a pleasant and fluent talker. Of starting and turf matters he said:

"A starter is like a poet—he is born, not made. The qualifications for becoming a good starter are as distinctly a matter of natural gift as are the talents that go to make a great General. A man who was not born to start races can never learn. He will be all the time making mistakes; and the combination of qualities that are required is a rare one. The result is that you find one or two men doing the starting for nearly all the important races in the country. The clubs do not like to experiment with a new man, and a man who has once made a reputation as a starter may be assured of a job all his life. It is a salaried place, as perhaps you know, and, therefore, there are always applicants on hand. Some of them work for the place like politicians, and get it, too, but out of fifty such that I might recall not two have been able to retain the place. They were decided failures, and not because they did not mean to do right; they simply couldn't, because it was not born in them to get a dozen horses across the line in a bunch.

"The essential qualities for successful work as a starter are these: A strong sense of justice, prompt decision, fear of no man no matter how exalted his position, and ability to judge of horses in action. I take it for granted, of course, that a man must be a lover of horses, thoroughly conversant with them, and able to distinguish them from each other under any conditions. Now, no one can know how difficult it is to judge of horses in action who has



THE STARTER.

not tried it. When there are only two horses, which is rarely the case, the matter is reasonably easy, but with more, half a dozen, and up to a trackful, it becomes complicated. You have to see every horse in the same glance, recognize at once just what each one is doing, realize his relative position to all the others, and decide in a flash whether they are close enough together, and under such circumstances as will render it fair to give the signal for a start. This is done, you know, by dropping the red flag that the starter holds in his hand. But that is not the whole of it, and do you know there are lots and lots of people who go to the races with considerable regularity year after year who never seem to realize that it takes two men to start a race? The second, of course, is only an assistant and can exercise no discretion, but he is absolutely necessary nevertheless. He stands in the middle of the track some distance down from the starter and holds a large white flag in the air. It is his business to watch the starter and act according to the signals from that official. When the horses have gone past the starter the jockeys cannot turn around to see whether the red flag has or has not been dropped; they would not know whether to let their horses out for a run or to pull them in for a new trial if it was not for the man ahead of them with the white flag, whom they can see easily. This man, if the red flag is lowered, drops his white flag to the ground and gets out of the way as fast as he can, and the jockeys know by that that a race has been started and that they must keep on going. If the starter does not drop his red flag the assistant remains where he stands in the middle of the track with his white flag raised, and the jockeys know that they must pull in.

GO!

"But to return to the starter proper. His sense of justice will not only tell him when it would be unfair to order a start, but when some jockey should be punished for illegal behavior; for there are laws of the track, you know, and the starter must see that they are obeyed so far as they lie within the province of his observation. After the race is once started it is the duty of the judges to watch the progress of the race and determine whether anything is done or attempted that is unallowable, and their duty to inflict the punishment. As a rule, all that tricky jockeys can do to gain an unfair advantage is at the start, and it therefore more often becomes the starter's duty to reprimand and punish than it does the judges'. The usual offences that jockeys commit are such as breaking away unnecessarily, pulling back when they are told to come up, and breaking up starts unnecessarily."

"Are any little tricks allowable?"

"When the jockeys do anything in their efforts to get the send-off best for themselves, they are only showing their loyalty to their employers. There is some room, therefore, for sharp practice, but punishment is liable to follow. The boys are perfectly right in doing anything they can without violating the rules. For instance, to mention a trick that is often practised and which it would be extremely difficult to detect, and the punishment of which would be sure to seem unjust to many observers: Suppose that seven or eight starters

THE STARTER'S ASSISTANT.

appear at the call, and that among them are one or two horses who are really restless and give their riders considerable trouble to manage; several false breaks are made, and meantime the other horses are getting nervous over the constant manœuvring and backing and pulling. Now, suppose that after a false start has been made, and the jockeys have turned about to come back to the line, one of them finds that he cannot make his horse return. The supposition at once is that the animal has been irritated so much at the delays and the constant curbing of its temper, that it will not bulge without such severe discipline as would be manifestly improper to use just before a race. Under such circumstances it is customary to send a stable boy down the track to take the horse by the bridle and lead him back. That makes the animal calm again, and saves him a bad beating with the rider's whip. Now, it is perfectly possible for a skilful jockey to make his horse appear to balk and be unruly when, as a matter of fact, the animal is under perfect control and is doing exactly what the rider wants all the time. A jockey may do this without much danger of detection, and he profits by it in the rest that his horse gets while being led back by the stable boy. The rival horses at the same time will be galloping to the line and stamping and fretting, and quite likely growing more nervous. If a starter saw reason to believe that a jockey was shamming his difficulties with his horse, the starter would warn him that he must get back from the break without assistance, and if the delay was continued it would then be proper for the starter to impose a fine or other punishment upon the tricky jockey."

A series of such tricks as Capt. Connor describes amused and exasperated the spectators at Sheepshead Bay a few days ago. It is worth referring to, as it was an example of the most difficult work that devolves upon a starter. The official was Mr. Caldwell, and the distance to be run was a mile and an eighth. The start, therefore, was made directly in front of the grand stand. There were eleven horses in the field. Several of the jockeys attracted attention at once by the anxiety they showed to get the best of the start, and the result of the first three breaks was a send-off very much like a procession. Mr. Caldwell stood in his little box beside the

"GO BACK, BOYS, GO BACK!"

rail, and as the horses came back the third time he called out to one of the riders in warning tones saying that the boy must behave himself and not make a false break. One or two jockeys, McLaughlin among them, kept quietly in the background, apparently not trying to figure for an advantage. The others could not content themselves with getting far enough up the track to make an even breakaway possible. McLaughlin, for instance, would go up the track the proper distance, but as soon as he turned his horse's head young Elkie, several lengths behind, would turn also, and thus be in a forward position in the event of a break. Elkie was not the only offender, and Caldwell became indignant at the persistence with which they disobeyed his commands. Shaking his red flag at the offenders, the started called out:

"Elkie, you and Davis go back where you belong. Bender, you go back, too. Elkie, why don't you go back as I tell you to? Go back I say," and at this point Elkie's horse became mysteriously unmanageable, and could not be made to go back. It was so palpably a trick, however, that no stable boy was summoned to his assistance. Two or three times more the horses were sent away in straggling order, the reason for giving them the word seeming to be that they were all getting nervous and unmanageable at the line, and that a short run would calm them. Caldwell continued to speak to the disobedient jockeys like a schoolmaster.

"I don't propose to speak to you again, Elkie," he would say, "and if I do I'll teach you to behave. Davis, what are you doing down there? Go back to that black horse and stay there. Jim, stay where you are. Stay right there, Elkie (in thundering tones) why don't you turn your horse around? Go way up the track every one of you and stand still. Go back with them, Jim. Turn round all of you and stop bothering me."

The thousands of spectators were vastly interested in this display. It does not often happen that a start is made near the grand stand, and the experience smacked of novelty

IN THE JUDGES' STAND.

for all except Caldwell. Finally he got down from his box and climbed over the rail into the track. There he stood gesticulating with his furled flag at the troublesome jockeys, driving them further up the track and continuing his direful threats against the naughty little Elkie. Several times he sent the horses off in disgust apparently, for he let them pass him in a procession without hope of their coming together at the line. Each time they returned he had some new jockey to scold. McLaughlin on one occasion found something wrong in the saddle and got down to adjust it. It took two or three minutes, during which his horse got a needed rest. It was more than an hour after calling the race before the horses broke away in a fairly good bunch, and Caldwell dropped his flag, going almost to the ground himself so eager was he to give the signal that ended his trouble for the time being. He gave the signal from the track, for he had not returned to his box after once leaving it.

Continuing his talk, Capt. Connor said:

"A starter may well hesitate to rule a jockey off for misconduct, especially when he knows that that misconduct was the result solely of the jockey's loyalty to his employer, for the sentence he imposes is a life one, and applies to all the tracks in the country. A jockey must be reinstated by the club that ruled him off before he will be allowed to ride on the tracks of any recognized jockey club in the country. But I ought to say right here that my long experience as a starter has convinced me that few jockeys will deliberately do wrong. They will figure for position and do all that is legitimate to get their horses in ahead of their rivals, but when it comes to selling a race and such matters they won't do it. Nothing in the world would induce such men as Hayward, McLaughlin, Donohue, Murphy, and many others I might mention to do a wrong.

"My first experience with turf matters was in the South. Just what it was it would be difficult to say, for I associated with turf men from my earliest recollection. I think I did my first starting for the Metairie Jockey Club of New Orleans. It was the custom then for the President of the club to do the starting. Some of the horses that ran then were: Monarchist, Saltine, Mme. Dudley, Lancaster, Harry of the West, Stonewall Jackson, Capt. Moore, Robert Alexander, Billie Peyton, and Dan Sargent, besides a host of other notables. The duty of a starter is always exciting, although, of course, neither he nor the judges can have any financial interest in the races at which they officiate. I never had a salaried place, though I have frequently been asked to take one. All my work was done for the love of it, because I wanted to see racing brought to as high a level as possible."

"Who are the best starters to-day?"

"There are two men now before the public who have succeeded signally and are first-rate starters: Mr. James E. Sheridan and Mr. James F. Caldwell.

"Racing is really in its infancy in this country. It is in a flourishing condition, but it will only develop to its utmost when fashion takes hold. I look forward to seeing more men of great means and high social position, like August Belmont, Mr. Withers, and Mr. Cassatt, come forward and put representatives of their stables upon the course. I hope to see Pierre Lorillard bracketed again as a nominator within twelve months. It is not that we need more races, but a more general devotion to the true interests of horse breeding and the turf."

Shameless Ausonia Girls.

From the New Haven Palladium.

At this end of the town are some girls that are as devoid of shame as are any of the young men in the same place. The Saltonstall River opposite the depot is a favorite bathing place for both boys and girls, and what was the surprise of the people gathered at the depot Saturday to see two girls about 15 years of age appear and disrobe as unconcernedly as though in their own chambers. An old dress was donned for a short time and then discarded, and for the next ten minutes they sported in nature's attire, diving, swimming, &c., the while, leaving the water, made their toilet in plain sight. Hardly a day passes but what a similar sight can be seen, and in some instances the females have reached even a more mature age. The place is outside of the borough limits. Hence the police do not interfere.

AN ANTI-ITALIAN LEAGUE.

CITIZENS OF ROCHESTER AGAINST THE SONS OF THE SUNNY SOUTH.

An Organized Effort to Drive them Out of the Fifth Ward—The Italians Won't Go Yet by any Means, Though.

ROCHESTER, July 16.—There has been recently organized in this city a society known as the Anti-Italian Nuisance Association of the Fifth ward, the object of which is to rid that portion of the city of the presence of swarthy sons and daughters of sunny Italy. There are a number of buildings in this ward in which the Italians have taken up their abode. The particular Italian rendezvous, however, which has called into existence this association is on North St. Paul street, and in the midst of a cultivated community whose idea of the eternal fitness of things is at wide variance with the social regulations of lazzaroni.

The property is owned by Thomas Haley. Upon it is situated a two-story house fifty feet long by twenty in width. The Fire Marshal has condemned the building as an old tinder box, and the Board of Health has pronounced it wholly unfit for a human being to live in. The premises are filthy beyond description, and yet swarms of Italians have been allowed to live there. The place is known by such names as "Italian Row," "Haley Arcade," and "Poison Row." Situated within a few feet of this den is the handsome brick residence of ex-Fire Marshal William Carroll, who, with Alderman Fee, Contractor John Heveron, John King, and many other influential citizens, is waging vigorous warfare against their obnoxious neighbors. These gentlemen say that whatever is done will be done legally, but that their association will remain organized until the Italians are removed from their community. Their watchword is, "The Italians must go."

The Italians, however, have no idea of going. At a recent meeting of the association the Italians turned the tables upon the members in a manner as through as it was unexpected. While the meeting was learnedly considering the legal questions involved in the movement to suppress the Italian nuisances, into the hall stalked a muscular son of Italy. This intruder had hardly been seated when in walked three more of the same nationality, who were quickly followed by some fifty or sixty would-be victims of the association. The surprise produced by the first intrusion was immediately transformed into consternation, and while the Chairman was declaring the meeting adjourned the members themselves were making a bolt for the back door. They reached the street just in time to see another squad of determined Italians enter the front door of the hall.

The Italians had been collected together and directed to the hall by John McDermott, one of the Italian landlords. While the members of the association were gathered on a street corner deliberating as to what course prudent men should take under such circumstances, McDermott took the opportunity to call them paupers and foreign outcasts, and cited to them the fact that Columbus and Pope Leo XIII. were Italians. "If it hadn't been for their countryman, Christopher Columbus," he continued, "the banks of this Genesee River would to-day be a howling wilderness covered with bears, catamounts, and tigers instead of with breweries that are owned by men with ruffled shirts and blue suits, who are trying to impose upon these Italians."

The harangue was suddenly interrupted by a policeman, who arrested McDermott on the charge of inciting a riotous disturbance. The arrest of their leader effectually quieted the Italians, who thereupon dispersed, and the meeting recommenced. The subsequent deliberations resulted in the passage of a resolution recommending the employment of ex-City Attorney John N. Beckley as counsel for the association, and the appointment of a committee to present the matter to the Board of Health.

The office of the Board of Health was the next scene of hostilities. Attorney John H. Keef appeared at the meeting of the Board last week in behalf of Landlord Haley. Mr. Carroll, one of the members of the committee appointed by the association, looked after the interests of the aggrieved parties. At his suggestion a report of one of the Health Inspectors together with the affidavits of a number of persons who live in the vicinity of Poison row were read, showing the filthy condition of the Italian den. Attorney Keef was not in the least daunted by the statements made under oath to the Board. He himself had visited the premises and had advised his client that he was not maintaining a public nuisance. He had, however, advised Mr. Haley to build a lattice work between the house and the street, so that the sight of the Italians might not offend the eyes of the delicate and aristocratic neighbors. By way of intimidation, probably, he announced that if the Board of Health commenced proceedings against his client he should meet them with an injunction and fight the matter out in the courts. As a parting shot to Mr. Carroll, Alderman Fee, and others who have been active in the anti-Italian movement, he said that the Irish need not show so much contempt for another race, because not long ago Irishmen were treated in the Fifth ward about as Italians are now. This remark hit hard, for Mr. Carroll answered with "You're a blackguard to speak of your countrymen so." Attorney Keef replied that he had Irish blood in his veins, and was proud of it, but he was not enough of an Irishman to take pleasure in abusing people of another nationality.

When Alderman Fee's chance came he said that Haley had gone from one attorney to another and had been unable to get any respectable lawyer to appear in his behalf. After Mr. Keef's proposed lattice work as a barrier to keep stench from escaping had been sufficiently ridiculed, the Clerk of the Board read an opinion of Attorney-General O'Brien in a similar case, holding that the local Board of Health had a right to proceed as far as necessary in the interest of public health, and that to disregard the order of the Board was a dismeanor. This last statement caused Attorney Keef to prick up his ears slightly, and he looked sad as he saw that probably his injunction scheme would not work. A resolution was thereupon adopted ordering Mr. Haley to get rid of his tenants and thoroughly clean the premises, and further providing that in case of failure to comply with the order he shall pay a fine of $50, and the premises shall be overhauled by the Health Officer at the owner's expense. At the passage of this quite satisfactory resolution the anti-Italian party marched out of the office with greater deliberation and in better order than on the evening when the Italians interrupted their deliberations.

The Anti-Italian Nuisance Association intend to make a test question of the Haley premises. They are the worst in the Fifth ward, and it is thought that the example which will be made of Mr. Haley will be sufficient to produce the desired effect upon the other landlords. If it is not, steps will be taken by the Board of Health and association against each landlord separately.

NEW ORLEANS'S ALLIGATOR MARKET.

Prices Range from Fifty Cents to $200—Hundreds are Sent to Europe.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"How do you sell the best, madame?" asked the inquisitive reporter of a quiet-looking woman, who was the one peaceful object in the screaming, noisy world about her.

"Well, I hardly know how to answer that question," she responded, her voice pitched high enough to penetrate the chirping, squeaking, cawing and crowing of the congregation of feathered folk fluttering about. "You see, they come at most any price, and when I tell you they come all the way from fifty cents to $200 a piece, you can understand how prices vary."

As is well known, sugar, oranges and alligators form three staples in Louisiana exports and internal revenue, and it was to discover the exact condition of the crocodile market, and whether the spring catch had been good, that a visit was paid yesterday to the big tanks on Chartres street.

There is a lavish liberality and a free, unstinted prodigality in the way one of these reptiles lays eggs that would discourage anything short of a patent incubator. Why, without half putting her mind to it, and in a poor season at that, she will fill her nest with seventy-five eggs and crawl away comfortable, assured every last one will produce a healthy little yellow and black wriggler. Just here it is that the expert hunter comes in for a soft thing. He knows the favorite laying grounds of the alligator hens as thoroughly as Johnny does his bantam's nest in the barn, and when the time comes for the exhausted mother to cease from her labors, he simply paddles out, fills his canoe with the thick-skinned, pearly globes, and feels sure of a fine return later on.

Alligators are brought into town in every stage, from an embryo state in the egg to great, angry monsters a dozen feet long, tipping the scales hundreds of pounds. Men hunt their hideous game after dark, stalking the swamps, dragging lagoons, and wading through low, oozy marshes, where vast numbers of alligators abide. Several methods of capturing them are resorted to. Those caught with hooks are only fit for immediate killing, as they sicken and die in short order. The big ones are lassooed, and smaller fry snared in a heavy seine made for this purpose. The hunter realizes he is after dangerous game, with lots of vicious habits, and so, besides blinding their stupid eyes by a lamp worn in his cap, he is prepared to send a soothing bullet whenever necessary.

After bringing in his find of eggs the crocodile farmer heaps them in boxes and simply depends on time to do its perfect work. In the course of weeks the infant gnaws and claws at the hard shell until he finally squirms his way into the world. There is as much difference in the skin of the young and old ones as in a baby's complexion as compared with a grown person's. Their hide is as brilliant as if polished, a bright black and yellow, which grows dingier and rustier every year they live.

Passing through the big bird store, the alligator region is reached. It is a pretty, garden-like place, with leader, lacy vines trained in delicate festoons up the lattice against the dark brick wall. Great red pots hold rich foliage plants that lend a tropical air to the spot, fitting the inhabitants of the long cemented tanks. These troughs are built six in a row, the occupants being carefully graded according to size. There is very little family affection among them, parents rarely hesitating to sacrifice their offspring on the altar of a healthy appetite. Survival of the biggest is an unanswerable law to which all must succumb; consequently they are classified into two and three year olds. Twice a week the water must be changed for the salubrity of the atmosphere. There is a notorious untamed odor about an alligator that must be regarded. It is the perfume he brought from his wild, free life in the forest, and hangs about him with unvarying steadfastness. Twice a week refreshments are handed round, beef lights, as a rule, a delicacy for which the alligators have a very pronounced penchant. The half-grown variety eat from five to six at a meal, distending their uncomely, shapeless stomachs until the receptacles refuse to hold another particle. They feed only at intervals, but have voracious appetites then.

They are very ugly creatures, with wretched dispositions, as the reporter had a fair opportunity of discovering. Hanging over the side of the tank in playful, almost intimate relations with the beast, his sheltering umbrella gave a tip too far and touched the extreme point of the thing's snout. It was enough; with a terrifying bellow and blowing off of steam the infuriated being rose two inches out of the water and sent his observer exactly three feet in the air. It was a severe shock, and has generated respect, if not admiration, for the alligator's sensitiveness. Lying in the sunshine, every grisly feature is accentuated. Their great shovel heads float on the water with stupid, evil eyes that blink like yellow excrescences on a mud-colored surface. A tiny, minute slit in the snout admits enough air to enable them to make a sound frightful enough to scare the stoutest hearted.

The keeper of the tanks said hundreds were sold yearly to travelling showmen, numbers being sent to Europe as curiosities, besides many that were bought by Northern visitors. Saloon owners buy them constantly to keep on their counters as an attraction to possess. Chicago and St. Louis being noticeable among the number. An artist here in town sets them up with all sorts of comical fashion; preachers, lawyers, gamblers, organ grinders, cotton handlers, land duellists out of the ridiculous little figures. One, a burlesque scene in court, was particularly amusing. These are sold very cheaply, and a pretty fair trade is driven.

The saurian merchant has a perfect treasure that he keeps in close quarters and guards as the fairest jewel of his entire collection of beauties. It is a huge, evil-smelling, sluggish reptile measuring twelve feet, whose age is calculated at 150 years. He lies sprawled out on the floor of his trough, in a state of torpid stupidity. The creature looks bored to death, and with enough impotent malignity in his depraved yellow eyes to devour every visitor who studies his unhandsome proportions. The tropical beast is entirely out of place, surrounded with fresh air and the perfume of flowers. One fancies him crawling slowly from the heat and slime of some lagoon, lying in wait for prey that has no chance between those weighty jaws.

PISTOLS, SHOTGUNS, RIFLES.

Interesting Facts About Weapons of Sport and Death.

"There have been pistols enough sold in the last ten years to arm the male population of the United States, and if every man and big boy in the country has not got one it must be because the cheap pistols don't last long enough to be handed down as heirlooms." So spoke the manager of a famous house in the firearms business on Maiden lane.

"Is the demand for pistols increasing in proportion to the increase of population?"

"I am glad to say that it is not, especially in the South, where it has heretofore been the rule for the male sex to go armed, and where the crack of the revolver has too often been the umpire in argument. The authorities in several Southern States have apparently seen the necessity of placing some restraint on the carrying of deadly weapons, and the preponderance of public sentiment is everywhere against the indiscriminate practice. Texas has enacted a law imposing six months' imprisonment and a fine of $250 for carrying a pistol. In Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and Arkansas the sale of pistol cartridges is prohibited. The Northwestern State of Illinois has a very good law, requiring dealers in pistols to keep a record of every sale, and to whom sold, as apothecaries must do when selling poisons. This law, of course, facilitates the procuring of evidence in cases of murder by the use of a pistol."

"You do not approve of cheap pistols?"

"I do not. The purchaser of a pistol, desiring a good, durable, and trustworthy weapon, should not pay less than $5, and from that to $15. The vast majority of pistols in the market are, however, of the 75 cent and $1 quality. There is probably no danger of explosion in using such weapons. They are not likely to burst, as the strain is on the shell and at the breach, and there is ample strength there, as a general thing, to prevent bursting. But such pistols seem very short lived. Like the razors Hodge bought at a shilling a dozen, they are manufactured to sell."

"Do many women buy pistols?"

"Some respectable women, living isolated, or under circumstances which justify the apprehension that there may be need for a deadly weapon for use in defending themselves or their property, procure pistols. But in such cases they are very apt to lock the weapon up in a drawer, and not be able to get at it when they may happen to need it. Fast women not unfrequently arm themselves with pistols. They usually buy the cheap kind. As a rule, when a woman buys a pistol she probably has some very serious idea in her head. Under ordinary circumstances the sex has no inclination for such weapons.

"The trade in sporting weapons," added the manager, "is increasing. A good many more shotguns are sold than rifles, and notwithstanding the thirty-five per cent. duty, English shotguns continue in favor, because they are made by hand, and have undergone a thorough Government inspection, while the American weapon is made by machinery, and is subjected to no Government test whatever. A good English shotgun can be procured at from $25 to $50, a first-class weapon for from $75 to $100, but some English shotguns are sold as low as $10 or $15. Even these are safe, as far as bursting is concerning, owing to the rigid Government inspection. All shotguns imported are not hand-made, as there are two manufacturers in Belgium who use machinery. American shotguns retail for from $40 to $75 and $100 for the better grades, the English hand-made goods being able to undersell the American, the tariff to the contrary notwithstanding.

"In rifles, however, the Americans hold the market. Their machine-manufactured rifles cannot be equalled by the handiwork of Englishmen, and American rifles are sold all over the world. The demand for sporting rifles has, however, been unfavorably affected by the indiscriminate slaughter of large game in the far West. The class of arms sold to buffalo hunters has almost gone out of the market, owing to the rapid extinction of the buffalo."

"These dealers in arms are in favor of the protection of game?"

"Emphatically so, and every true sportsman is. The extinction of game would mean the cessation of a demand for sporting arms."

"Is game decreasing in the Eastern and Middle States?"

"I should say not, judging from the demand for shotguns and sporting rifles. The game laws are being better enforced and more stringent, and public sentiment sustains their enforcement. The small game of the Atlantic States is rather on the increase."

Curing Hydrophobia with Chloroform

From the St. Louis Republican.

Dr. V. G. Miller of Osage Mission, Kansas, an old army surgeon, and practising physician of a quarter of a century's experience, said recently that he had never been called on to treat but one case of hydrophobia when it was beyond a doubt that it was a case of rabies. "The bite," he said, "was when I first began to practice of medicine. I was called one night to see a man who, the messenger said, was suffering with intense spasms, and nothing that could be done would relieve him. I took with me my medicine case, and also put into my sack bags a bottle of chloroform containing about three ounces. When I arrived I found the patient quiet, with a rapid, irregular pulse. In a few minutes he was seized with a paroxysm which it took the combined strength of myself and the family to control. He frothed at the mouth, snapping an snarling like a dog. As soon as he was quiet I began to ask questions of the family, and soon found that a few days before he had been bitten by a strange dog that came into the cow lot one morning and was snapping at the cattle. He attempted to drive the animal out, but the dog turned on him and, jumping up, inflicted a slight wound on his left arm. It was nothing more than a scratch, had healed up in a day or so, and nothing more was thought of it. From the description of the dog I was confident that it was the same that a few days before had been killed in the neighborhood, undoubtedly mad, and I could no longer doubt what was the matter with my patient.

"His cries when he went into the spasms were terrible to hear. I gave him various remedies to quiet him, but they seemingly had no effect. At this time I happened to think of the chloroform I had brought, and I set about work on the patient for over two hours and had not been able to give him any relief whatever, and I was pretty well assured that the man would die any way. I was alone with him, excepting members of the family, who would not know the difference, and I determined to try an experiment, either to quiet the man or kill him with the chloroform. When his next spasm came on I saturated a cloth with the liquid and placed it to the patient's nose and mouth. He struggled for a long time, but at last the drug did its work and he sank back insensible. He soon came to, the spasm still on him, and I again saturated him in the same way. This I continued during the remainder of the night and until 9 o'clock the next morning, using up all the chloroform I had and sending for a new supply several times. In all about three pounds. At 9 o'clock the next morning the patient went to sleep. When he wakened up he acted like a person dazed or half foolish. A slimy, stringy secretion came out of his mouth continually, and he seemed to have no desire for food, and for a long time would not swallow. He gradually grew better, and in about three weeks' time he was up and about. I knew the man afterward, doctored him and his family. He never had another attack, and some eight years afterward died with consumption."

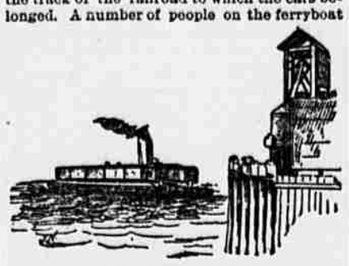
STRANGE SIGHTS AFLOAT.

TRAINS OF CARS AND FRAME HOUSES GLIDING OVER THE WATER.

Important Factors in the System of Through Transportation—Elevating Grain Into Ships—Steam Lighters and Pile Drivers.

"Mamma! mamma! see! There's a train of cars walking over the water!"

Mamma, who was apparently a middle-aged, placid lady, glanced at her lively little daughter with a smile in which fondness, incredulity, and amusement were mingled, and then, as if just to please the wee miss, looked over the water. As she did so her placid expression changed quickly to one of surprise. There certainly was a train of cars about a quarter of a mile off, and if it wasn't exactly walking over the water it seemed to be gliding through the white caps as smoothly as it had glided over the track of the railroad to which the cars belonged. A number of people on the ferryboat



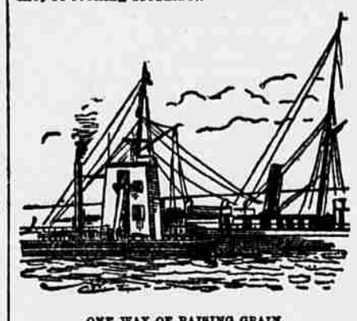
A FLOATING FREIGHT TRAIN.

had noticed the floating train and were watching it with interest. Just then it rose a little on the waves and it was seen that a number of freight cars were on a float, and that lashed to the float was a tugboat. Soon the ferryboat slightly changed its course, so that the people on it got a front view of the float and could see that a platform ran through the middle of it from end to end, and that the cars, some eighteen in all, stood on tracks on each side of the platform.

"It isn't walking after all," said the little girl in a disappointed tone.

The bystanders couldn't help smiling, and one of them was so pleased with her pretty talk that he kept a lookout for some other odd sight afloat. It wasn't long before he turned to her and, pointing over the port bow, exclaimed: "There's a four-story house steaming up the river."

"Where?" she exclaimed. Then, when the strange object met her eyes, she said: "There's smoke coming out of the chimney. Perhaps they're cooking breakfast."

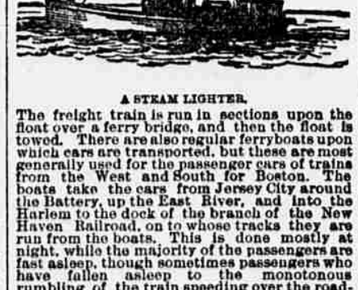


ONE WAY OF RAISING GRAIN.

The little girl had seen two kinds of craft which always interest passengers on the ferryboats plying between New York and the Jersey or the Long Island shore. Every day many queries as to the uses of these strange craft are heard. People know in a general way that one is a car float and the other a grain elevator, but the exact uses of the former and just how the latter elevates and why there should be a commodious house built upon it they do not know.

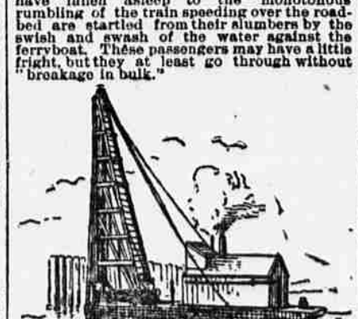
TRANSPORTING CATTLE.

The car float is an important factor in the system of sending freight from the Western shipper to the consignee on the Atlantic coast without breaking bulk. The introduction of these floats and the large increase in their number during recent years have marked successive steps in the progress of the system of "through" shipping. Formerly freight from the West would be handled many times before it reached the coast. It would be taken out of cars and loaded into others at the end of every little hundred-mile road over which it had to pass. The introduction of through cars was the first improvement on this cumbersome method. Then, when the cars arrived, for instance, at Jersey City, the freight was reloaded on to lighters, and these were towed to the destination of the freight. As a further improvement, in order to save the breaking of bulk in Jersey City, the car floats were devised.



A STEAM LIGHTER.

The freight train is run in sections upon the float over a ferry bridge, and then the float is towed. There are also regular ferryboats upon which cars are transported, but these are most generally used for the passenger cars of trains from the West and South for Boston. The boats take the cars from Jersey City around the Battery, up the East River, and into the Harlem to the dock of the branch of the New Haven Railroad, on to whose tracks they are run from the boats. This is done mostly at night, while the majority of the passengers are fast asleep, though sometimes passengers who have fallen asleep to the monotonous rumbling of the train speeding over the roadbed are startled from their slumbers by the swish and swash of the water against the ferryboat. These passengers may have a little fright, but they at least go through without "breakage in bulk."



DRIVING PILES.

A similar improvement has taken place in cattle shipping. The old system was to drive them on to a ferryboat and then drive them from the ferry house on the New York side through the streets to the slaughter houses. The first improvement was the introduction of barges. The cattle were driven upon these, and then were towed. Next, cattle ferryboats were introduced. Now they are transferred on floats in the cars in which they arrived. The other night Mr. Starin's people transferred forty cars of cattle from Chicago. The cattle arrived at the slaughter house in the same cars in which they left Chicago. The largest of the floats about New York is 240 feet long, and carries eighteen cars. Smaller floats for small docks are now building. They will transport from four to six cars, and as the docks will be removable such freight as railroad iron can be loaded in the holds. The transportation by floats of flour and other sack freight has, besides the advantage of expedition and economy in handling, the saving of wear and tear on the bags to commend it.

The floating grain elevators look like houses built on tugs. They are used for elevating grain into vessels, generally from canal boats, but not infrequently, also, from their own holds. The house-like structure covers the propelling machinery, the hoisting apparatus, and the weighing outfit in the top story. These structures must be as high as the spout from which the grain flows into the vessel that is, as high as the sides of the highest vessels. The grain is elevated by means of dippers on an endless chain, emptied into a hopper holding about 100 bushels, and then allowed to flow through the spout. One elevator can raise about 3,000 bushels an hour.

The tugs rigged with hoist derricks which are often seen puffing ostentatiously around the harbor are used extensively in lightering. If a transportation company gets an order to transport railroad iron from a New York pier to Jersey City, one of these tugs does the business. They have almost driven out the sail lighters with hand winches, of which one used to see hundreds. They had a festive habit of getting becalmed right in front of a ferry slip, so that the ferryboats would have to float around out in the river or remain in the slip. The barges one sees with a windmill apparatus rigged over the stern are for ice, and the windwheel pumps the water of the melting ice out of the hold.

A pile driver with a hundred-ton hammer rising and then dropping with terrific force upon the top of a pile, and sending it down into the river's bed as surely as a blow from an ordinary hammer sends a nail into soft wood is also one of the strange sights to be seen from a ferryboat.

TURNING SOMERSAULTS.

Has One Ever Been Turned?—Plenty of Men Can Turn Twice—The Fatal Thrice.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The difficult and graceful feat of turning a double somersault, never executed, it is asserted, till within the past 100 years, can now be witnessed at almost every first-class circus performance in this country. Forty years ago the British or Continental performer who could throw a double somersault was looked upon as a wonder. The writer, some thirty-seven years ago, saw Tomkinson, a famous British clown and acrobat, execute this feat in Franconi's circus, then stationed for the season at Edinburgh, Scotland. It was the same Franconi who afterward managed the Hippodrome in New York in 1853-4, and the company was looked on as first-class in every respect. The double somersault was performed by Tomkinson at his benefit, and the announcement of the then great feat packed the wooden building to suffocation. When the ringmaster had made the preliminary speech, and Tomkinson retired up the steep incline which terminated in the springboard, every heart stood still. A quick, impetuous rush down the board, a bound high in the air, a slow revolution, and the gymnast descended nearly to the cushion. It seemed impossible to do it, but in the last six feet the curled-up body revolved once more, and Tomkinson alighted on the big soft mattress on his feet, but staggering. He was prevented from falling by the ringmaster, and as he turned to leave the ring Franconi enthusiastically patted him on the back, while the vast audience roared their applause. It was a rare feat in those days, and Tomkinson and the few other double somersault performers in Europe did it only at infrequent intervals.

One of the first performers of the double somersault in this country was James Madigan, who was attached to his father's (old Hank Madigan) circus in the fifties. He has still the reputation of being the finest performer that ever executed this feat. As a rule other performers stagger when they alight on their feet, and require the help of one or more attachés when they are in danger of losing their perpendicular. But Madigan did it perfectly every time. Dan Costello, a noted circus leaper, made it more difficult by clearing a number of horses at the same time. But soon a number of acrobats were able to follow his example, and excel him in height and distance. Nowadays a circus acrobat who cannot do a double somersault is not considered anything but an ordinary performer, unless he can do other sensational or dangerous feats. In 1881 Barnum had a corps of acrobats of whom seven turned double somersaults every night during the season.

The most surprising and unexcelled feat of double somersault throwing was that of Robert Garnella of the Garnella brothers, who performed in variety halls and circuses some eight or ten years ago. Standing on his brother's shoulders Robert sprang up and revolved backward twice, landing again on his shoulders with his feet. When it is considered that the double somersault by other performers is accomplished by a short run which gives momentum, a spring board which materially aids the upward bound, and no restriction as to the point of alighting, the feat by young Garnella must be classed among the unprecedented marvels of the acrobatic art.

Were it not a proved fact it would seem that the laws of gravitation and the limitations of physical dexterity forbade the turning of a triple somersault. To turn a double somersault from a spring board it is necessary to make a leap at an angle of about 30 degrees to obtain the necessary "ballast," or impetus, to turn twice. If an almost perpendicular leap is made the acrobat would not have leverage enough to turn. In order to accomplish the double, the performer has to leap from the spring board with all his might to get the proper angle as well as to attain a sufficient height, so that he may have time to turn twice before alighting. The same conditions govern the triple somersault, only that it is necessary to go about one-third higher.

It was said a few years ago that with the exception of Sam Reinhardt of Columbus, Ohio, the famous Bob Stickney, and an English leaper whose name has escaped my memory, no gymnast in America had sufficient power to leap higher than was necessary to accomplish a double. Not that these three men could at that or any other time accomplish triple somersaults at will, but they could do more than a double. The skeptic may say triple somersaults may be accomplished by the aid of higher and more powerful spring boards than those in use, but first-class performers say that these would merely change the angle and the result would be the same. The height is not the only trouble. If it were only height, such men as Stickney, by improved appliances and practice, would overcome that difficulty. But after the body has turned twice the performer "loses his catch," or control of his body, and the law of gravitation overcomes bodily dexterity.

The first remembered attempt to throw a triple somersault in this country was by a performer in Van Amburgh's circus in Mobile, Ala., in 1842. He fell on his head and broke his neck. Another attempt was made in London, Eng., in 1846. It was made in Astley's amphitheatre, then leased to Howe & Cushing, the American managers. In the company were M