



WILLIAM B. FASIG

**BORN AT ASHLAND, O., SEPT. 27, 1845,
DIED AT BENNYSLIFFE, BREWSTER, N. Y., FEB. 19, 1902.**

FASIG'S
TALES OF THE TURF
WITH
MEMOIR

IN WHICH IS INCLUDED A HISTORY OF THE CLEVELAND
DRIVING PARK, A REVIEW OF THE GRAND CIRCUIT,
HOW THE GENTLEMEN'S DRIVING CLUB OF
CLEVELAND WAS STARTED, AND A SKETCH
OF FASIG'S SALE BUSINESS

BY
W. H. GOCHER

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INDEX.

MEMOIR.

Jenny Fluctuates.....	9	A Race to Wagon.....	77
Elected Secretary.....	11	A Battle for The Throne.....	79
1871 Meeting.....	13	Maud S., 2:08¼.....	81
Quadrilateral Beginning.....	15	A 2:04 Gait.....	83
Hampden Park.....	17	Phyllis in Lake Erie.....	85
Hartford.....	19	An Expensive Work Out.....	87
Grand Circuit.....	21-23	Brown Hal and Palo Alto.....	89
Grand Circuit Table.....	between 22-23	A Buffet of Fortune.....	91
1873 Meeting.....	25	Patron and Harry Wilkes.....	93
1874 Meeting.....	27	1887 Meeting.....	95
1875 Meeting.....	29	1888 Sale.....	97
William Edwards.....	31	Twisting the Talent.....	99
1876 Meeting.....	33	Sale of Guy.....	101
Goldsmith Maid and Smuggler.....	35-37	Guy Sold for \$20,750.....	103
Smuggler Wins.....	39	1889 Meeting.....	105
Outsiders Win.....	41	Emery and Fasig.....	107
Hopples.....	43	1890 Meeting.....	109
1878 Meeting.....	45	The Intimidators.....	111
Rarus Breaks the Record.....	47	1891 Sale.....	113
1880 Meeting.....	49	Temple Bar Expelled.....	115
Keyes and Lucy.....	51	Mollie A. a Ringer.....	117
1881 Meeting.....	53	1892 Meeting.....	119
Four-in-Hand Teams.....	55	The Elyria's Winning.....	121
Bostick and Warrior.....	57	1893 Meeting.....	123
The Demon Trotter.....	59	1894 Meeting.....	125
What 2:14 Meant.....	61	13	127
Wyandot and Keokee.....	63	Rifle.....	129
1883 Meeting.....	65	Bike Sulky Cut Records.....	131
On the Snow in New York.....	67	The Gentlemen's Driving Club.....	133-135
Sealskin Brigade.....	69	The Challenge Trophy.....	137
Fasig's First Sale.....	71	1897 Meeting.....	139
Maud S., 2:09¼.....	73	1899 Meeting.....	141
A Ringer.....	75	1900 Meeting.....	143

Synopsis of Meetings between 144-145	Suburban Farm Sale 167
Fasig Goes to New York 145	Sales of Harness Horses 169
1883 Sales 147-149	Sales of Thoroughbred Horses 171
1895 Sales 151	The End 173
Star Pointer 153	Sale Ring Reminiscences 175
1897 Sales 155	Bought the Wrong Horse 177
Change in the Firm 157	Combination of Contradictions 179
Fasig-Tipton Co 159	An Advertiser 181
The Abbot Sold for \$26,500 161	A Reinsman 183
Millions for Horses 163	Press Comments 185
Thoroughbred Sales 165	

TALES OF THE TURF.

Andy and I 266	Seventy Dollars 280
A Speedway Incident 278	Stranger 248
A Strange Land 224	Temperament of Brood Mares 211
Buffalo Park 309	The American Trotting Horse 259
Good Luck 258	The Highly Polished Gold Brick 310
Heat Betting 293	The Old Plan the Best 286
How a Swipe Won 303	The Ride of a Life Time 307
In Bret Harte's Country 282	The Sandpiper 235
Klatawa's Diary 274	The Secretary 244
Limit of Trotting Speed 264	The Trotter on the Farm 295
Matt Laird and Rubenstein 312	Trotting Tracks 188
McDoel 214	Types of Horses 253
Musket 305	Wyokee 313
Pat Shank 289	

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO

THE AMERICAN TROTTER

A type of horse that contributed materially to the pleasure, health and wealth of the inhabitants of North America during the last half of the nineteenth century. On the road, to harness and on the farm the trotter stands as the highest type of equine intelligence and equine usefulness, being able to do all kinds of work from racing to pulling a plough, and it is the sincere hope of the writer of this note that the sentiment created by the record-breaking performances of Flora Temple, Dexter, Goldsmith Maid and their successors to championship honors, as well as their contemporaries, will continue throughout this century and for all time place the purely American sport of harness racing on so high a plane that the trotter shall never become a matter-of-fact medium for speculation.

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MEMOIR.

When presenting the horse stories written by the late William B. Fasig, it is not the intention of the writer to give a review of his life other than that portion of it covering his connection with harness racing. It was his hobby, and fortune willed that from that source he should win a competence, only to be carried off after he had settled down at Bennyscliffe to enjoy himself breeding and developing a few colts from Keokee, Eloise, and other mares which he had tried on the turf and found up to his standard of excellence. These stories have been resurrected from the files of the turf papers and put in book form, as they are worth preserving on account of their literary merit, while to those who knew their author, they should be doubly acceptable, as they will from time to time remind the reader of a clever, whole-souled, enthusiastic horseman, whose idol was the American trotter, a product, as he termed it, "That did not require any naturalization papers."

William Benjamin Fasig was born September 27, 1845, at Ashland, Ohio. His father was a minister and a good horseman, and there is nothing on record to show that he was displeased when he learned that "Benny" had a leaning in that direction. For that matter, all of the Fasig family were tarred with the same stick, Benny's uncles being famous for "that smooth, versatile, goodwill-on-earth way of talking about a horse that is never the result of education or practice, but a trait born in the

infant who is in after life a genuine admirer of a good horse." Of these Uncle Dan was the star. He had an eye for a horse, while he never grew weary expatiating on the beauty and goodness of a certain blaze-faced, small gelding, bay in color and "Morgan on both sides," that could out trot, out walk, out run, and out pull any horse in Ashland County for fun, money or marbles.

The old story about the bent twig has a striking example in the case of William B. Fasig. From the time that he could toddle, the stable had more attraction for him than the schoolhouse, and as soon as he was permitted to drive a horse, a brush on the road or the third of a mile tan bark track, was, in his eyes, the only thing on earth worth living for. The limit of boyhood delights was reached when his father gave him two mares. One was called Nell and the other Jenny. Nell was a roan mare considerably older than her new owner. She had the heaves, a docked tail, and was adorned with a pair of bone spavins. But all of these defects were lost sight of from the fact that she could trot like a blue streak. There was not a horse in that "neck of woods" that could step by her, and the climax was reached when she made her youthful owner the "King of the castle" by defeating the local star, Lucy, at the county fair, for a \$25 purse in 3:03. The band was not called out to "See the conquering hero come," but the desire to have it, and the showman instinct to wish for it was there, even at that date. For weeks "Benny" Fasig and Nell were at the top of the heap, and when Uncle Dan called there was talk of record-smashing that made the performances of Lady Suffolk, Ethan Allen, Dutchman and Flora Temple, look hazy. All dreams of youth have silver linings. We have all had them, our children will have them, their children

will have them, and so it will go on to the end of time.

Nell was, however, fated to fall from the pedestal erected by her owner as there was a rival in the stable. It was Jenny. She was a four-year-old, a beautiful brown, and one-eyed. The skill acquired in handling Nell caused Jenny to put her right foot forward and step off with that coveted one, two, three, four beat of the regulation trotter. Over thirty years after, Fasig's eyes would sparkle as he told how Jenny could go by Nell "the same as a streak of lightning would pass a funeral procession." In one of his letters to the Horse Review he said: "I played Jenny for a 'quarter hoss,' and she could run, until one day I found she could trot. Gee whiz! how she could step. I wish I had her now, in the days of bike sulkies, and silk velvet tracks. She had a gait like Dexter's, that opened and shut like a steel trap, game and gritty, and wild; you bet she was; but she always stuck to a trot. One day father and I went into the country. Jenny was hitched to a spring seat, one-horse wagon, and on our return trip we struck a drove of hogs. Jenny and hogs hardly danced in the same set, and I didn't have a howling hankering to tackle that drove, neither did I dare show dad the white feather. We started cautiously and had got quarter way through the drove, when an idiot pig got under the hind wheel and protested. Jenny 'fluctuated' just once; father went over backwards, and I hung to the lines tight as polish on a tombstone. There was activity in the pork market, and it is conceded in that locality that the next four miles were negotiated in record-breaking time. Nobody was hurt.

Jenny remained the property of William B. Fasig until he ran away from school, a few days before he was sixteen, to join James Garfield's Forty-second Regi-

ment of Ohio Volunteers. After the close of the war he removed to Cleveland, where he was employed by a commercial house. When well under way in the matter of making a living a trotter was purchased, the first one selected being the outlaw Chestnut Dick. It is alleged that before passing into Fasig's hands this horse had masqueraded under such names as Pompey, John T., etc., and had made a faster mark than the 2:38 that stands after his name in Chester's Complete Trotting and Pacing Record. Whether he did or not does not make much difference at this date, while at the time Fasig purchased him his history was well known by the followers of the races in Northern Ohio. In the seventies there were a number of non-association tracks in Ohio, so that it was possible for Chestnut Dick and other horses that had carried an assortment of names to pay their way by racing at the fairs which began in the middle of August and continued until the snow flew. At the period referred to there was always a cloud of uncertainty surrounding a strange horse at a fair in the Western States, and Ohio was considered in the West at that time. That era of harness racing has fortunately gone forever, and no one did more to stamp it out than William B. Fasig. He had seen both sides of it, and had a very fair idea how a man, who was racing a clever young horse on his merits, felt after being defeated or driven to a fast record by a "ringer." When it came to a case of "diamond cut diamond," it did not make so much difference, as while the rogues gave the public to all appearances, a horse race, they usually before the last heat was contested, took a practical view of the situation and made "a divide." But that is another matter.

W. B. Fasig told me that he won a number of races

with Chestnut Dick, but none of them have been reported except a \$200 match which was trotted with Maggie Kimberly, an old time dot-and-carry-one trotter owned by Fred Kimberly, one of the original characters of the Forest City. The pair met at Elyria, May 29, 1872, and the following summary shows that they had a busy afternoon:

Chestnut Dick, ch. g., by John Henry;					
William B. Fasig.....	2	1	2	1	1
Maggie Kimberly, b. m.; Fred Kimberly	1	2	1	2	2
Time—	2:43,	2:38,	2:42 $\frac{3}{4}$,	2:41 $\frac{3}{4}$,	2:41.

According to the official records this was William B. Fasig's first appearance on the trotting turf, his juvenile victory with Nell at the Ashland fair "befo' the war" having escaped the collector of turf statistics.

In 1882, through the influence of Colonel William Edwards, the subject of this memoir was elected Secretary of the Cleveland Club, which at that time controlled the mile track at Glenville. In that position William B. Fasig made his reputation as a race track official and a horseman, and also first showed the qualities which in time stamped him as one of the cleverest advertisers that has ever been connected with the horse industry in America. Under the direction of Colonel Edwards (a man who was loved by everyone who had the pleasure of knowing him, and who was, from the time that he assumed office in 1876, up to the day of his death, September 21, 1898, the directing spirit in racing affairs in Cleveland), Fasig equipped the grounds and at the same time laid the foundation of the reputation which harness racing enjoys in the Forest City. As Fasig's name is inseparably linked with the track over which so many fast records have been made and memorable races contested, a brief sketch of it and the early meetings held there will not be out of place in these pages.

The Cleveland mile track was built in 1870 by the Northern Ohio Fair Company, the fair feature of the society being located on the grounds now known as Gorden Glen, and connected with the race track by a bridge over St. Clair street, which was at that time a country road. In the spring of 1871 the following advertisement appeared in the columns of "The Spirit of the Times" and "The Turf, Field and Farm:"

FIRST ANNUAL SPRING MEETING
OF THE
CLEVELAND CLUB,
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE
Northern Ohio Fair Association,
CLEVELAND, O.

JUNE 20, 21, 22, and 23, 1871.

Premiums, - - - - \$5,000.

FIRST DAY—TUESDAY, JUNE 20.

3:00 Purse. \$500.—\$250, \$125, \$75, \$50.
2:40 Purse. \$650.—\$300, \$175, \$100, \$75.

SECOND DAY.

2:50 Purse, \$500.—\$250, \$125, \$75, \$50
2:33 Purse, \$1,000.—\$600, \$300, \$100.

THIRD DAY.

Pacing Race—Purse, \$300.—\$175, \$75, \$50.
2:45 Purse, \$500.—\$250, \$125, \$75, \$50.

FOURTH DAY.

Open to all—Purse, \$1,000.—\$600, \$300, \$100.
Running Race, Single Dash—Purse, \$300.—\$175, \$75, \$50.
Running Race, best two in three—Purse, \$250.—\$125, \$75, \$50.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

The trotting shall be governed by the rules of the National Trotting Association, and the running by the rules of the Cincinnati Jockey Club Association.

A horse distancing the field shall only be entitled to first premium.

All entries for premiums must close the 13th of June.

Entrance ten per cent. of purse, and must accompany nominations.

All communications addressed to GEO. W. HOWE, Cleveland, Ohio.

JOHN TODD, President.

GEORGE W. HOWE, Secretary.

In addition to racing under the rules of The National Trotting Association, the Cleveland Club was also a member of that organization, which was then located at Providence, R. I. and doing business as the National Association for the Promotion of the Interests of the American Trotting Turf. The engineer's certificate, filed by the Club, also shows that the track measured 5,280 feet one inch, three feet from the pole. Those figures remained unchanged until 1883 when, after a few alterations the track was re-measured and found to be 5,280 feet eight inches in circumference three feet from the pole.

A short time after the programme for the meeting was announced, the Cleveland Club employed John Denman to take charge of the track and grounds. At this writing (1902) he is still there, and is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and as Adams the blacksmith might remark, several places in Canada, as "Race Track Jack," whose only hobby is that fast strip of clay which is referred to by racing men as the "golden oval at Glenville."

The first heat and race decided over the Cleveland Driving Park was won by the gray gelding Silversides, and this race was also the first in which that horse won a heat. Before coming to Cleveland Silversides was defeated at Alliance and Zanesville by a horse called Brown Tom, who retired from the turf with a record of 2:45½, while the gallant gray, who was, by the way, a product of Columbiana County, trained on to a record of 2:22, and proved one of the best race horses of his day. The following is the official summary of the race, which will be of interest to those who are fond of locating early events:

CLEVELAND, OHIO, June 20, 1871.

Purse, \$500 for horses that never beat three minutes,
\$250, \$125, \$75, \$50.

William Stewart's gr. g., Silversides by Chester Lion.....	1	1	1
A. M. Wilson's gr. m., Kittie.....	2	3	2
E. A. Lytle's blk. m., Blackthorn	3	2	3
T. P. Roche's b. m., Titusville.	5	4	4
John L. Rush's blk. g., Steer.....	4	dis.	
G. A. Myer's blk. g., Tom Moore, Jr.....	dis.		
James Myer's br. g., Novelty	dis.		
W. C. Gimmell's br. g.	dis.		
W. F. Archer's rn. m., Kittie	dis.		
William B. Leonard's blk. g., Dr. Bonaparte	dis.		
J. P. Gilbert's gr. g., Billy Cushing.....	dis.		
J. P. Hazard's ch. g., George.....	dis.		

Time—2:37½, 2:35, 2:38¾.

From the above date up to the close of 1879, Silversides was raced each season, and in that period met and defeated the best horses in training, the list including such old-time stars as Harry Mitchell, Lew Scott, Red Oak, Sleepy John, John B., Hylas, Elsie Good, Slow Go, Belle Brasfield, Deception, John H., Annie Collins, Monarch Jr., Scott's Thomas, Cozette, etc., while he at different times took the word with Adelaide, Darby, Rarus, Bodine, Dick Swiveller, Doctor Lewis, Huntress, Lewinski, Red Cloud, Tom Keeler, and a host of others. John Hines, who is still (1902) training a few horses at Minerva, Ohio, drove him in many of his races. Dash was also a winner on the opening day of the meeting. He was owned in Youngstown, and later on became prominent as Ohio Boy.

The fastest mile trotted at the inaugural meeting of the Cleveland Club was won by Monarch, Jr., in 2:29¼. He started in the 2:33 class, which was placed to the

credit of Annie Watson, a chestnut mare by Vermont Boy, that retired with a record of 2:33. The gray gelding Dan Voorhees was the winner of the only pacing race on the programme. In the third heat of it he placed the track record for harness performers at 2:25, which he reduced to 2:24½ at the September meeting, when he defeated Sorrel Frank and Lady Mack. The Buffalo horse Byron won the free-for-all on the last day of the meeting, while both of the running races, which were at a mile, were awarded the six-year-old chestnut horse Boaster, by imported Eclipse, out of Vanity, a daughter of Etiquette, whose dam was the celebrated Trustee mare Fashion. Boaster was in good form that afternoon as he galloped one of his miles in 1:44¾, and for that matter, he was prominent all of the season after his owner succeeded in evading Joseph Cairn Simpson and the Bonnie Scotland colt, Van, formerly Blenkiron. The judges for the day were John Tod, E. A. Buck, a former resident of Cleveland, but at that time living in Buffalo, and L. J. Powers, of Springfield, Mass., all three of whom were named as stewards of the Quadrilateral Trotting Combination when it was organized in 1873, their associate being E. Z. Wright, of Utica, N. Y. What is now known as the Grand Circuit can be traced to the Judges' Stand at Cleveland in 1871.

While speaking of the beginning of the Quadrilateral Trotting Combination, L. J. Powers, who has been continuously connected with harness racing in an official capacity longer than any man living, and who is the only surviving member of the first Board of Stewards, told me that the question of giving a consecutive series of meetings for large purses was first discussed in William Edwards' house in

Cleveland, on one of the evenings of the inaugural meetings of the Cleveland Club in 1871. The subject was introduced at dinner, and as Mr. Powers remembers, Col. Edwards started it. Col. Edwards' guests that evening were John Tod, the president of the Cleveland Club, and the Northern Ohio Fair Company; E. A. Buck, who was at that time the vice-president of Buffalo Park and the wheel horse of the organization which that season gave \$50,000 for four days' racing (Chandler J. Wells being president); and L. J. Powers, at that time the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Springfield Club, which had held meetings at Hampden Park in 1868 and 1869, and which, when it secured control of the track, was re-organized as the Hampden Park Trotting Association.

As L. J. Powers sat in his home on Pearl street, Springfield, and recalled the old days and reunions which were held annually on his lawn, sloping off towards the city, he said: "Billy Edwards and I were boys together in this town. He was five years my senior, but as our tastes were similar, especially on the horse question, we traveled in the same set. About the first thing I can remember of him was a fondness for Connecticut river shad and a desire to own a good horse to drive on the road. As a starter we managed to save a few dollars to hire one that could trot a little. I do not now remember that either of us were particularly anxious to race with everyone that we came to, but there was always the satisfaction in knowing that we could if we wanted to. When the time came for both of us to strike out for ourselves, William Edwards started for the Western Reserve and located in Cleveland, where he eventually engaged in the grocery business. I remained here and established what is now known as the Powers Paper Company.

“As a young man I saw the first horse show of national importance in North America. It was held in Springfield, October 10 to 13, 1853. George M. Atwater was the leading spirit in the organization, while such men as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Rufus Choate and Edward Everett were numbered among its guests. The show was held on a vacant field owned by the United States government and now covered by the United States Armory buildings. Temporary stalls were erected, as well as a grandstand and a half mile track, on which Budd Doble appeared as a driver, while P. T. Barnum was judging ponies in the infield. The show was a success, and it and its successor furnished the funds to build Hampden Park, which was inaugurated in 1857 with an address by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Exhibitions were given there in 1858, 1859 and 1860. Then there was a lull until after the war. The first race meeting was held in 1868. It was given under the joint management of the Springfield Club and the Hampden Park Agricultural Society. I was chairman of the executive committee and invited William Edwards to be one of the judges. He was with us again the following year, when he told me that Cleveland would soon have a mile track. In 1870 he wrote that it was completed, and later on I was requested to go to Cleveland as a judge at the inaugural meeting in 1871. When I returned from Cleveland the question of a series of meetings was left in abeyance on account of there being but three tracks. Another link was wanted in the chain.

“The following year, while the Buffalo meeting was in progress, Col. Edwards and I were E. A. Buck’s guests. One evening at dinner he introduced C. W. Hutchinson, who was at the head of an association which had built a mile track in Utica. By the time the cigars were reached

the foundation was laid for what was afterwards known as the Quadrilateral Trotting Combination, and a series of meetings on consecutive weeks in 1873. I did the balance of the work by correspondence, designed the first letter heads bearing the title of the combination, the names of the stewards, as well as the name of the secretary, Samuel Briggs, the Secretary of the Cleveland Club, being named for the place. The first meeting of the Quadrilateral was held at Cleveland, July 29 to August 1, the dates for the other members' meetings being Buffalo, August 5 to 8; Utica, August 12 to 14, and Springfield, August 19 to 22. The premiums for the four meetings amounted to \$169,300.

"In 1874, the stewards of the Quadrilateral Trotting Combination held their first meeting in Utica, as C. W. Hutchinson's guests. The dates for the year were selected and programmes announced, but before the bell rang it was learned that an association at Rochester had decided to open its new mile track with a meeting the same week as Utica. The clash injured both meetings. In 1875, Rochester and Poughkeepsie, where a mile track had been built the preceding year, became members of the circuit, the name for the series being changed to the Central Trotting Circuit. This change resulted in another clash on account of Poughkeepsie selecting the same dates as Buffalo, and in order to secure entries the Poughkeepsie association cut its entrance fee to 5 per cent. of purse. This was the first time that such a low entry fee had ever been heard of, the rate being 10 per cent., and it remained at that figure in the Grand Circuit until 1892, when it was changed to five per cent. to enter, with 5 per cent. additional from the winners of each division of the purse.

"In 1874, Charter Oak Park, at Hartford, was opened with a \$30,000 meeting, August 25 to 28. Ebenezer Roberts was president, Morgan G. Bulkeley, treasurer, and Alexander Harbison, secretary. It was admitted to the circuit in 1876, and is still a member. That year, or the following one, the Board of Stewards were the guests of the Rochester Driving Park, whose officers requested them to hold all of their future meetings in that city. To decline such a location after the entertainment provided by the Hon. Fred Cook, E. B. Parsons, George J. Whitney, George W. Archer and their associates, was an issue that could not be considered, and from that date until Springfield, and for that matter, until Rochester dropped out of line in 1896, the Stewards of the Grand Circuit, with very few exceptions, held their annual meetings in that City. To what might be termed the "Old Guard" there are many pleasant memories attached to those meetings and banquets at which the love for a good horse and the purely American sport, harness racing, was the bond of fellowship. Sentiment without a particle of commercialism brought together the men who sat around the board each year. To them a race was a contest for which they were willing to pay, should the associations which they represented, and in a few instances managed, come out at the small end of the horn when the last heat was trotted. This happened two or three times in Springfield, there being one season when seven of us were called on to chip in \$1,000 apiece to balance accounts. Then there were years when the balance was the other way. In the old days the commercial spirit of the turf was left to those who entered and drove horses and the general public. The financial ventures of those who managed meetings were foreign to the race track. Grand Circuit week was

their holiday, and they took as much pride in keeping up the standard as the New York Yacht Club has in retaining the America's cup. It was the good old spirit for genuine sport that carried Col. Edwards to the front in Cleveland, and it is with regret that I see this spirit on the decline, the tendency to-day being towards shorter races and increased speculation. Such a course, especially the latter, is beset with danger, for without a big grain of sentiment, harness racing can never retain the popular support which was given it in the old days when the names of Goldsmith Maid and Dexter were household words, and when every slip of a lad with a hobby-horse or a sled, designated it with a name that had become prominent on account of record-breaking performances.

“In the thirty years that have elapsed since the Quadrilateral was founded, twenty-four cities have, at different times, been members of the Circuit. Cleveland is the only one that has given a meeting each year in membership. Buffalo has, with two exceptions, given a meeting each season. Three of them were not in the Circuit, although two of the three were held on its old dates the first week in August. Utica skipped twice before it dropped out in 1888, after a clash with Poughkeepsie, its grounds being sold for a public institution. Springfield failed to hold meetings in 1878, 1879 and 1882, and abandoned the idea of future meetings after the reform movement in 1893. Rochester raced regularly from 1875 to 1896, while Poughkeepsie held but seven Grand Circuit meetings between 1877 and 1894. Hartford, as has been stated, was admitted in 1876, and is still a member. In 1893 the Charter Oak Park stakes were decided at Fleetwood Park, New York, while in 1895 and 1896 the gates were closed. New York was given a week in 1877, but

failed to hold a meeting on the dates named. It finally wheeled into line in 1888, but after three meetings dropped out until 1893. Another skip followed in 1898, when Fleetwood was dismantled. In 1899 the Empire City track was built and Grand Circuit meetings were held there for two seasons. Pittsburg joined the Circuit in 1881, the year that Homewood Park was inaugurated, the meeting being made memorable by Maud S. trotting a mile in 2:10½, and Bonesetter falling dead in one of the heats in the 2:19 class. The Grand Circuit horses were there again in 1882 and in 1884, after which there was a blank until 1890. Another skip came after 1893, and Homewood Park was marked off the list. The business reverses which overtook Amasa Sprague in 1873 kept Narragansett Park out of the original Circuit, and Providence, with one of the fastest tracks in the land, did not ask for dates until 1883. After a run of three years it dropped out until 1899. Albany was a member from 1884 to 1889. Detroit joined in 1886, but withdrew the following year when the American Trotting Association was organized. It gave independent meetings the week prior to Cleveland from that date until 1893, when Hamtramck Park, and subsequently the beautiful course at Grosse Point were again added to the list. In 1889 Philadelphia was given a week for a meeting at Point Breeze, but it did not race in membership until the following season. It dropped out in 1894. Saginaw was in membership from 1894 to 1896, when Columbus, Fort Wayne and Indianapolis were admitted to what was termed the 'New Grand Circuit.' Columbus is still a member, while Indianapolis remained in for one season and Fort Wayne for three. Glens Falls and Readville joined in 1897, and Portland, Me., was assigned dates in

1898. The membership of Terre Haute dates from 1900, while Syracuse and Cincinnati were added in 1901. In 1902 the New York Trotting Association purchased Glens Falls' place, and gave its first Grand Circuit meeting at Brighton Beach. The accompanying table gives the members of the Grand Circuit each season since 1873 to the close of 1902, the amount of premiums paid by each of them each year, the total amount given by them at meetings in membership, and the total amount paid by the members of the Circuit each year. In the thirty years there have been two hundred and nineteen Grand Circuit meetings at which \$5,625,819 were paid in premiums. This is a large sum of money, but as an evidence that it is only a big drop in the bucket is shown by the fact that the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association, which was established in 1873, the year the Quadrilateral started, has paid horse owners \$1,164,620, over one-fifth of the amount distributed by the entire Grand Circuit. This is but one of the hundreds of trotting associations scattered all over North America, all of which are contributing in some instances thousands, and in others hundreds, for harness racing. The returns show that the associations in membership with the National and American Trotting Associations in 1901 paid \$1,935,122. When the premiums paid by associations which were not in membership are added to that amount, the total exceeds \$2,000,000. The premiums at Cleveland's Grand Circuit meetings amount to \$767,300, at Buffalo to \$760,140, or if the meetings which it gave on the regular dates, but not in the Circuit, are added, \$860,340, at Hartford to \$718,939, at Rochester to \$450,925, and at Springfield to \$357,525. Detroit has paid out \$464,600 at eleven Grand Circuit meetings, and

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THE GRAND CIRCUIT.

Year	Cleveland	Buffalo	Utica	Spring Field	Rochester	Pough-keepsie	Hartford	New York	Pittsburg	Provi-dence	Albany	Detroit	Philadel-phia	Saginaw	Columbus	Ft. Wayne	Indian-apolis	Glens Falls	Readville	Portland	Terre Haute	Syracuse	Cincinnati	Brooklyn	Total
1873	30,000	60,000	38,000	32,300																					169,300
1874	35,500	52,000	31,000	45,900																					163,400
1875	35,000	31,000	32,000	33,500	33,500	34,000																			198,000
1876	25,000	22,800	23,000	23,000	22,550	21,550	21,575																		158,775
1877	18,500	22,500	20,000	21,250	20,725	17,300	20,400																		140,675
1878	14,500	14,000	13,500		13,500		14,400																		69,900
1879	17,000		16,125		16,000		16,000																		65,125
1880	15,500	16,000		14,825	18,000		19,350																		83,675
1881	17,500	18,400	14,700	7,400	21,500		17,400		19,850																116,750
1882	17,500	20,000	14,850		17,000	14,750	21,750		12,500																118,350
1883	23,500	23,900	14,800	14,400	20,000		22,500		12,000	21,300	12,000														140,300
1884	14,200	19,750	13,750	10,000	13,500		14,750		12,000	11,150	11,000														121,100
1885	16,000			12,500	12,700		22,500			8,640	11,000														83,340
1886	18,500	10,900	13,650	9,700	14,750		23,000				14,500	18,200													123,200
1887	22,000	20,000	13,125	12,800	18,750		23,350				11,500														121,525
1888	23,500	23,600	14,300	22,650	32,000		28,950	19,000			9,750														173,790
1889	21,500	37,500		24,350	28,800		37,000	23,250			5,000														199,650
1890	20,000	22,900		22,350	28,850		31,700	4,500	11,800																162,400
1891	25,500	28,500		19,600	30,000		32,500		15,500																169,600
1892	23,000	31,000		12,000	15,000		27,000		17,700																139,100
1893	27,000	85,000		19,000	27,000			60,000	28,000																298,500
1894	33,000	71,500			33,000	11,500	55,774	33,850																	326,429
1895	35,000				13,800			40,000																	146,100
1896	32,500							29,000																	175,620
1897	33,500							40,900																	243,750
1898	31,000	22,850						36,500																	279,850
1899	37,500	21,500						53,200	49,875																349,675
1900	33,200	24,300						39,300	30,700																298,000
1901	36,500	24,600						46,700																	387,025
1902	34,400	27,240						52,400																	369,915
Total	767,300	769,140	272,800	357,525	450,925	131,750	718,939	314,425	117,350	191,140	64,350	464,600	67,950	40,000	211,525	74,000	13,600	91,000	254,500	26,000	59,850	39,000	69,650	57,500	\$5,625,819

The above table presents the names of all the cities at which Grand Circuit meetings have been held since the Quadrilateral Trotting Combination was organized in 1873 up to the close of 1902, the amount of premiums (in dollars) paid by each association each year, the total amount paid in premiums while in membership, the amount paid in premiums by the members of the Circuit each year and the total paid out in premiums from 1873 to the close of 1902.

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\$172,175 at six that were not in line, making a total of \$636,775 in seventeen years. At its six Grand Circuit meetings the New England Trotting Horse Breeders' Association has paid out \$264,500, an average of over \$44,000 for each meeting, while the first mile below two minutes in harness was paced over its track when Star Pointer placed the world's record at 1:59 $\frac{1}{4}$. Rarus 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$, St. Julien 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$, Maud S. 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$, and Cresceus 2:02 $\frac{1}{4}$ also made their records at Grand Circuit meetings.

"To this I also wish to add that every member of the Grand Circuit, with but one exception, has paid its premiums during the week of the meeting, and I am pleased to state that the one that failed to meet its obligations on the day they became due subsequently paid every dollar through The National Trotting Association, with which I have been identified since it was organized in 1870 and without which there would have been no Grand Circuit or other means of enforcing discipline and holding owners, nominators and drivers to their engagements. The continued growth of the Grand Circuit has been a source of pleasure to me, but the pride that I take in it is not as great as I always have in the work that I have done and am still doing for The National Trotting Association. I was one of the three delegates sent by the Springfield Club to New York when 'The National Association for the Promotion of the Interests of the American Trotting Turf' was organized at a congress held at the Everett House, February 2 to 4, 1870. Amasa Sprague, who died at Cowesett, R. I., August 4, 1902, was the first president. In 1874, the year that the office of the Association was removed from Providence to Hartford, I was elected a member of the Board of Appeals, and, in 1876, treasurer. As you know, I am still in the harness."

* * * * *

In September, 1871, five days' racing was given in connection with the Northern Ohio Fair. It opened with a stallion race which was won by Pilot Temple in straight heats, the fastest being trotted in 2:28, and it was the fastest heat at that gait during the meeting. Pilot Temple also started in the free-for-all and won it after a five-heat contest with Byron, Mat Smith and Queen of the West. Of the gentlemen who presided in the judges' stand at this meeting, William Edwards, W. J. McKinnie, J. W. Fitch and R. S. Strader became well known to the admirers of harness racing.

In 1872 the Cleveland club changed the date of its summer meeting to July 17 to 20. It also followed Buffalo's lead and made its purses large enough to attract the best trotters in training. The result was that the average rate of speed for the four days' racing dropped below 2:30, while in the free-for-all Goldsmith Maid trotted three heats below 2:20, when she defeated American Girl and Lucy, her time being 2:19, 2:18, 2:19. Dan Voorhees was also again to the front in the only pacing race on the card in 2:22, 2:21 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:22, Bay Harry driving him out in each heat. Thomas L. Young, Rosalind, Flora Belle and Derby won races during the week, the last named defeating Mohawk, Jr., Harry Harley and Elmo in a \$3,000 purse race for the 2:25 class. On the last day of the meeting C. G. Dempsey started the four-year-old colt Bigaroon, by imported Bonnie Scotland, out of Laura Bruce, by Star Davis, in a race at mile and a half heats and won in 2:48 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:49 $\frac{1}{2}$, Christopher Edick getting the place with Nellie Bush, by Revolver. Dempsey also won again with Bigaroon in the fall at the fair, Edick being second again, his starter on that occasion being Sallie Newton, by John Morgan. The premiums for the trotters

at the July meeting amounted to \$18,400, while the runners were awarded \$1,300 and the pacers \$500. The racing at the fair in 1872 was of a very ordinary character even at that period, all of the harness races being won in straight heats with the exception of the 2:50 class, while Kilburn Jim's mile in 2:29 $\frac{3}{4}$ was the fastest entered in the record. In August of the same year Annie Watson and Belle Patterson trotted a \$10,000 match race over the Cleveland track, Annie Watson winning in 2:36 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:35 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:37 $\frac{1}{2}$.

When the Cleveland Club made its announcement in 1873 it was a member of the Quadrilateral Trotting Combination, the other links in the chain being Buffalo, Utica and Springfield. As stated above, John Tod, E. A. Buck, E. Z. Wright and L. J. Powers were the first Stewards, while Sam Briggs, the new Secretary of the Cleveland Club, also acted as Secretary of the Quadrilateral. This was the beginning of what W. B. Fasig, when he was placing the advertising in 1889, designated as "The Grand Old Circuit." The name "Quadrilateral Trotting Combination" was retained for two years. In 1875 it was called The Central Trotting Circuit. The following year the name was changed to the Grand Central Trotting Circuit, which was retained until 1887, when it became known as The Grand Circuit. Of the original members in 1873, Cleveland alone remains. The old Buffalo Park is still used as a training ground, but the fences are down and it is liable to be cut up into building lots at any time. Utica dropped out in 1889, the grounds being sold for building purposes, while Springfield held its last meeting as a member of the Grand Circuit in 1893. The old sand track by the bank of the Connecticut River is still used as a training ground, but there will never be another Grand

Circuit meeting at Hampden Park. It was inaugurated in 1857 with an address by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and closed by the wave of reform in 1894.

In 1873 Cleveland also selected the last week in July for its summer meeting. It still retains it, "Cleveland Week" being the point from which the other members adjust their dates. The premiums for this meeting amounted to \$30,000, of which \$28,500 was awarded the trotters. Of the eight harness races on the programme John E. Turner won two with the Hambletonian mare Nettie, one of them being a \$5,000 event, in which the fastest heat was finished in 2:24½. Clementine also won two races at Cleveland that year, the Judges requesting Budd Doble to drive her in the last two heats of the first one. The other winners that week were Mambrino Gift, Judge Fullerton, Castle Boy and Lucy. The daughter of George M. Patchen won the free-for-all, the other starters being American Girl and Goldsmith Maid. The race was for \$6,000 and in the betting the "Maid" was a favorite at a \$100 to \$10. In the first heat American Girl and Goldsmith Maid took the word on even terms. When they reached the turn the favorite stopped and the field went on without her, Lucy winning the heat by a neck in 2:21¼. Goldsmith Maid was distanced. When Doble returned to the stand he told the Judges that Goldsmith Maid caught a hind foot in a quarter boot and was shocked to such an extent that it was impossible for her to continue. In the running races Port Leonard defeated Nellie Bush and half a dozen others at mile heats, while the four-year-old mare Flush, after running second to Mary L. by Voucher, in a three in five mile heat race, came out on the following day and won over a field of seven at two-mile heats in 3:47½, 3:46. She was by

Hiawatha out of Fannie Berg by Ambassador. In this race Port Leonard finished second and Nellie Bush third. Nellie Bush also won a first and a second at the Northern Ohio Fair in 1873, Regent defeating her in a heat race at a mile. Of the harness races at this meeting Sir George, Ohio Boy and Tom Britton each had two first moneys awarded them, the fastest heat in the six races being made by Ohio Boy in the first heat of the 2:24 class when he defeated Harry Mitchell and Derby. The only other winner to harness at this meeting was the brown horse Little Mack, driven by W. H. Boyce, Chestnut Dick being second to him in the 2:33 class in 2:33½, 2:34, 2:35.

For its meeting in 1874 the Cleveland Club gave \$33,000 for nine harness races and \$2,500 for three running events. The first race was a \$5,000 purse for 2:24 trotters. Seven horses started, Bodine winning the first heat in 2:22¼. On the next trip Lula was a length in front of the Volunteer gelding at the finish in 2:20½. She then went on and won, trotting the first half of the deciding heat in 1:09½. This race was a surprise party, but it was nothing to what followed when Cozette defeated Lucille Golddust, or when Mambrino Gift went down before Fred Hooper. The climax of the week, however, was reached in the \$6,000 race for the 2:20 class on the last day. Red Cloud, the Indiana horse, was the favorite over the field with Camors second choice and Gloster third. As soon as the word was given Doble took Gloster to the front and led to the quarter pole. As the field straightened out in the back stretch both St. James and Red Cloud passed him, the latter being in front at the half in 1:08½. After passing this point the giant trotter of the Volunteer family closed with the leaders and forced Red Cloud to trot the third quarter in 34 seconds. The

pair were on even terms as they swung into the stretch, but before the distance was reached Red Cloud gave it up and Gloster won the heat by three open lengths in 2:20½. Camors made a break after getting the word and was distanced. Gazelle was also distanced while Sensation was third, St. James fourth, and Nettie fifth. In the second heat Red Cloud slipped by Gloster on the turn and took the pole. When the half was passed in 1:09 Gloster was on even terms with him and had half a length the best of it until within two or three strides of the wire, when he made a mistake and Red Cloud won in 2:20. When the word was given for the third heat Nettie dropped into the pole behind Red Cloud and remained there until the half was passed in 1:09¾. In the third quarter Turner moved up to second place, challenged Gloster in the stretch and was a neck in front at the wire in 2:21¼. Red Cloud finished fourth, dead tired. The fourth and fifth heats were only play for Nettie, Gloster breaking in the stretch in each, while Sensation had not enough speed to be dangerous. There was no heat betting in those days. The other winners at the meeting were Monarch, Jr., James Howell, Jr., Nashville Girl, who afterwards became prominent as May Queen, and is now remembered as the grandam of Bingen, Kansas Chief and Goldsmith Maid. Doble won the free-for-all with Goldsmith Maid. In the first heat of it, American Girl carried her to the half in 1:07, but died away in the stretch, second place going to Judge Fullerton. The running races were won by Spendthrift, Lady Washington and Jack Frost. Spendthrift ran the second heat of his race in 1:43¾, while Jack Frost won at two miles in 3:33½. The pacing record of the track was reduced to 2:20¼ at the September meeting in 1874 by Sleepy

George, when he defeated John McNair, Defiance, Sorrel Frank and Velocipede, while Nellie Bush was again returned as a winner in a mile-heat race. The trotting races at the meeting also showed a decided improvement, all of them being well contested, although the time was slow, 2:29 being the fastest heat that week. The winners were Harry Mitchell, Jeremiah, Mexican Boy, and Kate Campbell. Belle Brasfield, Ohio Boy, Tom Britton and Magnolia were numbered among those who "also ran."

In 1875, at the annual meeting of the Cleveland Club, George A. Baker was elected President; George H. Burt, Vice President; S. T. Everett, Treasurer, and Sam Briggs, Secretary. These gentlemen presented a \$35,000 programme for the summer meeting, \$33,500 of that amount being offered for seven trotting races, and the balance for two running events. When the entries closed it was found that there was a decided falling off, there being but fifty-one trotters started against sixty-four in 1874. That they were evenly matched was evidenced by the fact that forty-four heats were required to find the winners in the nine races, the only straight heat events being the free-for-all, in which Goldsmith Maid defeated Lula and American Girl in 2:18 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:19 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:19 $\frac{1}{2}$ and the 2:18 class, in which Judge Fullerton played with Lady Maud and Nettie. Judge Fullerton made his record of 2:18 in this race, and in doing so equalled the track record which had stood to the credit of Goldsmith Maid for three years. Duke, Grafton and York State won five heat races, Clementine and Rarus were awarded first premiums after each had trotted six heats, and seven heats were required in the 2:31 class before Lewinski received the big end of the purse. The 2:22 class was the feature at this meeting. The starters were Thomas L. Young,

Bella, Cosette, Lucille Golddust and Grafton. It was programmed for Thursday. Two days before the race Gus Glidden drove Grafton a mile in 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$. This made the big chestnut gelding such a prohibitive favorite that he was barred in many of the pools, although it was well known that he was apt to make a break every time he came to a turn. Cosette won the first heat in 2:23, by half a length from Lucille Golddust, Grafton broke on the first and third turns, but managed to finish third, Glidden driving him the last quarter in 31 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. In the second heat Grafton was again on his bad behavior, while Lucille Golddust won the heat in 2:23 $\frac{1}{2}$, with Bella second and Thomas L. Young third. In the third heat Grafton made two breaks and looked to be out of it at the three-quarter pole. Glidden caught him and started after the leaders. It was then "See Grafton come." Lucille Golddust was in front and appeared to have everything her own way until Glidden caught her at the distance, carried her to a break and won the heat in 2:24 $\frac{1}{4}$, his time for the last half with a break in it being 1:07 $\frac{1}{2}$. When saluting the Judges before dismounting Green approached the stand and said that he "protested trotting against a telegraph." The finest part of the contest was in the fourth heat. While scoring Cosette locked wheels with Bella and threw Dave Muckle out. Bella started to run, but stopped after passing the stand. Then some one in the crowd gave the word on the tenth score and as the starter did not ring the bell until the horses passed the turn, all of them went on until they were stopped near the distance by the flagman. The trip put a crimp in Cosette and Lucille Golddust while it steadied Grafton. When the word was given Lucille Golddust and Grafton came together on the turn, the latter losing a few spokes

in the flurry. Lucille Golddust was on a break when the sulkies clashed, and when Grafton broke Glidden let him run until he passed the quarter pole. As soon as he settled Grafton went to the front and won the heat in a jog in 2:25 $\frac{1}{4}$. Both drivers claimed a foul and each had his supporters in the crowd that surged around the Judges' stand. When the turmoil had subsided and Colonel Edwards had separated the pugnacious drivers, the Judges decided that no one was at fault and placed the horses as they finished. In the sixth heat Grafton, after making two disastrous breaks, jogged in a winner in 2:26, Lucille Golddust and Cosette finishing almost on even terms, with Bella fourth. In the running races John Forbes won at mile heats with Vicksburg, a three-year-old by Vandal out of Blond, the first mile being run in 1:42 $\frac{3}{4}$, and two days later finished second to War Jig, by War Dance, at two miles in 3:34 $\frac{3}{4}$. War Jig also won again at Cleveland at the September meeting, in a regulation three-in-five race at mile heats, after a five-heat struggle with the Canadian mare Inspiration, by imported Warminster, out of Sophia, by Bonnie Scotland. The perennial Nellie Bush was also a starter in the race. She was distanced in the first heat for a foul. Judge Waite and Frank were both double event winners at the fair in 1875, the other successful starters being Lewinski, Gussie, and Nelson.

When the Cleveland Club was organized in 1871, William Edwards took an active interest in its affairs. He toiled in and out of season to make its meetings popular, not only with the horse owners, but also with the public, and in time he succeeded in making the Cleveland Grand Circuit meeting a society event. His name, however, never appeared in the list of officers until 1876, when he succeeded George A. Baker as President and

John Tod as Cleveland's representative on the Board of Stewards of the Grand Central Trotting Circuit, his associates in that body being M. P. Bush, Buffalo, N. Y.; George J. Whitney, Rochester, N. Y.; M. G. Thompson, Utica, N. Y.; Morgan L. Mott, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Alexander Harbison, Hartford, Conn., and L. J. Powers, Springfield, Mass., while Sam Briggs, the Secretary of the Cleveland Club, was still the Circuit Secretary. At this time Colonel Edwards was also a member of the Central District Board of The National Trotting Association, he having been first chosen as member of the Board of Appeals in 1874.

With Colonel Edwards at the helm Cleveland began to march to the front in racing affairs. His tact and enthusiasm were equal to every emergency, from giving a man a complimentary ticket, to starting a free-for-all, while his popularity at home and reputation as a true sportsman abroad, drew hundreds of people to the Cleveland meetings that would not have gone there with any other man, no matter how capable, in charge. During race week his summer house at Cliff Beach, and at a later date his house on Prospect Street, was the abiding place of his friends, for as Fasig frequently remarked, "Colonel Edwards lived and planned fifty-one weeks in the hope of making the race week of each year more enjoyable than the one that preceded it." Everyone in Cleveland knew "Billy Edwards." He had a kind word and a nod for all he met, from the switch-tender on the corner of Water and Superior Street, up to an embryo President of the United States. He jogged through life endowed with that happy faculty of making friends and retaining them. He had his faults, so have we all, but in him they are forgotten and forgiven, as he loved much and was loved in return.

Favored by location and a date that brings its summer meetings at a time when the horses are at their best, the Cleveland Association in 1876 started a series of record breaking meetings which have never been surpassed, if equalled. For some reason there never has been a large meeting at other points either in the east or the west on "Cleveland Week," and while the Cleveland Club or its successor, the Cleveland Driving Park Company, has never been in favor of stakes or large instalment plan purses, it has always had the best horses in training and contests which each year add a few more names to the record-breaking pages of light harness history. For the Centennial year meeting the Cleveland Club gave the trotters \$24,000 for nine races and \$1,000 for two running events. The racing began with the 2:36 class, which was won by the gray mare Mambrino Kate, her first heat in 2:31 being the slowest trotted during the week, and closed with a two-mile dash in which the three-year-old colt Waddel, by Jack Malone, defeated War Jig and Vicksburg in 3:45½. In the days that intervened Lula reduced the track record to 2:17½, in a trip against time, but her performance was forgotten when the free-for-all was reached. The following description of that great race was written by Hamilton Busbey for the Turf, Field and Farm, and published in its issue for August 4, 1876:

"When the bell rang for the open-to-all horses to appear, a buzz of expectation was heard on all sides. It was known that Lula would not respond to the call, she having made an exhibition the previous day, besides she was not in the bloom of condition; but Lucille Golddust was there to battle for the Babylon stable, and she was a mare of tried speed and bottom. The knowledge that Lula would not start steadied the quaking nerves of Doble,

and he ceased to plead for a special purse and permission to withdraw. He thought that Goldsmith Maid would have a comparatively easy time in capturing first money, and his confidence made the old mare the favorite over the field. Smuggler was deemed an uncertain horse, and there was no eagerness to invest in pools on him. But the stallion was cheered almost as warmly as the Maid, when he jogged slowly past the stand. Lucille Golddust, Judge Fullerton and Bodine were also received with applause. The great drivers of the country were behind the great horses of the country. Budd Doble pulled the lines over Goldsmith Maid; Charley Green steadied Lucille Golddust; Peter Johnson controlled Bodine; Charley Marvin watched over the fortunes of Smuggler, and Dan Mace was up behind Judge Fullerton, having come from New York for the express purpose of driving him in the race. Twice the horses came for the word, and twice they failed to get it. They were then ordered to score with Lucille Golddust, and succeeded in getting off. The Maid had the best of the start, and, quickly taking the pole from Judge Fullerton, gaily carried herself in the lead. It was where she was accustomed to be, and so she trotted in the best of spirits. Fullerton did not act well, and he brought up the rear rank the entire length of the course. Along the back-stretch Smuggler began to close a gap, terrific as the pace was. After passing the half-mile he drew dangerously near the Maid, but it was noticed that he faltered a little. The cause was not then understood, but it was made plain when the patrol judge galloped up to the stand with a shoe in his hand which had been cast from the near fore foot. Around the turn the stallion pressed after the mare, and down the stretch he drove her at the top of her speed, the thousands giving

vent to their enthusiasm by cheering and clapping hands. Smuggler had his nose at the Maid's tail when she went under the wire in 2:15½. Bodine was a good third, his time being about 2:17, and Lucille Golddust was fourth, Fullerton just inside the flag. Smuggler's performance was an extraordinary one. He trotted for something like three-eighths of a mile with his equilibrium destroyed by the sudden withdrawal from an extreme lever point of a shoe weighing 25 ounces. Only once before had he cast a shoe in rapid work without breaking, and that was in his exercise at Belmont Park. Keen judges are forced to admit that the stallion would have won the first heat in 2:15 had no accident befallen him. Prior to this season Smuggler carried a 32-ounce shoe on each of his fore feet, but now he seems to be steady under the reduced weight. The scoring in the second heat was a little more troublesome than that in the first heat. Smuggler left his feet several times, and it looked as if he was going to disappoint his owner and trainer. On the fourth attempt the horses got away, the Maid in the lead. The stallion made one of his characteristic bad breaks around the turn, and all hope of his winning the heat was lost. Bodine and Fullerton also were unsteady. Lucille Golddust did good work and she was second to the Maid when the latter went over the score in 2:17¼. Smuggler finished fifth, Marvin only trying to save his distance. Goldsmith Maid was distressed, but her friends were confident that her speed and steadiness would carry her safely through. It was almost dollars to cents that she would win. The word was given to a good send off in the third heat. The Maid had the pole, which advantage she did not surrender although she went into the air around the turn. She was quickly caught, and Doble drove her carefully along the

back-stretch, followed by Fullerton, who seemed to be content with the position of body-guard to her queenship. After passing the half-mile Marvin urged Smuggler into a quicker pace, and the stallion was observed to pass Lucille Golddust, then Fullerton, and to swing into the home-stretch hard on the Maid's wheel. Doble used all his art to keep his mare going, but Marvin sat behind a locomotive and could not be shaken off. The stallion got on even terms with the Maid, and then drew ahead of her in the midst of the most tumultuous applause, beating her under the wire three-quarters of a length. The scene which followed is indescribable. An electrical wave swept over the vast assembly, and men swung their hats and shouted themselves hoarse, while the ladies snapped fans and parasols and burst their kid gloves in the endeavor to get rid of the storm of emotion. The police vainly tried to keep the quarter-stretch clear. The multitude poured through the gates and Smuggler returned to the stand through a narrow lane of humanity which closed as he advanced. Doble was ashy pale, and the great mare which had scored so many victories stood with trembling flanks and head down. Her attitude seemed to say, "I have done my best, but am forced to resign the crown." The Judges hung out the time 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$, and got no further in the announcement than that Smuggler had won the heat. The shouts of the thousands of frenzied people drowned all else. During the intermission the stallion was the object of the closest scrutiny. So great was the press that it was difficult to obtain breathing room. He appeared fresh, and ate eagerly of the small bunch of hay which was presented to him by his trainer after he had cooled out. It was manifest that the fast work had not destroyed his appetite. The betting now

changed. It was seen that the Maid was tired and her eager backers of an hour ago were anxious to hedge. In the second score of the fourth heat, the Judges observed that Smuggler was on his stride, although behind, and so gave the word. In his anxiety to secure the pole Doble forced Goldsmith Maid into a run, and as Lucille Gold-dust quickly followed her, the stallion found his progress barred unless he pulled out and around them. Marvin decided to trail, and he kept in close pursuit of the two mares even after he had rounded into the home-stretch. Green would not give way with Lucille, and Doble pulled the Maid back just far enough to keep Marvin from slipping through with the stallion. The pocket was complete, and thought to be secure. A smile of triumph lighted Doble's face, and the crowd settled sullenly down to the belief that the race was over. Marvin was denounced as a fool for placing himself at a disadvantage, and imagination pictured just beyond the wire the crown of Goldsmith Maid with new laurel woven into it. But look! By the ghosts of the departed! Marvin has determined upon a bold experiment. He falls back and to the right, with the intention of getting out around the pocket. Too late, too late! is the hoarse whisper. Why, man, you have but one hundred and fifty yards in which to straighten your horse and head the Maid, whose burst of speed has been held in reserve for just such an occasion as this! Her gait is 2:14, and you—well, you are simply mad! The uncounted thousands held their breath. The stallion does not leave his feet although pulled to a forty-five angle to the right, and the moment that his head is clear and the path open, he dashes forward with the speed of the stag-hound. It is more like flying than trotting. Doble hurries his mare into a break, but he cannot stop the dark

shadow which flits by him. Smuggler goes over the score a winner of the heat by a neck, and the roar which comes from the grand stand and the quarter-stretch is simply deafening. As Marvin comes back with Smuggler to weigh, the ovation is even greater than that which he received in the preceding heat. Nothing like the burst of speed he had shown had ever before been seen on the track, and it may be that it will never be seen again. Marvin had two reasons for going into the pocket. In the first place he thought that Green would pull out when the pinch came and let him through, and in the second place he erroneously supposed that Doble would push the Maid down the stretch and leave him room to get out that way. It was bad judgment to get into the pocket, since had the Maid won the heat, the race would have been over; but it must be admitted that Marvin acted not without a show of reason. In riding at the gait he was riding, a man does not have any extra time to mature his plans. The heat was literally won from the fire. It was only the weight of a hair which turned the scales from defeat to victory. Doble was more deeply moved by the unexpected result of the heat than by anything else which happened in the race. His smile of triumph was turned in one brief instant to an expression of despair. The time of the heat was 2:19 $\frac{3}{4}$. Smuggler again cooled out well, nibbling eagerly at his bunch of hay, while the crowd massed around him. The Maid was more tired than ever, while Lucille Golddust showed no signs of distress. When the horses responded to the bell for the fifth heat it was evident that a combination had been formed against Smuggler. All worked against him. Lucille Golddust and Bodine worried him by repeated scorings, and when they excited him into a break and he grabbed

the unfortunate shoe from the near fore foot, the hope began to rise that the star of the stallion had set. The shoe was put on, the delay giving the Maid time to get her second wind, when the scoring again commenced. Smuggler was repeatedly forced to break, and for the third time in the race he grabbed off the near fore shoe. Misfortunes seemed to be gathering thickly around him, and the partisans of the Maid wore the old jaunty air of confidence. Before replacing the shoe, Col. Russell had it shortened at the heel. It was a new shoe, and one adopted by Marvin against the judgment of Russell. The shell of the foot was badly splintered by the triple accident, but the stallion was not rendered lame. As much as an hour was wasted by the scoring and the shoeing of Smuggler, which brought all the horses to the post looking fresh. Smuggler had the worst of it, as he was the only one which had not enjoyed an unbroken rest. Finally the word was given for the fifth heat. Fullerton went to the front like a flash of light, trotting without skip to the quarter pole in 33 seconds. Smuggler overhauled him near the half-mile, and from there home was never headed. The Maid worked up to second position down the home-stretch, the stallion winning the heat in 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$, and the hardest-fought race ever seen in the world. The evening shadows had now thickened, and as the great crowd had shouted itself weak and hoarse, it passed slowly through the gate and drove in a subdued manner home.

“It was a race which will live long in memory, one to which thousands will date as the beginning of an epoch in their lives. Think of it. A first heat in 2:15 $\frac{1}{2}$ and a fifth heat in 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$, with the stallion record reduced to 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$ in the third heat! A week ago no one would have

believed it. Now we keep asking ourselves in a dazed sort of way if what we saw with our eyes can really be true. Smuggler first saw the light within the limits of the Buckeye State. He journeyed West obscure and looked upon as a menial. Today his fame is as wide as the world, and he wears the laurel which once wreathed the neck of Goldsmith Maid. Wonder not that the people of Ohio should swell with pride when they point to him and his history. His triumph was in the face of obstacles which were truly formidable.

“ ‘How did you enjoy yourself?’ queried the President from the Judges’ stand after the tumult had subsided. The lady, one of Cleveland’s fairest daughters, well expressed the general feeling in her answer from the grand stand: ‘I am so glad and yet so sorry.’ Glad that she had hailed the new king and sorry that she had seen the old queen lay down her crown.”

CLEVELAND, O., July 27, 1876.

Purse \$4,000, free-for-all-trotting.

H. S. Russell’s b. s., Smuggler by Blanco (Marvin)	2	5	1	1	1
Budd Doble’s b. m., Goldsmith Maid by Alexander’s Abdallah (Doble) . . .	1	1	2	2	2
C. S. Green’s b. m., Lucille Golddust by Golddust (Green)	4	2	3	3	3
W. M. Humphrey’s ch. g., Judge Ful- lerton by Edward Everett (Mace) . .	5	3	4	4	4
H. C. Goodrich’s b. g., Bodine by Volunteer (Johnson)	3	4	5	5	5

TIME.

Quarter.	Half.	Three-Quarters.	Mile.
34½	1:07½	1:41½	2:15½
34½	1:08	1:42	2:17¼
34½	1:08	1:42	2:16¼
34½	1:09½	1:44½	2:19¾
33	1:08½	1:43½	2:17½

Smuggler's victory in the free-for-all was only one of the bunch of surprises sprung on the betting fraternity at this meeting, and it is remembered to this day, not so much on account of the downfall of the favorite as from the fact that the fastest trotters in the world were struggling for supremacy, while Marvin crowned the event by his spectacular and at the same time desperate drive in the fourth heat. The betting book for the week shows that General Grant, Sam Purdy, Albemarle and Lewinski were overlooked by those who felt disposed to have a ticket on the favorite. Three of the four named were in the field even when several of their competitors were sold out. General Grant was a second choice, the Hambletonian mare Mattie being the favorite in the race in which he started. General Grant was a handsome chestnut stallion with a white strip in his face, by Wapsie. He was in Peter V. Johnson's stable and won for him that season not only at Cleveland, but also at Chicago, Buffalo, and Rochester, where he made his record of 2:21 in the deciding heat of a five-heat contest, pulled up lame and was retired. General Grant won at Cleveland in 2:23 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:25 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:25 $\frac{3}{4}$. His race was sandwiched with the 2:22 class, for which Cozette was the favorite, but which was won by Sam Purdy after trotting a dead heat with Badger Girl in 2:23 $\frac{1}{2}$. The 2:32 class was the biggest upset at the meeting. It was alternated with the free-for-all. Nine horses started in it with Enfield a favorite, while Proctor and Black Frank were also well thought of. When the word was given it was found that Enfield was a "dead one." He finished behind the money, while Albemarle, a rusty looking gray that had sold for \$5 in \$245, marched to the front and won in straight heats, the fastest in 2:23. In the 2:26 class the owners of Lewinski

did not consider that he had a chance, but after six heats, he wore down the field and won, while the "pikers" who bought him for \$5 in \$225, were all smiles. The other winners during the week were Little Fred and May Queen, the last named defeating Rarus in the 2:20 class in 2:26½, 2:25½, 2:27½. Nutwood was one of the starters at the Northern Ohio Fair in 1876. On the second day of the meeting he took the word in the 2:40 class and was beaten by Dick Harvey after winning a heat in 2:37. Two days later he again started in the 2:50 class and won a five-heat race in which the last mile was finished in 2:31, it having been carried over to the following day on account of darkness. Silversides also started in two races at this meeting. On the opening day he won the 2:24 class in straight heats from John B., Sleepy John and Lew Scott, and on the fourth he was distanced for running in the deciding heat of the free-for-all, which was won by John B., with Sleepy John second and Hylas third. Kinsman Boy and Belle of Fairfield were also winners that week, while after a two-day bout "Cart" Wilson pulled off the pacing race with John Tod's horse Sweetser. The other starters in the pace were Shaker Boy, Velocipede and Sleepy George, the last named being handicapped to a wagon. Sleepy George won the first heat in 2:26 and Sweetser the next two in 2:24, 2:23¾. Prior to the fourth heat the Judges requested John Forbes to drive Sleepy George, and he won it in 2:29. The race was then postponed. On the following day Sweetser marched to the half in 1:08½ and when he passed the judges in 2:23½ Sleepy George was beyond the distance. This was the second pacing race at a Cleveland meeting in four years, but from the early eighties, and especially after the hopped horse became a factor on

the turf, there has been a change; the synopsis of the Cleveland meetings published with this memoir showing that since 1899 the programme has been divided equally between the trotters and the pacers. At the small meetings, and especially where there are mixed races, the hopped brigade reigns supreme and is gradually forcing the trotters off the turf at such places. As the half-mile rings are the feeders of the mile tracks, there must in time be a decided falling off in the number of entries in the trotting classes, as the owner of a promising young horse finds but little encouragement in paying training bills and entrance fees in races where he has to contend with a drove of hopped horses that in the majority of cases would not sell under the hammer for as much as the sulky they are hitched to. Ninety per cent. of the men identified with racing are opposed to hoppers, but as the associations, with but very few exceptions, want all of the entries in sight, their use has been permitted until they have become so common that it is a rare thing to see a pacer on a half-mile track without them, while on the mile tracks even the best gaited ones that are liable to make a break wear the straps. In 1898, when discussing the question, William B. Fasig made the following statements in reference to them:

“Hoppers are the bane of light harness racing. They have done more to cheapen horses, to say nothing about the danger of them; have brought odium on the sport, and are, from every point, a disgrace to the trotting turf. They should be abolished. But it would seem only fair to establish a date after which they would not be allowed. We have been breeding to establish a family of useful light harness horses, and racing has been conducted on the theory of encouraging that end, for fifty years. Now, if

we must, after all that time, tie the legs of our horses together to make them do what they are bred to do, our efforts are a failure. Deliver us from the hopped horse."

The races won by Scotland and Little Gypsy were the features at the Cleveland meeting in 1877. The Bonnie Scotland gelding was one of twelve that started in the 2:27 class. He was the favorite and won after two days' racing and nine heats. The other heat winners were Rose of Washington, Deception, Damon, King Philip and George. Scotland won the third, fourth and ninth heats, and made his record of 2:22½ in the fourth. Little Gypsy made her appearance in the 2:25 class. She was named to start against Belle Brasfield, Banquo, Captain Jack, Alley, Richard, Lew Scott, Adele Clark, The Jewess and Lewinski, and in the over-night betting sold for \$16 in \$500. The race was trotted in a drizzling rain over a slippery track. Little Gypsy, driven by W. H. Crawford, won the first heat by a neck from Banquo in 2:26¾. Splan was up behind her on the next trip, which went to Banquo in 2:22¼. The same pair were only heads apart at the finish of the third heat, Little Gypsy winning in 2:23½. When the word was given for the fourth heat Banquo was on a break. That put him out of it. Captain Jack took up the fight, and while he forced Little Gypsy to trot to her record, 2:22, she had her head and neck in front of him at the wire. Of the other events at the meeting, which was hampered by a railroad strike, Mazo Manie, Hannis, Jennie Holton, Slow Go, Rarus, Nettie and Sweetser were returned as winners, Rarus defeating Lucille Golddust, Cozette and Albemarle in 2:18¼, 2:18, 2:18¾, and Sweetser finishing in front of Rowdy Boy, Sleepy George, who was again handicapped to a wagon, Lucy, T. A. Hendricks, Sorrel Billy, Bay Sallie and John

McNair in 2:18, 2:19½, 2:20½. This race was paced in the rain, being sandwiched with the 2:25 class. The fair in 1877 was held in October, and as the premiums for racing were more than doubled, the entry list presented the names of the highest class lot of horses that had ever taken the word at Cleveland in the fall. Aside from a 2:45 class which proved nothing more than a workout for Cottage Girl, one heat being trotted in 3:14, the time made was fast and all of the events closely contested. Badger Girl set the ball rolling by winning a seven-heat race, defeating Deception, Lew Scott and Little Gypsy; while Sweetser gave the Clevelanders the first taste of a fast pacing race by disposing of Sleepy George, Lucy, Bay Sallie and Straightedge in 2:16, 2:16, 2:16¼, the fastest time made by him in a race, but which he reduced to 2:15 in a trip against time at San Francisco, Cal., on Christmas Day, in 1878. The other winners during the week were Calmar, Shepherd Boy, Nancy Hackett and Rarus. Rarus defeated Hopeful to harness and Great Eastern to saddle. Great Eastern won two heats in 2:19¾, 2:17½, the half-mile mark in the second mile being passed in 1:07½. On the third trip Rarus went on and won in 2:21¼, 2:21, 2:22.

The hard times which began in 1876 soon made itself felt in the amount of premiums offered at race meetings. For example, at Cleveland in 1875 the trotters were awarded \$33,500. In 1876 the amount dropped to \$25,000, and in 1877 to \$17,500, with an additional \$1,000 for a pacing race. At its Grand Circuit meeting in 1878, the Cleveland Club paid the trotters \$13,500 and the pacers \$1,000, while the public clamored for a fifty-cent gate. Aside from Hopeful's victory in the free-for-all, and the three miles that Rarus trotted against time, there

was nothing of a sensational character on the card for the week. The meeting opened with straight heat wins for Dame Trot and Dick Swiveller, and on the second day Lucille and Sleepy George won their events with six heats, Sweetser being distanced in the first heat of the pacing race, while the 2:24 trot went over after Edward had won a heat and Edwin Forrest had placed two to his credit. On the following day Edwin Forrest romped home in front of the field in 2:18½, with Trampoline second, Woodford Mambrino third, and Edward fourth. With four exceptions, the horses that started in this race were the same that figured in the disgraceful affair at Utica a few weeks later, and which passed into turf history as the "Edwin Forrest steal." The entries for the free-for-all presented the names of Proteine, Hopeful, Great Eastern, Nettie and Cozette. As the gallant gray was supposed to have seen his best days, Proteine was the choice, with Great Eastern as a saver. Mace had Hopeful cherry ripe and won off the reel. In the first heat he caught the judge's eye half a length in front of Proteine, in 2:17¼. On the second trip Mace stepped Hopeful to the half in 1:06¾, the three quarters in 1:40¾, and won by half a length from Proteine in 2:15¾. The deciding heat was a procession after the bunch passed the quarter pole, Hopeful leading all the way in 33¼, 1:07, 1:41, 2:15½, the gray horse finishing like a runaway, while Mace was waving his whip as he looked over his shoulder at the field struggling behind him. Scott's Thomas defeated Indianapolis in the 2:30 class, which was sandwiched with the free-for-all. John Splan was very much in evidence on the last day of the meeting. He began his afternoon's work by finishing second to Steve Maxwell with Woodford Z. in the 2:26 class, and followed this

move with a victory in the 2:20 class behind Adelaide. This was one of the best betting races, and also one of the greatest turn-overs, ever seen at Cleveland. In the early betting Adelaide sold as low as \$15 in \$500, and her owner, Daniel De Noyelles, had almost all of the tickets. Adelaide made good after Prospero won a heat and Midnight had placed two to his credit. How it was done is another matter, but at this late date it will be charitable to drop the curtain on the whole affair. There were sinister rumors at the time, and from what De Noyelles stated late in life there were good grounds for them. The excitement over the Rarus special, two heats of which were sandwiched with the 2:20 trot, caused what was going on in that race to be lost sight of, and that Rarus was good, was evidenced by the fact that he trotted the three fastest consecutive heats on record up to that date, and in the last one equalled the world's record of Goldsmith Maid. The following is the fractional time for the three heats:

First heat	33 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:06 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:40 $\frac{1}{2}$	2:14 $\frac{1}{2}$
Second heat	33 $\frac{1}{2}$	1:07 $\frac{1}{4}$	1:41 $\frac{1}{4}$	2:15
Third heat	33	1:07	1:40 $\frac{1}{2}$	2:14

Had Rarus not made a misstep at the head of the stretch in the first heat, there is little doubt but that he would have reduced the world's record in that trial. But as it proved, the crowning performance was only delayed a week, as at Buffalo, after taking the word four times, he placed the figures at 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$, the fractional time for his mile being 33 $\frac{1}{2}$, 1:05 $\frac{3}{4}$, 1:38 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$. In his special at Buffalo, Rarus started to trot three heats to average 2:18 or better, with \$500 added if 2:14 was beaten. His first mile was in 2:17. In the second Splan pulled him up after making two breaks on the back

stretch, and jogged out in 2:50. He did not leave the track before taking the word for the third trial. C. J. Hamlin was the starter. As Splan nodded he gave the word. Rarus was going true, but broke before the turn was reached. This disposed of the three trials, but the judges allowed him to start again, and the result was a new world's record of 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$.

For the first and only time in its history, the Cleveland Association was, in 1878, compelled on account of unfavorable weather, to declare its fall meeting off after trotting two races. The heats in the two races decided were scattered from Tuesday of one week until Monday of the following one. Belle Brasfield, winner of the 2:21 class, started on Tuesday and finished Saturday, while the horses in the 2:45 class were out on Tuesday, Saturday and Monday before the gray mare, Tolu, won three heats. Mountaineer and Honest Mary were the other heat winners in the event.

In 1879 the "big four" started at Cleveland. The members of this famous quartette were the gray mare, Lucy, who could hold her own in any company when the heats were split; the blind gelding, Sleepy Tom, who had the week before reduced the world's record for pacers to 2:12 $\frac{1}{4}$ at Chicago; the Southern queen, Mattie Hunter, and the flashy Rowdy Boy. In this race Mattie Hunter had a new driver, and did not show to advantage, while Rowdy Boy was not on edge. This left Lucy and Sleepy Tom to fight it out. In the first heat the gelding made a break going away, and Lucy won in a jog in 2:16. On the next two trips Sleepy Tom had too much speed for the gray mare, and won in 2:13 $\frac{3}{4}$, a new track record, and 2:15. In the fourth heat Lucy caught Sleepy Tom in the stretch and beat him to the wire in 2:15. The race

then went over, and on the following day Lucy won by a length in 2:16. Mattie Hunter finished second, and Sleepy Tom, who had made a break at the head of the stretch, third.

Of the trotting races Mace won the 2:20 and 2:18 classes in straight heats with Darby, the last mile in the second race being trotted in 2:40½ after a heavy shower. In this race Darby defeated Driver, Hannis, and Colonel Lewis. His first start in the 2:20 class, in which he defeated Voltaire, was the best betting race at the meeting, although Muckle kept everyone on the anxious seat while he spun the 2:26 class out to seven heats before he won with Monarch Rule, and the 2:24 class to five heats, before Lida Barrett disposed of Charley Ford, Rose of Washington, Red Line, and Alley, the favorite. The other winners during the week were Etta Jones, Fred Douglass and Rarus, the champion trotter's start being in the free-for-all against Hopeful. The gray pony was not himself, and in order to entertain the spectators Rarus was turned loose in the third heat and reeled off a mile in 2:15.

Of the ten races on the programme for the meeting, given in connection with the Northern Ohio Fair in 1879, seven were for trotters, one for pacers, and two for the gallopers. The starters in the running races were of a very ordinary character, while Clinker won the pace, his fastest mile being 2:23½. In the trotting races Belle Brasfield and Lewinski were again to the front, the other winners being Rienzi, the Harold mare Good Morning, Diamond, Bay Fannie, and the black horse Ambassador, by George Wilkes.

In 1880, George H. Burt, who had been Vice-President of the Cleveland Club for three years, succeeded Sam

Briggs as Secretary. At the first meeting under his management there was a shoal of turf champions, the entry list presenting the names of Maud S., St. Julien, both of which subsequently held world's records; Trinket, Wedgewood, Black Cloud, and the "big four" pacers with Sorrel Dan thrown in to make it interesting. To St. Julien belongs the honor of trotting the fastest mile at this meeting, his first heat in the free-for-all in $2:15\frac{3}{4}$, being his best performance in a race up to that date, and in that heat Trinket was on even terms with him at the quarter pole in $32\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, which was flying in the day of high-wheel sulkies. Maud S., the peerless daughter of Harold, that was destined to wrest the championship honors from St. Julien and his sable successor Jay Eye See, trotted the slowest mile at this meeting when she jogged under the wire in $2:31$, the deciding heat of the $2:19$ class. Driver, Charley Ford and Hannis were the other starters in that race. The managers of the horses knew that they had not enough speed to exercise Maud S., as at Chicago the preceding week, in her race with Trinket, she had reduced the race record to $2:13\frac{1}{2}$, trotting the middle half of the mile in $1:04\frac{3}{4}$. On this account there was a strong play with Maud S. barred. Hannis was the choice, while it is said that those who were behind him had a few tickets on the field, which included Charley Ford and Driver. The Charley Ford people were also reported to have bet their money the other way. After the second heat Hannis stood 4-2 and Charley Ford 2-4. The third heat proved a genuine mule race, or, in other words, both Splan and Turner were determined to be last. Both of them dawdled along, while Driver jogged with Maud S. As Bair saw what was going on, he took back and won the heat in $2:31$, while Turner, who usually succeeds in what-

ever he undertakes, came last. As an exhibition of pool box methods, the showing made by Charley Ford and Hannis in this race stands as the most glaring sample in the history of the Cleveland track. At the time both of these horses could have trotted in 2:18 or better, but in this heat they did not go in 2:40.

The free-for-all pace, at the Grand Circuit meeting in 1880, was a very closely contested race. As has been stated, Sorrel Dan was added to the "big four," and he had a strong following. Mattie Hunter was a head in front of him in the first heat in 2:16½. On the next trip the judges could not separate Lucy and Sorrel Dan, the announcement being a dead heat in 2:15¾. In the third heat Sleepy Tom lay rather close to Mattie Hunter as they swung into the turn, and when Rhea made his drive for the pole, he pinched Sorrel Dan. While they were mixed up Rowdy Boy slipped out and won the heat in 2:16, and the judges distanced Mattie Hunter for the foul. By this time the field had come back to Lucy, and Keyes won a heat in 2:16¼. Mace tried his hand on Rowdy Boy in the fourth mile, and won it by half a length in 2:17. The effort killed him, and Lucy had it all her own way in the sixth and seventh heats in 2:18¾, 2:19½. The other winners during the week were Daisydale, Will Cody, Wilbur F., Bay Billy, Parana, Wedgewood, Hattie Woodward, and Unolala, her race being at two-mile heats. On the last day of the meeting Maud S. also gave the public ample notice of the record-breaking miles which kept her before the public during the next five years, by trotting a half in 1:04½, the second quarter of it being in 31¾ seconds. From the standpoint of extreme speed the Cleveland meeting in 1880 was the best up to that time, the trotters averaging 2:21½ for thirty-five heats, and the

pacers 2:18½ for twelve heats, while the average for the forty-seven heats at both gaits was a small fraction over 2:20¾.

In the reflected light of the racing at the Grand Circuit meeting, the showing during the fair in September was very commonplace. The returns show that the roan mare Elsie Groff won two races, making a record of 2:26¾ in the second heat of one of them, and that Jerome was sent to the front in an eight-heat contest after the judges had taken the matter in hand and declared a heat void "because," as it was published at the time, "Jerome was pulled." Billy L. and Tom Medley were the only other trotters announced as winners that week, while a galloper revelling in the name of Proctor Knott, which subsequently became famous when tacked on to the first Futurity winner, landed a dash of a mile in 1:49.

Small fields and high-class racing were the distinguishing features at the Grand Circuit meeting in 1881. Of the eleven races for trotters on the programme, four of them had but four starters, while only three took the word in the 2:21 class in which Edwin Thorne defeated Voltaire and the Canadian mare Lucy, who, in order to distinguish her from the old-time trotting queen and Keyes celebrated pacer, was dubbed the "Queen's Own." In the first heat of the race Edwin Thorne won by a neck from Lucy in 2:20¾. On the next trip they were heads apart at the wire, 2:23, Voltaire being between the Thorn-dale gelding and Lucy. In the deciding heat it was Thorne all the way in 2:22. The 2:15 trot and free-for-all pace proved the sensational features of the week. Charley Ford, Robert McGregor, Midnight and Hopeful took the word in the former, while seven "side wheelers" answered the bell in the pace. Mattie Hunter was the fav-

orite, and won after losing two heats to Bay Billy, Lucy and Ben Hamilton, being distanced in the first heat, while the old-timer, Sweetser, with "Cart" Wilson up, caught the flag in the fourth. Midnight was the favorite in the 2:15 trot. In the first heat Hopeful flew to the half in 1.06 $\frac{3}{4}$, but faded in the stretch, Midnight winning on a jog in 2:19 $\frac{1}{2}$. Charley Ford was not driven for the heat on account of a knee boot slipping down. On the next trip Ford and the favorite had a brush in the stretch, the black gelding winning by a length in 2:19 $\frac{3}{4}$. Dustin tried again in the third heat, and this time he was successful, as Midnight gave it up at the distance, and Charley Ford won in a jog in 2:20 $\frac{3}{4}$. The finish of the fourth heat presented one of those characteristic finishes that caused Robert McGregor to be called the "Monarch of the home stretch." At the distance Ford had the heat won, with McGregor a length away. It looked as though he had made his brush at the three-quarters and failed, but when Crawford called on him he came again, closed with the leader, nailed him at the wire, and won by a nose in 2:22. The next two heats went to Charley Ford. In the deciding one Charley Ford had the field a distance out when Jerry Munroe ordered Dustin to take the gray horse back, so that he literally walked under the wire in 2:30. The special features at this meeting were two trotting races at two-mile heats and an exhibition of Great Eastern with running mate. The big gelding did not perform satisfactorily, his fastest mile being trotted in 2:21. In the two-mile races the event for the 2:38 class was won by an outsider named Stranger in 5:09 $\frac{3}{4}$, 5:10, while the class for the 2:24 horses was awarded Post Boy after Calmar and Amber had each a heat. Calmar won the first heat by a length from Post Boy in 4:52 $\frac{1}{2}$. The same distance sep-

parated Amber and Post Boy at the finish of the second heat, the latter winning in 4:52½, with Calmar third. In the third heat Post Boy was unsteady. He finished half a length in front of Amber, but the Clear Grit horse was given first place, his time being 4:56¼. Post Boy and Amber were up and down in the deciding heat, but the judges placed them as they finished, Post Boy first in 4:56, Amber second and Calmar third. The other races on the card were won by Humboldt, Eureka, Trinket, Troubadour and Annie W., Geers marking her in 2:20 in this race, and on a track within a few miles of the farm where, in 1893, she produced the pacer Ananias, 2:05.

Those who enjoy split-heat pacing will find a perusal of the summaries for the fall meeting very interesting. The official records show that Sue Grundy and Badger Boy each won after trotting seven heats, while the 2:22 pace, 2:35 trot, and 2:40 trot, each required six heats before Billy Scott, Frank Ross and William Benham were announced as the respective winners. Mohawk Maid also showed her stamina by winning a five heat contest in the 2:50 class after Stephen M. had twice led the field to the wire. The Young Wilkes gelding, William H., was the only straight-heat winner at the meeting, his honors being gained in the 2:20 class when he defeated Driver, Calmar, Deck Wright and Scott's Thomas in 2:20¼, 2:20½, 2:22. On the last day of this meeting W. J. Gordon also established a world's record for a four-in-hand team. He started Carrie Berryhill and Fanchion as leaders, and Billy Strawbridge and an unnamed bay mare as wheelers, to beat 3:10. At the first attempt they trotted in 3:02½, and as there was \$100 added if three minutes was beaten, they tried again and made the circuit in 2:56¼. This record was again changed on the

first day of the Grand Circuit meeting in 1882, when Millard Sanders drove W. J. Gordon's team, Carry Berryhill, Fanchion, Rumps and Lotta, in 2:56, and repeated in 2:42. Two days later Millard also appeared again with another of Mr. Gordon's fancy hitches for trotters and made a tandem record of 2:40½ with Carry Berryhill and Nellie K. This remained unbeaten until September 16, 1886, when the same owner and driver cut it to 2:32 with Mambrino Sparkle and William H. I am of the opinion that this record has never been beaten, nor do I remember of anyone ever making an effort to change it.

After the close of the Grand Circuit meeting William B. Fasig, who had been elected Secretary of the Cleveland Club, decided to try his hand at four-in-hand trotting, and the result was a special at the fall meeting with the following result:

CLEVELAND, O., September 7, 1882.

Four-in-hand Teams, Trotting, Purse \$500.

William B. Fasig's Peculiar and Frank Ross (leaders) Tom Bradley and Rumps, (wheelers), (Whitney)	1	1
W. J. Gordon's Carrie Berryhill and Fanchion (leaders) Lotta and Legal Tender (wheelers), (Sanders)	2	2

Time—2:57½, 2:40¾.

The above is the world's race record for four-in-hand trotting teams at this date (1902), and it stood as the best on record until September 17, 1886, when W. J. Gordon put the fast trotters Mambrino Sparkle, Clemmie G., William H. and Nobby together and, in a special for a whip, moved the figures to 2:37. No change was made in this record from that date until July 4, 1896, when James Stinson started Damania, Bellnut, Maud V. and

Nutspra to beat 2:31½ over Washington Park, Chicago, Ill., and turned that track in 2:30. In connection with this performance it might also be added that the four horses in this team were all chestnuts and by the same sire, Nutmeg, a son of Nutwood.

As stated above, William B. Fasig was elected Secretary of the Cleveland Club in 1882, and the first meeting under his management proved one of the most brilliant ever held at the track which has made Glenville famous. The number of entries was above the average, while the uniform quality of the starters was better than had ever appeared for a trip down the line. For the first race at the meeting Gus Glidden dropped in from Indiana with the George Wilkes gelding, Wilson. He was known to be fast, but in need of schooling to make him behave in company, and according to report, in order to overcome Wilson's nervousness, Glidden trained him on his farm track while all of the boys in the neighborhood tooted long tin horns at him. When Glidden nodded for the word at Cleveland, Wilson was ready to race. He won the first and last race at the meeting, while his line of march through the circuit that year also shows that he won two races at Rochester, two races at Utica, one race at Buffalo, and one at Hartford. The 2:23 trot was sandwiched with the first race won by Wilson. Minnie R. was the favorite at \$50 to \$30 over the field. She was driven by "Knapsack" McCarthy, and when the summary was made up she saved her entrance, the race being won by Jerome Eddy in 2:19, 2:18, 2:19. In the deciding heat of this race, Jerome Eddy passed the half in 1:07¼, and finished on a jog. It looked to many that had he been driven out, the stallion record of Smuggler would have been equalled or reduced. His day never came again, as

the handsome son of Louis Napoleon, after reducing his record to 2:16½, in the special with Black Cloud at Buffalo the following week, was sold and retired to the stud. On the second day John Bostick stripped Warrior and started to win the 2:25 pace. He had told everyone that his delicate-looking gelding could pace "fo' heats in fo'teen to eighteen and win suah," but he failed, Geers pulling it off with Joe Bowers Jr., while the second money went to the Clear Grit gelding, Fuller. This race was alternated with the 2:29 class, won by London, and followed by the free-for-all pace, which resolved itself into the usual guessing match. Seven horses started, and seven heats were reeled off before the Lucy tickets were cashed, the other heat winners being Mattie Hunter, Bay Billy and Buffalo Girl, who was distanced in the sixth heat. Aldine and Adele Gould were the winners of the regular events on the programme for the third day of the meeting, and on the following one Rosa Wilkes trotted to her record when she won the 2:20 class, and Clingstone defeated Edwin Thorne, J. B. Thomas and So-So in a special. This was one of the greatest races of the year, and was described as follows by M. T. Grattan, who, with his eye in "Dantèic frenzy rolling," did the meeting for the Breeders' Gazette:

"Positions were drawn in the following order: So So, Clingstone, Thorne and J. B. Thomas. So So broke at the turn, and only recovered in time to beat Thomas home. Nothing more need be said of them in the heat. The interest centered in the great leaders, who gave the assembled multitude the finest heat ever trotted over any track. The pole would have enabled either to win. Right together from end to end, the struggle home became absolutely painful in intensity. At the distance Thorne

moved up a little, and the shout went up, "Thorne has it," but Saunders shook Clingstone, and he responding, recovered his lead of a throat-latch; then Turner drew his whip, and its sharp hiss through the air proved the earnest manner in which it was wielded. Thorne, the gamest race-horse that ever lived, responded to every stroke, but the machine beside him could not be beaten, and won in 2:14. Thorne is a great race horse, with the ardent impulses, sympathies and passions that make him akin to a man with the true instincts of a sportsman. All that a mighty purpose, a grand passion can accomplish, he can do; but he is flesh and blood, limited and bound down to the possibilities of physical attainment. He can not beat an automaton, a piece of mechanical perfection that goes on and on forever, who is moved by neither passion or impulse. Cool, imperturbable, impassive, the smooth, even piston-like stroke of this Flying Dutchman among horses breaks the heart of all opposition. I doubt whether he is a real flesh and blood horse; he is a wraith, a ghost, a Satanic invention. Men are consumed with an insane passion to own the fastest trotter in the world. Some one, careless of the future, has placed his soul in pawn, and the result is what we call Clingstone. The great enemy of mankind must be circumvented before he can be beaten. Maud S., St. Julien, Trinket, have no show to beat him, until cope and stole, and book and ring, have exorcised the demon that possesses him.

"Second Heat—A long skirmish for an advantage, which resulted in a slight lead on the send-off for Thorne, now began the bitterest struggle I have ever seen on a race-track. Thorne's partisans shouted that he had him, but Clingstone still kept his nose in the gap between

Thorne's wheel and the pole. Gradually he went to his girth, then to his throat-latch, at the quarter, exactly even, in $32\frac{3}{4}$, at the half in 1:05! Think of it! over a slow track, and this demon trotter Clingstone at his ease. Thorne's great heart broke. He had made the supreme effort, and it was unavailing. No horse he had yet tried with such a desperate brush had failed to succumb. Now he had met something above ordinances—a horse apparently subject to no law that governs flesh and blood; a 2:10 clip seems an idle pastime. So evident was this that Thorne and Turner, a great horse and great driver, yielded in despair to fate and the demon trotter. Dejected and sorrowful they finished the journey. My sympathy went out to Thorne as to a human being in distress. The proud and sensitive equine face betrayed the most poignant sorrow. His high ambition to be king; inherited from a proud ancestry, has been relentlessly crushed; defeat had come to check his hot blood in its victorious flood. Woe is Thorne! Woe is the house of Turner. Woe is me, for I tingled in every fibre with hope for his victory, the victory of a kingly horse. The sight of other trotters became hateful, the mechanical noting of their positions a burdensome task. I feel that I never want to see another race. I abandon the journey and return to the wilds of Minnesota.

Third Heat.—Turner said to the judges: "If I nod for the word, give it to me." This was a confession that he yielded to the "machine." Thorne is a race-horse, but Clingstone is a machine which it seems hopeless to contend with. Turner had proved him, to his entire satisfaction, perfect in all his points—every joint and lever in unison with a controlling intelligence, quiet, calm, cold; not a horse to excite sympathy or enthusiasm, but a fate

relentless, unyielding. Thorne had fought like a giant, like the grand race-horse that he is, to conquer this Satanic piece of mechanism. The task was a hopeless and impossible one. Thorne, stamped with the seal of sorrow, listlessly jogged around. He is Turner's pride and pet, better liked than any horse he has ever driven, the crowning achievement of his grey hairs. At Chicago, when I said to him, "I think Thorne can down him," Turner drew a long breath and said, "I hope so." His heart was in it. All the subtle skill and tact of "The General" were used to their utmost, but without avail: Thorne was beaten. The following is the hateful record of his defeat, which I would some other hand than mine might write:

CLEVELAND, O., July 28, 1882.

Purse \$3,000 for named horses, trotting.

W. J. Gordon's b. g. Clingstone by Rysdyk (Saunders)	1	1	1
Edwin Thorne's ch. g. Edwin Thorne by Thorndale (Turner).....	2	2	3
M. M. Hedges' b. s. J. B. Thomas by Sterling (Weeks) ..	4	3	2
N. W. Kittson's b. m. So So by George Wilkes (McCarthy)	3	dis.	

TIME.

First heat.....	34	1:07	1:40 $\frac{3}{4}$	2:14
Second heat ...	32 $\frac{3}{4}$	1:05	1:39 $\frac{1}{2}$	2:16 $\frac{3}{4}$
Third heat	35 $\frac{1}{4}$	1:10	1:46 $\frac{1}{2}$	2:23 $\frac{1}{2}$

It was in the description of this race that M. T. Grattan described Clingstone as "the demon trotter," and I have always been led to believe that the expression originated with him, but now I have my doubts, as on turning to the official record of the race, I find written in William B. Fasig's unmistakable hand, in parenthesis after Cling-

stone's name, the words "The Demon Trotter." In connection with this race it can be added that Clingstone's mile in 2:14 in the first heat stood as the trotting race record of the Cleveland track until September 8, 1892, when Evangeline, hitched to a bike sulky, won the first heat of the free-for-all in 2:13 $\frac{3}{4}$, and the fifth in 2:11 $\frac{3}{4}$, and it was never beaten in a trotting race at a Grand Circuit meeting until August 11, 1892, when, at Rochester, N. Y., the bay gelding Walter E., hitched to a bike sulky, won the second heat of the 2:17 class in 2:13 $\frac{3}{4}$, and furthermore, it was never equalled in a trotting race at a Grand Circuit meeting until August 6, 1892, when Martha Wilkes, also hitched to a bike sulky, won the deciding heat of the 2:19 class by a head from Nightingale at Buffalo in 2:14. This fact, more than anything that can be said, demonstrates the superlative excellence of Clingstone as a fast race-horse, and that the mile was not a flash performance was amply demonstrated at Buffalo the following week, when Edwin Thorne drew the pole, and Clingstone in second position beat him a head in 2:14 $\frac{3}{4}$. It is true that Clingstone pinched Thorne a trifle at the finish, and Turner might have been given the heat if he had claimed a foul, but he did not want it as his time had not come. The day of triumph was set for Hartford, the birth place of "the demon trotter," and it came, as over Charter Oak Park, the place where Clingstone took his first lessons, Edwin Thorne defeated the Rysdyk gelding in a special after Clingstone had won a heat in 2:17. Later in the season it was learned that Clingstone was at the time suffering from a tumor, and there is no doubt but that it was the cause for his loss of form after the Rochester meeting. Clingstone was foaled in a paddock that is now included in Elizabeth Park,

which was presented to the City of Hartford by his breeder, C. M. Pond. He was buried at Gordon Glen, opposite the Cleveland Driving Park. His name will be remembered while the trotter is considered a distinct type of race-horse.

The fastest race at the fall meeting of the Cleveland Club in 1882, was won by Fuller when he defeated Ben Hamilton, Joe Bowers Jr., and Charley H., in 2:16 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:15 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$. He was driven in this race by Andrew McDowell, while Ed Geers was behind Joe Bowers. Fred Golddust, Ewing, St. Louis, Mattie Graham, Rosa Wilkes, Joe Bunker and Nettie Clay also won races at this meeting, while Warrior again went down to defeat, the honors on this occasion going to Sailor Boy. This event, with the running races at two, five and ten miles, between Miss Williams of Kansas, and Miss Burke of Nebraska, rounded out an attractive programme, of which the four-in-hand team racing already referred to was one of the most distinguishing features.

At the time William B. Fasig was elected Secretary of the Cleveland Club, he and "Uncle Ben" Wright owned two mares in partnership. They were Fearless, by Western Fearnaught, and Lilly Bloom, by Daniel Lambert. As a starter in a breeding venture they farmed them on shares with the owner of Ambassador, and five colts were foaled before the stock was divided. Finally they went to Upper Sandusky, Ohio, where Ambassador was owned, and found that the entire outfit was so poor that the bunch had to stand twice in one place to make a shadow. When it came to picking, Fasig selected the yearling colt out of Lilly Bloom and the two-year-old filly out of Fearless. "Uncle Ben" did not consider them up to the mark, so Fasig purchased his interest and gave the

owner of the horse some money and the other three colts for his interest in the pair. The two selected were the only trotters in the bunch. The filly was named Keokee, and raced successfully, taking a record of 2:20½, but in the last heat in which she ever started she was timed separately in 2:13¼, while Fasig also drove her a mile in 2:22 to a road wagon over the Cleveland track. Wyandot was the name selected for the colt. He was a nervy little chap but unfortunate, and he finally died on September 11, 1891, the day after he trotted to a record of 2:19¼. The following year William B. Fasig selected a picture of Wyandot's head as a trade mark for his sale business. The first block was made from an instantaneous photograph, but at a later date he had Frank Whitney, at the suggestion of the writer, make the drawing from which the trade-mark used at a later date by William B. Fasig & Co., and at the present time by the Fasig-Tipton Company, was reproduced.

In the fall of 1882, William B. Fasig made his first trip to Kentucky as a horse buyer. After swinging around the circle, he returned to Cleveland with a four-year-old black gelding which he purchased from a school-teacher back in the country between Winchester and Mount Sterling. When the sale of this gelding had been completed and the money paid, the blue-grass pedagogue took Fasig to one side and said: "Now, I'll tell you why I sold this horse. I want a better one, and am going to have as good a one as any of my friends in the neighborhood." This was not very encouraging for a beginner, but according to report the Buckeye buyer was equal to the occasion, as he replied: "Horses are like the darkey's opinion of white men, 'onsartin'. You may get a better one, my friend, and then again you may only think he

is better." Fasig paid \$175 for the black gelding and sold him to Thomas Axworthy for \$225. He used him for a saddler, but in time turned him over to George W. Baker. On joining the Baker stable the gelding was broken to harness, and during the winter of 1884 he was the boss of the snow path in Cleveland.

In 1883 the Cleveland Driving Park Company succeeded the Cleveland Club, while the Northern Ohio Fair Association passed out of existence. William Edwards was elected President of the new organization; George W. Short, Vice-President; Sylvester T. Everett, Treasurer, and William B. Fasig, Secretary. William Edwards remained in office up to the day of his death, September 21, 1898, and in no racing organization that I know of was a man ever given more loyal support than that accorded "the Colonel" by his associates and the stockholders of the Cleveland Driving Park Company, and it remained so to the end, as it was known that what he did at home and abroad was on account of his love for the light harness horse and not in the hope of making a few dollars. With William B. Fasig racing was a business, but the "almighty dollar" never came between him and his love for a horse. His enthusiasm and earnestness carried him through, as he was not a good business man, while, like many who have worked for years on a salary, he did not have much confidence in his splendid qualities until success came to him as it were in a night. Fasig retained the Secretaryship of the Cleveland Driving Park Company until 1892, when he was succeeded by Sidney W. Giles, who had been for years identified with Island Park, at Albany, N. Y. George W. Short was Vice-President when he died in 1898. He was buried on one of the days of the meeting. Sylvester T. Everett is

still (1902) in office, having been Treasurer continuously, of the Cleveland Club and its successor, since 1875. It is to be regretted that William Edwards and William B. Fasig were not favored with the allotted span of life. While they were in the field they labored zealously for the cause with which they were identified, and when they stepped aside they left it better than they found it. Let us hope, dear reader, that when the bell taps for you and I someone can say as much for us.

As there were a number of important stables in training at Cleveland in the spring of 1883, the Cleveland Driving Park Company decided to make a change and give a meeting in June instead of September. June 5 to 8 were the dates selected, and while that week was handicapped by unfavorable weather, it had four days' racing above the average. As a curtain-raiser, Bither stepped out and won the 2:34 class, with Phallas giving him a mark of 2:18 $\frac{1}{4}$ in a fifth heat, while the Case stable also won the 2:40 class with Dixie Sprague. St. Julien and Fanny Witherspoon met in the free-for-all trot, the Volunteer gelding winning in straight heats, while Flora Belle defeated Fuller in the free-for-all pace after carrying him to his record of 2:13 $\frac{3}{4}$ in the second heat. Tony Newell, Joe Bunker, Edwin A. and Eddie D. were the other winners at the only June meeting ever given at the Cleveland Driving Park. The scene was changed when the Grand Circuit horses appeared at the track on the last day of July. At this meeting trotting stallions were in the ascendant. Both Phallas and Maxie Cobb, the future champions, won races during the week, the first named placing his record at 2:15 $\frac{1}{2}$, within a quarter of a second of Smuggler's championship mark in the second heat of the race in which he defeated Duquesne. Maxie Cobb

also filled the public eye when, as proud as a peacock, he marched in front of the field in the 2:29 class. The star event of the week was the struggle between Director and Wilson in the 2:22 class. Both of them made their records in this race, and before the sixth heat was finished, Director, favored by his handy breaks, had trotted the George Wilkes gelding into the ground. Splan laid Wilson up in the first heat, while Gladiator carried Director to the half in 1:08½, and was within a length of him at the wire in 2:19½. In the second heat Gladiator and Wilson closed in on Director and pocketed him. They went in this order to the half in 1:09½, when John Goldsmith took back and pulled outside of the leaders. As soon as clear sailing was secured he started after Wilson. He was at his wheel when the three quarters was passed, and at his neck as they swept by the distance. Then for a few strides they were head and head. Wilson wavered under the strain, and broke into a scrambling run. As he did Goldsmith touched Director with the whip and he broke. Both horses ran under the wire, and as the judges could not separate them it was declared a dead heat, and the time 2:17. Wilson won the third heat by two lengths in 2:16¼, and in the fourth heat finished on a break, the finish between him and Director being so close that only the judges could decide. They said Director, and the time was 2:17¼. In the fifth heat Gladiator and Wilson were on even terms at the half in 1:07¾. The Blue Bull gelding fell back in the third quarter, but as Goldsmith was forced to go around him and Kate McCall he could not reach the flying leader, the heat going to Wilson in 2:18. With the non-heat winners out of the way, Director made short work of Wilson, and won in a walk in 2:28¾. Santa Claus was the fourth stallion to win at

this meeting. He was in the 2:18 class. The facers for the week came in the two pacing races which were won by Eddie D. and Westmont, and the free-for-all trot in which both Fanny Witherspoon and Edwin Thorne finished in front of St. Julien. The Association did not say much about the showing made by the lateral gaited horses, but when making his announcement in 1884, Secretary Fasig, in a letter to the "Spirit of the Times," said that "The owners of pacers can thank themselves for not receiving more encouragement from the circuit. The pace has the elements of a grand contest, but the managers of that mode of going started with the idea that it was necessary to rob the public on each and every occasion possible, so that the name of pacing has become synonymous with jobbery, and it is well enough to allow these smart ones to stay at home with their wives and children, and plow their side-wheelers one season. A quiet summer's reflection may bring them to a sense of their duty." Sleepy Joe, Stranger, Richball, Clemmie G. and Jay Eye See were the other winners at the meeting in 1883, the last named defeating Majolica in a match in 2:20 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:16, 2:15 $\frac{3}{4}$. This was the first Cleveland meeting at which the average time was below 2:20, and it was also the first at which it offered installment plan purses, the two programmed being won by Phallas and Eddie D.

During the last week in January, 1884, New York was favored with a fall of snow, and for about two weeks every horse that had a little speed or was supposed to have a little of that desirable quality, was out on Seventh Avenue for an airing, while those who were not so fortunate as to have a turnout or a friend that would give them a lift, knocked their heels on the curb as the procession moved up and down the road. Almost every afternoon

when the racing was fast and furious Shepard F. Knapp dropped into the bunch of leaders with his bay geldings Charlie Hilton, by Vigo Hambletonian, and Sam Hill, the only trotter that Electioneer sired while at Stony Ford. They were a perfect road team, and that they were fast was evidenced by the fact that John Murphy had taken them in road condition and drove them over Fleetwood in 2:21½. During this spell of sleighing "Shep" Knapp drove up to Barry's with William B. Fasig as his guest. It was Fasig's first visit to New York, and that he was initiated into the ways of the road is evidenced by what he told S. Freeman over a mint julep at Bennyscliffe in the fall of 1901.

"On my first visit to New York I had a ride with Shepard F. Knapp, who died on Christmas day in 1886, behind his famous team that he afterward sold to Charles Schwartz, of Chicago. They were the best on the road, and how Mr. Knapp, who was acknowledged to be one of the best team drivers in America, could pilot them! We drove into 'Barry's.' This was at the time of the Vanderbilt-Work rivalry, when the followers of Vanderbilt took one end of the room and those of Work the other. From there we went to Gabe Case's, across the river, and what a night we spent! The last I remember was seeing John Murphy ride the Kerry cow into the barroom. I awoke in my room at the old St. James, and I knew I had been out for a ride. Another incident of the trip I remember well: Mr. Freeman owned the fine and fast little gelding Star, 2:25¼, by Aberdeen, that Billy Weeks campaigned the summer before. He also owned Stilletto, one that could outbrush Star. Capt. Jake Vanderbilt had a bay named Boston, Dan Mace a horse called Bill Thunder; a man named Akins had a fast mare of great repu-

tation on the roads, by some Clay horse; Capt. Jack Dawson had his old black mare that could hold her own in any company, and three or four others whose names I do not recall; all trotters, not a pacer on the road in those days on your life. Well, this crowd headed into the park, going down town. Capt. Jack Dawson was then superintendent, or something, of the parks, and we cut loose. The sleighing was prime and we went a merry clip. I was driving Stilletto. One policeman after another rushed out to stop us, when Capt. Jack would yell at them, and they'd touch their hats and retire, so the race was fast and furious. The Clay mare led at the end of the brush, Capt. Jake Vanderbilt was second with Boston, I was at his necktie with Stilletto, while Mace, Dawson, Freeman and the others were close up in a bunch. It was gay sport, that; sleighing through the park under the protection of its boss, the big-hearted Jack Dawson, who was a power in those days. Seems to me that folks had more fun then. It was the time of the 'sealskin brigade,' when the powerful were Americans, practiced American ways, drove American trotters and were proud to be Americans. No perching up on an eighteen-foot high cart, holding the lines against one's bay window, driving a mutilated horse that couldn't do fast enough time for a funeral from a workhouse. I may be a bit old foggyish for these new fangled notions, but I can't help it."

While on this trip William B. Fasig made his first appearance as a delegate at a Congress of The National Trotting Association. He did not take an active part in the proceedings. A short time after his return home, Fasig was, on the suggestion of Colonel Edwards and W. J. Gordon, employed by the representatives of the estate of H. B. Hurlburt to dispose of his stable of road

horses and equipment. He decided to sell the horses at auction, and fixed May 7 as the date of sale. On April 19, 1884, William B. Fasig made his first announcement as a sale manager, the following four-inch single-column advertisement appearing in the columns of the "Spirit of the Times" of that date:

TROTTERS

Under the Hammer.

The representatives of the estate of the late Hon. H. B. Hurlbut having placed in my hands for disposal his fast Road Horses, Wagons, Harnesses, etc., I will sell them at auction, at the track of the Cleveland Driving Park Company, Cleveland, O.,

Wednesday, May 7, 1884,

Commencing at 11 A. M. SHARP.

LYSANDER BOY,	Record 2:20 $\frac{3}{4}$
SMALL HOPES,	" 2:26 $\frac{1}{2}$
BLUE MARE,	" 2:23
ALECK S.	" 2:28 $\frac{1}{4}$
SQUIRREL,	Trial 2:25
NEVA,	" 2:29
STAR,	" 2:35

Sale positive, to close the estate. No reserve or by-bidding.

In addition to above, there will also be sold

From Ten to Fifteen

OTHER TROTTERS,

with speed from 2:25 to 2:50,

among them some young and handsome horses that beat 2:30 under the watch.

Send for catalogue. Address

WM. B. FASIG,
Secretary Cleveland Driving Park.

In the same issue the Cleveland sale was favored with the following reading notice, which was, so far as appearances go, except the clause designated by quotation marks, written by Fasig:

TROTTERS UNDER THE HAMMER.

“The so-called trotters advertised and lauded in the daily papers are subjects of disappointment to the purchasers, who are made to believe almost anything in the way of speed, by fellows who will undertake to prove that “two tortoises can run faster than a stag.” It will be refreshing to sufferers at the hands of such worthies, as well as others seeking genuine trotters, to attend the auction sale, at the track of the Cleveland Driving Park Company, near Cleveland, O., on Wednesday, May 7, commencing at 11 a. m. This sale has been brought about by the death of the late Hon. H. B. Hurlburt, and the representatives of his estate have employed “the conscientious horseman and excellent judge, Mr.” Wm. B. Fasig, to sell all the fast road-horses and driving paraphernalia, which the deceased millionaire had accumulated, regardless of cost. The list of trotters to be sold, without reserve or by-bidding, comprises the tested track, road, and pole horses, Lysander Boy, 2:20³/₄, double-team record 2:20; Small Hopes, 2:26¹/₂, exhibition mile, with Lady Mac, 2:23, driven by Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt; Blue Mare, 2:23; Aleck S., 2:28¹/₄; Squirrel, trial 2:25; Neva, 2:29; Star, 2:35. In addition to the above, a further field of choice will be thrown open to buyers, in the shape of from ten to fifteen other trotters, possessing speed from 2:25 to 2:50. A young and handsome lot. Some of them can beat 2:30 under the watch. Send for catalogue to Wm. B. Fasig, Secretary, Driving Park, Cleveland, Ohio.”

In order to complete the record, the following report of the sale is taken from the columns of the “Spirit of the Times” for May 18, 1884:

W. B. FASIG'S SALE.

This sale took place on the 7th inst., at the Cleveland, O., Driving Park. F. Herdic officiated as auctioneer and David Muckle showed the horses to the best advantage.

Squirrel, b. g. (reported time 2:25), by American Ethan. L. W. Sanford, Niles, O	\$ 575
Small Hopes, br. g., 2:26½, by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam unknown. Eli Yager, Wilkesbarre, Pa.....	490
Blue Mare, rn. m., 2:23, by Wood's Hambletonian, dam by Potter's Clay. W. J. Gordon, Cleveland, O	650
Quaker Girl, ch. m., by Hailstorm, dam by Independence. T. Axworthy, Cleveland, O.....	830
Alex S., rn. g., 2:28¼, by Gurney, dam unknown. J. W. Harrison, Fremont, O.....	410
Neva, ch. m., trial 2:29 (with colt at foot by Nugget), by a son of Gen. Knox. James McCrea, Cleveland, O	660
Star, br. g., trial 2:35. R. M. Freeman, Cleveland, O....	725
Lysander Boy, ch. g., 2:20¾, by Lysander, dam by Wine- creek Black Hawk. C. J. Clark, Pittsburg, Pa.....	1600

The above animals, the property of the Hurlbut estate, brought \$5,930, an average of \$741.25.

The following, owned by various persons, were also sold:

Lambert Boy, b. g. by Daniel Lambert. H. Darlington, Pittsburg, Pa	\$1000
Edward S., b. g., by a son of Gen. Knox. H. Darlington, Pittsburg, Pa.....	1450
Silvermount, b. m. Fred Leffler, Canton, O.....	190
Grayling, gr. m., by Ned Hunter. John Morgan, Mercer, Pa.....	400
Little Dart, br. m., by Daniel Lambert. John Morgan, Mercer, Pa.....	250
Lucy C., ch. m., 2:30, by Hotspur, dam unknown. Thomas Heller, Massillon, O	475
Charley Tucker, blk. g. (pacer). J. F. Rust, Cleveland, O	315
Sister Easter, b. m., by Messenger Duroc. W. J. Gordon, Cleveland, O.....	320
Patrol, b. s., by Florida, dam by Jupiter. Robert Lowe, Medina, O	300
Joker, b. g., 2:22½, by Parrish Hambletonian, dam by Andrus' Hambletonian (nominal sale). Dave Muckle, Cleveland, O	200

Burt Sheldon, br. g. M. Glocker, New York.....	\$1000
Highlander, b. s. J. Gallagher, Elmira, N. Y.....	195
Thistlebloom. W. J. Gordon.....	320

Six others sold for \$805, the twenty-seven realizing \$7,270, an average of \$269.26.

By changing the world's record to 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$, Maud S. saved the Cleveland meeting of 1884 from being placed in the ordinary list. It was the intention of William H. Vanderbilt to start her against her record, and at the same time be prepared to defend her laurels from the attacks of Jay Eye See, but, before she had a chance to take the word, the Dictator gelding turned Narragansett Park in 2:10. The news reached Cleveland on the second day of the meeting and, when announced by Colonel Edwards, it was received with cheers and shouts to "bring out Maud S." She came out to bridle and was greeted with applause as Grant led her by the stand. At the same time it was announced that she would be started the following day to reduce the mark made at Providence. As stated above, Maud S. trotted in 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$. The timers were David Bonner, John Cummings and William B. Fasig. Mr. Bonner made it 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$, Mr. Fasig made it 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$, and Mr. Cummings 2:09 $\frac{1}{2}$. She was given the time of the slowest watches, the fractional time for the mile being :32 $\frac{3}{4}$, 1:04 $\frac{1}{4}$, 1:36 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$. Her driver, W. W. Bair, described the mile as follows to a representative of the "Spirit of the Times":

"Now as to our movements after I got on the sulky. You saw I jogged her the reverse way of the track and opened her up from the quarter pole. As she moved past the grand stand I saw she was a great mare, and said to myself, 'You are yourself to-day.' Then I jogged her to the head of the stretch and turned her slowly around as

her custom is when about to do a great mile. She stood a moment or two and walked, say 50 yards, and then she started up of her own accord, and seemed to say, 'Now let me go; I see all the people, and will show them something they never saw before.' It does appear as if a public day and big crowd stirred her up to do or die, for she did just break loose herself. I did not mean to give her such a long score, but then she was so willing I hated to bother her, so away we went on the first score. As we passed the wire she was going just about right. I coaxed her back a little, and at the quarter noted we were going at the rate of 2:11; fast enough. I chirped to her once just after we left the quarter, as I desired to get to the half in 1:04. I got there in 1:04 $\frac{1}{4}$. Along the backstretch I met Hayes with Catchfly, and hailed him with a 'How do you like that movement?' for we were sailing. He seemed astonished, and afterwards told the boys I was going easy. I aimed to reach the three-quarter pole in 1:36, and then we would have 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds to come home in. She entered the homestretch very resolute, and at the bend spurted, but did not carry it quite to the wire; then I tapped her lightly with the whip, and asked her for one more effort. She finished without lifting, shaking or swerving, and I stopped my watch under the wire in 2:09 3-5. Here it is; I've not started it since. That's all."

On referring to the report of this meeting it will be found that Crit Davis won the 2:17 class with Phil Thompson and the 2:19 class with Maud Messenger. Each race was won in straight heats, and both of the winners were marked 2:16 $\frac{1}{2}$. The Red Wilkes gelding defeated Edwin Thorne, Phyllis, and Clemmie G., and was expected to show well, but Maud Messenger was not

looked for, Catchfly being the choice. The other winners during the week were Belle F., Zoe B., both of which trotted their races in the mud; Lorene, Harry Wilkes, Richhall, St. Albans and Nobby, Splan getting first money with the last named after a seven-heat dispute with Felix, Florence M. and Secret.

The first "ringer" ever seen at the mile track in Cleveland scored for the word in the first race at the fall meeting in 1884. When the entries were sorted, Secretary Fasig found one for a black mare named Baby Mine, in the three-minute trot. She was represented as being by Lambert Chief. The entry was signed P. Hinchey, Oil City, Pa., and postmarked Boston, Mass. Advice was received by local parties to follow the play of Eli Ager, and when the betting began on the three-minute class Baby Mine was the choice. This, with the fact that the man in charge of the mare was not certain as to his own name or the name of the man he was working for, caused suspicion to fall on Baby Mine, and, as might be expected, she was protested by Charles Frost, of Cambridge City, Ind., the owner of Lena Swallow, one of the nine starters in the same race. When the word was given Lady Cleveland stepped out and won two heats, Baby Mine finishing 4-2. On the next trip Lena Swallow finished in front, with Baby Mine second. The Judges saw that the man who represented himself as P. Hinchey, of Turners, Androscoggin County, Maine, was not trying to win with Baby Mine, so they put up Volney French. He won in short order in 2:27½, 2:28¼, 2:32½, the time in the first heat being, as it was eventually shown, three-quarters of a second faster than the record of the mare under her true name. Through confidential sources Colonel Edwards learned that the true name of Baby Mine was

Minnie Moulton, owned by John Goodwin, Lawrence, Mass., and that the name of the driver was James L. Keene. In order to complete the identification, The National Trotting Association employed Captain W. H. Boyce, who was then located at Pittsburg, Pa., to go to New England and locate the mare, she having been shipped to New York the day after her race at Cleveland. He found her at Lawrence, Mass., and traced her to Beacon Park, where she was entered to start in the 2:27 class October 9. A short time before the race was called a closed carriage drove up to the rail near the distance, and, as the horses scored, had any one been watching the carriage they would have seen William B. Fasig's face at the window. Nothing was said until after the heat, which was won by Arthur, W. K. second and Minnie Moulton third. When the announcement was made, Secretary Fasig and Captain Boyce were at the Judges' stand. Minnie Moulton's driver, James L. Keene, asked for permission to draw her. The request was complied with and Minnie Moulton, alias Baby Mine, retired from the turf. A few days later the Cleveland Driving Park Company issued an order of expulsion against her, as well as her driver, James L. Keene, alias Pat Hinchey; her owner, John Goodwin, Lawrence, Mass., and L. B. Goodrich, Bradford, Pa., who was implicated in the transaction.

At this meeting Glenview Farm also made its first step towards bringing a few of the colt records back to Kentucky from California, its first banner bearer being the black mare Elvira, by Cuyler, out of Mary Mambrino by Mambrino Patchen. On the opening day of the meeting she defeated Loretta F. in the 2:27 class, trotting a fourth heat in 2:23, and, as George Fuller knew she could

go faster, he started her three days later against 2:18 $\frac{3}{4}$, the four-year-old record of the world, held by Bonita. Her first trial was finished in 2:19 $\frac{1}{2}$, but on the second attempt Elvira earned a record of 2:18 $\frac{1}{2}$. This filly was a sister to Beatrice, the dam of Patron, Prodigal and Patronage, the sire of Alix, 2:03 $\frac{3}{4}$; while, after being retired to the stud on account of blindness, she produced Ponce de Leon. On the same afternoon Fuller also gave the yearling colt Nutbreaker, by Nutwood, a record of 2:46, and trotted second to Jim Schriber in the 2:23 class with Algath. The other events at this meeting were won by Mambrinette, Uncle Ned, Jim Early and Oliver K., the King Wilkes gelding getting a record of 2:24 $\frac{1}{4}$ in a six-heat race, in which he defeated Darkness, Lena Swallow, Homewood, Gladys, G. E. B., Faro and Adam Beebe. W. B. Fasig started the black gelding Boston Davis in the race won by Jim Early, and drew him after finishing sixth in the first heat. At this date the black gelding had a record of 2:34, and could beat it, but he was also as notorious a puller as Captain McGown, of twenty-miles-in-an-hour fame. In November, 1901, three months before he died, William B. Fasig related the following incident in connection with the ownership of Boston Davis, to S. Freeman, who incorporated it in an article that appeared in the Christmas number of "The Horse Review".

"Col. Wm. Edwards, one of the dearest men that ever lived, was President of the Cleveland Driving Park, and I the Secretary. There was hot rivalry between us. He had an elegant bay mare named Faith, which he thought could beat the Boston Davis family. The feeling was at fever heat, and one day it culminated, after a heated argument, in a match to wagon. The Colonel's son Clar-

ence, now a gallant officer in the army, then home from West Point on a furlough, drove Faith, while your humble servant piloted the Boston Davis horse. The Colonel and Clarence were so sure of winning that they notified the swelldom of Cleveland about the match, and almost all the handsome young ladies of Euclid Avenue's four hundred were on deck pulling for Clarence, as he was a fine-looking young fellow, while I—well, we won't discuss that. Singularly enough, the men were for 'Benny,' but the women were for Clarence.

"My horse had a fashion of going away fast until he hit the back stretch, and then slowing up until he rounded into the homestretch, when he'd come again and trot a whirlwind to the wire. He did so in that race. I was in the lead at the quarter-pole when my opponent closed up, and it really looked as if I was beaten. Mr. Edwards stood in the stand shouting: 'Clarence has got him, Clarence has got him!'

"John D. Rockefeller and W. J. Gordon, who were among the spectators and on my side, said afterward that they thought it was all over. But Clarence didn't 'have him,' for Boston Davis took more wind in his sail at the three-quarter pole and beat Faith through the stretch in fine style. I was more unpopular with those handsome young ladies than ever, one remarking, 'I'd like to stick a hair-pin in that odious fat man driving the ugly black horse.'"

Encouraged by the success of the sale held in connection with the Hurlburt horses in 1884, William B. Fasig decided to hold another in 1885, and selected May 14 and 15 for the venture. J. B. Perkins, W. J. Gordon, J. W. Pritz and D. M. Marsh sent small consignments, and when John Rush called for bids there were about

seventy-five head catalogued, this list including Ina G., 2:24½; Lady Clark, 2:27½; Whirlwind, 2:24; Blue Mare, 2:23; Molly Kistler, and that grand old-time pacer Sorrel Dan, 2:14. A few of the fast ones failed to appear, the most noted absentees being Lady Clark, who afterwards produced Hettiemont, 2:16¾, and Pattie Clark, 2:17¼; but when the returns were all in it was found that sixty-five head had been sold for \$23,947, the top figure, \$1,620, being paid for Ina G., while Myrtella G. sold for \$1,100 and Aleck L. for \$1,010.

In 1876, on the last day of August, Smuggler, in the first heat of his memorable race with Goldsmith Maid at Hartford, placed the stallion record at 2:15¼, and it remained there until July 14, 1884, when Phallas created a commotion by trotting a fourth heat at Chicago in 2:13¾, a mark which he equalled at Providence, R. I., on the day his stable companion, Jay Eye See, reduced the world's record for trotters to 2:10, and which stood as his mark when retired from the turf. Another star appeared on the horizon at Narragansett Park on the afternoon that the Hickory Grove Farm stable was bidding for the world's record. He was also started to reduce the stallion record, but failed, his fastest mile being trotted in 2:15¾. That horse was Maxie Cobb, and his flight of speed encouraged John Murphy to go on with him. At Hartford, August 28, Murphy drove the handsome son of Happy Medium in 2:15, and on September 30 crowned him king of stallions by the record, with a mile in 2:13¼, at Providence. During the winter months the racing qualities of the two stallions were discussed very freely from one end of the country to the other, and when the warm weather stirred their respective owners' racing blood the pair were matched for \$10,000, to trot at Cleve-

land, July 4, 1885. In handling this race William B. Fasig first demonstrated his skill as an advertiser. By the time the bell rang he had all northern Ohio up and going, every other holiday entertainment being cast aside for a trip to Glenville to witness what he termed "a battle for the throne." The attendance was placed at twelve thousand, which was more than could be well taken care of at that time. They saw a heat and a half and were satisfied. In the preliminary jogging Maxie Cobb looked every inch a king. He filled the eye as he swept by, while Phallas, white with foam, had little to commend him to those who build on appearances. As for the race, Phallas was never headed after he took the pole on the turn. The fractional time for the first heat was 35, 33 $\frac{1}{4}$, 32 $\frac{3}{4}$, 33. This made the middle half 1:06 and the mile 2:14, which equalled the track's race record for trotters, made by Clingstone in his contest with Edwin Thorne. Phallas won by half a length, both horses being under the whip. In the second heat the pair were lapped at the half in 1:06, the quarters having been trotted in 33 $\frac{1}{2}$, 32 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds respectively. As they swung around the turn Maxie Cobb gave it up, while Phallas went on and won the heat as he pleased by two lengths, in 2:15 $\frac{3}{4}$. The third heat was only a matter of form, Phallas winning it in 2:20 $\frac{1}{4}$.

In 1884, after Maud S. reduced her record to 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$, Colonel Edwards, as President of the Cleveland Driving Park, sent the following despatch to her owner:

RACE TRACK, CLEVELAND, O., Aug. 2, 1884.

WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT,
Saratoga, N. Y.:

Allow me to congratulate you. Maud S. still reigns supreme. Her record is 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$ on a slow track. Before ordering her home come and see her trot a mile in 2:07 or 2:08. We are all happy.

WM. EDWARDS.

On the fourth day of the Grand Circuit meeting in 1885, Colonel Edwards had occasion to send another despatch on the same subject. It read as follows:

RACE TRACK, CLEVELAND, O., July 30. 1885.

ROBERT BONNER,

New York, N. Y.:

The Cleveland Association congratulates you most heartily and thanks you most sincerely for allowing your peerless queen, Maud S., to show the people how easily she beat her record in the wonderful time of 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$, on a track certainly one second slow, having had a hard rain at midnight.

WM. EDWARDS, President.

In the year that had elapsed between the two record-breaking miles, Maud S. was sold by William H. Vanderbilt to Robert Bonner for \$40,000, and she had also cut her record from 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$ to 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$ in a trip against time at Lexington, Ky., on November 11, Woodburn Farm having given a cup for the performance in order to make the time a record, no admission being charged at the gate. In the season of 1885 Maud S. was, at the request of Colonel Edwards, sent to Cleveland for a supreme effort, and his telegram shows what occurred. It may also be added that during the greater part of the day both Bair and Robert Bonner's representatives hesitated about starting the mare on account of the condition of the track. There had been a heavy shower during the night, and under such conditions a clay track does not dry out very rapidly. Aside from the footing being soft on the first turn, the day was perfect, and, as Secretary Fasig was confident that Maud S. was in shape to reduce her record, he gave Bair no rest until the mare was hitched and on the track. The following is the report of the performance as furnished the "Turf, Field and Farm" by Hamilton Busbey:

“At a quarter-past five Bair came on the track behind Maud S. He wore a Derby hat, and it was announced that the queen would be driven a warming-up mile. Cheer after cheer greeted the chestnut mare as she walked slowly past the crowded stands. She went the reverse way of the track, then turned and broke into a vigorous jog. The watches were started on her, and the circuit was timed in 2:28 $\frac{1}{4}$. She was taken to the stable and rubbed down, and at six o'clock, when the flags were hanging motionless, the shout went up, “Bring out Maud S. We want to go home.” The scraper was run around the track, and the footing looked better next the rail, although it was conceded by critics not to be the best. The first turn, especially, was damp and cuppy. Bair now appeared behind the mare in full jockey suit, and his face was pale and anxious. The queen stepped resolutely, and each outburst of applause caused her to merely prick up her ears. Having reigned so long, the cheers of the multitude did not excite her. She had grown used to them. No pools were sold, but the private offers that the record would not be lowered found no takers. Fred Bonner himself had telegraphed his father that he did not believe there was one chance in ten of beating 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$. After a slow jog the reverse way of the track, Bair went to the head of the stretch, where Splan, with Mr. Gordon's running horse Dart, harnessed to sulky, was waiting for him, and, starting up the mare, came strongly to the stand. He nodded for the word, Mr. Thomas Axworthy shouted “Go!” and hundreds of watches began to register the flying feet. The pace was fast, and Splan drew a little too close around the turn. The rush of the running horse and the cuppy condition of the soil made the queen forget herself, and she sprawled into the air.

The I-told-you-so fellows swelled with importance, while the anxious friends of the great trotter felt as if they had been called to a funeral. Bair pulled the mare up, and came back with paler face, because he knew that one of his three chances under the rule had been sacrificed. Going to the head of the stretch again, he came down a little slower and nodded for the word. The plungers struck and the hands of the watches re-commenced the steady, remorseless journey around the dials. Splan was more cautious with his runner, and the turn was safely rounded, but the critics pronounced the pace too slow. In the straight work it was more like flying than trotting, and the hands split at the first quarter in $32\frac{3}{4}$ seconds—a 2:11 gait. Along the backstretch the old scythe-bearer was tackled in awful earnestness, and exclamations were heard, "See her go." The time at the half-mile pole was $1:04\frac{1}{2}$, which made the flight of the second quarter $31\frac{3}{4}$ seconds—a 2:07 gait. The terrific contest against the swaggering bully, Time, was kept up, and fears were expressed that Bair would drive the mare to a break. But she resolutely held her course, trotting the third quarter in 31 seconds—a 2:04 gait, and making the total time for the three quarters $1:35\frac{1}{2}$. Around the upper turn Splan drew a little closer with Dart, and the cloud of suspense deepened. When the stretch yawned broad and straight before the peerless chestnut, she seemed to falter and the cry was heard from excited watch-holders, "Lift her. Come on!" With rare judgment Dart was brought with clattering effort still closer to her who was fighting so earnestly with the grim and stalwart giant, and at the same instant the whip fell sharply on her shoulders. The brave Boston blood in the queen was aroused, and it quickened the action of lagging

feet. Under the wire she shot with a do-or-die rush, the watches stopped and the crowd held its breath. The pent-up feeling then found vent. Cheer followed cheer, and the crowd rushed through the gates and fairly blocked the quarter stretch. With difficulty the path was cleared for the mare, who walked slowly back to the stand with bowed head and throbbing flanks. The official timers, Wm. Edwards, N. L. Hunting, C. F. Emery and George W. Short, consulted their watches and unanimously agreed that the record had been broken. I looked over their shoulders at this supreme moment and noticed that while Mr. Hunting's fifth-second watch marked 2:08 4-5, the others were full 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$. Leaning over the stand President Edwards said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am pleased to inform you that on a track which the directors do not consider fast, Maud S. has trotted and made a record of 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$." The official announcement reawakened the thunders of applause, and the storm did not abate when a rich floral collar, from the garden of Mr. Gordon, was placed on the neck of the queen."

To commemorate this performance the Cleveland Driving Park Company ordered a golden horseshoe to be hung in the arch over the entrance to the grounds with the words, "Maud S., 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$," in the center of it. It is still there to remind all race goers that the record made July 30, 1885, is still the world's record to a high-wheel sulky over a regulation track, and it is liable to be for all time.

The 2:16 trot proved the best race at the Grand Circuit meeting in 1885. The starters were Maud Messenger, Clemmie G. and Phyllis. Wagner had his big mare in good fix and it might be added that he ordered her according to his own idea. He hired a boat and every

morning gave Phyllis a swim in Lake Erie. She came out on the day of the race as limber as an eel and won after losing the first heat in 2:17 $\frac{3}{4}$ to Clemmie G. by a break near the distance. In the second heat Phyllis trotted to her record of 2:15 $\frac{1}{2}$, the last half of the mile being in 1:06 $\frac{3}{4}$, and the third quarter of it in 32 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. The time for the third heat was 2:16 $\frac{3}{4}$, there being but half a length between Phyllis and Clemmie G. at the finish, while half a head in favor of Phyllis, in 2:17 $\frac{1}{2}$, was the way they finished in the deciding mile. Dunbar drove Clemmie G. with commendable skill, but he could not reach the Phil Sheridan mare. During the meeting Dunbar also drove Clingstone a mile against time, equaling his record of 2:14, and that "the demon trotter" was as fast, if not faster, than at any time in his career was evidenced by the fact that he checked off the fourth quarter in 32 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. The other winners at the meeting were Beauregard, Adelaide, Harry Roberts, Gossip, Jr., William Arthur, Harry Wilkes, William T., Joe Davis, Maggie G. Middleton and Westmont, while on the opening day Almont Gift defeated Mohawk Gift in a \$2,000 match race that was spun out to five heats before the judges found a winner, and that the finding of the Judges did not satisfy the owners was evidenced by the fact that they made another match to be decided at the fall meeting, when Mohawk Gift defeated Almont Gift in straight heats, the fastest of which was trotted in 2:24 $\frac{1}{2}$. At this fall meeting the newly organized Ohio Association of Trotting Horse Breeders gave its first races, the events being sandwiched with the races offered by the Cleveland Driving Park Company. The stakes of the Breeders' Association were won by Reveille, Nettle Leaf and Heresy, while the first moneys in the races on the

regular programme were won by Whitesocks, Little Mack, Gladys, Gray Dave, Lace Dealer, Mable May, Jessie B., Nobby and Harry Wilkes. In the pacing race Little Mack defeated Argyle, Jordan, Tommy Lynn and Conway and reduced his record to 2:15, while in the free-for-all Harry Wilkes stepped around the track three times in front of Glen Miller and Belle F. in 2:18, 2:24 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:18. The races won by Gray Dave and Nobby were badly mixed. Eight horses took the word in the 2:25 trot and eight heats were trotted before Gray Dave won three, the other heat winners being Victor, Tom Allen and Sentry. In the 2:21 class Gus Wilson won the first heat with Nellie G. in 2:21. The second was declared dead between Nellie G. and Onward in 2:21. The race then went over to the following day, when, after Albert France had won a heat in 2:20 $\frac{3}{4}$, Nobby gathered in the money in 2:20 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:21, 2:21 $\frac{3}{4}$.

The average time for the Grand Circuit meeting in 1885 was 2:19 $\frac{3}{4}$, and for the fall meeting, not including the stakes offered by the Breeders' Association, a small fraction over 2:26. In addition to the events named Cleveland race goers also witnessed two specials during the season of 1885, one being a gate money race between Harry Wilkes and Phallas, the gelding winning in 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:20 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:19 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the other the team performance of Clingstone and Guy, the pair being driven to a record of 2:17, by T. J. Dunbar. This was the first public appearance of the Kentucky Prince gelding that in time became as notorious for his antics when scoring, and flights of extreme speed, as his mate was celebrated for his sterling race horse qualities. Guy was foaled at Stony Ford in 1880. He was a small rugged looking youngster when he was with a batch of others shipped to New York

to be sold at auction on October 24, 1882, by Peter C. Kellogg & Co. While the sale was in progress L. D. Packer directed the attention of J. B. Perkins, of Cleveland, to the black colt by Kentucky Prince, out of Flora Gardiner, by Seely's American Star, and backed his remarks with the assurance of John Hogan that he was the best prospect for a trotter ever foaled on the farm. When the black colt was led out Jacob B. Perkins bought him for \$460. He shipped him to Cleveland with a three-year-old filly by Messenger Duroc, purchased at the same sale, and wintered him at the Twin Elm Farm on Lake Avenue. When the spring came the colt was, on account of his size, gelded and broken to harness. As the summer days were being marked off the calendar, stories of the fast three-year-old at the farm on Lake Avenue found their way across the Cuyahoga River and finally reached Glenville. James McKeever was training him on the farm track, and it did not take him long to find that the Kentucky Prince gelding was a star in embryo. In due time the youngster was named Guy, after one of Mr. Perkins' boys, and taken to the Cleveland Driving Park. W. J. Gordon saw him step, and asked for a price. It was \$10,000. After a little sparring, he bought him for \$6,000 with the understanding that he would pay an additional \$4,000 if Guy should beat 2:20 as a four-year-old. From that time there was a standing order that Guy was not to trot better than 2:20, while it was understood about the track that the first man who caught Guy a mile below 2:20 would get a new suit of clothes. Few watches were idle when Guy was being worked and finally one morning "Tom" McCabe timed him in 2:19. When speaking of it he said that Guy was jogged to the half in 1:13 with the intention of letting him finish at speed, and

to the surprise of everyone, his trainer included, he broke away and trotted the last half in 1:06. Mr. Perkins was notified. McCabe received his suit of clothes and W. J. Gordon paid the extra \$4,000.

One hundred and forty of what Fasig termed "the fastest and best horses ever offered for public sale" were in the catalogue issued for the "great sale," May 12, 13 and 14, 1886. The list including George V., 2:20; Tom Allen, 2:22, "the handsomest gentleman's roadster in the United States;" Tommy Norwood, 2:26 $\frac{1}{4}$; King Philip, 2:21; the pacer, Jack Hart, 2:23 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the handsome pair of mares, Fannie Archer, 2:32 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Gussie Archer, 2:33. The Archer team sold for \$1,400, and Tom Allen, although twelve years old, brought \$2,000, the high-water mark for the week.

Oliver K., a Forest City Farm product, was the star at the Grand Circuit meeting in 1886. He started in a \$5,000 guaranteed stake, and won in commanding style, his mile in 2:18 in the first heat equalling the record which he had placed after his name at Detroit the week prior to the Cleveland meeting. This success was the beginning of a trip down the line, which culminated in a victory in the Charter Oak Stake at Hartford, where, after Belle F. had placed two heats in 2:15 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$ to her credit, the King Wilkes gelding went to the front in 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:18. In addition to winning at the places named, Oliver K. also won his Grand Circuit engagements at Buffalo, Rochester and Albany. As has been stated, Oliver K. was bred at the Forest City Farm. Like many another good horse he was sold as a colt for a trifle, but when given an opportunity he proved one of the best horses foaled in Ohio and a worthy successor to Parana and Mattie Hunter, both of which raced success-

fully for C. F. Emery. Two stallions that were destined to earn world-wide fame on the turf and in the stud also won races at the Cleveland meeting in 1886. Both of them in turn reduced the world's record for stallions, one at the pacing, and the other at the trotting gait, and both of them sired extreme speed, although one died in his prime. They were Brown Hal and Palo Alto. In 1885 Brown Hal was started at Cleveland as a trotter in the race won by William T. He was tenth in the first heat and distanced in the second. This showing led to a change, and the following year Brown Hal was a pacer. He never lost a race at that gait. In 1886 he was started at Pittsburg, Cleveland and Rochester, where he won a heat in 2:17½. In 1889 he again appeared at Cleveland in a race with Roy Wilkes, Jewett, Bessemer and Gossip, Jr. Brown Hal's feet bothered him and caused disastrous breaks, but he finally won after a six-heat contest in which Roy Wilkes cut the pacing record for stallions to 2:13, and Brown Hal recovered the honors in the next heat with a mile in 2:12½. The deciding heat in the race created a flutter in the stands. Brown Hal made a break going away and appeared to be a double distance out when the field swept by the half. As it was a case of life and death for "Old Tennessee" from a racing standpoint, Geers started after the leaders. He soon picked up the field, but was unable to reach Roy Wilkes. As the pair swept by the band stand Brown Hal was all out and swerving. To all appearances Roy Wilkes had the heat and race safe, when John Dickerson let go of his head and struck him. Roy went to a break and Brown Hal won by a head. Frank G. Buford told me after the race that he timed Brown Hal the last half in 1:01. This was to high wheels and the showing was worthy of the horse

that sired Star Pointer, Hal Dillard, Hal Braden, Storm and New Richmond.

Palo Alto was selected by his breeder as the colt worthy of the name of the farm made famous by the get of Electioneer. As a race horse he came up to expectations. No one ever saw a better, and an early death alone prevented him from being equally successful as a sire. At the Cleveland Grand Circuit meeting in 1886, Palo Alto won the 2:29 class, in the second heat of which he trotted the last half in 1:07 $\frac{3}{4}$. At the fall meeting he also won the 2:20 class, his sixth heat in 2:20 $\frac{1}{4}$ being considered a much better four-year-old performance than Manzanita's record breaking mile in 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$ at the summer meeting. In 1891 Palo Alto placed the stallion record at 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$. He died the following July.

Lucy Fry won the first regular event on the programme at the meeting in 1886. She was by Blue Bull, out of the old race mare Kitty Bates, and made her record of 2:20 $\frac{1}{4}$ in the deciding heat. The following week at Buffalo, Lucy Fry broke her leg in the first heat of a race and was destroyed. Her race at Cleveland was sandwiched with the 2:21 class, in which Bonnie McGregor disposed of Belle F. and half a dozen others in 2:17 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:18 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:20. On the following day Manzanita cut the four-year-old trotting record of the world to 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$, when she finished a length in front of Belle Hamlin in the first heat of the 2:25 class. She also won the second heat in 2:19 $\frac{1}{4}$, after which the beautiful mare from the Village Farm went to the front in 2:18 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:19, 2:18 $\frac{1}{2}$, Spofford driving her out in two heats and Kitefoot in the third. The other winners at the meeting were Endymion, who was afterwards exported to Italy, Centella, Harry Wilkes, Gossip, Jr., Arab and Mambrino Sparkle,

who, after a contest that was on parade for two days, defeated J. Q., Prince Arthur, Felix, Billy Button, Tom Rogers, Bessie, Deck Wright and De Barry in a nine-heat race in which the time of seven of the heats was below 2:20.

The Palo Alto and Forest City Farm stables were very much in evidence at the fall meeting in 1886. Marvin won his engagement with St. Bel and Palo Alto, both of the colts going to the front in six-heat races, while Caton won with Nettle Leaf and Connaught and was second to Ambassador with Brown Wilkes in the free-for-all stallion race. The list of winners for the week also presents the names of Civilization, Orphan Boy, Maud A., Cad Wade, Argyle, Violet and Kit Curry, the race won by the last named being described in "The Sandpiper" story.

Sometime during the season of 1886, William B. Fasig decided to sever his connection with the Cleveland Driving Park Company, although nothing was said about it until after the December meeting of the Board of Review of The National Trotting Association. The eleventh Congress of The National Trotting Association was held in Chicago, February 10, 1886. At this meeting Fasig represented six Ohio associations, and he was again a delegate at the adjourned session which was held at the Kennard House in Cleveland, November 16. He did not take an active part in the debates at either meeting, but when the Board of Review met in New York in December, Fasig was a candidate for the office of Secretary. In the election that followed Thomas Axworthy, a director of the Cleveland Driving Park Company, and the member for the Central District, voted against him from the fact, as I have been told, that his associates in Cleveland wanted Fasig to remain there. The vote stood four to

three in favor of T. J. Vail, the deciding ballot being cast by Judge Grant, the President of the Association. This election led to the organization of the American Trotting Association on March 2, 1887, and while at the time many considered the split a step towards disaster, it has been the means of broadening the field of harness racing, and at the same time added a pillar to the stability of turf government. After his defeat, Fasig was offered all kinds of inducements to cast his lot with the new organization. He told me that the office of Secretary was offered him, but he declined and remained to the end loyal to the National. In one of his Spectator papers, Addison says that "at times the buffets of fortune have a sting that almost brings a tear, but nine times out of ten in the end they are for the best," and so it proved in the case of William B. Fasig. While he never forgave Thomas Axworthy for voting against him, he had to admit that the defeat shaped his course towards a career that he never dreamed of at the time, and for which he had all of the qualities desired, while I am convinced that his horror of detail and constant application day after day from one year's end to the other would have made him anything but a success in the office he was seeking.

Fasig's fourth sale was held at the Driving Park, May 17 to 20, 1887. Two hundred and fourteen horses were catalogued, and of that number one hundred and forty-nine were sold for \$52,565, the Canadian mare, Big Fannie, 2:26 $\frac{1}{4}$, by John E. Rysdyk, being the highest priced lot. She sold for \$3,100, while John Huntington paid \$2,500 for Lottie K., 2:26 $\frac{3}{4}$, and the George Wilkes horse, Waddell, went to George Forbes on a bid of \$2,100. Seven others sold for \$1,000, while the prices of the balance were well up as was shown by the average of

\$352.78. Among the horses catalogued, but not offered, there was a seven-year-old bay gelding by Ernest with a mark of 2:32. He was called Protection, and as Fasig had sold Boston Davis he made a deal for this rugged looking trotter from the Sciota Valley. After a few trials on the road Protection was put in training and started for the races when the Grand Circuit meeting had been disposed of. After winning at Wellington and Medina, where he made a record of 2:27, Protection was unplaced to Embassador at Cleveland in September and stood 3-2 in the summary of a race won by the Nugget filly, Nettle Leaf, at Detroit in 2:23 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:27 $\frac{1}{2}$. His next starts were at Ravenna and Akron, where he finished inside the money, both races being won by Lynn W. He was then shipped to Lexington, where he was distanced by Wilkesbrino. After this performance, Fasig did not consider Protection a "howling success" as a turf horse. He sold him and the new owner placed the gelding in John Splan's stable. The following year Protection made good by winning at Philadelphia and Hartford, where he trotted to a record of 2:19 $\frac{1}{4}$, after making no end of trouble for J. B. Richardson and Frank Buford on the trip from Cleveland to Charter Oak.

The special race between Harry Wilkes and Patron was the feature at the Grand Circuit meeting in 1887. On public form it looked as though the Forest City Farm horse was over matched, as his mile in 2:16 in the third heat of a winning race the preceding week at Detroit was the fastest he had shown in public, while at the same meeting Harry Wilkes in a race with the champion pacer Johnston, who was handicapped to a wagon, showed that he had all his speed and was in trim for a severe combat. The records also showed that during the seasons of 1885

and 1886 he had lost but three races out of twenty-nine starts and two of his defeats were driven home by Cleveland horses, Clingstone stepping away from him in straight heats at Detroit, September 26, 1885, in 2:15½, 2:17½, 2:16, while at St. Louis, October 9, 1886, he trotted second to Oliver K. in 2:16¾, 2:16¼, 2:17, with Arab, Charlie Hilton and Phyllis in the field. At the date of the Cleveland race Patron was a five-year-old. He had been before the public from the day that "Cope" Stinson won a two-year-old race with him in 2:42½ over the half-mile track at Brantford, Ont. This performance was, however, scarcely noticed until he won the three-year-old race at St. Louis in 1885, defeating Manzanita, Silverone, Eagle Bird, Iona and Greenlander, after a contest of six heats and followed it two weeks later with another victory at Lexington, where he made a record of 2:19½ in a third heat, and in doing it equalled the three-year-old trotting record of the world held by Hinda Rose. A first and a second was Patron's tally as a four-year-old. The following season he acquired his reputation as a race horse and also made the record of 2:14¼ that stood after his name at the end of his turf career. In the first heat of his race with Harry Wilkes at Cleveland, Patron marched off in front and won as he pleased in 2:16. Van Ness made his move on the next trip. Rushing Harry Wilkes off in front he led at the quarter in 33 seconds and at the half in 1:06. In the third quarter Patron came to him. They raced like a team around the upper turn, but before the three-quarters was reached the gelding faltered and Fuller won the heat in 2:16½. The regulars that had followed Harry Wilkes for several seasons could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw the popular idol beaten by a five-year-old, but in the third heat, when Pa-

tron won in 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$, after being taken back in the stretch, they knew he had met what Monroe Salisbury termed the great requisite of a race horse, "more speed." In the deciding heat of the race Patron was at the three-quarter pole in 1:40, after trotting the third quarter in 33 seconds, and many thought that if Fuller had sent him along to the wire Maxie Cobb's stallion record of 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$ would have been beaten. What might have been is now a memory, and Patron was never again so fortunate as to find a day and track when he was on edge for a championship performance. At Hartford, in September, when he won the Charter Oak Stake without the semblance of a contest, from Prince Wilkes, Loretta F., Astral, Myrtle and Dan, a shower fell before the third heat, in which Fuller intended to send him for the stallion record. Again at Cleveland during the fall meeting he was started against Atlantic, Orphan Boy and Tom Rogers, and won the Ohio Association of Trotting Horse Breeders' stallion stake the day before he was named to meet Clingstone in a special. In the latter Patron won the first heat in 2:17 after passing the half in 1:07 $\frac{1}{2}$. The next two heats went to Clingstone in 2:19, after which Patron was drawn on account of sickness. The pair met again at Detroit, the following week, and the Rysdyk gelding was again successful.

On the opening day of the Grand Circuit meeting in 1887, James Goldsmith sprung a surprise in the betting ring when he won the 2:26 class with Misty Morning, defeating the favorite Class Leader and Globe, after he had won two heats. Amie King, the first of Mambrino King's get to earn Grand Circuit honors, was more fortunate the following day when she won the 2:27 class, which was sandwiched with the 2:23 trot, in which

McLeod defeated Astral, Garnet and Favonia, all three of which were well thought of in the early betting. On the next afternoon Loretta F. added another first to her chain of victories, which was snapped at Rochester, when her driver was expelled for dropping a race to Charley Hogan. Arab, Rosaline Wilkes and Belle Hamlin were the other trotters that won races during the week, the flying gaited daughter of Hamlin's Almont, Jr., cutting her record to 2:16½. Also for the first time in its history the Cleveland Driving Park Company had three pacing races on its programme in 1887. They were won by Jenny Lind, Joe L. and Johnston, the last named cutting the track record to 2:11¾ in the deciding heat of his race, the fractional time for his mile being 32½, 32¾, 32½, 34¼.

The Cleveland fall meeting in 1887 was a combination affair. The programme presented consisted of twenty events, nine of which were stakes of the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders, four stakes of the Ohio Association of Trotting Horse Breeders, of which William B. Fasig was Secretary, and the balance specials offered by the Cleveland Driving Park Company. In one of the latter Clingstone defeated Patron, as has been stated, and in another Belle Hamlin started against her record, and reduced it to 2:13¾, and in doing so fulfilled the prophecy of her breeder, who, in 1885, said that she would train on to a faster record than that of Goldsmith Maid. The class races at this meeting were won by Ambassador, Trouble, Decorator, Maud and Chimes E., while the stakes of the Breeders' Associations went to Sphinx, Sally Cossack, Chimes, Bettina, Nettle Leaf, Bell Boy, Holmdel, Iowa Harold, James Bailey and Eminence.

In 1888 Buffalo was looking for a new Secretary. C. J. Hamlin, who was at that time at the head of the Buffalo Park, offered Fasig a few inducements to locate in that town and act as Secretary of the Buffalo Driving Club. After thinking the matter over, he decided to remain with the Cleveland Association and continue his sale business, which was now beginning to look like a fixture. Selecting May 15 to 19 as the dates for his fifth sale, Fasig began to advertise for consignments. When the catalogue was issued it contained three hundred and fifty lots, W. J. Gordon having consigned all of his breeding stock, together with William H., 2:18 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Croxie, 2:19 $\frac{1}{4}$, while S. A. Brown sent a consignment. This with such racing material as Sarah B., 2:20 $\frac{3}{4}$; Decorator, 2:23 $\frac{3}{4}$; Patsey Clinker, 2:20; Windsor M., 2:20 $\frac{3}{4}$, and over a score of others attracted many of the best buyers and when the hammer fell for the last time, it was found that two hundred and fifty head had been sold for \$99,450. John H. Shults, the "Monarch of the Sale Ring," made his first appearance as a buyer at Cleveland during this sale, and, as was the rule in those days, Sudie D., the highest priced lot of the week, was knocked down to him on a bid of \$4,100. She was a six-year-old mare by Alcione, out of the dam of Ambassador. Mr. Shults also paid \$2,500 for Miss Leontine, a two-year-old filly by Robert McGregor, out of Leontine, 2:23 $\frac{1}{4}$, and \$2,000 for the twelve-year-old mare Kitty Wilkes, 2:34 $\frac{1}{2}$, by George Wilkes. Decorator sold for \$3,200, Patsey Clinker for \$2,025, and Strategist, 2:28, for \$2,000. These were the days when a pedigree with a little speed, or a pedigree with a good story, brought the money in the trotting horse business. Everything was sacrificed to the standard and a few speed producing lines of the tincup variety.

The Grand Circuit meeting in 1888 was the first at which the average time for the trotting races was below 2:20, as well as the one at which the saddle record of the world for pacers was made, and the special between the brothers Fred Folger and Guy. Johnston was started on August 3 to reduce the record of 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$, which Billy Boyce made at Buffalo, August 1, 1868, in a race with the trotter Rolla Golddust. George Starr rode Johnston, and made the mile in 2:13, the fractional time being 32 $\frac{1}{4}$, 33 $\frac{3}{4}$, 34, 33. The special race between the Kentucky Prince geldings was unique only on account of the relationship of the performers, as Fred Folger could not trot fast enough to exercise the black horse. The regular events at the meeting were won by T. T. S., Bessemer, Jack, J. B. Richardson, Arrow, Junemont, Lady Whitefoot, Favonia, Mulatto, Prince Wilkes and Kinsman. In the race won by Mulatto, G. Grimes started a gray mare named Mella G. She finished behind the money. The following week at Buffalo she was named to start against the same horses as well as Cypress, Sprague Golddust, Blue Grass Hambletonian, Harvester and B. B. Custer. The race was programmed for the last day of the meeting, and as Grimes thought she did not have a chance, he loaded her on the cars with his other horses to ship to Rochester. Fasig, as he told me one morning while riding in one of the bob-tailed horse cars which in those days ran from Willson Avenue to Glenville, took a fancy to the gray and had a premonition that she could win. When he learned that Mella G. was gone he rushed to the freight yard, succeeded in trading \$600 and Jessie Hays, 2:24, for her, borrowed a harness, boots and sulky, and started. Spurred on by a little touch of superstition, which at times permeated every fiber of Fasig's body, he

backed Mella G. to win at from \$5 to \$8 in pools running from \$80 to \$100. When the race started Mella G. stepped out and won two heats in 2:22½, 2:22½. In the third heat she was in trouble and Cypress won in 2:22¼. This did not help matters any as the money was on Mulatto. The talent breathed easier when Cypress broke in the stretch in the fourth heat and the favorite raced home in 2:23¼. Mella G. was laid up that trip, but when the word was given for the fifth heat her driver moved out in front and made a runaway race of it, winning as he pleased in 2:24. Fasig cleared up \$4,000 in the race, the purse netting \$800, while the balance belonged to the combination that laughed at him when he was backing the little gray mare. Later in the season Mella G. won another race for him at Medina, Ohio, but she failed to get inside the money in the race that Fugue won at the Cleveland fall meeting. At this meeting Fasig also started Keokee and Wyandot, the two Ambassadors which he had bred in partnership with "Uncle" Ben Wright. Wyandot won the Buckeye stake for three-year-olds after a five-heat contest with Clonmore, the Forest City Farm entry, and Keokee was second to Heckothrift, which was C. F. Emery's entry in the Excelsior Stake. At this meeting Prince Wilkes and Patron met in a special, the Red Wilkes gelding going to the front after Patron had won a heat in 2:16. The other races offered by the Cleveland Driving Park Company were won by Baroness, Lettie Waterson, Lady Bullion, Argentine, Alcagetta, Blue Grass Hambletonian and Belva Lockwood, while the stakes of the Ohio Breeders' Association not already referred to were won by Gold Leaf, Mohawk Gift, Harry Wade, Holmdel, Orphan and Brandoline.

What Fasig termed the "Red Letter Sale" was held at Cleveland, May 13 to 19, 1889. Five hundred and seventy-six lots were catalogued, the "boom horse" for the occasion being the black gelding Guy, by Kentucky Prince. At the time he was the only horse in sight that had a chance to reduce the 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$ of Maud S. which played hide and seek with the sunshine in the center of the gilded shoe under the arch at the entrance to the Cleveland Driving Park. The Gordon Glen and J. B. Houston consignments were the star attractions for the week, Suisun in the latter being written up in as glowing terms as Guy and his stable companions. They were catalogued for the first and second days and that every man with a horse or two in the book wanted them sold on the same dates is evidenced by the following characteristic petition to consignors which Fasig inserted in the catalogue:

"It is well for Job that the system of combination horse sales was inaugurated in the latter part of the nineteenth century, for had they been adopted a long time—'B. C.'—Job might have drifted into the management of one. Then Job would have lost his reputation, because, had he organized a six days' sale and not been able to sell all the horses the second day—which it is fair to assume he could not—the consignors would have said, d—n Job. Then Job would have returned the argument in kind, and history would have recorded on its pages the name of some other man as the hero of the patience dodge. His inspiring remark, 'He saith among the trumpets, Ha! Ha!' would be lost in oblivion and the 'thunder' which clothed his horse's neck would be transferred to his business and have 'been to pay.' Job would have gone down unwept, unhonored and unsung—a plain North American combination horse sale manager and crank."

All eyes were turned towards Cleveland on the opening day of the sale, and when it was learned that Guy had been knocked down for \$29,750, even those who knew but little of such matters had no hesitation in expressing an opinion that a fast trotter, even if he did have a few "bees in his bonnet" was a very desirable piece of property. It is only repeating ancient history to state that the sale of this horse was a fizzle. W. J. Gordon did not have the courage to part with him when he saw him in the sale ring, and while all of his other racing material was scattered, Clingstone and Guy were led back to their old stalls in the big barn at Gordon Glen. Frank Brunell, who was at that time sporting editor of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, wrote the following description of the sale for *The Horseman* :

Cleveland, O., May 13, 1889.—The Fasig sale opened at 10 o'clock this morning with about two hundred and fifty buyers present. Guy and Clingstone were to be sold at 10 o'clock, but did not come to the stand until 12:40. Then it was only to partially disappoint everyone. Guy was sold and resold to his owner, and the other star of the sale—Clingstone—was withdrawn by his owner, who declared to keep the pair for his own private use as a team. Guy never looked better. He has improved during the winter. His black coat shone under the noonday sun and he blinked at the crowd as though proud and amused at the attention paid him. The auctioneers gushed over him, and Secretary Fasig told the crowd what a wonder he was, and that his mile last fall in 2:12 was as good as 2:07½ on an ordinary day, because he had been scored a lot when he made it, had had his shoes changed from 11 to 9 ounces, the track was slow and dull, a wind blew in his face, and he trotted the mile twenty feet from the

pole all around. All this was true enough. So was the declaration that he was the only horse in sight likely to break the record—Maud S.'s 2:08¾. Millard Sanders drove him up and down, and the crowd applauded some more. Then it was told that he would trot a mile with a fast last quarter. He did it in his own beautiful frictionless way, coming home from the three-quarter pole in 31½ seconds—a 2:06 gait. Meanwhile bidders had drawn themselves nearer the auctioneer's box. Jackson Case, Jerome I. Case's son, was on the box corner, with W. H. Crawford and Ed Bither beneath him. Jackson's father had missed the little wonder once, and the son was going to try for him again. He was needed to replace the sore-footed Jay-Eye-See, once a trotting king, but hardly long enough to get measured for a crown. A tall, dark man with English whiskers—Carlton, once a ballplayer of fame; Dr. Stuart, the local vet; President Campau, of The Horseman and Detroit Driving Club; all drew nervously near and waited. "There's the hoss," said Colonel Edmondson. "He is to be sold without reserve. Bid on him!"

"Fifteen thousand dollars!" shouted young Case. "Sixteen!" said Mr. Campau.

President Edwards moved up. In his pocket was a telegraphic request from Frank Work, the well-known trotting amateur of New York, to bid up to \$17,000 for Guy. Colonel Edwards never got a chance. Dr. Stuart bid \$17,000, Carlton \$18,000, and then it lagged a little. Suddenly a peculiar-looking and quietly-dressed man who was under the shadow of the auctioneer's box and hidden from the stands, raised his pale and nervous eyes and bid \$19,000. Who was he? H. A. Stephens, of the local tea and coffee firm of Stephens & Widlar, who married

a relative of Dr. Salisbury, Mr. W. J. Gordon's friend and physician. He was known to have a liking for a trotter, but never owned a good one. Carlton dropped out. Case had long ago retired and Campau, Stuart and Stephens carried on the fight. Up went the wonder's price to the music of his twitching ears. At first each raise was \$1,000, and then it dropped to \$500. At \$29,000 Dr. Stuart laughed a farewell. He said that he was there for Chicagoans, and didn't think Guy was worth any more than \$29,000. Besides that, he didn't think \$30,000 would buy him. Mr. Campau bid \$29,500. "Are you bidding for yourself?" asked the writer. "Sure! I'd like to own him if I can," he said nervously. Mr. Stephens was also, he said, after Guy for himself. Then he said \$29,750 to the auctioneer. Mr. Campau then retired and left the local tea and coffee merchant alone in the list. Edmondson dallied with the crowd. It wouldn't rise an inch, and through it went whispers that Mr. Stephens was bidding for Mr. Gordon, and that such proceedings were illegitimate and unfair. After a five minutes' plea Guy was knocked down to Mr. Stephens for \$29,750, the highest price ever paid for a gelding at a public sale. When it was announced that H. A. Stephens, of Cleveland, was the buyer, the spectators cheered. But the horsemen grouped up and discussed the bids and bidders. Carlton had been bidding for a New Yorker, who didn't want to go over \$20,000. Generally it was resolved that Mr. Gordon had bid in the horse through Mr. Stephens. The new owner of Guy was called by the old owner, and an offer of \$1,000 made for the bargain. Mr. Stephens accepted the offer later along, and the withdrawal of Clingstone followed."

A few weeks after the sale Guy was started at the Grand Circuit meeting to reduce his record and Mr. Gordon had the pleasure of seeing Millard Sanders drive him in 2:10 $\frac{3}{4}$, a mark that he was never afterwards able to equal to a high-wheel sulky. In the spring of 1893 Guy and Clingstone again appeared in the sale ring. W. J. Gordon was dead and the executors of the estate decided to sell the pair. When Clingstone was led into the ring those present were advised that "the demon trotter" was to be bid off at \$100 by Daisy Gordon and to remain on the place for the balance of his days. The programme was carried out and Clingstone remained at Gordon Glen until he was chloroformed December 23, 1899. At this date Guy was thirteen. When he was led out Millard Sanders wanted him. He run him up to \$1,400, when I said \$1,500, and the horse was knocked down to me for D. J. Campau, of Detroit, Mich. He put him in training and that summer had the pleasure of seeing him reduce the world's wagon record for trotters to 2:13, and two days later cut the world's record for trotting geldings to 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$. When he trotted in 2:13 Guy was hitched to a top wagon with small wheels. His mile in 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$ was to an old-style sulky with bike attachments. Eight years later, when acknowledging the receipt of a picture of Guy taken when he was twenty-one, W. B. Fasig, under date of October 11, 1901, wrote me as follows: "I always believed and always shall that Guy was one of the fastest trotting horses ever harnessed." Guy died in Hartford, Conn., November 11, 1902.

At the "Red Letter Sale" three hundred and ninety-six horses were sold for \$226,949, an average of \$562.75. With the sale of Guy cut out, the average for the three hundred and ninety-five head was a small fraction under

\$500. The report of the sale shows that twenty-six horses sold at figures between \$1,000 and \$2,000 and that eight brought between \$2,000 and \$4,000. Suisun was purchased by John Madden for \$10,100, the Leland mare, Clara, brought \$7,500, Calhoun by Pilot Medium \$4,900, Mambrino Sparkle \$3,950, and the Harold stallion, Hartford, \$3,750. A few minutes after Hartford was sold, the ten-year-old mare Geraldine, by Jay Gould, was led in. She brought \$160. A yearling, by Hartford, out of Geraldine, was not considered good enough to offer, and his breeder told Champ Brown, of Williamsport, Pa., to take him. Brown raised the little knee-sprung gelding, broke him, and found that he had a flying pacer. He named him Robert J., started him a few times, and after killing Pendennis in a race at Fleetwood Park, New York, sold him to C. J. Hamlin. The purchase was made at the suggestion of Ed Geers, and in his hands the Hartford gelding, after proving one of the best pieces of racing material that ever wore harness, reduced the world's record to 2:01½, over the "four-cornered" track at Terre Haute.

The Cleveland Driving Park added two world's records to its list at the Grand Circuit meeting in 1889. One of these was scored in the free-for-all, in which Roy Wilkes, in the second heat, equalled the world's record for pacing stallions when he won in 2:13, and which was reduced to 2:12½ in the next heat, when, after stalling Roy Wilkes off at the distance, Brown Hal finished half a length in front of Gossip, Jr. Axtell was the second champion. He was started against the three-year-old trotting record of 2:15½ and reduced it to 2:14¾. Later in the season he placed the figure for three-year-old trotters and trotting stallions at 2:12, and was sold for \$105,000. While at Cleveland, C. W. Williams also reduced Aller-

ton's three-year-old record to 2:19. At this meeting Geers sprung a surprise on the wise men, who think they know a thing or two about pacers, when he literally tramped on the flashy gray gelding, William M. Singerley, and won the 2:25 pace with Hal Pointer, giving him a record of 2:15 $\frac{3}{4}$. Fasig and a few others knew what Geers had under cover and profited by their knowledge, but after this meeting it was a difficult matter to find a man that was willing to give odds against the "Pointer Horse," the greatest and gamest of Tom Hal's get. The other races programmed for the Cleveland meeting in 1889, were won by Reference, Lady Bullion, Annie H., Jack, Colvina Sprague, Thornless, Veritas, Gean Smith, and Lillian. The thirty-one heats trotted on the five days averaged 2:19 $\frac{1}{4}$, and the sixteen paced averaged 2:16, making the average time for the meeting 2:18 $\frac{3}{4}$. The Cleveland Driving Park Company did not give a fall meeting in 1889, the racing at Glenville that season closing with the Ohio Breeders' meeting the last week in September and the Spirit of the Times Futurity, in which the Director filly, Margaret S., defeated Palo Alto Belle, Fortuna and San Malo in 2:23 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:22 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:24. The stake was worth \$5,340, with a cup valued at \$1,000 to the winner.

While attending the February sale at Lexington in 1889, Fasig purchased a bay horse by Victor Bismarck. After a trial he thought well enough of the colt to name him Oakhurst, after the gambler in Bret Hart's story, "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." With his eye ever on the silver lining of the cloud, Fasig also planned to have each of Oakhurst's colts carry the name of a gambler that had made a reputation somewhere between Monte Carlo and 'Frisco, but after he had tried his new stock horse on the

turf and in the stud, he found that Oakhurst was not "worth the water he drank," and away he went to another owner.

The catalogue for Fasig's May sale in 1890 presented the names of four hundred and fifty horses, and in that number there was not one that could be considered high class. By the records, Newton B., 2:17 $\frac{3}{4}$, and Company, 2:19 $\frac{1}{4}$, were the fastest. Of this pair, the gray had seen his best days, and the Kentucky Prince gelding was such a puller that he was worthless for racing purposes. During the week two hundred and sixty-five head sold for \$98,782; Holstein, 2:29 $\frac{3}{4}$, being the highest priced lot. He sold for \$2,950, while Strategist brought \$2,500, Prince Hogarth \$2,150, Newton B. \$1,535, the blind gelding, Five Points, \$1,526, and Company, \$1,500. On the second day of the sale three two-year-old fillies, by Onward, sold for \$3,905, and Dessie Wingate, a six-year-old mare by the same sire, brought \$2,325. During the summer of 1890, William B. Fasig and C. F. Emery made arrangements to hold a breeder's sale, under the firm name of Emery & Fasig, in the amphitheater at Gordon Glen, in connection with the fall meeting of the Cleveland Driving Park Company, at which three stake races offered by them were also decided. During the week eighty-five head were disposed of for \$63,720. Eighteen of this number sold for over \$1,000, the highest priced one being the three-year-old filly Jeanne, by Kentucky Prince, out of Suisun, in foal to Axtell, whose service fee was at that time \$1,000. The filly was consigned by John Madden. Prior to the sale C. F. Emery was requested to make a bid of \$6,000 on Jeanne for W. E. Spier, Glens Falls, N. Y. He made it and the filly was knocked down to him. The following day W. H. Crawford, in a sneering way,

approached Mr. Emery, and asked him if he knew who Spier was. When Mr. Emery said that he did not, Crawford gave him to understand that Madden and Spier were partners in a number of horses, Robert McGregor being one of them. This was news to Mr. Emery, and when he met Madden he requested him to telegraph W. E. Spier and ask if he would let him have Jeanne for the amount bid. On the following day Madden advised him that he could. The filly was sent to the Forest City Farm, and as she did not prove in foal it looked as though she were a "gold brick." As the years rolled by, however, time balanced the account, as, when mated with Patron, she produced Miss Della Fox, 2:10 $\frac{1}{4}$; Cretonnes, 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$; Bernalda, 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$; Merlo Erlandi, and the colt Del Toro, that was timed separately in 2:16 $\frac{1}{2}$ in a race at Lexington, Ky., as a two-year-old.

Small fields and fast time was the order of the day at the Cleveland Grand Circuit meeting in 1890. There were but sixty-seven starters in the fourteen regular events and two specials, against ninety-eight starters in fourteen events in 1889. What the card lacked in quantity, however, was more than balanced by quality, as the average rate of speed for the meeting was 2:17 $\frac{3}{4}$, the thirty-eight heats trotted averaging 2:18 $\frac{3}{4}$, and the thirteen heats paced averaged 2:16. A world's record was also beaten when Adonis was awarded the second heat of the free-for-all pace in 2:11 $\frac{1}{2}$, it being the fastest heat paced in a race up to that date. Two days later Dallas also won a heat in the same time, the time made by the pair being the records with which they retired from the turf. Hal Pointer forced Adonis to his record. In the heat in question, Pointer was timed the last half in 1:02 $\frac{1}{2}$, but a break at the finish gave the Sidney gelding the heat. Pointer

then went on and won the race, while from that day Adonis was a back number. Dallas also failed to win the race in which he made his record, the big end of the purse going to Cricket, the first mare to make a pacing record of 2:10, and the only one that ever did so to a high-wheel sulky. The spotted mare, Leopard Rose, created a ripple of excitement on the opening day when she won the 2:30 class from "Second Money" Pixley, and made a record of 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$. Prince Warwick also showed fast in this race, but failed to win a heat. Later on he was sold for export, and is now a well-known sire in Austria. James H. Goldsmith had two winners at this meeting in Mambrino Maid and Simmocolon. R. Stewart also had two, his representatives being Grant's Abdallah and Walter E. The other successful starters were Alvin, Alfred S., McDoel and Rosaline Wilkes, while Harry Wilkes trotted a special in 2:14 $\frac{3}{4}$, and Sunol, after showing a quarter in 31 seconds, made a mile in 2:15.

No one ever saw a better series of races than were programmed by the Cleveland Driving Park Company for its fall meeting in 1890. All of them, with the exception of the two-year-old stake, were closely contested, and in that event Sternberg reduced the race record for colts of that age to 2:26 $\frac{1}{2}$ when he defeated the St. Bel filly Free. The three and four-year-old stakes proved two of the best races ever trotted over the Cleveland track. Navidad, on the showing made in Chicago, where he defeated Kremlin in a seven-heat race and won the deciding heat in 2:22 $\frac{1}{4}$, was the favorite for the latter. Sir Walter Scott, a natty gray from Pennsylvania; Merle Moore, Coralloid, and Twist, also had admirers, but none of them except Twist could march through the mud with the Whips gelding when Marvin cut him loose in the third

heat. Coralloid tired after going two heats, and Merle Moore was drawn after the fourth. There were eleven starters in the three-year-old stake, but after it was once under way the race settled down to a struggle between Ponce de Leon, Conductor, and the favorite, McGregor Wilkes. In the first two heats it was Ponce de Leon all the way in 2:25 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:26 $\frac{1}{4}$. The slippery footing made the big colt leg-weary in the third heat, and when he made a break in the stretch, McGregor Wilkes slipped by and won in 2:26 $\frac{3}{4}$. The race was then postponed. On the following day Ponce de Leon's driver decided to make a runaway race of it. After laying with the field to the quarter in 36 seconds, he picked him up and drove him the second quarter in 34 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. This opened up a big gap of daylight, but when the field came to the black colt in the stretch he had nothing to finish with, and McGregor Wilkes won by a length in 2:22 $\frac{3}{4}$, with Conductor at Ponce de Leon's wheel. In the fifth heat McGregor Wilkes made a break in the first quarter and was out of it, the struggle from that time to the finish of a record breaking seven-heat race for three-year-olds being between Ponce de Leon and Conductor, the latter winning the fifth, sixth and seventh heats in 2:26 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:25 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:28. The time in the sixth heat was the fastest ever made in the sixth heat of a race by a three-year-old, the performance taken the place of Patron's 2:26 $\frac{1}{2}$ in the Gasconade stake at St. Louis in 1885, when he defeated Manzanita and Silverone. In the race at St. Louis, a son of Pancoast defeated a daughter of Electioneer, while at Cleveland the tables were turned as Conductor, by Electioneer, defeated Ponce de Leon by Pancoast. Another peculiar feature in connection with the breeding of the two colts, caused considerable comment, on account of Ponce de Leon being

out of Elvira, the Cuyler filly that reduced the four-year-old record to 2:18 $\frac{1}{4}$, but was, inside of three months, deprived of the honors by Sallie Benton, 2:17 $\frac{3}{4}$, a gray filly by General Benton, out of Sontag Mohawk, the dam of Conductor, while Elvira was also a sister to Beatrice, the dam of Patron.

During the week Budd Doble won his engagement with So Long, Veritas and Godilea, and finished behind the money in the 2:16 class with Houri, this race proving only a work-out for Alfred S., with Susie S. second, and Mary Marshall third. C. F. Emery also won two races with Tom Arden and sold him for about five times what he paid for him at the Wellington, O., fair, a few weeks prior to the meeting. Wyandot was the favorite for the second division of the 2:25 class, and won it after being rather gay in the first heat. In a team race Pickpania and Wonder defeated Keokee and Five Points, driven by W. B. Fasig, the last quarter of the third heat being trotted in 34 $\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. The pacing races on the programme were won by Cousin Jim and Pickaway. On the third day of the meeting Marvin drove Palo Alto an exhibition mile in 2:16 and Sunol in 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$. Guy was also started twice to reduce his record, but failed, his time being 2:12 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:12 $\frac{3}{4}$.

It was at this meeting that W. H. Crawford and Orrin A. Hickok made their first move to put a damper on turf writers, who had little hesitation in calling a spade a spade when reporting a race or repeating tales of the past. The writer of these notes was the first victim selected by this noble band of intimidators and their allies. Tom Gallagher, the only and original "let her go Gallagher," wrote a very plain story about Crawford and Hickok for a New York and a Chicago daily. They read it, and

without making an inquiry, decided that it was my work. Like the giant in the story, they wanted blood, and on their way to Cleveland drew up the plan of attack. James Dustin afterwards told me that the original plan was to wait until an opportunity presented itself and have two or three swipes do the work, but Crawford threw the fat on the fire by making an assault with a cane in front of the grand stand. His friends gathered him up and led him away, while Hickok, the "Counsellor's" chief of staff, turned Alfred S. loose on the track to bring up the reserve, consisting of the rag-tag and bob-tail of creation which always springs to the surface when a disturbance is started on a race track. Like the king in the story, after leading the swipes up to the grand stand, Hickok led them back again and the war was over. At the request of Colonel Edwards, Secretary Fasig, and a number of other gentlemen who were present, the matter was allowed to blow over. Later on at Lexington, Crawford served notice on a number of turf correspondents to leave town or there would be a funeral. No one fled, there were no vacant chairs, and some one put Crawford to bed. The bad man was a bluff.

In the fall of 1890, when the stakes of the National Association of Trotting Horse Breeders were being decided over the Cleveland Driving Park, it was learned that W. G. Pollock had purchased a twenty-acre lot to the south-west of the track and near the quarter pole. In a short time he had a bachelors' hall on a bluff overlooking Doan Brook, which winds from Wade to Gordon Park before falling into Lake Erie. The old farm house was repaired for John Splan and wife, and a 300-foot training barn built. The place was called Doan Brook Farm, the approach to it at that date being through Apple Tree Lane.

It disappeared in 1894 to make way for the Boulevard, which also necessitated the removal of W. G. Pollock's house to a lot between Splan's and the Driving Park. Before the training stable was completed, Brasfield & Co., of Lexington, Ky., made arrangements to hold a sale there the last week in April of each year for an indefinite period. A short time after this announcement was made in the columns of the American Sportsman, it was learned that William B. Fasig and C. F. Emery had decided to continue the sale business under the firm name of Emery & Fasig, and that they had purchased a tract of land on St. Clair Street, opposite the Cleveland Driving Park, on which they built the largest and most complete sale mart in America. Brasfield & Co. selected April 27 to May 2 as the date for their first sale, and continued in the field until the middle of March, when it was abandoned on account of the firm's inability to lease the stabling of the Cleveland Driving Park for the use of horses consigned to their sale. While the plan on the south side of the track failed to mature, Emery and Fasig were building on the north side and cataloguing stock for a sale May 4 to 9. The building was completed before the catalogue was issued. It contained the breeding of five hundred and fifty head, and presented consignments from New York to California. Seven days were required to dispose of four hundred and nine lots for \$166,080, an average of \$406.11. H. S. Henry had the highest-priced consignment, the returns for his lot showing that Count Wilkes sold for \$5,600, while \$17,030 was paid for the five Electioneer mares Suisun, Unique, May Bud, Cora Bell and Coraline; Suisun brought \$7,000 and Coraline \$3,950. The report of the sale also shows that Don Monteith sold for \$3,400, Viola Clay for \$3,100, Abbiedeen \$2,500, and eleven others at figures between \$1,000 and \$2,000.

Two world's records were made at the Cleveland Grand Circuit meeting in 1891, and if I am not very much mistaken one of them will stand for many a day, if not for all time. The record referred to is the triple team mark which was made when Geers drove Justina, Globe and Belle Hamlin in 2:14, the last half of the mile being trotted in 1:06 $\frac{1}{4}$, and the last quarter in 33 seconds. This performance was a special triumph for the Village Farm, as the three horses in the team were by Hamlin's Almont, Jr., and all of their dams were bred by C. J. Hamlin. The other world's record was also made by a member of the Village Farm stable when Hal Pointer defeated Yolo Maid and Dallas in 2:10 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:10 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:10 $\frac{1}{4}$, the time made being the three fastest consecutive heats on record, Hal Pointer in this race making a faster average than the 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:12 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2.13 which was placed to his credit when he defeated B. B. at Terre Haute in 1890. In the first heat of his race at Cleveland, Hal Pointer paced the last half in 1:05, and in the second heat he stepped the last quarter in 31 seconds. Two trotters by Mambrino King also showed well at this meeting. In the 2:21 class Nightingale forced Lakewood Prince out in 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$, in a deciding heat, and Nettie King, the dam of The Abbot 2:03 $\frac{1}{4}$, won a fourth heat in 2:22, and second money in the 2:21 class which was placed to the credit of Little Albert after a five-heat struggle in which Dandy, Honest George and Walton Boy were very busy. On the same afternoon, George Starr also won a race with Direct, that created consternation in the betting ring. The "little black rascal" had been sick, and it was understood that he would not try to defeat Mascot. On this account it was considered sure money to back Mascot, while there was also a strong play for Direct to come second. Starr was

not familiar with that kind of racing, and instead of shoeing Mascot out, he was eighth in the first heat and third in the second. Mascot won the first in 2:16 $\frac{3}{4}$, with Frank Dortch second, and the next in 2:15 $\frac{1}{2}$, the place going to Mary Centlivre. As soon as Monroe Salisbury ran his eye over the summary, he instructed Starr to go on with Direct. In the third heat Mascot gave it up when Direct came to time in the stretch, and the black horse won in 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$. The next two also went to Direct in 2:18, 2:19 $\frac{3}{4}$, Frank Dortch being beaten a head in the deciding heat. At this meeting the Cleveland Driving Park Company was also forced to place its stamp of disapproval upon the un-sportsmanlike methods adopted by those who controlled Temple Bar and Leicester. Up to that day James H. Goldsmith had not lost a race with Leicester, while Temple Bar had won seven races out of eight starts in seven weeks, his last triumph being in the Merchants and Manufacturers' Stakes at Detroit, where he defeated Prodigal. Leicester started favorite in the 2:19 class, and won the first heat in 2:18, Temple Bar not being out for it. On the second trip the two stallions were lapped at the three-quarter pole in 1:43 $\frac{1}{2}$. As they passed the distance George Spear stopped driving, while Goldsmith moved out and won the heat by two lengths in 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$. Colonel Edwards did not like the drive and spoke about it at the time. Prior to the third heat he requested H. M. Hanna, who was one of the judges, to keep his glass on Temple Bar. The two stallions trotted away from the wire like a team and lay together to the three-quarters, where Temple Bar made a break. Leicester was all out, and when he made a mistake Aline stepped by and won the heat in 2:20 $\frac{1}{4}$. Spear's driving showed plainly why Leicester was the favorite, and the judges requested Gus Wilson to drive

Temple Bar. As is well known, he went on and won in 2:18 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:19 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:23, after showing Temple Bar's tremendous flight of speed by trotting the last half in the fourth heat in 1:07 $\frac{1}{4}$, and the third quarter of it in 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds in order to stall a rush made by Junemont. At the conclusion of the race there was a brief consultation in the judges' stand, and then William Edwards stepped to the rail and announced that the manner in which Temple Bar had been driven by Spear was an insult to the ladies and gentlemen who had come to the track to see an honest race, and that it was the order of the judges that Temple Bar, his owner and driver, be expelled. It was a sad ending to Temple Bar's brilliant campaign, or as C. A. McCully put it in one of his letters: "Last week he had roses on his stall door in Detroit. Tonight there is nothing but crape on the latch." The other races programmed for the meeting were won by Commonwealth, Maggie R., Happy Bee, Mambrino Maid, Ivorine, Ryland T. and Alvin, while Pickpania and Wonder won the team race, in which they trotted a fourth heat in 2:22, Splan carrying them to the three quarters in 1:47 $\frac{1}{2}$ with Problem and Abbie V.

In September Cleveland had two week's racing over the mile track, the fall meeting of the Cleveland Driving Park Company being followed by a four-day meeting under the auspices of the Ohio Association of Trotting Horse Breeders. On three of the mornings of the first week, Emery and Fasig had a sale, at which forty-two head were sold for \$41,870. On the opening day Fred Folger was bid off for \$1,150, and on the second day Millard Sanders sold ten head of Count Valensin's stock for \$29,485. In this consignment Simmocolon sold for \$13,000, while Ferndale, a yearling filly that had the

day before trotted a quarter in thirty-six seconds, brought \$6,000, and Duchess, by Sidney, \$3,000. Lea, a sister to Adonis and Gold Leaf, sold for \$1,750, and Willow, a black colt by Simmocolon, \$2,100.

The fall meeting of the Cleveland Driving Park Company opened with a two-year-old stake, in which Monbars distanced Roman, his only competitor, in 2:22 $\frac{3}{4}$, the last half of the mile being trotted in 1:08 $\frac{3}{4}$. This event was followed by a 2:40 class, in which an unknown mare named Mollie A. defeated the favorite, Myrtle R. The Mollie A. people made a good winning in the betting ring, and had smooth sailing until the following morning, when L. H. Eckhart, a Buffalo breeder that had a few horses in the sale, remembered that Mollie A., owned by H. Allen, of Buffalo, was lame and turned out. This caused Secretary Fasig to look up his correspondence, and he found that while the mare was entered from Buffalo, the party making the entry telegraphed from Palmyra, N. Y., to learn if it had been received. On the day of the race, Mollie A.'s driver had given his name to the clerk of the course as Hall. On the following day, when he arrived at the track, he was identified by at least a dozen men as the expelled driver W. B. Wright. Looking up Secretary Fasig, Wright asked for the winnings of the mare, and was told that he would have to wait for Colonel Edwards to sign the check, and that he would not be out to the track before noon. In the interval, a warrant was sworn out for Wright and he was arrested. Mollie A. was placed under lock and key and everybody in the city was busy guessing what mare Wright and his confederates had. On the third day of the meeting, C. F. Emery, taking the mare as security, went on Wright's bond. As soon as he was free, Wright came forward and

stated that the mare he had driven under the name of Mollie A. was Tempest, 2:19, by Hawthorne. She was bred at Stockton, Cal., had been shipped to South America and brought back to the United States by Vermont parties, who were then shipping horses to the Argentine Republic. As soon as these facts were laid before the judges, they expelled Wright, together with the mare and her owner. The other races at this meeting were won by Abbie V., Major, Rosa C., Caesar, Happy Bee, Lobasco, Jerry L., Franceps, Reuben W. and Pocahontas Prince. Fasig's horse, Wyandot, trotted to a record of 2:19½ in the fifth heat of the race won by Jerry L. While being cooled out, a hernia trouble that had bothered him before, developed. He died the following day and was buried under the big tree in the infield near the quarter pole. The Ohio Breeders' meeting the following week opened with a surprise, when Nickel Plate, a 45 to 1 shot, won the 2:35 trot in straight heats. That race, and the 2:17 trot, in which Lobasco defeated Gold Leaf after the latter had won two heats, were the best events during the week, while Myrtle R. atoned for her defeat by Mollie A. by winning the 2:30 trot after Garnet had scored twice. The first premiums in the other events on the programme were awarded Heward H., Dutch Girl, St. Vincent, Cadmus Jr., Prince M., Martha Washington, St. Lookout, Elyrina, Coralloid, Bashford, Keokee, Coastman, Belle Cassett, Jessie L. and Patroclea. In her race Keokee trotted to a record of 2:21½, and later in the season Fasig drove her a mile to wagon in 2:23½, last half in 1:10½.

Emery and Fasig held two sales in the spring of 1892, the first being billed for February 29 to March 5. For this sale four hundred head were catalogued, and two

hundred and seventy-seven lots sold for \$141,590. The Shady Side Farm consignment from Louisville, Ky., was the star feature, and as the sale, as Fasig termed it in his advertising, was "imperative and absolute," the prospective buyers bid freely. The handsome stallion Greenlander, 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$, was the highest-priced lot. He sold for \$9,500, while Earl, 2:23 $\frac{1}{4}$, his stable companion, realized \$5,100. Of the other members of the consignment, Greenlander Boy sold for \$2,800, Gypsy Earl, \$2,050; the brood mare Aurelia, \$4,800, and Katie Wilkes \$3,000. At the sale thirty head sold for \$1,000 or over, this list including in addition to those already named, Persica, \$3,600; Fanchion, \$2,700; Brilliant, \$2,525, and Edna, \$2,025. The second sale was held May 17 to 20. It failed to come up to expectations, there being but four of the one hundred and eighteen head sold for four figures. They were Dirigo, for which \$10,500 was bid; Wilmarch, \$2,625; Elda B., \$1,950, and Tip Tyler, \$1,000. At the March sale, W. B. Fasig purchased in partnership with Volney French, the black gelding Rifle, by Elyria, for \$520. In due time the youngster developed into a trotter, and after being campaigned by Fasig, who eventually became sole owner, trained on to a record of 2:11 $\frac{3}{4}$.

Nine of the twelve class races, on the programme for the Cleveland Grand Circuit meeting in 1892, were won by the favorites, the three that failed to connect being Katherine S. in the first race on the card, which was won by Myrtle R., the Texas horse, H. C. T., and Kitty Bayard. On the opening day Martha Wilkes and Robert J. made good, the Hartford gelding reducing the race record for four-year-old pacers to 2:12 $\frac{3}{4}$, a mark that he cut to 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$ at Buffalo the following week in his memorable

five-heat battle with Flying Jib. Martha Wilkes and Grant's Abdallah won their engagement on the second day, while The Raven, after a postponement over night, won the 2:27 class in which Magnolia and H. C. T. each had two heats to their credit. The 2:17 class proved the best race of the meeting. The list of starters presented the names of Walter E., Little Albert, Abbie V., Hazel Wilkes, Honest George, J. B. Richardson, Sadie M., Minnie Wilkes, Lakewood Prince and Sprague Golddust. Of the ten starters six had a strong individual following until the weight of the Hamlin money made Honest George a favorite. Geers had had him hitched to a bike sulky, there being but two or three on the grounds, and the difference between it and the high wheels enabled the Indiana bred gelding to pull off the race after losing a heat on account of a break, and three very close finishes, there being only "an eyelash," as a local reporter remarked, between him and Little Albert when they dashed under the wire in the third heat in 2:15½. In the deciding mile Abbie V. was at his shoulder in 2:15¼. Turner drove a splendid heat, but the Aberdeen mare could not reach. The race won by Honest George was sandwiched with the 2:19 pace, in which Flying Jib won as he pleased, after an easy mile in the first heat which went to Expert Prince in 2:13¼. The other winners for the week were Belle Vara, Alvin and Merry Chimes, the last named going to the front in the 2:23 pace in which Hal Dillard won the first and second heats, and Walnut Boy the fourth and fifth. In the line of specials there was a team race in which Captain and Edith defeated Wonder and Blue Charlie, the third heat in the event being trotted in 2:23½, while Belle Hamlin and Globe stepped a mile to pole in 2:13½, and Nancy Hanks trotted in 2:13.

The races at the Cleveland fall meeting in 1892 were up to the Grand Circuit standard. The horses, hitched to bike sulkies, the high-wheelers having disappeared within a week of the summer meeting, at which there were two or three, reeled off miles at a rate which proved that the ingenious Yankee who had attached a pair of bicycle wheels to a sulky frame had opened another door for record-breakers. In the first heat of the free-for-all, George Saunders, the driver of Clingstone in his palmy days, reduced his old favorite's race record of 2:14 to 2:13 $\frac{3}{4}$ with Evangeline, and made a still further cut in it in the fifth heat, when the magnificent four-year-old romped under the wire in 2:11 $\frac{3}{4}$, with Lakewood Prince, Junemont, and the stout-hearted Nightingale behind her. In a four-year-old stake Hulda defeated Muta Wilkes and four others in 2:18 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$, while Midnight Chimes, a three-year-old filly that dropped dead in a race at Mystic Park a few weeks later, stepped away from Mambrino Queen and Trevillian in 2:18 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:19 $\frac{1}{4}$. In the two-year-old stake Sabledale defeated Princess Royal, Mambrino Swift and Tuscarora, in 2:23 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:21 $\frac{1}{2}$, her race being sandwiched with the 2:18 class in which the four-year-old colt Moquette, by Wilton, sailed off in front of Lady Belle, Una Wilkes, Fred S. Wilkes and Bonhomme for three miles in 2:14 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:13 $\frac{3}{4}$, a record which he reduced to 2:10 at Richmond, Ind., the following week. The get of the Mambrino King horse, Elyria, made a remarkable showing at this meeting. He had seven starters. In the 2:27 class Muggins defeated a field of fifteen in a four-heat race, and made a record of 2:20 $\frac{1}{2}$. Gertrude won the 2:16 class from a field of nine, her fastest heat being trotted in 2:15 $\frac{3}{4}$. In the three-year-old stake Mambrino Queen was second to Midnight

Chimes in 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$. Her sister, Mambrino Swift, was third to Sabledale in the two-year-old stake. Peveril finished third in his race, while Sam Bassett was unplaced, and Elixir divided the honors with Eloise in the team race, which they won in 2:34, 2:35, 2:31 $\frac{3}{4}$. The other winners during the week were Robert J., Incense, Wilkie Knox, Cassie, Riverside, Duchess, Jean Wilkes and Ed Eastin. At the Ohio Breeders' meeting the following week, the regular events on the programme were won by Citizen, Patroclea, Mambrino Swift, Belleflower, Ah There, Florida Monarch, Sam Bassett and Harry Davis. Two sons of George Wilkes also started at this meeting, Bud Crook making a pacing record of 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Wilkie Collins a trotting record of 2:30 $\frac{1}{2}$. With this meeting William B. Fasig's connection as an official with racing affairs in Cleveland terminated. Sidney W. Giles, of Troy, N. Y., was elected to succeed him as Secretary of the Cleveland Driving Park Company, while the writer was selected to wind up the affairs of the Ohio Association of Trotting Horse Breeders, all of the money on hand being added to three stakes that were trotted the following September, Operetta winning the race for two-year-olds, Lea the race for three-year-olds, and Joe Gale the four-year-old event.

Before following William B. Fasig to New York, where he took charge of the newly organized Trotting Department of the Tattersall Companies in America, a brief resume of the meetings given by the Cleveland Driving Park Company from 1892 will be presented in order to complete the record. When the bell rang for the Cleveland Grand Circuit meeting in 1893 the high-wheel sulky had become a thing of the past, and the marked reduction in the average rate of speed at the meetings that season

showed plainer than words the difference between the two styles of vehicles, or, in other words, the little wheels had added four seconds, and in some cases more, to the speed of the light harness performer. In 1892, with a few bike sulkies in the races at Cleveland, thirty-four heats trotted averaged 2:20½, and seventeen paced averaged 2:15¾. In 1893, when there were two and three-year-old events on the programme the thirty-six heats trotted averaged 2:16, and the fourteen paced averaged 2:12, making the average for the meeting at both gaits 2:14¾. The race records of the track for both trotters and pacers were also reduced during the week, the gray horse, Guy, winning the first heat of the free-for-all pace in 2:08, while Little Albert reduced Evangeline's mark to 2:10 in the first heat of the free-for-all trot, which proved the best open event ever trotted over the Cleveland track up to that time. Ten horses took the word and no one appeared to be very anxious to name a winner. Muta Wilkes and Ryland T. were considered the pick, but both of them finished behind the money, the Guy Wilkes mare being drawn after trotting three heats. In the first heat Muta Wilkes rushed off in front, and led to the half in 1:05½, with the black mare, Nightingale, at her wheel. After passing the half Little Albert began to close on the leaders. He trotted the third quarter in 31 seconds, passed Muta Wilkes at the head of the stretch, and beat Nightingale a head in 2:10. The black mare, Nightingale, and Little Albert were out in front in the second heat when they struck the stretch. At this point Walter E. began to show. Stewart forced him between the leaders. The three raced head and head to the wire, Walter E. leaving his feet in the last stride. Little Albert was awarded the heat in 2:11, with Nightingale second, and Walter E.

third. On the next two trips Little Albert broke at the finish and Walter E. won in 2:10 and 2:11½, Nightingale being out of it on account of a break in the first quarter of the third heat, and on the next trip she made another mistake and was distanced. The struggle in the fifth heat was between the two heat winners, and the Mambrino King mare, Nightingale. The three were lapped at the half in 1:08, but from that point the Village Farm mare was unsteady, while Walter E. broke inside the distance, Little Albert winning the deciding heat in the fastest five-heat race on record to that date in 2:13. The official records for the meeting show that the other winners were Alejandri, Miss Lida, May Marshall, Oriole, Jay Hawker, Hal Dillard, Director's Flower, Ellard, Hal Pointer, Hazel Wilkes and E. T. H., while Directum was started to high-wheel sulky to reduce the 2:08¾ of Maud S. Hitched to a sulky that had been used by Clingstone, the horse that eventually reduced the stallion record to 2:05¼, passed the half in 1:04¾, the second quarter having been trotted in 31¼. As he swung into the turn Kelley took him back a little and his hocks hit the axle of the sulky. This was followed by a break, the mile being finished in 2:14½, which stands as the last attempt of a trotter to bid for the record to the old style sulky. The fall meeting in 1893 was held in October. It proved a plain, every-day trotting meeting, with large fields and close finishes, but nothing sensational, the first money in the different events going to Nellie Hardwood, May Homer, Lora, Racine, Gertrude, Red Line, Chimes E. and J. M. K. In the first heat of the 2:24 trot the cream-colored gelding, Elixir, by Elyria, gave a remarkable exhibition of trotting without a driver. In a collision on the first turn his driver was thrown out and the reins caught

in the guard of the sulky wheel so as to steady him. When the dust cleared away Elixir was trotting off in front, and finished first, his time being very close to 2:20. He was placed last, the heat going to May Homer in 2:21 $\frac{1}{4}$. Elixir continued in the race, winning the third heat in 2:22 $\frac{1}{2}$, and second money. On the third day of the meeting Hal Dillard started against his race record of 2:08 $\frac{1}{2}$ and reduced it to 2:07 $\frac{3}{4}$, the last half being paced in 1:02 $\frac{3}{4}$. He was driven by John Call.

A series of track records and a number of world's records were changed at the Cleveland Grand Circuit meeting in 1894. On "Big Thursday" Alix won the free-for-all in 2:08, 2:08 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:09 $\frac{1}{2}$, the three fastest consecutive heats ever made by a trotter up to that time, the average time being 2:08 7-12. The ink that recorded the fact in the judges' book was scarcely dry before Ryland T. changed the figures by winning the 2:11 class from a field of seven which included Ellard, Lord Clinton and Pamlico, in 2:08 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:07 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$, an average of 2:08 $\frac{1}{4}$. In the first heat of her race Alix reduced the track record for trotters to 2:08, and this was in turn reduced to 2:07 $\frac{3}{4}$ by Ryland T., that time also being a new world's record for geldings. On this memorable day Joe Patchen won the 2:20 pace in 2:11 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:10 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:10, and Ballona the 2:10 trot in 2:11 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:11 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$. The returns for the afternoon showed that the nine heats trotted averaged 2:09 2-3, while the three heats paced averaged 2:10 2-3, making the day's average 2:09 11-12, which was the first time in the history of the turf that a day's average was below 2:10. The free-for-all pace on the following day also presented another series of record-breaking heats. The first mile was won by Crawford in 2:08 $\frac{1}{4}$, and the second by Saladin in 2:06 $\frac{1}{4}$, a new track record for

pacers, that time taking the place of the 2:06½ which Johnston made to the old-style sulky in 1889. Saladin caught Robert J. napping in the second heat, and when Geers came out for the third he had a blind bridle on the Hartford gelding. From that time there was nothing in the race but Robert J., his first winning heat being in 2:05¾, a new track record. Cobwebs and Alar also won races on that afternoon, while on the last day of the meeting Moonstone and Azote went to the front, the latter trotting the deciding heat in his race in 2:10. In the first race at this meeting, Red Bud, a five to one favorite, was distanced for fouling Expressive in the fourth heat of the three-year-old stake, first money going to the Palo Alto bred filly, and second to Limonero, who was foaled on the same farm. The other winners on the opening days were Sally Simmons, Miss Nelson, Mary Best, Clayhontas and Eloise. There were twenty-one starters in the race won by Clayhontas. He drew seventeenth position, started favorite, and after three heats managed to work his way into the front tier and win. In the Mary Best race, Rose Leaf started at \$25 to \$15 over the field. She failed to connect, as, after Mahogany had won two heats, Goldsmith won in 2:12½, 2:13½, 2:15½, with but a trifle to spare.

Eloise, the winner of the 2:29 trot, was owned by William B. Fasig. She was a black mare, by Kentucky Prince, out of Camille, by Hambletonian. Charles Backman bred her at Stony Ford. She was foaled in 1886, and sold to H. M. Hanna, of Cleveland. In 1891 he placed her in Gus Wilson's stable. At that time the black mare was referred to as a sister to Stevie, 2:19, a tried and true trotter that had been "down the line" in fast company. Wilson conditioned Eloise, and after winning a first and second with her at Lima, drove her to a record of 2:30 in a match

race with Neri Newcomb, on October 21. Her next appearance was in a team race at the Cleveland fall meeting in 1892, when Eloise and Elixir, driven by William B. Fasig, defeated two other pairs and made a record of 2:31 $\frac{3}{4}$. The following spring Eloise was consigned to the May sale and purchased by Fasig and Greenwood for \$1,025. They placed her in Cope Stinson's stable but she failed to stand the preparation and was turned out in August. About this time Fasig also purchased T. Greenwood's interest, and in 1894 "Benny" and Pat Shank started out to win Grand Circuit races with Eloise. After trotting second to Rensselaer Wilkes at Columbus, they shipped to Detroit, where Eloise was entered in the 2:27 class for trotters, and according to Fasig, the race that followed upset all of his hoodoo calculations. Aside from meeting a cross-eyed girl with red hair or crossing a funeral, Fasig considered the number thirteen as undeniable evidence of defeat in anything he might be connected with, from playing marbles to flying a balloon. On this point the vein of superstition ran close to the surface, but Eloise knocked it into smithereens when she put her right foot forward at Detroit. The 2:27 class was the third race on the card for the first day of the meeting, and when Fasig stepped off the car at Grosse Pointe, he found that Eloise was number thirteen on the score card. This set Fasig thinking, and in a short time he remembered that Eloise had been shipped from Columbus on Friday, July 13, that the numbers on his room door at the Russell House, when added together made thirteen, and on locating Pat Shank he found Eloise in a stall, the figures on which when lumped made the unlucky number. Vowing vengeance on Lem Ullman, the programmer, for putting such a number on his trotter, Fasig climbed into the grand

stand, satisfied in his own mind that either Pat Shank or Eloise would break a leg or fall over the fence before the race was finished. When the race was called it was found that there were but twelve starters and Fasig breathed easier. He even bought a few pools, but told everyone if that thirteen combination could win they could have all they wanted of it. Sixty-six was the favorite. He did not get away well in the first heat, and Clemmie G. II. won in 2:18½, with Eloise second. Sixty-six won the second heat, Eloise driving him out in 2:18½, and on the third trip the Kentucky Prince mare was in front in 2:18¼. By that time Sixty-Six had the thumps and was drawn, while Eloise went on and won in 2:19, 2:17.

When Eloise won at Cleveland, Fasig was as happy as a boy with his first pair of red-topped boots. Time and again he told me how, on the morning of the race, "Knap" McCarthy called and told him how fast Anna Mace could go. The wily "Knap" also hinted that it would be bad business to kill off such a fast pair of mares when they had the race between them. A settlement was what "Knap" was after, and what he did not get, as the crisis was reached when Fasig jumped out of his chair in the office at the sale building and pointing towards the race track said: "Knap, there is the race track. If you can beat Eloise, put on your trotting shoes and do it!" He tried, but that was all the good it did him, as after Anna Mace chased Sixty-Six out in 2:15¼ in the first heat, Eloise went to the front in 2:17, 2:15, 2:19½, the last half of her second winning heat being trotted in 1:06¾. Eloise scored another first at Buffalo the following week, after which she was laid up until the Medina fair, where she landed the free-for-all, and was then shipped to Cleveland to start in the 2:14 class at the fall meeting. This proved

one of the worst snarled up races ever seen on a track. There were seven starters and nine heats were trotted, the time in all of them being below 2:20 before the Judge announced Newcastle as the winner. Of the other starters Bourbon Wilkes, Jr., Eloise and Count Robert each won two heats, while Belle Cassett had two seconds and Io one before they were ruled out. At this meeting, Fasig also won a race with the black gelding Rifle. He was a handy little fellow and at that time acted as if he were always looking about for a bird or a shadow to scare him. Volney French brought him out as a two-year-old at the last meeting of the Ohio Association of Trotting Horse Breeders, where he was defeated by Operetta. As a three-year-old, Rifle won two races at Ashtabula and one over the Longview track at Cleveland, where he made a record of 2:34 $\frac{1}{4}$. He also trotted third to Red Bird in a stake race at Milwaukee. During the winter Fasig purchased Volney French's interest in Rifle and turned him over to Pat Shank. In 1894 he started Rifle in five races and won four of them, giving him a record of 2:18 $\frac{1}{4}$ in the fifth heat of a postponed race at Tiffin, O., where he defeated a field of fourteen. At this race meeting, Eloise won third money in the free-for-all, her second to Magnolia in 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$ being the fastest mile she ever trotted in a race. Later on Fasig also hooked Eloise and Rifle double. The first time they turned around together they reeled off a mile in 2:17, and, by the way, if you will make a note of such performances, you will find in nine times out of ten the first time a pair of fast harness performers are hitched double they will step faster than they ever will afterwards. This was true of Clingstone and Guy, Boralma and Senator L., Direct Hal and Prince Direct and a dozen other pairs that I can now call to

mind. But this is a long jaunt from the Cleveland fall meeting in 1894, at which Fasig won a first with Rifle and a third with Eloise. The other winners that week were Autrain, Belle J., Patience, Wilkie Knox, Sable Gift and Florida Monarch.

In 1893, the Cleveland Driving Park Company, when fixing the amount of purses for its Grand Circuit meeting, decided to give the pacers the same amount of purse money in the class races as the trotters. From that time to the present it has annually increased the number of pacing races, until, in 1901, more money was offered for pacing than for trotting races. In 1894, the association also decided to add one more day to its meeting, and from that time to the present (1902) the Cleveland summer meeting has run for five instead of four days. For its meeting in 1895, the Cleveland Association presented a \$38,000 programme, the list of events showing eleven races for trotters and four for pacers, \$28,000 being set aside for the former and \$10,000 for the latter. One of the trotting events was declared off on account of unfavorable weather, reducing the number of races at that gait to ten and the premiums to \$35,000. The two free-for-alls were the star events at the meeting. In the trot, Azote, Hulda and Ryland T. started. The Guy Wilkes mare had received a special preparation for the event, while Azote took it in in his regular run of races. A few of the wiser ones thought that Hulda, who had recovered from the mishap which cost her first money, in the Columbian free-for-all at Chicago in 1893, would win, but, when it came to racing, Azote smothered her. In the first heat McDowell rushed out in front with Azote and won as he pleased in 2:06½, Hulda giving it up when inside the distance. The first half of the heat was trotted in 1:02¾

and the middle half in 1:01 $\frac{3}{4}$. The time made also reduced the track record for trotters and was a new world's record for geldings. In the second heat, Azote passed the three-quarters in 1:33 $\frac{1}{2}$, a quarter of a second slower than in the preceding heat, and, as Hulda was all out, Azote won as he pleased in 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$. A third heat in 2:10 finished the race. In the free-for-all pace, Robert J. was considered invincible, so much so that he was barred in the early betting, the bulk of the play being on Joe Patchen or Directly for the place. When it came to racing there was a very different state of affairs, as in the first heat Joe Patchen had Robert J. beaten, when he slipped on a wet spot near the long distance and made a break. Robert J. won the heat in 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$, a new track record. The next three heats were won by Joe Patchen, the first in 2:04 $\frac{1}{4}$, by a head, and the next two each by a length in 2:05, 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$. The mile in 2:04 $\frac{1}{4}$ reduced the track record a second, while the 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$ in the fourth heat was a world's record, and the time for the race was six and a quarter seconds faster than the best on record for a four-heat race. Those who attended this meeting will recall Larabie's fourth heat in 2:12 $\frac{3}{4}$, when he won the three-year-old race and the straight heat victories of Bas-sora, Sunland Clay, Bright Regent, Altao, Bouncer and Beuzetta, and the stubbornly contested races which were won by Bravado, Klamath, Valleau and the hopped trot-ter El Rami. One hundred and thirty horses started in the fourteen races. They trotted and paced sixty-one heats, for which the average time was a small fraction under 2:11 $\frac{3}{4}$. The twenty-one heats paced averaged 2:09 1-7, and the forty trotted averaged 2:13 1-20. Eight of the heats trotted were in 2:10 or better, the fastest being Azote's mile in 2:06 $\frac{1}{2}$, and the slowest during the

week, 2:17 $\frac{3}{4}$, by El Rami. Twelve of the heats paced were in 2:10 or better. Joe Patchen's mile in 2:04 $\frac{1}{4}$ was the fastest at that gait, while the slowest of the twenty-one was finished in 2:12 $\frac{3}{4}$. These figures, when compared with the column of averages in the synopsis of the Cleveland meetings, show plainer than words the part played by the bike sulky in the reduction of the uniform rate of speed in harness races and this applies not only to the mile tracks where the footing is as smooth as a billiard table, but also over the "cow path" at the fairs. This change in equipment also came at a time when it looked as though the regulation track records of Maud S. and Johnston would never be beaten, although Sunol had trotted in 2:08 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Palo Alto in 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$ over the kite track at Stockton in 1891, and Direct had paced in 2:06 over the kite track at Independence the same season, and since that time the landslide of race and time records towards the two-minute goal, which Star Pointer passed in 1897, has been so marked that one can be pardoned, if after looking over the field, for stating that the bike sulky did more to increase the uniform rate of speed in harness races than breeding and training had accomplished in the preceding fifteen years.

The last fall meeting of the Cleveland Driving Park Company was held October 1 to 3, 1895. They had not been a success pecuniarily, notwithstanding the large entry for several seasons, and after this venture it was decided to abandon them. At this meeting one hundred horses started in the ten events which, under the old ten per cent. of entry plan, would have paid the purses, but which fell a trifle short under the new plan, five per cent. to enter and five per cent. additional from the winner of each division of the purse. The winners for the week

were Viotta, Avana, Piletta, Ouida, J. B. S., Sanjak, Guinette, Wanda, Jim Corbett and Bourbon Wilkes, Jr., and that the races were well contested and the performances high-class was evidenced by the thirty-eight heats recorded in the judges' book and the average time of 2:16 $\frac{3}{4}$ for the twenty-five heats trotted, and 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$ for the thirteen heats paced, making the average for the meeting a fraction under 2:15 $\frac{3}{4}$. During the week Miss Rita and Josie B. made a pacing record of 2:13 $\frac{3}{4}$ to pole, and the two-year-old colt Ananias, by Patron, 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$, out of Annie W., 2:20, paced an exhibition mile in 2:14 $\frac{3}{4}$.

For a number of years a few horse owners in Cleveland were anxious to organize a driving club and hold regular matinees over the mile track. The plan had been tried at Buffalo and was a success until those who took an active interest in the work drifted from matinee racing into the professional field, while a club at St. Louis had for time out of mind raced regularly for the amusement of its members. The Gentlemen's Driving Club of New York had also from time to time offered cups for members' races, but had never entered what could be termed the matinee field, where a gentleman is willing to strip the fastest trotter in the land and race him to wagon for a "bit of blue ribbon." Whenever the subject was broached to Colonel Edwards he objected, and with cause, as he knew that the steel tires of the old-style wagon would soon cut through the skin of clay that covers the sandbed on which the Cleveland track is built. It ran on in this way, from year to year, the enthusiasts fanning the flame of their desire by a few skirmishes late in the fall, before the track was cut up for the winter. With 1895 came the desire to do something in this direction. My

attention was first called to it on Monday, May 11, by the late Harry Stephens. I was at the time on the staff of the American Sportsman. On that morning, while on his way down to business, he called at the office and introduced the subject. From what he said I learned that it had been discussed very freely the preceding day at the Roadside Club, and before he left we decided to look up W. P. Murray and talk the matter over with Colonel Edwards. Within an hour the three of us called on Colonel Edwards at his store in Water Street. The subject was introduced, and when the Colonel was convinced that the rubber tired wagon with small wheels would not tear up the track, he was as enthusiastic over the project as those who introduced it. With the Rubicon crossed, the three of us took a street car for the Driving Park to interview W. B. Fasig, who had a sale on for the following week. The idea was to have him act as Secretary. Fasig was sitting on the steps of his office when the car stopped. He was advised of the movement and fell in with it, but stated that he was situated so that he could not accept the office. This was a damper, but when Fasig suggested Frank Chamberlain, the Secretary of the Roadside Club, the way towards perfecting the organization was made clear. The matter was canvassed thoroughly during the next few days, and finally a call was issued for a meeting, Saturday, May 25, at the Weddell House. The meeting was held in a bedroom near the top of the stairs on the second floor, and at it The Gentlemen's Driving Club of Cleveland was organized. The officers elected were Colonel William Edwards, Honorary President; C. E. Grover, President, and Frank Chamberlain, Secretary, and arrangements were made for an impromptu matinee the following Saturday, June 1. At that time there were

but two pneumatic-tired wagons with small wheels in Cleveland. John D. Rockefeller had one, but the axles were so low that it was not of much use for fast work, and Harry Devereux had an ordinary top road wagon with the axles cut and U-shaped forks, in which the little wheels turned, welded to them. The first heat in a race at a matinee of the Gentlemen's Driving Club was won by Harry Stephens with the Young Jim gelding Jim Wilkes. The next heat went to M. A. Bradley's mare, Mattie Bassett, and the race to George T., a chestnut gelding by Elyria, owned by C. G. Barkwell. The races at this meeting and the following one were at half-mile heats, but from that time on they were at a mile, and in a short time the doings of Firefly, Mattie Bezant, Peep O'Day, Wyreka, Tague O'Ragan, East End, Incense, Doc Sperry, Tom Shannon, etc., were the talk of the town, the first spark of enthusiasm being struck on July 6, when O. G. Kent wheeled in from the road behind Incense to a high-wheeled wagon and won in 2:17, 2:16½. This was a remarkable performance, and it was not beaten during the season of 1895. In the pacing division Harvey Goulder's road horse, Tom Shannon, fought for first honors with Doc Sperry in hoppers, and the latter won with a mile in 2:17½, Tom Shannon's fastest mile being in 2:19. With the beginning of 1896 the hoppers were barred in the wagon races, and from that time up to the present The Gentlemen's Driving Club of Cleveland has grown in strength and popularity, until it has become the leading amateur organization of the kind in the world. Its signal success can be attributed, not to the work of any one member or group of members, as is the case in many associations, but to the harmony that has prevailed in its ranks, and the con-

stant development of that sportsmanlike spirit among horse owners who can take a defeat good-naturedly and at the same time congratulate the winner.

A short time after the Club was organized, it was decided to purchase two championship cups, one of which was to be awarded each year to the owner of the trotter making the fastest time during the season, and the other to the owner of the horse pacing the fastest mile. Incense was the first trotter, and Doc Sperry the first pacer, to have their names engraved on the cups. The following is what appeared on the cups at the close of 1902:

THE CHAMPIONS.

TROTTERS.

1895—Incense, b m, by Young Jim; O. G. Kent	2:16½
1896—Eloise, bl m, by Kentucky Prince; W. B. Fasig	2:16¼
1897—Elloree, ch m, by Axtell; C. Morris	2:10
1898—Temper, ch m, by Elyria; W. M. Cumber	2:13½
1899—Temper, ch m, by Elyria; W. M. Cumber	2:09½
1900—John A. McKerron, b s, by Nutwood Wilkes; H. K. Devereux	2:09
1901—John A. McKerron, b s, by Nutwood Wilkes; H. K. Devereux	2:06¾
1902—John A. McKerron, b s, by Nutwood Wilkes; H. K. Devereux	2:06½

PACERS.

1895—Doc Sperry, br g, by Altamont; W. F. Dutton	2:17½
1896—Prussia Girl, ch m, by Russia. W. J. White	2:16½
1897—Pinewood, b s, by Artemas; W. B. White	2:13½
1898—Ripper, blk s, by Texas Jack; H. K. Devereux	2:16¼
1899—Sunland Belle, b m, by Bourbon Wilkes; J. H. Outhwaite	2:07½
1900—Ananias, br s, by Patron; C. F. Emery	2:06¼
1901—Nicol B., br s, by Alcalus; J. Sherwin	2:11¼
1902—Tiger, gr g, by McEwen; J. Ray	2:07¾

In 1900 the Gentlemen's Driving Club of Boston, which was organized the preceding year, on the same lines as the Cleveland Club, offered a \$1,000 cup, to be known as the Amateur Drivers' Challenge Trophy, and which was to become the property of the Club winning it three times. The first race for the trophy was trotted at Boston, where John A. McKerron, one of the Cleveland Club's representatives, was returned as the winner. As is shown by the following summaries, the same horse was also the winner in 1901 and 1902, when the cup became the property of The Gentlemen's Driving Club of Cleveland, by which it was presented to H. K. Devereux, the owner of the three-times winner:

BOSTON, MASS., September 19, 1900.

Amateur Drivers' Challenge Trophy. Free-for-all trotting.

John A. McKerron, b s, by Nutwood Wilkes (H. K. Devereux)	1	1
Senator L., b g, by West Cloud (J. Shepard).	2	2
Temper, ch m, by Elyria (W. M. Cummer)..	3	3
Miss Whitney, ch m, by Edgemark (H. Russell)	4	5
Burlington Boy, ch g, by Alcander (H. O. Aldrich)	6	4
Nemoline, blk m, by Jersey Wilkes (Dr. Carmichael)	5	dr

Time—2:10, 2:11.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, September 4, 1901.

Amateur Drivers' Challenge Trophy. Free-for-all trotting.

John A. McKerron, b s, by Nutwood Wilkes (H. K. Devereux)	1	1
Temper, ch m, by Elyria (W. M. Cummer)..	4	2
Dr. Book, b g, by McKinney (C. K. G. Billings)	2	4
Tudor Chimes, b g, by Chimes (A. E. Perrin)	3	3

Time—2:12½, 2:11.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, September 5, 1902.

Amateur Drivers' Challenge Trophy. . Free-for-all
trotting.

John A. McKerron, b s, by Nutwood Wilkes (H. K. Devereux)	1	1
Lord Derby, b g, by Mambrino King (E. E. Smathers).....	3	2
The Monk, b g, by Chimes (C. K. G. Billings).	2	3
Time—2:07¼, 2:08.		

Five of the fifteen races programmed for the Cleveland Grand Circuit meeting in 1896 were won by Ohio horses, three of them having been bred in the state, and the other two owned and developed in Cleveland. In addition to this they had three third moneys and three fourth moneys placed to their credit. The Forest City Farm won a first and a fourth with the Patron mare Helen K., the other winners being Rifle, who was only a head in front of Franklin, by Gold Leaf, when he made his record of 2:11¾, Derby Princess, Newcastle, and Dan T. W. B. Fasig won a third and a fourth with Marguerite, a handsome little mare that, according to her owner, "doesn't ask to have her track taken around with her to trot on, but says: 'Come on, boys; if that track is good enough for you it is good enough for me; let's have a race';" while W. C. Ong was awarded a third with Atlantis, and both Franklin and Rubenstein saved their entrance. A heavy track on the opening day and the absence of a free-for-all trot on the programme made a cut in the rate of speed, the sixty heats contested averaging 2:13½. The forty heats trotted averaged 2:15¾, and the twenty paced, 2:09¾. The free-for-all pace was the best race of the meeting, and proved the greatest surprise when Frank Agan defeated Joe Patchen and Robert J. in 2:05, 2:04, 2:04¾. The finish in the second heat was very close, Frank Agan winning it by a head from Joe

Patchen. In the third heat Robert J. chased Frank Agan to the three quarters in 1:32 $\frac{3}{4}$, but he could not reach on the trip to the wire. Alonzo McDonald created a ripple of excitement when he stepped out in front with the four-year-old filly, Miss Jennings, and won the 2:25 pace, giving her a mark of 2:08 $\frac{1}{4}$. Joe Rea also had his day when he won two races with the Gambetta Wilkes mares, Emma Offutt and Lottie Loraine, while the Fred S. Wilkes gelding, Walter S., won two races during the week. The other winners at the meeting were Corie McGregor, Frank Bogash, Klamath and Ellore.

Four of the fifteen races programmed by the Cleveland Driving Park Company for its Grand Circuit meeting in 1897, were won by the Village Farm stable, its winners being The Abbot, The Monk, Dare Devil, the handsomest fast horse that ever stepped on a race track, and Passing Bell. In addition to the above the Village Farm was second to Oakland Baron in the 2:15 class, with Valence second to Bumps in 2:05 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:07, 2:06 $\frac{1}{2}$, with Heir-at-Law, third to Satin Slippers in the 2:25 pace with Elsinore, while Athanio was unplaced in the 2:11 class, which was won by Grace Hastings after Ellore had scored two heats and Bouncer one. The stable's winnings for the week amounted to \$5,875. The record shows that the other races were won by Frank Bogash, Bessie Leach, Octavia, Sally Toler, Senator A., Rilma, and Star Pointer, the last named defeating Joe Patchen and Lottie Loraine in 2:04, 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:04 $\frac{1}{4}$. The speed rate of the trotters at this meeting was very uniform, the thirty-three heats averaging 2:12 $\frac{1}{2}$, William Penn's two heats in 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$ being the fastest, and Dare Devil's second heat in 2:15 $\frac{1}{2}$ the slowest. Seventeen of the twenty-eight heats paced were below 2:10, while the average was 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$.

For its Grand Circuit meeting in 1898, Cleveland programmed eight trotting and six pacing races, the purses offered for the trotters amounting to \$17,500, and for the pacers \$13,500. Sixty-three heats were required to clear the card and dispose of two specials to wagons, the average time for them being 2:11½. The trotters required thirty-five heats to win their events and the two specials, the time averaging 2:12½. Seventeen of the twenty-eight heats paced were below 2:10, the average time for the entire number being 2:09½. The showing made by T. Keating's stable was the feature of the week. His score was five starts and five firsts, his winners being Searchlight, Klatawa, Anaconda and Dione, three pacers and a trotter. Dione won the 2:24 trot in 2:10¾, 2:12¾, 2:09½, with a field of eleven behind her, the lot including W. B. Fasig's black gelding Alrich. Anaconda won the 2:05 pace after losing two heats to Frank Bogash, his fastest heat being finished in 2:04¾. Klatawah, a three-year-old, won the 2:14 pace in 2:07, 2:09¾, 2:11½, after losing the third heat to Pentland in 2:11½, and Searchlight the 2:08 pace in 2:05¾, 2:05¼, 2:06¾, and 2:10 pace in 2:04¾, 2:09½, 2:09, after losing a heat to Lena N. in 2:05¼. In this race Lena N. made a world's record for pacing mares and Searchlight a world's record for pacing colts. The Village Farm stable also made a very strong showing. It won with The Abbot, Lady of the Manor, and Tommy Britton was second to Directum Kelly in the 2:23 trot, with True Chimes third to Gayton in the 2:18 trot with Battleton, and unplaced with Incarnate in the 2:25 trot, which was won by Angelina after Percy and Belle J. each had a heat. The race won by Tommy Britton was one of the uncertainties that add a charm to racing. He won the first heat in 2:10½. In the second heat Cresceus made

a break going away, losing four lengths. Geers sailed out in front to the half in 1:05½ and three-quarters in 1:38. Ketcham made a drive for the heat and stepped Cresceus the last half in 1:03¾. He caught Britton when within a few feet of the wire, made a break and Tommy Britton was given the heat in 2:09¾. The next two heats went to Cresceus in 2:09¾, 2:11¾, and Geers had stopped driving in the fifth heat when Cresceus made a double break at the draw gate. Seeing a chance Geers roused his horse with the whip; he was too tired to break, and won in 2:11¾. The other winners that have not been named were Mattie Patterson, Split Silk and Annie Lee. On the last day of the meeting J. Curry also started Kentucky Union to reduce the world's trotting record of 2:12½ to wagon and cut it to 2:10¾. A few minutes later N. W. Hubinger appeared with Grace Hastings and started to beat that figure. Going away rather slow for such a task he passed the half in 1:06¾. At that point he was joined by a runner, and like a bird on the wing, Grace Hastings flew from there to the wire in 1:02¾, making the mile in 2:09½.

When the bell rang for the Grand Circuit meeting at Cleveland in 1899, there were new men at the helm. Both Colonel William Edwards and George W. Short had passed from the scenes that had known them so many years. Their places were taken by H. M. Hanna and W. G. Pollock, while H. K. Devereux had also become one of the working forces of the Association. Twenty events were programmed for the week, the pacers for the first time being given the same number of races as the trotters. Seventy-six heats were required to clear the card, the average time for them being a fraction over 2:11. The time for the series was, however, very irregular, on ac-

count of a number of split heat races, in which the winners were literally raced into the ground. This did not, however, prove to be the case in the 2:10 class, in which there were ten starters, Tommy Britton winning the first two heats in 2:10, 2:12½, Cresceus the third in 2:10, and Elloree the next three in 2:08½, her record, 2:12½, 2:12. The 2:04 pace was sandwiched with this event, and in it Searchlight made the best race of his career. Anaconda started favorite, and won the first heat in 2:04¼. Searchlight then went on in 2:03½, 2:06¾, 2:04. During the week Ed Geers won his engagement with The Queen, Merriment and The Abbot, trotted second to Copeland with Tudor Chimes, was unplaced with Battleton in the 2:10 trot, and behind the money with Lady of the Manor in the race won by Miss Logan. The other winners at the meeting were Sphinx S., Dorothea S., Bob Fitzsimmons, Fritz, Hal B., Hydrogen, Surpol, The Maid, Dainty Daffo, Harry O. and Owyhee.

Cresceus, Coney and Prince Alert were the record-breakers at the Cleveland meeting in 1900. On the first day of the meeting Cresceus won in 2:07½, 2:06¾, the time made being the two fastest consecutive heats trotted in a race to that date, the trotting race record of the track being reduced in each of the miles. On the following day Coney, after flitting about on the turf on a reputation established by T. Keating's faith in him, made good by winning in 2:02¾, 2:04½, after losing a heat to Prince Alert in 2:04½. In the fast heat Coney started in sixth position and finished with a little to spare. His time, 2:02¾, was a new track record. On the last day of the meeting Prince Alert made his second appearance in the 2:04 class with Anaconda and Indiana. In the first heat Anaconda made a break going away and Prince Alert won

in 2:08. On the next trip the pair went away flying, with Prince Alert in front. He was never headed, the fractional time for the mile being 30, 1:01 $\frac{1}{4}$, 1:31 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:02, a new track record for pacers, as well as a world's record for hopped pacers and a world's record for pacing geldings in a race; being a reduction of half a second in the mark made by Robert J. During this meeting the horses driven by Geers and McHenry were on edge. The latter won two races with Bonnie Direct, and one each with Coney and Gayton, while he also drove Anaconda in the race won by Prince Alert. Gayton's race was the best of his career, and one of the best ever won by a stallion until Cresceus began to cut and slash all kinds of trotting records. Gayton, Dare Devil and Charlie Herr were the contending horses, the other starters being Precision, Monterey and Who Is It. The first heat was won by Dare Devil in 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$, while Charlie Herr was second. On the next trip Geers laid in fourth place until the stretch was reached. McHenry was at his wheel with Gayton. When Geers made a move McHenry followed suit. The pair soon pulled away from the field, and when the wire was reached the judges said Gayton by a nose in 2:08 $\frac{1}{4}$. In the third heat Dare Devil made a break at the word and lost four or five lengths. He also took a couple of jumps at the half. From the three-quarters to the wire the pair raced head and head, the lead alternating with each stride. At the wire Gayton's head showed in front, the time being 2:09. In addition to trotting second with Dare Devil in this event, Geers won with Lord Derby and Onward Silver, was second to Annie Burns, with Lasso, fourth to Sister Alice with Memorial, and at the request of Renick took a mount behind Midway prior to the fourth heat and won the 2:23 pace. The other winners at this meeting

were White Hose, Cornelia Belle, Sidney Pointer, Helen Simmons, Hetty G., Dumont W., Boralma, Arch W. and Johnny Agan. Sixty-nine heats were contested. The average time for the meeting was a shade under 2:11½, the thirty-five heats trotted averaging 2:12¾, and the thirty-five paced 2:09¾.

On two occasions Maud S. trotted to a world's record over the Cleveland track, her 2:08¾, which still stands as the fastest mile over a regulation track to high wheels, being made over the "strip of yellow dirt" at Glenville. Nancy Hanks, Alix and The Abbot made their records at other points, although all of them started there, but in 1901 the flight of time was once more checked at Glenville, when Cresceus stepped inside of the top figure by trotting a mile in 2:02¾, the fractional time being 30, 31, 30¾, 31. This record-breaking mile made the meeting memorable, while the races, although short and snappy, failed to arouse that old-time enthusiasm which stirs the blood of a devotee of harness racing when the heats are split in fast time. Of the twenty events programmed, Sister Alice, Martha Marshall, Metallas, Audubon Boy, Dan Patch, The King, Eleata, Richard A., Tom P., Billy H., Anaconda and Harold H. won their engagements in straight heats. The other winners were Palm Leaf, Riley B., George, Star Pugh, Charlie Herr, Charley Mac, Coxey, and Onward Silver. Sixty-seven heats were contested in the twenty races, the average time being a small fraction over 2:11¼.

In 1902 seventy-five heats were required to dispose of the twenty events offered for a five-day meeting, the average time being a small fraction over 2:11. The thirty-four heats trotted averaged 2:11¾, and the forty-one paced 2:09¼. The time in twenty-six of the heats paced was

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SYNOPSIS OF MEETINGS

GIVEN BY THE

CLEVELAND CLUB AND CLEVELAND DRIVING PARK COMPANY.

Year.	Month.	PREMIUMS.			NO. OF RACES.			FASTEST TIME.		SLOWEST TIME.		AVERAGE TIME.		NO. OF HEATS.			NO. OF STARTERS.		
		Trot.	Pace.	Run.	Trot.	Pace.	Run.	Trot.	Pace.	Trot.	Pace.	Trot.	Pace.	Trot.	Pace.	Run.	Trot.	Pace.	Run.
1871	June	\$ 4,150	\$ 300	\$ 550	6	1	2	2:29½	2:25	2:41	2:27½	2:38½	2:26½	22	4	3	47	4	9
	Sept.	4,500	200	425	7	1	2	2:28	2:24½	2:57½	2:37	2:39½	2:30	29	3	4	33	3	7
1872	July	18,400	500	1,300	8	1	3	2:18	2:21½	2:37	2:22	2:20½	2:21½	29	3	10	72	6	19
	Sept.	4,300		600	6		3	2:29½		2:52½		2:37		20		8	32		9
1873	July	28,500		1,500	8		3	2:21½		2:32½		2:26½		27		8	52		19
	Sept.	4,300		1,500	7		4	2:32½		2:48		2:39		28		9	47		21
1874	July	33,000		2,500	9		3	2:19½		2:32½		2:25½		36		8	64		17
	Sept.	2,500	500	1,300	4	1	3	2:29	2:20½	2:46½	2:28½	2:34½	2:25	21	3	9	25	5	9
1875	July	33,500		1,500	9		2	2:18		2:31		2:24½		44		3	51		8
	Sept.	3,800		400	7		1	2:25		2:40		2:33½		27		1	29		4
1876	July	24,000		1,000	9		2	2:15½		2:31		2:23½		35		3	51		8
	Sept.	2,900	500	300	6	1	1	2:27	2:29½	2:40½	2:20½	2:33½	2:25½	27	5	3	30	4	6
1877	July	17,500	1,000		8	1		2:18	2:18	2:32	2:20½	2:23½	2:19½	40	3		64	8	5
	Oct.	6,100	600		7	1		2:17½	2:16	3:14½	2:16½	2:28½	2:16½	29	3		50	5	8
1878	July	18,500	1,000		9	1		2:14	2:18	2:31	2:21½	2:21½	2:20½	36	3		57	4	
	Sept.	1,300			2			2:29½		2:37		2:32		12			12		
1879	July	16,000	1,000		8	1		2:15	2:13½	2:40½	2:16	2:23½	2:15½	31	5		44	4	
	Sept.	2,800	400	300	7	1	2	2:22½	2:23½	2:34½	2:25½	2:29½	2:24½	21	3	3	32	5	8
1880	July	14,000	1,500		9	2		2:15½	2:15½	2:33	2:22	2:21½	2:18½	35	12		50	12	
	Sept.	2,400	400	465	7	1	3	2:26½	2:28	2:33½	2:34½	2:29½	2:31½	25	5	5	42	2	10
1881	July	15,500	2,000		11	1		2:18½	2:14	2:36	2:21	2:26½	2:17½	48	3		56	7	
	Sept.	2,750	400	300	7	1	2	2:20½	2:21	3:02½	2:31½	2:30½	2:28½	36	3	3	36	9	8
1882	July	15,000	2,500		10	2		2:14	2:17	2:58	2:22	2:24½	2:19	32	11		54	15	
	Sept.	5,750	1,250	1,000	8	2	1	2:19½	2:14½	2:47½	2:22½	2:27½	2:19	32	7	2	64	10	4
1883	June	4,900	1,400		7	2		2:18½	2:13½	2:39½	2:24½	2:26½	2:19	26	8		36	9	
	July	19,500	4,000		9	3		2:15½	2:14½	2:28½	2:24½	2:20½	2:18½	40	13		50	12	
1884	July	11,700	2,500		8	2		2:09½	2:15½	2:32½	2:23½	2:21½	2:18½	29	8		55	7	
	Sept.	4,800	700		8	1		2:18½	2:18½	2:46	2:28½	2:26½	2:23½	31	7		47	6	
1885	July	14,000	2,000		10	2		2:08½	2:15½	2:27	2:21	2:20½	2:17½	35	11		60	13	
	Sept.	4,500	600		9	1		2:18	2:15	2:37	2:19	2:26½	2:17	39	3		50	3	
1886	July	16,500	2,000		10	2		2:14½	2:14	2:26	2:18½	2:20½	2:16½	44	8		69	12	
	Sept.	6,575	600		12	1		2:18½	2:17½	2:50½	2:18½	2:28½	2:17½	52	3		68	3	
1887	July	19,000	3,000		8	3		2:16½	2:11½	2:32½	2:24½	2:20½	2:17½	35	13		60	22	
	Sept.	7,730	900		7	1		2:13½	2:17½	2:46½	2:24½	2:23½	2:20½	30	4		35	6	
1888	July	20,000	3,500		9	4		2:14½	2:13	2:24½	2:21½	2:19½	2:16½	40	10		66	27	
	Sept.	6,500	700		8	1		2:16	2:17½	2:34½	2:22½	2:22½	2:19½	32	3		39	5	
1889	July	18,000	3,500		10	4		2:10½	2:06½	2:23½	2:20½	2:19½	2:16	31	16		68	30	
1890	July	15,500	4,500		10	3		2:14½	2:11½	2:22	2:20½	2:18½	2:16	36	13		48	19	
	Sept.	15,205	1,600		14	2		2:12½	2:16½	2:38½	2:23	2:23	2:19½	40	8		77	17	
1891	July	19,000	6,500		11	4		2:14	2:10½	2:30	2:21½	2:20½	2:16½	38	19		68	28	
	Sept.	11,100	1,600		10	2		2:17½	2:16	2:27½	2:23½	2:22½	2:20½	30	9		61	8	
1892	July	17,000	6,000		9	4		2:15½	2:12½	2:37½	2:19½	2:20½	2:15½	34	17		74	36	
	Sept.	11,900	2,500		12	3		2:11½	2:12½	3:30	2:19	2:22½	2:16½	42	9		80	22	
1893	July	21,000	6,000		9	3		2:10	2:08	2:23½	2:14½	2:16	2:12	36	14		74	26	
	Oct.	3,800	1,200		6	2		2:15	2:14½	2:29½	2:18	2:19½	2:16½	26	7		73	19	
1894	July	24,500	8,500		11	4		2:07½	2:05½	2:23½	2:14½	2:14½	2:10	39	20		106	52	
	Sept.	3,800	3,000		5	4		2:13½	2:10½	2:22½	2:19½	2:18½	2:14½	27	17		46	29	
1895	July	25,000	10,000		10	4		2:06½	2:05	2:17½	2:12½	2:13	2:09	40	21		86	44	
	Oct.	3,800	1,000		6	4		2:12½	2:10	2:21½	2:23½	2:16½	2:13½	25	13		61	39	
1896	July	21,500	11,000		10	5		2:08½	2:04	2:22	2:13½	2:15½	2:09½	40	20		90	63	
1897	July	17,500	16,000		8	7		2:08½	2:04	2:15½	2:12½	2:12½	2:08½	33	28		68	81	
1898	July	17,500	13,500		8	6		2:08½	2:04½	2:20	2:15	2:12½	2:09½	35	28		74	50	
1899	July	20,300	17,200		10	10		2:08½	2:04½	2:19½	2:18	2:12½	2:09½	39	37		93	97	
1900	July	16,100	17,100		10	10		2:06½	2:02	2:19	2:19	2:12½	2:09½	35	34		77	73	
1901	July	18,100	18,400		10	10		2:02½	2:06	2:18½	2:14½	2:12½	2:09½	36	31		72	83	
1902	July	18,500	15,900		10	10		2:07½	2:03½	2:16	2:18½	2:11½	2:09½	34	41		94	95	
		\$725,650	200,650	14,970	473	143	37							1,857	572	82	3,264	1,139	166

The above table presents the amount of premiums paid each year by the Cleveland Club and its successor the Cleveland Driving Park Company, from 1871 to the close of 1902, the number of races, starters and heats at each gait, together with the fastest and slowest heat trotted and paced at each meeting and the average time for each at the meeting, as well as the total amount of premiums and total number of races, heats and starters from 1871 to the close of 1902.

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below 2:10, the fastest being 2:03 $\frac{3}{4}$, by Dan Patch. But six of the thirty-four heats trotted were below 2:10. Anzella made two of them when she won in 2:08 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:08 $\frac{1}{2}$, while The Monk trotted in 2:07 $\frac{1}{2}$, Lord Derby, with George Saunders behind him, in 2:07 $\frac{3}{4}$, and Hesperus in 2:09 $\frac{1}{2}$. That the uniform rate was up to the standard established in the past was evidenced by the fact that the ten races averaged 2:11 $\frac{3}{4}$, the slowest heat of the week being 2:16, by Betsey Tell. As a high-class meeting the one held in 1902 compares favorably with any of those which preceded it. It was the first under the management of George J. Dietrich, who succeeded Sidney W. Giles when he retired on account of broken health, after being in harness for eight years at Island Park, Albany, N. Y., and nine at Cleveland. Scott Hudson made a record on the fourth day of the meeting when he won every race on the programme with Alice Russell, Audubon Boy, Chase and Twinkle. During the meeting he also won a third with Tertimin, a fourth with Don Riley, and was unplaced with Baron Bell. Ed. Geers also had a good week, his stable winning with Direct Hal, The Monk and Dandy Chimes, while it was also credited with two seconds and two thirds. Eight of the twenty races on the programme were won in straight heats by Major Delmar, Directum Speir, Dandy Chimes, Dan Patch, Anzella, Greenline, Chase and Betsey Tell, while the events in which the heats were split went to Dan R., Direct Hal, The Monk, Wentworth, Daphne Dallas, Alice Russell, Audubon Boy, Twinkle, The Roman, Martha Marshall and Sylviaone.

In 1892, when William Easton, the managing director of the Tattersall Companies in America, decided to add a trotting department to the business, William B. Fasig was

placed in charge of it. The American branch of the old English sale firm absorbed the Emery & Fasig business, taking the sale building at Cleveland, while it also established sale marts at Chicago, where R. E. Edmonson was manager, and at Lexington, Ky., where W. R. Brasfield looked after its affairs. This change transferred Fasig from Cleveland to New York, where he made his debut as a sale manager December 20, 21 and 22. This sale was held in the Cyclorama building, on the corner of Seventh Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, on the evening of the days selected by Peter C. Kellogg & Co., to dispose of the horses owned by the Hobart estate and a few other consignments. At this date Kellogg & Co. controlled the big rink on Third Avenue, and with the exception of Madison Square Garden, it was the only available building in New York in which a horse could be shown at speed in harness. The stock in the Tattersall sale was not of a character to warrant an outlay of \$1,000 a day, which was the figure asked for Madison Square Garden, when John H. Shults, H. N. Smith and A. A. Bonner held the first sale in that building, January 12 and 13, 1892, but by taking advantage of so many out of town buyers being in the city, Fasig sold one hundred and eight head, the majority of which were youngsters on the end of a halter, for \$49,830. At this sale J. B. Haggin sold fifty-nine Rancho Del Paso yearlings and weanlings, forty-two of which were by Albert W., for \$30,435, an average of \$515.84, but the balance of the consignments did not bring what was considered a fair price at that period, when a man usually bought a pedigree and learned later as to whether he had a horse or not. At the Kellogg & Co. sale the same week the Hobart estate sold sixty-eight head for \$207,860, an average of \$3,056.76. Stamboul, with a cloud on his record

of 2:07½, sold for \$41,000, while H. S. Pierce paid \$32,450 for five mares, his selections and prices paid being By-By, \$10,000; Biscara, \$8,250; Bon Bon, \$7,500; Alma Mater, at that time twenty years old, \$4,100, and Nola \$2,600. Nancy Lee, the dam of Nancy Hanks, sold for \$7,100, Astrione for \$5,300, Silverone for \$6,000, My Trinket for \$4,000, Dainty Bell \$4,200, Almeta \$4,800, Alameda \$5,000, and the saddest part of it is that none of these high-priced ones' foals ever came up to expectations, although Bon Bon at a later date produced Bonnie Direct, 2:05¼.

The Tattersall Companies held five sales of trotting horses under William B. Fasig's management in 1893, at which they sold six hundred and ninety-one head for \$319,729. Three of the sales were held in New York and two in Cleveland. The year's business opened in New York on February 23, with Monbars under the hammer. He was bid off at \$13,000 after John H. Shults intimated that there was by bidding and declined to raise his offer of \$12,000. This was a damper on the sale, and after it was over, so many other horses were returned by devious ways to their original owners, the outlook for the new management was not very encouraging. Of the lots put up at this sale to test the market Pixley and Beuzetta were destined to become the most prominent. Pixley was run through the sale for \$4,000. At the time she had a record of 2:16, and was considered marked for life. After the sale she was placed in Budd Doble's stable, and during the season of 1893 proved one of the fastest but most unfortunate mares that ever took the word. As the season rolled by the daughter of Jay Gould became known as "Second Money" Pixley, and she remained true to the record, although many contend she was entitled to first money in the

Columbian free-for-all at Washington Park, Chicago, during the World's Fair. In the first heat of that race Alix and Pixley finished heads apart in 2:07 $\frac{3}{4}$. Hulda broke down in the fourth heat and Alix won the money after a three days' siege, Beuzetta, at the time an unknown two-year-old filly, as wild-eyed as a startled fawn, was bid off for \$500 and shipped back to Kentucky. The following year she won the Kentucky Futurity worth \$27,480, and in her four-year-old form was invincible until she met Azote at Fleetwood Park, New York. At that time she had a record of 2:06 $\frac{3}{4}$, but when Azote was turned loose he stepped away from her and won in 2:09 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:05 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:07.

Early in 1893 the financial depression stuck a pin in the boom prices which were being paid for trotting race stock. Many buyers and breeders had been looking for it for some time and had their houses in order, John E. Madden being one of the first to come out boldly and state that a pedigree without the individual was worthless. Opposed to him and others, who read the signs of the times correctly, was an army of buyers and breeders who contended that so long as a standard bred horse by a fashionable sire could command a service fee of from \$100 to \$300, and double that figure if he had a fast record and two or three colts in the 2:30 list, there was money in the business even with the prices in the thousands. And there was, so long as the trotter was a plaything and there were men who would book mares at top figures, but they disappeared as soon as they found that when they wanted a little money they could not realize as much for the colt as the service fee of its sire, to say nothing of the keep and the interest on the money invested in the mare. This fact, backed by the hard times, put a crimp in the market, and in a short time hundreds wanted to sell, and while

there were always buyers, the prices were so low, even for stock above the average, that many expected the trotting horse industry to peter out. As men wanted money more than horses, the by bidder and the capper had to step aside, and in the sales that followed consignments were scattered in every direction. In the end this proved a blessing in disguise, as many of those who had learned to shun the sale ring came back, and they continued to buy when the market improved.

The Cleveland sales of the Tattersall Companies in 1893, were held February 28 to March 3, and May 15 to 19. During the two weeks two hundred and eighty-eight horses were sold for \$149,589. Sydney was the star of the first sale. He brought \$27,000. Had he been sold during the boom when his colts were breaking records, he would have brought over three times that amount. At the sale fourteen others brought \$1,000 or over, the highest priced lots being by Sidney. Frou Frou sold for \$3,500, Odd-fellow \$2,000, Sidmont \$2,550, Fausta \$2,100, Red Sid \$1,100, and San Souci \$1,050. At the May sale Bon-homme, 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$, Incense, 2:17 $\frac{3}{4}$, Instant, 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Eloise 2:30, were the stars. Alex McLean added Bon-homme to John D. Rockefeller's stable of road horses at \$5,750. O. G. Kent gave \$5,300 for Incense, the first champion trotter of The Gentlemen's Driving Club of Cleveland. Instant sold for \$4,200, and W. B. Fasig paid \$1,025 for Eloise, the best trotter he ever owned. She went for the money and won it. That is the test.

After a two days' sale in New York in June, at which a consignment from the Valensin Farm and a few local horses were disposed of, Fasig began to map out his first sale in Madison Square Garden. Selecting the first week in December, he started off with what he called "the four

hundred," and in four days disposed of two hundred and eighty-eight head for \$88,755. The highest priced lots were Director's Flower \$5,100, Delmarch \$4,100, Repetition \$3,900, Charlie C. \$3,500, and Captain Walbridge \$2,500.

In 1894 the Tattersall Companies held three sales of trotters in New York and two in Cleveland, at which seven hundred and ninety-eight horses were disposed of for \$266,022, an average of \$333.36. The Cleveland sales were held February 28 to March 3, and May 23 to 25. The catalogue for the winter sale presented a very ordinary lot of stock, and the prices were on a par with the offerings, one hundred and eighty-seven head selling for \$30,030, an average of \$160.58. Percy S., a two-year-old by Red Wilkes, was the only one that sold for four figures, his price being \$1,000. The Robert Rysdyk horse Guy, that later on proved a useful trotter, passed through this sale for \$620. Courier, 2:15 $\frac{3}{4}$, and the Clay colt, Isaac, were the features of the May sale. The former went back to Kentucky on a bid of \$4,300, while Isaac sold for \$2,200. The only others that exceeded the \$1,000 mark during the week were Maud A., 2:19 $\frac{1}{4}$, and Jim Wilkes, 2:21, the mare selling for \$1,600, and the Young Jim gelding, that afterward became a well-known matinee trotter in Cleveland, for \$1,100. All of the New York sales were held in Madison Square Garden, the first one being announced for April 23 and 24. For it, Murat, by Director, out of the Volunteer mare Lady Morrison, 2:27 $\frac{1}{2}$, was boomed as the "fastest horse in the world without a record." Fasig's magical advertising drew all eyes to him, and with a trial of 2:17 to build on, Murat sold for \$5,250. He is still "without a record." At this sale Myrtle R., 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$, by Monaco, sold for \$3,500, and Clochette brought

\$2,200. The balance of the New York sales in 1894 were held in November, the Kalamazoo Farm consignment being the attraction at the first one. It sold sixty-four head for \$44,065, the highest priced lots being Belle Vara \$4,100, Ambassador \$3,000, Dancourt \$2,100, Vassar \$2,200, Nell, dam of Belle Vara, Vassar, etc., \$2,000, and Suisun, now a brood mare, \$1,800. Matthew Riley also sold seven head for \$6,685, John H. Shults paying the top figure when he bid \$3,000 for Kitty Bayard, 2:12½. This sale and the one that followed the Horse Show, proved that the tide was beginning to turn, as \$157,748 was realized for three hundred and forty-five head, an average of \$454.34. At the second November sale George Ketcham disposed of eight head for \$10,100, while Monroe Salisbury sold thirteen from his racing stable for \$14,820, and the Wedgewood mare Wistful, 2:13¼, brought \$6,900. Of the Ketcham lot Miss Lida, 2:10¾, sold for \$3,200, Nyanza, 2:12¼, for \$3,000, and Miss Rachel, 2:20, for \$1,100. Of the others that sold for over \$1,000 the report of the sale shows Lena Holly \$2,500, Uncle Josh \$2,250, Edenia, \$1,750, Celaya \$1,900, and Glen Mary \$2,100, and the colt trotter Dick Russell, that failed to come up to expectations, \$2,450.

But two more sales of trotters were held by the Tattersall Companies. The first of them was cried at Buffalo, January 16 to 18, 1895, when one hundred and forty head were disposed of for \$24,260, the highest priced lot in the catalogue being the pacing filly Whirligig, 2:10. She sold for \$1,115. Their last sale was in Madison Square Garden, New York, February 27 to March 1, when \$51,500 was paid for one hundred and sixty-eight head. At this sale Pixley, 2:08¼, and Monbars, 2:11¾, again appeared. Monbars was sold for \$3,500, and Pixley for \$3,100.

Charles M. Reed's team Evangeline and Lunette were also in this sale. They went to Cleveland on a bid of \$3,600.

A few weeks after the above sale, William B. Fasig issued an announcement for a May sale at Cleveland under the name of William B. Fasig & Co., the other member of the firm being Ed. Hedges, who had been associated with him at Tattersalls. At their first sale three hundred and fifty horses were sold for \$92,055, thirteen of the lots running over the \$1,000 mark. The fast colt, Red Bud, 2:14½, was the star. He brought \$4,000, while \$3,500 was paid for Token, 2:14½, and \$2,650 for the Electioneer mare, Utility, 2:20¾. In November, the week following the Horse Show, the new firm made its first bow in New York with a three-day sale in Madison Square Garden, at which \$102,085 was realized for three hundred and sixty-two head, an average of \$282. The Canadian bred mare Wanda, 2:17¼, proved the highest priced lot, John C. King, of Montreal, buying her for \$2,700. After two seasons he brought her back and sold her for \$1,650. Fred Gerken's pair of Inter City Cup winners, Little Sport and Stoneridge, sold for \$2,900, and the big Wilkes Boy mare, Nellie A., 2:13, that was one of the fastest colt trotters of her day, for \$2,025.

In 1896, the firm of Fasig & Co. sold one thousand one hundred and forty-seven horses for \$409,689, an average of \$365.90. It held six sales, four of them being in New York and one each at Cleveland and South Elkhorn, Ky. The season began with a sale in New York in February, when the Jewett Farm disposed of ninety-four head for \$42,545, Patchen Wilkes, the first lot offered in the consignment, realizing \$10,025, while eleven others were sold at figures between \$1,000 and \$2,100. During this three-day sale, sixteen others sold for four figures, the list in-

cluding Alice Dorman, \$2,075; Venita Wilkes, \$2,050; Baronet, \$2,500; Phoebe Wilkes, \$3,400, and John R. Gentry, \$7,600. At that time, John R. Gentry had a record of 2:03 $\frac{3}{4}$. William Simpson was the purchaser. He placed the Beau Brummell of the pacing world in the Empire City Farm stable, which was being trained by W. Andrews. During the season that followed, Andrews drove Gentry to a record of 2:00 $\frac{1}{2}$ over Rigby Park, Portland, Me. Many thought that he was the first "two-minute horse," so Mr. Simpson sent him to the auction in December. As John R. Gentry was led into the ring, a band, which was concealed in one of the balconies, played "See the Conquering Hero Comes." No one ever heard of a brass band at a horse sale. It was one of Fasig's original advertising novelties, startling and at the same time pleasing. It also put everyone in good humor for the surprise that followed when John R. Gentry was sold to L. Tewkesbury for \$19,900, the top figure for a pacer at auction.

April 28 to May 1, Fasig & Co. held another sale in Madison Square Garden, at which three hundred and sixteen head were sold for \$91,234. But ten of the horses disposed of reached four figures, the \$3,000 paid for Cephas, 2:11 $\frac{1}{2}$, being the top figure. At Cleveland, three weeks later, the firm presented the champion of the sale ring in Star Pointer, one of the two hundred and twenty-nine lots sold for \$61,550. At that time the half brother of Hal Pointer had a record of 2:04 $\frac{1}{2}$, and a few thought he would not stand training. Ed Geers wanted him, but C. J. Hamlin shook his head when \$5,000 was reached. Star Pointer went to Boston on a bid of \$5,500 and, as Wallace Pierce expressed it, "Geers lost his first chance of driving a horse in two minutes." Pointer was turned over to D. McClary, and, after a series of mishaps, he cut

his record to 2:02½. In March, 1897, Star Pointer was again led into the sale ring, this time at Madison Square Garden, New York, where a band again greeted a conquering hero. James A. Murphy, of Chicago, bought him for \$15,600 and had the pleasure of seeing Star Pointer reduce the world's harness record to 1:59¼, at Readville, Mass., August 28, 1897. McClary drove him and went with the champion when, after another trip to the auctions amid the inspiring notes of "Hail to the Chief," W. J. White, of Cleveland, O., paid \$15,000 for the only two-minute horse, to place at the head of the Two-Minute Stock Farm. In September, 1896, the firm of Fasig & Co. made its first and only trip to Kentucky. It disposed of the South Elkhorn Farm stock. According to the incomplete published report, but thirty-six head were sold. Of that number, Onward, then twenty-one years old, sold for \$7,250, Acolyte for \$5,100 and Norval for \$1,200. November 12, Fasig & Co. sold in Durland's Riding Academy, New York, twelve head of record horses owned by the estate of Major Dickinson for \$8,870, and on the following week opened its regular fall sale in Madison Square Garden, at which three hundred head realized \$107,800, an average of \$359.33. It was at this sale that John R. Gentry touched the top figure, while during the week George Starr paid \$4,500 for the colt by Director out of Winifred by William L., which has as yet failed to come up to expectations, and Trevillian, 2:08¾, went to Europe on a bid of \$3,050.

In 1897, Fasig & Co. held four sales in New York and two in Cleveland, at which one thousand six hundred and sixteen horses were sold for \$439,897, an average of \$272.21. The season opened in January with a four-day sale in Madison Square Garden and was followed by sales

in February and March before the firm moved its headquarters to Cleveland for the May sale, to which Fasig always requested his friends to bring their watches, and buy the speed offerings on what they could show. At the January sale, three hundred and one head were disposed of for \$74,510, the price on but twelve of the lots running into four figures. The top price was \$2,300, the amount paid for the pacer Nelly McCrory, 2:11 $\frac{3}{4}$, while Miss Nelson, 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$, sold for \$1,800, and Don L., 2:12 $\frac{1}{2}$, for \$1,650. Star Pointer was the attraction at the February sale, when two hundred and seventy head realized \$73,490. At this sale, Lilly Young, 2:10 $\frac{1}{2}$, sold for \$3,400; Kate Angell for \$1,800; Keeler, 2:14 $\frac{1}{4}$, for \$1,650, and Bert Oliver, 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$, for \$1,350. The March sale was held in the American Horse Exchange, one hundred and fifty-seven head being sold there on three days for \$29,120. The top figure, \$4,500, was paid for Cephas, 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$. The May sale in Cleveland in 1897 was almost a failure, the two hundred and ninety-one head sold averaging but \$157.09, while only seven of that number brought \$1,000 or over. Iago sold for \$3,000, Derby Lass sold for \$1,400, Candy for \$1,000, and Bridal Bells for \$1,010, and Alkoran for \$1,500. In November, Fasig & Co. had another sale in Cleveland, at which they disposed of a consignment of California and a few local horses, sixty-three head selling for \$19,045. The sale ran for two days, the highest priced lots being Jasper Ayers, \$1,750; Franklin, \$1,310, and Jaspine, \$1,000. Two weeks were claimed for the Horse Show sale in 1897, and for nine days the auctioneers were kept busy. During that time they knocked down five hundred and thirty-four horses for \$188,017, an average of \$352.09, a figure which proved that there was a change in the market. At this sale, C. W. Williams disposed of

twenty Allertons for \$16,415, an average of \$820. James Butler selected the flower of the flock when he purchased Gayton, with a record of 2:18 $\frac{1}{4}$, for \$1,150. He raced him for two seasons, reduced his record ten seconds, and sold him under the hammer at the February sale in 1901 for \$9,000 to a European buyer. At this sale, Mr. Butler also sold Royal Victor, 2:08 $\frac{3}{4}$, for \$3,600, and Cephas, 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$, for \$2,000 or \$2,500 less than the gelding cost him in March. The \$6,200 paid for Alice Leyburn was the top figure at this sale, the report of which shows that Brignoli Wilkes, 2:14 $\frac{1}{2}$, was bid off for \$5,000; Que Allen, 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$, for \$4,600; Emily, 2:11, for \$4,200; Intact, 2:19 $\frac{3}{4}$, for \$3,500; Hornelia Wilkes, 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$, for \$3,600; Athanio, 2:10, for \$2,800; Bowman, 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$, for \$2,500, and Valence, 2:12 $\frac{3}{4}$, for \$2,025.

In 1898, Fasig & Co. held five sales, three of them being in New York, one at Cleveland and one at Clover Dell Farm, Colmar, Pa. During the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight horses were disposed of for \$543,522, an average of \$289.90. At the first sale in 1898, the Hermitage Farm, of Nashville, Tenn., sold thirty-one head for \$25,370, an average of \$818, its highest priced lots being Ponce De Leon, \$3,500; Percy, \$3,800; Admiral Symmes, \$1,800; Preston, the disappointment of the Kentucky Futurity, \$1,415; Tosca, \$2,000; Rosy Morn, \$1,300, and Belle Archer, \$1,025. Sphinx at \$2,500 was the best bargain at this sale at which Planet, 2:04 $\frac{3}{4}$, sold for \$6,000, the top figure; Chanty, \$1,550; Dan Q., \$2,000; Ansel Chief, \$1,200, and Gazette, 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$, for \$2,150. In March, \$59,742 was paid for two hundred and seventy-one head, the yearling record breaker Adbell, 2:23, at \$3,000 being the highest priced lot. He was purchased by W. E. Spiers for the Suburban Farm, and when

the stock from that place was disposed of in the fall of 1901, Adbell brought \$10,000, his get having in the interval shown that he was a sire of early and extreme speed. He was taken to Kentucky, where he died, October 8, 1902. In April, Fasig & Co. sold one hundred and forty-six head at Clover Dell Farm. The returns show that Director sold for \$1,275; Josephine Young, dam of Joe Patchen, for \$2,000; Mambrino Maid, 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$, for \$1,350; Ballona, 2:11 $\frac{1}{2}$, for \$1,250, and the stake winner Margaret S., 2:12 $\frac{1}{2}$, for \$1,025. At this sale, forty-seven yearlings averaged \$289, while the old brood mares, many of which were barren or doubtful breeders, cut the average down to \$329.93.

The amounts paid for the twelve lots in the Palo Alto consignment at the Maysale in Cleveland recalled the days when the bids for Electioneer's get soared into the thousands at the Kellogg sales in New York. The big California establishment was then selling pedigrees and expectations, while Marvin was making world's records with the flower of the flock. At this sale Frank Covey had racing material, four of the lots having records. The twelve head were sold for \$20,535, an average of \$1,712.08, the highest priced ones being Betonica, \$7,800; Idolita, \$4,700; Pasonite, \$2,080; Hijita, \$1,900; Peko, \$1,000, and Nordeau, \$1,000. These were, with the exception of Incense, the only horses in the sale that sold for \$1,000 or over, C. F. Emery paying \$1,250 for the daughter of Young Jim.

In 1898, William B. Fasig and Ed. S. Hedges, who had been in bad health for some time, parted, Fasig continuing the business under the old name, while Hedges entered into another partnership, which was continued with varied success until blindness and other bodily ills forced him to retire. He died January 20, 1903. Fasig

held two sales after the change. At the first, which ran from November 21 to December 2, seven hundred and fourteen horses were sold for \$258,265, an average of \$361.71. It was at this sale that W. J. White purchased Star Pointer for \$15,000, and Cresceus, at that time with a record of 2:09 $\frac{3}{4}$, passed under the hammer for \$14,000. Bitter Root Farm also sold twenty head for \$28,115, an average of \$1,405.75, the highest priced ones in the consignment being Handspring, \$4,025; Improvidence, \$3,100, and Cuprum, \$2,500. The report of the sale also shows that Praytell, 2:11 $\frac{1}{4}$, sold for \$5,100; Lena N., 2:05 $\frac{1}{4}$, for \$3,000; Jolly Bird, 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$, for \$3,700; Courier Journal, 2:08 $\frac{1}{4}$, for \$3,150; Split Silk, 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$, for \$2,650; Klatawa, 2:05 $\frac{1}{2}$, for \$7,000; Wilton, 2:19 $\frac{1}{4}$, for \$4,100, and the counterfeit Great Barrington, 2:23 $\frac{1}{4}$, for \$2,100. The last sale of Fasig & Co. was held February 15, 16 and 17, two hundred and seventy horses being disposed of on those dates for \$76,060. The Baron Wilkes horse Reubenstein, 2:05, brought \$6,000, the highest figure, while Frank Work paid \$5,700 for Pilot Boy, 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$, and the white mare, Bessie Bonehill, 2:05 $\frac{3}{4}$, sold for \$1,000. C. W. Williams sold nineteen Allertons for \$7,455, top price figure in his consignment being paid for Kaffa, 2:27 $\frac{1}{4}$. She brought \$1,775, while the race mare Precision, at that time with a mark of 2:17, sold for \$1,010.

The Fasig-Tipton Company was organized in February, 1899, the new member being Ed. A. Tipton. Its first announcement appeared in the advertising columns of the turf papers the second week in March, and the first sale was held at the farm of E. S. Wells, Glen-Moore, N. J., April 5, when sixty-one head were sold for \$9,170. May 15 to 20 were the dates selected for the inaugural sale of the company at Cleveland. During the week, two

hundred and twenty-five head sold for \$91,820, thirty-two lots from Palo Alto realizing \$18,145. The reports shows that Advertiser sold for \$2,600; Carrie Caswell, \$3,000; Juntoria, \$2,100, and Eleata, one of the best race mares, if not the best, ever bred at Menlo Park, for \$900. The highest price at this sale, \$7,500, was paid for Askey, 2:08 $\frac{1}{4}$; while Who Is it, 2:12, sold for \$5,600; Queen Alfred, 2:12 $\frac{1}{4}$, for \$4,300; the champion gelding Azote, 2:04 $\frac{3}{4}$, for \$2,900; Red Seal, 2:10 $\frac{1}{2}$, for \$1,800, and Flora Directum, \$1,550. During the summer months the Fasig-Tipton Company had a sale of thoroughbred yearlings in Madison Square Garden, sold the trotters owned by Charles E. Telford, of Rye, N. Y., disposed of a consignment from the Two-Minute Stock Farm at Cleveland during the Grand Circuit meeting, and made another sale for E. S. Wells at Glen-Moore, N. J., October 31. Six-hundred and seventy-eight harness horses and forty-three thoroughbreds were sold at the first fall sale of the Fasig-Tipton Company in New York for \$292,990. The trotters averaged \$432.13 and the thoroughbreds, all of which came from Palo Alto, \$445.90. Tommy Britton, 2:08, was the star. He went to Chicago on a bid of \$20,000. The other high priced lots were Ellore, \$4,750; Sunland Belle, \$3,025; Faustina, \$2,500; what Thomas Lawson termed the "highly polished gold brick," Sagwa, \$7,100; Kentucky Union, \$3,200; Kellar, \$6,200; Locha, \$3,010; Flora McGregor, the dam of Ellore, \$3,000; Rubber, \$3,500; Directly, \$3,000; Louise Mac, \$3,700; Extasy, \$3,500; Axtello, \$3,600, and Grand Simmons, \$2,300.

In 1900, the Fasig-Tipton Company added a thoroughbred department and made arrangements with William Easton, who had been conducting sales as The Easton

Company, to do the selling in connection with George Bain. During the season this department held twenty-four sales, at which it disposed of six hundred and thirty thoroughbreds for \$400,837, an average of \$639.41. This department proved much more profitable than the harness racing field in which the firm of Fasig & Co. made its reputation, as during the same period the company held six sales of trotters and pacers at which one thousand five hundred and sixty-four lots were disposed of for \$654,495, an average of \$418.47. In other words, during the year 1900, the company sold two thousand three hundred horses for \$1,114,170, at an average of \$484.42.

The first sale of harness horses in 1900 was held in Madison Square Garden, New York, February 13 to 17, three hundred and ninety-three head being auctioned for \$139,460. Praytell, 2:09½, one of the lots in the Robert Bonner Farm consignment, brought the highest figure, \$6,100, his stable companions, Maud C., 2:10¼, sold for \$2,900; Sunol, 2:08¼, for \$4,000; Worthier, \$3,500; Mary Tudor, \$2,125; Elfrida, \$1,600; Don L., \$1,000; Prince Ansel, \$1,025, and Harold S., \$1,150. Before this consignment was offered, Maud S., 2:08¾, then in her twenty-sixth year, was led into the sale ring, and, as the crowd rose to greet the ex-queen of the turf, the band played "Auld Lang Syne." The peerless daughter of Harold, that had never failed when called on for a championship performance, showed that the hand of time had touched her with the passing years. A few weeks later she died at Shultshurst Farm, Portchester, N. Y. The hopped champion, Prince Alert, was disposed of at this sale for \$4,600; Baylight, a speedway star, for \$1,500; Alice Dorman for \$1,150, Queen Sphinx for \$1,900, and

Carlyle Carne, 2:11½, the white king of the speedway, for \$1,325.

After the death of Charles F. Bates, the Fasig-Tipton Company was requested to sell his stock, and on May 20 and 21 it disposed of sixty head selected by what Fasig termed "America's Greatest Horse Exhibitor," for \$37,255. The report of the sale shows that Coxey and Brown Donna, both of which were trotting bred, sold for \$3,250, Whirl of the Town and Sporting Life for \$2,500, the Only One and the Conqueror for \$2,250, and the Brown Wilkes gelding The Only Way for \$2,200. At the May sale in Cleveland, two hundred and twenty-four lots were sold for \$107,925, the pick of the bunch, according to the bids, being Princess Derby at \$4,100; Sally Hook, \$3,900; Sister Alice, \$2,650, and Gusurro, a two-year-old from Palo Alto, \$2,000, while Tom Nolan, 2:16¼, sold for \$1,500; Arch W., 2:16¼, for \$1,025; Lily Young, 2:10¼, for \$1,350, while Monterey, 2:09¼, was run through for \$2,000 and shipped back to California. During the Cleveland Grand Circuit meeting, Arch W. was one of the forty-two head sold for \$12,570, his price on this occasion being \$2,050, while the big gelding Tacomis, 2:14¼, sold for \$1,000. After selling sixty head for E. S. Wells at Glenmoore, N. J., October 17, for \$8,785, the Fasig-Tipton Company closed the season with an eight-day sale, November 26 to December 4, at which The Abbot, the reigning king of the turf, with a record of 2:03¼, was sold for \$26,500; Axtell, 2:12, for \$14,700, his purchaser being one of the members of the syndicate that paid \$105,000 for him the evening he cut the three-year-old record of the world to 2:12. At this sale seven hundred and fifteen horses were sold for \$348,500, an average of \$487.41, the highest figures being paid for the Village

Farm consignment of forty-eight head. It sold for \$59,610, an average of \$1,242. Praytell was back in the auction ring, and on this occasion sold for \$4,000, while Sally Hook, after a season's campaign in which she made record of 2:09 $\frac{1}{4}$, but failed to race successfully, sold for \$1,100. The other high priced lots were Lady Thisbe, \$4,100; Erirange, \$5,400; Priola, \$3,350; Lessadil, \$2,950; Lamp Girl, \$3,000; Carolita, \$3,550; Stranger, \$2,050; Contralto, \$6,500; Neeretta, \$3,200; Major Greer, \$4,500; Moth Miller, \$2,400; Greenbrino, \$5,100; Alice Mapes, \$4,000; Be Sure, \$2,200; Onward Silver, \$3,700; Heir-at-Law, \$2,550; Rex Americus, \$3,550; Dan Q., \$1,500; Tudor Chimes, \$1,350; The Monk, \$1,025, and Derby Princess, \$1,025.

The thoroughbred department of the Fasig-Tipton Company opened the 1900 season with the sale of W. H. Clark's racing stable at Morris Park, May 11, thirty head being disposed of for \$38,025. Banastar, the Brooklyn Handicap winner, brought \$11,000, while Musketeer sold for \$3,000; Seminole, \$3,000; Mayor Gilroy, \$3,200, and Lucky Bird, \$2,600. On the following day twenty-two head were sold for W. C. Whitney and others, the amount realized being \$10,180. The yearling sales began May 24 and 25 with the Rancho Del Paso and Elmendorf youngsters. The one hundred and twenty-six head sent on to New York realized \$75,725, an average of \$601. The highest prices were paid for the colts by Goldfinch, Fleurette's selling for \$5,000, Lucania's for \$3,600, and the one out of Queen Bess for \$2,500. On June 13, B. G. Thomas sold twelve Dixiana yearlings for \$26,200. In this draft the colt by Hanover-Mamie Himyar sold for \$10,000 and one by Dr. McBride-Quesal for \$7,500. None of the yearlings from the Boone Creek, Melbourne, Silver Brook,

Maplehurst, Sunny Slope, Fairview Studs brought as high figures as the Dixiana bunch, still the Maplehurst Stud received \$3,000 for Wild Oats by Requitai-Spinaway, half brother to Strideaway, Spinalong, Lazzarone and Handspin, and \$2,525 for a colt by Requitai-Renia Victoria. In addition to the above the company sold the Nursery yearlings, seventeen head, for \$3,225; A. B. Spreckles' yearlings, twenty-five head, for \$7,735; Hurricana yearlings, eleven head, for \$1,925; F. R. T. Hitchcock's racing stables, nineteen head, for \$13,325; Phil Dwyer's racing stables, twenty-three head, for \$16,987; Marcus Daly's racing stables, twenty-four head, for \$21,875; L. O. Appleby's Silver Brook Stud of forty-two head for \$64,700, one of the horses consigned being imp. Knight of the Thistle. He sold for \$30,000, Charles Reed, the man who dazed the ring with a \$100,000 bid when he bought St. Blaise, being the purchaser.

In 1901, the returns from the thoroughbred departments were, on account of the clearance sales of Marcus Daly's stock, more than double the amount realized at the firm's four sales of harness performers. The published reports show that one thousand four hundred and forty-six thoroughbreds were sold for \$1,746,145, an average of \$1,207.56, while the company also sold one thousand eight hundred and seventy trotters and pacers for \$814,445, an average of \$424.73, making the year's business amount to threethousand threehundred and sixteen horses sold for \$2,560,590, an average of \$772.16. The sale of Marcus Daly's thoroughbred stock, when the number disposed of is considered, is the best on record in America. Two hundred and eight head, including stallions, brood mares, yearlings, two-year-olds and three-year-olds were disposed of at these sales for \$661,175, an average of

\$2,361.33. At the first sale, January 30 to February 1, one hundred brood mares sold for \$200,430, seven stallions for \$84,100, eleven three-year-olds for \$37,750, sixty-six two-year-olds for \$78,300, and a yearling filly by Persimmons for \$6,100. W. C. Whitney paid \$60,000 for Hamburg, while his stable companion, Tammany, sold for \$4,000; imp. Ogden, \$4,200, and imp. Isidor, \$6,000. Of the brood mares, imp. Ayrshire Rose sold for \$3,800; imp. Berriedale, \$4,000; imp. Boise, \$4,000; imp. Cockerony, \$6,500; imp. Dartaway, \$4,600; imp. Drusilla, \$3,100; imp. Goutte d'Or, \$4,500; imp. Gwendolyn, \$4,000; imp. Mrs. Delancy, \$8,200; Pastorella, \$10,000; imp. Rose of Hampton, \$8,000; Sadie, \$4,200; imp. Sistrum, \$4,000; Starlight, \$3,000; imp. St. Eudora, \$5,000; imp. St. Mildred, \$5,600, and imp. The Task, \$4,600. Frankfort, a three-year-old brother to Hamburg, sold for \$10,100; Emporium, a three-year-old colt by The Pepper, out of Cockerony, for \$8,000; Choate, a two-year-old colt by Meddler, for \$9,000, and imp. Cathaire Mor, a two-year-old colt by Kendal, for \$6,500. The fifty-five Daly yearlings were sold May 24 for \$51,525, the highest priced one in the lot being Moondyne, a colt by Hamburg-Mint Cake. He sold for \$10,000. In this consignment twenty-seven fillies sold for \$22,475, and twenty-eight colts for \$29,050. The third sale of Daly's thoroughbreds was held October 1, the forty-one head catalogued being from his English breeding establishment. They brought \$205,100, an average of \$5,002.39. At this sale J. R. Keene paid \$18,500 for the twelve-year-old mare imp. Field Azure, by Bend 'Or, and August Belmont gave \$13,500 for a weanling colt out of her by St. Simon. J. R. Keene also paid \$11,000 for Lady Reel, the dam of Hamburg, her yearling filly by St. Simon going to W. C. Whit-

ney for \$16,000, and her weanling, by the same sire, to August Belmont for \$25,000. August Belmont also paid \$17,000 for the ten-year-old mare imp. Lucy Cross, by St. Simon, and \$4,600 for a yearling filly by St. Frusquin-Semper Fidele. W. C. Whitney paid \$6,200 for Semper Fidele, whose weanling filly by St. Frusquin was purchased by J. R. Keene for \$5,500.

The curtain was rung down on Marcus Daly's breeding ventures at home and abroad at the November sale, when eighty-nine head of trotting bred stock was sold for \$67,580, making a grand total of \$728,755 realized by the Marcus Daly estate for three hundred and sixty-nine horses during 1901. Forty-two of the horses disposed of at the last sale sold for over \$1,000, the lot including Bow Bells, \$5,100; Ponce de Leon, \$6,500; Prodigal, \$4,100; Extasy, \$3,100; Impetuous, \$4,200; Lady Wilton, \$2,700; Prelacy, \$3,100; Rosy Morn, \$2,700; Prelatess, \$4,600; Impractical, \$4,000; Ettie Baron, \$2,400; Silk Weaver, \$2,050; and the yearling, Miss Previous, \$10,300.

Of the yearling sales in 1901, the Rancho del Paso and the Elmendorf proved the most important. At the first of these, which was held June 14, 15 and 17, two hundred and one were sold for \$234,025, an average of \$1,164.30. The top price, \$13,000, was paid for a colt by St. Gatien-Turmoil, while a filly by St. Gatien-Fleurette sold for \$11,500, a colt by Golden Garter-Memento for \$10,000, and a colt by Goldfinch-imp. Silence for \$6,000. The thirty-four head in the Elmendorf lot sold for \$39,950, the highest price being \$3,200, which was paid for a colt by imp. Candlemas-Miss Maud. At the yearling sales, B. G. Thomas sold fourteen for \$22,025; Runnymede, ten for \$3,300; Raceland, nine for \$21,425; Melbourne, twenty-three for \$21,525; Beaumont, twenty-four for \$19,600; Belle Meade, thirty-two head for \$25,050; Silver Brook,

thirteen for \$14,350; Maplehurst, twenty for \$15,380; Holmdel, sixteen for \$34,725; Rancocas, forty for \$28,250; the list of highest priced youngsters, including a colt by Dr. McBride-Quesal, \$7,400; a colt by Hindoo-Cherry Blossom, \$6,500; a colt by Iroquois-Wanda, \$6,500; a colt by His Highness-Carrie C., \$10,300; a colt by Knight of Ellerslie-Flash in the Pan, \$4,800, and a filly by Henry of Navarre-Sallie McClelland, \$6,000. At the sales of horses in training and other stock, the Fasig-Tipton Company sold the three-year-old colt Watercolor, by imp. Watercress, for \$23,000, and Watercure, a three-year-old gelding by the same sire, for \$11,000, when the racing stable of Charles Littlefield, Jr., was offered, thirty-nine lots being disposed of for \$81,750; Prince of Melbourne for \$20,500, when Frank Beard's racing stable was scattered; Smart Set, by Halma, for \$10,500; Blues for \$5,000, imp. Royal Flush for \$4,500, imp. Saville, by Hampton, for \$10,000, and the black gelding, Paul Clifford, for \$5,000.

The first of the four sales of harness horses in 1901 was held February 13 to 16, three hundred and sixty-four head of stock passing under the hammer in the four days for \$125,320. East View Farm sold seventeen for \$26,675, an average of \$1,569.53; the highest priced lots being Gayton, \$9,000, the top figure of the sale; Anaconda, \$6,500; Coney, \$4,100; Baron March, \$2,000, and Miss Beatrice, \$1,000. Mascot, whose 2:04 was the world's record when made, sold for \$1,000, and Dariel for \$2,100, while Philip E. brought \$2,525; Highland Baron, \$1,600; Baron Review, \$1,600; Dollade Wilkes, \$1,525, and Our Jack, \$1,600. At the March sale the Penn Valley Stud sold thirty-one head for \$33,240, an average of \$1,072.22, the highest priced ones being the Directum filly Emma Winters, \$8,000; Bay Star, \$6,100, and Ed Winters,

\$2,100. The Oregon bred pacer Chehalis, 2:04½, changed owners at this sale for \$2,200, and the Dexter Prince mare Hijita for \$3,700. The three-year-old gelding Rowellan proved the best racing prospect in the Cleveland sale, which was held May 21 to 25. James Golden bid him off at \$1,075, and after putting him in racing trim, started him at Brighton Beach, where he won a heat in 2:15¼ and second money in the race that Carrie Bel placed to her credit. At Readville, the following week, he divided third and fourth money with Hawthorne in the race won by Nancy Hanks' colt, Admiral Dewey; while at Hartford he defeated both Hawthorne and Carrie Bel in 2:16¼, 2:16½, 2:17, in the \$5,000 Horse Review Stake. Rowellan's gross winnings in the three races amounted to \$3,150. The only other high priced lots in the Cleveland sale were Eula Mac, \$2,700; Delma, \$2,150; Aylwin, \$2,100; Wynema, \$1,050; Pauline G., \$1,975; Boodler, \$1,100; Rubber, \$1,500; Lady Althea, \$1,000, and Dorothea S., \$1,700.

The sale, November 25 to December 4, was referred to above in connection with the disposal of the Marcus Daly stock. The other important consignment in it came from the Suburban Farm, Glens Falls, N. Y. That establishment sold one hundred and twenty head for \$92,585, an average of \$771.54, its best figures being obtained for Directum, \$12,100; Adbell, \$10,000; Directum Spier, \$6,000; Major Delmar, \$2,900, who proved one of the best horses in training in 1902; Dainty Daffo, \$2,525; the yearling Ethel's Pride, by Directum-Ethelwyn, \$2,500; Copeland, \$1,850; Miss McGregor, \$1,650; Nellie A., \$1,550; the yearling Janey's Gem, by Directum-Janey T., \$1,300, and the eight-year-old Dictator mare, Tintoret, \$1,800. Riverside Farm, Berlin, Wis., sold the Futurity winner Peter Stirling, 2:11½, for \$9,200; his half broth-

er, Black Robert, 2:13½, for \$2,200, and Plumline, 2:12¼, for \$1,525; and the Village Farm disposed of Lord Derby for \$10,500; King Charles, \$2,050, and Shadow Chimes for \$5,100. The M. & M. winner Lady Geraldine, was sold for \$3,000; Bi Flora, \$6,000; Maggie Mills, \$3,000; Sally Simpson, \$2,150; Valentine, \$2,500; Sunland Belle, \$1,400; the pacer Nathan Straus, \$1,700; Guy Onward, \$1,500; King Chimes, \$1,700, and Wilask, \$1,400. This sale proved that the market for trotting-bred stock was stronger than at any time since the boom days of the early nineties. On the nine days, nine hundred and twenty-two horses were sold for \$495,078, an average of \$536.95.

The Fasig-Tipton Company held one sale in 1902 prior to the death of William B. Fasig, the dates selected being January 27 to 31. A consignment of one hundred and fifty-seven head from the Penn Valley Farm was the feature, the bunch realizing \$80,720. Oakland Baron, 2:09¼, sold for \$15,700, and was a bargain at that figure, while Director Joe, a black horse by Director, out of the dam of Joe Patchen, brought \$2,500, and To Arms, \$2,300. Of the other lots in the sale, The King sold for \$1,000; Axtello, \$1,125; Who Is It, \$1,850; Kingmond, \$3,000; Democracy, the half-mile track champion, \$2,100; Will Leyburn, \$2,300; Advertiser, \$5,300; Helen Fife, \$1,800; Carmine, \$2,400; Billy Andrews, \$2,000, and Wilque, \$1,500. Five hundred and eighty-seven head were sold for \$220,075 at this sale, and with it the curtain dropped on William B. Fasig's career as a factor in the sale business. During nineteen years the firms with which he was connected either as proprietor, partner or manager, sold fourteen thousand seven hundred and thirty-five harness horses for \$5,364,084, and two thousand one hundred and sixty-seven thoroughbreds for \$2,186,572, making a total

of sixteen thousand nine hundred and two horses, sold for \$7,550,656.

SALES OF HARNESS HORSES.

PLACE AND DATE.	NUMBER SOLD.	TOTAL.	AVERAGE.	TOP FIGURE.
Cleveland, May 7, 1884	27	\$ 7,270	\$269.26	\$ 1,609
" May 14, 15, 1885	65	23,947	363.04	1,620
" May 12-14, 1886	96	32,077	334.34	2,000
" May 17-19, 1887	149	52,565	352.78	3,100
" May 15-19, 1888	250	99,450	397.80	4,100
" May 13-18, 1889	396	226,949	562.75	29,750
" May 12-17, 1890	265	98,782	372.76	2,950
" Sept. 16-20, 1890	85	63,720	749.64	6,000
" May 4-11, 1891	409	166,080	406.11	7,000
" Sept. 9-11, 1891	42	41,870	996.90	13,000
" Feb. 29-Mar. 5, 1892	277	141,500	547.26	9,500
" May 17-20, 1892	118	39,245	332.58	10,500
New York, Dec. 21, 22, 1892	108	49,830	461.48	2,650
" Feb. 23, 24, 1893	54	55,105	1,020.46	13,000
Cleveland, Feb. 28-Mar 3, 1893	137	96,769	706.34	27,000
" May 15-19, 1893	151	52,820	349.80	5,750
New York, June 21, 23, 1893	61	26,280	430.82	1,550
" Dec. 5-8, 1893	288	88,755	308.24	5,100
Cleveland, Feb. 27-Mar. 3, 1894	187	30,030	160.58	1,000
New York, April 23, 24, 1894	129	43,195	334.84	5,250
Cleveland, May 23-25, 1894	137	35,049	255.83	4,300
New York, Nov. 2, 3, 1894	133	72,960	548.57	4,100
" Nov. 21-23, 1894	212	84,788	399.99	6,950
Buffalo, Jan. 16-18, 1895	140	24,260	173.28	1,110
New York, Feb. 28-Mar. 2, 1895	168	51,500	305.35	3,500
Cleveland, May 20-25, 1895	350	92,055	263.01	4,000
New York, Nov. 20-22, 1895	362	102,085	282.00	2,700
" Feb. 13-15, 1896	254	120,185	473.16	10,025
" April 28-May 1, 1896	316	91,234	291.88	3,000
Cleveland, May 19-22, 1896	229	61,550	268.77	5,500
S. Elkhorn, Sept. 28, 29, 1896	36	20,050	556.94	7,250
New York, Nov. 12, 1896	12	8,870	739.16	3,525
" Nov. 18-22, 1896	300	107,800	359.33	19,900
" Jan. 20-23, 1897	301	74,510	247.54	2,300
" Mar. 3-6, 1897	270	73,490	272.18	15,600
" April 6-8, 1897	157	29,120	185.47	4,500
Cleveland, May 23-26, 1897	291	55,715	157.09	3,000
" Nov. 11, 12, 1897	63	19,045	300.23	1,750
New York, Nov. 21-Dec. 1, 1897	534	188,017	352.09	6,200
" Feb. 14-18, 1898	492	117,520	238.86	6,000
" Mar. 22-24, 1898	271	59,742	220.45	3,000
Colmar, April 5-7, 1898	146	48,170	329.93	1,350

SALES OF HARNESS HORSES.

PLACE AND DATE.	NUMBER SOLD.	TOTAL.	AVERAGE.	TOP FIGURE.
Cleveland, May 16-19, 1898	245	59,825	244.18	7,800
New York, Nov. 21-Dec. 2, 1898	714	258,265	361.71	15,000
" Feb. 15-17, 1899	270	76,060	281.70	6,100
Glen-Moore, April 5, 1899	61	9,170	150.32	735
Cleveland, May 16-20, 1899	225	91,820	408.08	7,500
" July 25-27, 1899	53	12,895	243.31	700
New York, Nov. 20-29, 1899	678	292,990	432.13	20,000
" Feb. 13-17, 1900	393	139,460	354.86	6,100
" Mar. 20-21, 1900	60	37,255	620.91	2,200
Cleveland, May 21-26, 1900	294	107,925	366.75	4,100
" July 28, 29, 1900	42	12,570	299.52	2,050
Glen-Moore, Oct. 17, 1900	60	8,785	148.27	810
New York, Nov. 26-Dec. 4, 1900	715	348,500	487.41	26,500
" Feb. 13-16, 1901	364	125,320	344.28	9,000
" Mar. 19-21, 1901	268	100,370	372.27	8,000
Cleveland, May 21-25, 1901	316	93,680	296.66	2,700
New York, Nov. 25-Dec. 4, 1901	922	495,075	539.95	12,100
" Jan. 27-31, 1902	587	220,075	374.91	15,700
	14,735	\$5,364,084		

SALES OF THOROUGHBRED HORSES.

PLACE AND DATE.	NUMBER SOLD.	TOTAL.	AVERAGE.	TOP FIGURE.
New York, June 19, 1899	48	\$ 20,415	\$425.23	\$2,200
" Nov. 29, 1899	43	19,175	445.90	4,000
Morris Park, May 11, 1900	30	38,025	1,267.50	11,000
" May 12, 1900	22	10,180	462.72	4,100
New York, May 24, 25, 1900	126	75,725	601.00	5,000
Brooklyn, June 12, 1900	24	16,675	694.80	3,500
" June 13, 1900	12	26,200	2,183.33	10,000
Sheepshead, June 21, 1900	14	8,925	637.50	1,600
" June 22, 1900	25	13,650	546.00	3,000
" June 23, 1900	19	13,325	701.31	2,100
" June 30, 1900	17	3,225	189.70	475
" July 2, 1900	23	16,987	738.56	3,750
" July 3, 1900	24	21,875	911.46	3,150
" Aug. 25, 1900	11	2,075	159.61	200
" Aug. 28, 1900	25	7,735	309.41	1,400
" Sept. 4, 1900	9	13,075	1,452.77	4,300
" Sept. 5, 1900	9	4,580	508.88	1,250
" Sept. 6, 1900	12	8,125	677.08	1,300
Brooklyn, Sept. 22, 1900	9	13,600	1,511.11	3,300
Nashville, Sept. 27, 1900	49	9,840	200.81	505

PLACE AND DATE.	NUMBER SOLD.	TOTAL.	AVERAGE.	TOP FIGURE.
Morris Park, Oct. 6, 1900	9	19,850	2,205.55	8,700
" Oct. 11, 1900	22	8,200	377.77	1,900
" Oct. 13, 1900	16	7,450	528.12	2,500
New York, Oct. 18, 1900	42	64,700	1,544.70	30,000
" Oct. 19, 1900	27	21,800	807.40	7,700
Morris Park, Oct. 20, 1900	12	5,525	460.41	1,600
Lexington, Dec. 10-12, 1900	72	7,515	104.37	1,000
New York, Jan. 30-Feb. 1, 1901...	184	404,550	2,198.51	60,000
Morris Park, May 11, 1901	16	4,505	281.56	1,500
New York, May 24, 1901	55	51,525	954.63	10,000
Sheepshead, June 4, 1901	20	54,425	2,721.25	6,500
Brooklyn, June 5, 1901	23	21,525	935.87	2,600
" June 6, 1901	14	22,025	1,573.21	7,400
" June 10, 1901	24	19,600	816.66	3,100
" June 12, 1901	16	9,600	600.00	1,600
" June 13, 1901	20	15,380	769.00	4,000
Sheepshead, June 14-17, 1901	201	234,025	1,164.30	13,000
New York, June 17, 1901	32	25,050	782.81	6,500
Sheepshead, June 20, 1901	34	39,950	1,175.00	5,000
Chicago, June 20, 1901	36	13,100	366.99	1,150
Sheepshead, June 26, 1901	39	81,750	2,096.00	23,000
" June 29, 1901	16	34,725	2,170.51	10,300
" July 1, 1901	27	15,170	562.64	2,100
" July 2, 1901	13	14,350	1,103.85	4,800
" July 3, 1901	22	20,080	912.72	2,050
Brooklyn, July 27, 1901	21	51,170	2,437.14	20,500
Saratoga, Aug. 10, 1901	8	33,200	4,150.00	10,500
Sheepshead, Aug. 31, 1901	33	22,775	690.15	3,500
" Sept. 2, 1901	15	9,800	653.33	2,100
" Sept. 3, 1901	23	17,700	769.56	2,500
" Sept. 4, 1901	23	18,975	820.65	3,500
" Sept. 5, 1901	22	16,125	732.95	6,000
" Sept. 6, 1901	28	20,090	717.50	2,700
" Sept. 7, 1901	16	9,000	562.50	1,800
" Sept. 9, 1901	20	14,625	731.25	3,050
" Sept. 10, 1901	24	9,330	388.75	1,100
" Sept. 11, 1901	18	4,785	265.83	1,400
" Sept. 12, 1901	40	28,250	706.25	2,700
" Sept. 14, 1901	20	5,075	253.75	1,800
" Oct. 1, 1901	42	210,200	5,004.75	25,000
" Oct. 2, 1901	32	24,400	762.50	10,000
" Oct. 4, 1901	14	14,000	1,042.85	4,500
Morris Park, Oct. 12, 1901	21	11,250	535.71	2,600
" Oct. 19, 1901	24	19,500	812.50	3,600
" Oct. 20, 1901	31	28,700	925.80	5,000
Lexington, Nov. 11, 12, 1901	149	47,235	317.00	2,425
	2,167	\$2,186,572		

In 1893, when William B. Fasig was located in New York as manager of the Trotting Department of the Tattersall Companies in America, he was elected Vice-President of the Driving Club of New York, and, while discharging the duties of that office, contributed materially to the success of the Grand Circuit meetings at Fleetwood, not only that season, but also in 1894. In the spring of 1895, he returned to Cleveland and resided there during the summer months of that and the succeeding year, the most of his time during the racing season being devoted to a stable of trotters which did not prove what he termed a "glittering success." In 1895, he started Palo Chief, Wyreka, Rifle, Eloise and Musket, the "unluckiest horse in the world," while, in 1896, the old standby, Eloise, kept up Benny's reputation in the Buckeye State by first equaling Mayflower's mile in 2:16½ at a matinee of the Gentlemen's Driving Club, and finally landing the championship honors for the year with a mile in 2:16¼.

In 1897, Fasig returned to New York and accepted the management of Charter Oak Park, which had been purchased by Orlando Jones and A. J. Welch. In June of that year he made his first trip to Hartford, Conn., and started to create a little interest in the inaugural meeting, for which Monday, July 5, was selected. In a short time he had every one who reads the newspapers in New England, and that is about ninety per cent. of the population, satisfied that the first mile in two minutes to harness would be paced over Charter Oak. With quarter-page advertisements in the daily papers, reading notices and posters, he kept the interest alive to the last minute. It is not necessary to give the details. For that day's racing twenty thousand tickets were printed and all of them were sold before noon. On a conservative estimate, there were over

thirty thousand people on the grounds. The day was blistering hot and the racing a series of processions. John R. Gentry pulled a high-wheeled sulky in 2:07 $\frac{1}{4}$ in an effort to reduce the record of 2:06 $\frac{1}{4}$ made by Johnston years ago, and then started in the free-for-all with Star Pointer and Frank Agan. Star Pointer won in 2:06 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:04 $\frac{3}{4}$. The other winners were Forest Herr, Grace Hastings and Pastoral. After managing the Grand Circuit meetings in 1897, 1898 and 1899, William B. Fasig retired from racing and devoted the balance of his time to the sale business and developing the farm which he purchased at Brewster, N. Y., in the spring of 1900. There he planned to breed and develop a few colts, with Tom Galliger as trainer, but sickness knocked all of his plans "aglee." The breakdown came late in 1900, and from that date until the end he was confined almost continuously to his home. In May, 1901, he attended the sale at Cleveland and had a severe attack while there. In August, he managed to make a trip to Boston to attend the Grand Circuit meeting of the New England Trotting Horse Breeders' Association. Those who saw him there knew that he was passing into the shadow. Hopes of recovery were, however, still held out to him, but this trip, with the exception of a few visits to the Fasig-Tipton Company's office in New York, was the last time that he left his home until the end came, at Bennyscliffe, on Wednesday evening, February 19, 1902.

Enthusiasm and superstition were William B. Fasig's two most striking characteristics. He loved a good horse or a man that was fond of one, and had a horror for number thirteen or a cross-eyed girl with red hair. Any one of the four would stop him, and the last two turn him back from any project that he could control. The thirteen

story, when Eloise won at Detroit, has been told. It is one of many that could be resurrected. Another sample dates from the fall of 1895, when he made an appointment with Col. Edwards and the writer to put in a day with Pat Shank, at Litchfield, O. A visit to Pat's was one of the Colonel's hobbies, the mere thought of a trip making him bubble over with good nature, and, with all of his tact, he had more than his share of it. The train was due to leave Cleveland at seven, and, when it pulled out, Fasig was not on board. At dinner, while the Colonel was busy complimenting Pat's housekeeper on the flavor of her chicken pie and the crispness of the biscuits, a boy rushed in with a telegram. It read, "Missed train; will be with you at two-thirty. 'Fasig.'" On his arrival, we learned that he met a cross-eyed girl with red hair when he stepped off a St. Clair street car at Water street. Up to that time he was trying to catch the train. All he had to do was to walk down the Water street hill, but the girl with the fatal combination made him fly the track. The average man, who is bothered with such scruples, is somewhat diffident in making reference to them. Fasig was just the reverse, and nothing pleased him more than spinning a yarn in which he had a little the worst of it, even when there was some money or pride at stake; but nothing nettled him so much as to have some one, that he did not lean to, laugh over the same stories in which he was the shining mark. The following is a sample that he told S. Freeman one afternoon at Bennyscliffe:

"I have been on the speedway but little, and that little has not encouraged me to long for a more extended experience. Once I drove the chestnut gelding Rob Roy, 2:23½, that I purchased for an English gentleman, paying \$1,000 in cold cash for him. He was supposed to be a fast

wagon horse, and I set sail for the speedway with considerable confidence that I could beat almost any horse ever driven there; but it appeared to me that it would be prudent to tackle some of the unknown ones first and 'size up' my steed before flying higher into the ranks of the top-notchers. So I collared a bay mare driven by a big man with a woman beside him. He beat me easily, waited and tempted me into another brush, and again trimmed me with ease. Again he waited, but I knew when I had enough, so I said to him: 'Drive ahead, you are too fast for me; I don't want any of your game.' He replied: 'Don't you know dot mare, Fasig? I bought dot mare of you in de sale. Don't you recomember I said to you, "Is dot mare a good von for me to puy, Fasig?" und you said she vas, so I bought her und baid a hoondred und twenty-five dollar for her, und don't you forged it, her's a goot un. Dey don'd tell about her in de pabers, but she can beat lots of dem dey plow about.' I was knocked clean off my pins. Here was a \$125 nag, bought at my sale a short time before, making my \$1,000 horse look like a piece of lemon that had done duty in a yesterday's whisky sour."

At the same time he also recalled the following reminiscences of the sale ring which are worth preserving:

"There is no place in the world where all sides of human nature, the ludicrous as well as the pathetic, are so vividly portrayed. It is an ever-changing play and I imagine has much to do with its popularity. Each year adds to the crowds that gather about the ring. Did you ever notice the foreigners at a sale? A foreigner who is bidding against an American looks straight at the auctioneer and never takes his eyes off of that functionary. But directly two foreigners get to bidding against each

other, there is war. They are perhaps fifteen feet apart. One starts the bidding this way: 'Dree hunterd dollar!' The other looks fierce at him, takes a step nearer, and, without so much as a glance at the auctioneer, shouts: 'Four hunterd dollar!' Now they glare at each other, seeing nothing, each advancing one step nearer to the other at every bid. 'Fife hunterd dollar!' shouts the first, with another step. 'Seven hunterd und feefty dollar!' 'A tousand dollar!' 'Fifteen hunterd dollar!' 'Dree tousand dollar!' and so the game goes on. They become so much excited and glare so fiercely at each other, you think murder is about to be done, as their noses fairly rub. Bombs, knives, guns, and hatred of the most murderous type, are in their bosoms then. An hour after they are having *zwei lager* together.

"Every one knows the genial Henry Fleishmann, the pioneer foreign buyer of the American trotter. He's a dream in a sale ring. The foreign contingent used to think that whatever he bid on must be good, and some of them would therefore bid against him. That almost set him crazy. He resorted to this and that subterfuge to throw them off. On one occasion we were selling a gray mare with a fast record that Fleishmann wanted. He got Gil Curry to do the bidding for him, so that other buyers for the foreign market would not know he was after her. The signal arranged between them was that Fleishmann should hold a catalogue against his breast, and every time he wanted to raise the bid he was to push the catalogue against his chin. He took his position right in front of the box, folding his arms across his breast, crossing his legs in a dignified and ostensibly disinterested manner. The bidding was spirited, and, with each raise made by Fleishmann, he pushed the catalogue higher and

higher, forgetting in his excitement to lower it between bids. So, higher and higher went the chin, until dislocation of the neck was threatened, when, fortunately for the prince of good fellows, the mare was knocked down to him. The signal, however, had been so plain that the crowd got 'next,' and the performance furnished many a hearty laugh while the bidding was in progress.

"Another time he had examined a mare and decided to bid on her when she was offered. It happened, however, that when her turn came another animal was led in, but he, having kept track of the number preceding the number of the mare, took it for granted that the animal he wanted was in the ring, without consulting the figures hung out on the stand. He hid behind the box and made his bids where his rivals could not see him. The mare was knocked down to him and he went down to the stalls to look her over again. To his horror he then found he had bought the wrong horse. An hour or two after, he encountered one of his rivals. 'Mr. Fleishmann,' said he, 'you bought a mare awhile ago that I wanted. Will you sell her to me?' 'Yes,' answered Fleishmann. 'How much profit do you want?' 'Well, you are a cavalier.' 'I am a cavalier,' returned Fleishmann. 'We are friends. You will not bid against me some time when I want another horse, I let you have that mare at just what I bid. I charge you no profit. You just go to the cashier, pay for her and she is yours.'

"The new buyer thanked him profusely. They had a drink and he paid for the mare. Then he went below to look at her, and it was his turn to rush back.

"'Mr. Fleishmann, I don't want dot mare. That iss not the mare I thought I vas buying.' 'Well,' said Mr. Fleishmann, with a satisfied glitter in his eye, 'that is the

mare you did buy. She is not the mare I thought I was buying either, so you just keep the mare.' And he proudly strode to another part of the building."

Another of Fasig's stories was tacked on to an old driver, who was located at the Cleveland Driving Park for a number of years. In the spring of 188—, this man was training a mare that was owned by two young men who had an idea that they knew a trotter on sight. After the jogging days of April and May were over, they came out to the track regularly twice a week to see the mare work, but they could never strike the right time. She had either been worked the day before or had just been worked, was a little off, would be worked the next day, or something of that sort. The weeks ran into months, and, while the mare looked good, they never had a chance to see her opened up. Finally, growing desperate, they both appeared on the scene and demanded a trial, or a day and hour when they could see one. About this time the Knights of Pythias engaged the track for an entertainment and an exhibition drill. In order to give the occupants of the Grand Stand an unobstructed view of the infield, the Judges' stand was moved almost half way to the distance. The trial was fixed for the day after the drill and was limited to two fast quarters. After a couple of slow miles, this cautious trainer stepped the natty little mare, to the unbounded delight of her owners, the last quarter in thirty-four seconds, and repeated it in thirty-three seconds; all of which was in the day of old-style sulkies with high wheels. Pledging the driver to secrecy, the happy pair of owners decided then and there that as the season was well advanced they would keep the mare over and make a killing in the "big ring" the following year. The trainer never said boo, and never made a

complaint when they took the mare away from him the following spring and turned her over, for the "grand preparation," to a swell trainer. Finally, when the workout days of June came again and the "apple of their eye" could not trot a quarter better than forty seconds, rigged with the best that money could buy, they took a tumble. The mare was taken home, her owners bought a yacht, and the trainer told Fasig the story.

From the day that I first met William B. Fasig, until the end, I found him a combination of contradictions. His sympathies were always with the weaker side, but even with that knowledge to bank on, no one could determine in advance what stand he would take on any proposition, from flipping a copper to a change in the Constitution of the United States. Then he had his hobbies, and when in the saddle he could make Uncle Toby look like a blue chip in a jack pot. To convince him with an argument was out of the question, but if you were satisfied that you were right, if you walked off and left him for a day or two, he would wheel into line. His vanity, and he had no small share of that quality, would not let him admit it; but if he did not take up the argument again on sight, he was with you. For many a day it was a hard matter for Fasig to say a good word of any one who differed with him, but when he was with you, like Jack Batchelor's poker game, the limit of his support was bounded by the green earth and the blue sky.

When completing this memoir, instead of giving my estimate of William B. Fasig as a horseman, advertiser, reinsman, writer and a man, I requested a few of those who knew him best to contribute a few lines. It was a happy idea, as will be seen by the following:

A HORSEMAN.

New York, N. Y., Oct. 28, 1902.—William B. Fasig's success in the horse business, and he certainly made a success, was due not so much to business methods or attention to details, or thorough familiarity with pedigrees, as to his appreciation of the merits of the horse himself as an individual; his quick eye for gait and action; his knowledge of what it took to make a race horse or a gentleman's road horse; his frankness in telling a customer what he knew or believed, and his ability to express his opinion in a pleasant and straightforward manner.

With him there was no horse but the trotter, except for commercial purposes, and he purposely limited his thought, his study and his conversations (about horses) to the animal that he loved. He would talk for hours with a horseman about a good trotter, if he had not seen him himself and believed him good, and refuse to discuss business involving thousands of dollars, simply saying, "I am engaged; get Tipton to attend to that."

His hobbies were team trotting and wagon racing, and I never saw a man who could beat him selecting two trotters to go together. Few men, very few, if any, could beat him hitching a pair of fast horses, and those who could beat him driving them after he had hitched them, could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Considering his weight, he was one of the very best drivers to wagon that I ever saw, and I have seen most of them. Yet, with all this knowledge and good judgment, he had his weak side with horses, and, strange to say, that weakness was his lack of nerve in buying, his fear of paying out big money for what his judgment told him to buy, and that alone kept him from being a very rich man.

All in all, however, I think he was one of the very best horseman in his line (trotters) that America has produced, and I do not expect to see his like soon again.

ED. A. TIPTON.

AN ADVERTISER.

Magnolia Springs, Ala., Nov. 4, 1902.—The late lamented Fasig was a natural expert in advertising the goods he had to sell.

The Grand Circuit Stewards of the days when he and Colonel Edwards ruled in Cleveland, knew their man. Fasig wrote all the Grand Circuit display ads. They were always concise, pointed and eyeable. The work was easy for Fasig. He loved the trotter and laid on his paint with the hand of a lover.

Fasig's sign displays were as attractive as those in the newspapers. He just had what newspaper folks call ad-writing sense to a fuller measure than any other fellow, in any particular line, I ever ran across. His copy was perfect. Then, too, it was wise—chock full of the kindly, pointed, comfortable wisdom that goes home and brings results. One year—I think it was Directors'—he plastered Cleveland and its surroundings with "My Kingdom for a Horse" posters. It was an apt phrase and drew. He used some such device yearly, and never missed his mark. This advertising sense of Fasig's, coupled with the knack of thoroughly knowing the good material about him, and the ability to get it into attractive groups, was one of the gifts that made W. B. Fasig the leader of his time among the men who cared for the racing side of the American harness horse.

F. H. BRUNELL.

A SECRETARY.

Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 24, 1902.—My acquaintance with the late W. B. Fasig dates back some twenty-five years. During the days of the old Grand Circuit, I met him frequently and was on the most intimate terms with him. I always found him a man of excellent judgment, trustworthy and faithful in his duties as a secretary. He always had a pleasant word for all with whom he came in contact, and in his death I lost a warm, personal friend.

GEO. W. ARCHER.

A WRITER.

New York, N. Y., January 1, 1903.—When you can find the power to grasp an idea, and the ability to group facts in logical form, you create a writer who appeals to the largest number of readers. The statistician without a spark of imagination is as dry as bone dust. William B. Fasig had the poetic temperament and sugar-coated his facts in a way to make them palatable to thousands. The touch of his genius caused the old to take on the fragrance and perfume of violets. I had many a little controversy in the public prints with him, but no wounds were inflicted that did not heal quickly. The grace of his pen was admitted by all who followed it, and he is borne in sweet remembrance by

HAMILTON BUSBEY.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 29, 1902.—It is an axiom among critics of literature that "The style is the man." Of William B. Fasig this was particularly true. What he wrote was racy of his personality—original, idiosyncratic,

always the antipodes of commonplace. It reflected his immense observation, the freshness of his point of view and the accuracy but nervousness of his thought. Like the man, also, it was not always free from prejudice, but that prejudice was always honest, always for what, to his convictions, seemed best. Though never, except as occasion prompted, a writer for the turf press, no professional writer ever possessed a better gift of self-expression. Few were ever so many-sided. In a set argument his forensic ability was conspicuous. As a descriptive writer, his vivid phrases always brought clearly to the mind of the reader what they were intended to depict. He had a vein of sentiment, a vein of romance, a vein of humor—and always the “touch of nature.”

JOHN L. HERVEY.

A REINSMAN.

Cleveland, O., Nov. 12, 1902.—Brim full of romance and sentiment, he idealized and loved his horses—and his sport. A broad and fertile mind absorbed readily the knowledge, and a natural genius made him apply that knowledge well.

A kindly, gentle nature gave him light hands, and won the confidence of dumb animals. A quick excitability sometimes upset his equipoise and unbalanced his judgment, but his natural sunny, bright and buoyant disposition soon put him at rights again. He was an exceptionally fine reinsman, and a thorough horseman, absolutely free from imitation or conceit.

H. K. DEVEREUX.

A MAN.

Franklin, Pa., Oct. 27, 1902.—It was my pleasure to know the late William B. Fasig for nearly twenty-five years, chiefly as a secretary of the Cleveland Driving Park.

As a secretary he was a model, possessed of genius and daring, that easy way of meeting and parting with all which sent even the losers home satisfied that they had received fair treatment. The duties of his position as secretary were always conducted in a manner above reproach. He was genial, witty and wise, of sanguine temperament and an unfailing fund of good humor which made him the life of any company which he might join. He was warm-hearted and generous to a fault. His friends were of all classes, from the swipe to the multimillionaire. In meeting men he recognized the best in all. He was loyal to his friends and generous to his enemies. Like each one of us he had his failings, but in the minds of his friends his kindly traits were so many as to almost completely hide them. The American trotting horse had few stouter champions, and when horsemen of the present generation meet there will always be a pleasant, kindly word to the memory of William B. Fasig.

His race has ended, the contest finished, and whether his be the first premium or otherwise, the decision is before a Judge, who, in reviewing the race, knows the obstacles and the hindrances he encountered, the unfair driving of others, and One who, holding the scales even, metes out equal and exact justice to all; and the wish of every American horseman who knew William B. Fasig is, "May he rest in peace."

JOSEPH C. SIBLEY.

A FEW PRESS COMMENTS.

His judgment on horses was good, but so remarkably fair was he in his opinions when given to others, that he seemed to have better success in advising others what to buy than in buying for himself, and during his long

career, both as secretary and sale manager, no man could say that William B. Fasig ever gave him any wrong advice in order to get his money.—*American Horse Breeder*.

He died as he lived, a sportsman.—*Trotter and Pacer*.

No man had a bigger heart than William B. Fasig, and he wore it on his sleeve.—*Breeder and Sportsman*.

He was a man of impulse rather than of consummate tact, but unflagging industry brought him success.—*Turf, Field and Farm*.

His business methods, integrity, and a genius for advertising gave the business of selling horses at public auction a status that is now reaching its full fruition.—*Chicago Tribune*.

With Fasig it was always the trotting horse interest first, and his interests incidentally, if at all. A large man physically, he was also big hearted, and friends he never forgot.—*Western Horseman*.

He was hospitable and liberal almost to a fault, a rare entertainer and possessed of a keen sense of humor.—*American Sportsman*.

Fasig was an exceedingly magnetic man, he had a charming personality, and in every circle he entered he soon became its centre and sun. He had a great, generous, sympathetic heart, and was always on the side of the under dog, even when appearances were against the dog.—*Spirit of the Times*.

His remarkable talents were wholly devoted to the trotting industry. His interest was never a merely mercenary one, and his pen and voice, as well as his time, were unceasingly employed in behalf of what was best for the harness horse on and off the turf.—*The Horse Review*.

William B. Fasig was thoroughly informed on all matters pertaining to the trotting horse, his breeding and training, and no one knew better than he did how to successfully conduct a race meeting.—*Kentucky Stock Farm.*

W. H. GOCHER.

HARTFORD, CONN.,

January 21, 1903.

Tales of the Turf

WITH A FEW ODDS AND ENDS
GATHERED
FROM EVERYWHERE.

TROTTING TRACKS.

(Published in "The Spirit of the Times," December 21, 1887.)

"Now, boys, don't think you can go out into the commons, with a piece of rope and a halter-strap, and lay out a track, for you can't," was the remark of "Uncle Peter," an eccentric, good natured old gentleman of Yankee extraction, and country surveyor of "ye olden time" profession, who loved a horse much better than his serviceable surveyor's chain, to some dozen of us village lads years ago, and shortly after the little bob-tailed Flora Temple clipped the wings of the phantom scythe-bearer, electrifying the world by the achievement, and making the then obscure town of Kalamazoo famous. No portion of the world was more enthused over the feat than that bounded by the corporation limits of Ashland, O., for Ashland was a "horsey" town, and almost every boy there thought he had a trotter that could give even Flora Temple a race (mine was "Nellie," a bob-tailed roan mare of uncertain age and wheezy propensities), if we only had a track to practice upon. Besides, wasn't Ashland County the home of Post Boy, Camden, Telamon, Bacchus, Blackbird, Grey Eagle and Stump Puller and didn't "Uncle Peter" own a black mare by Camden, "the very picter of Flora Temple, only she war black," as "Uncle Peter" asserted, and he ought to know, for hadn't he seen "Flora trot at Cleveland?"

But a truce to these reminiscences of boyhood's times and trotting aspirations. Suffice it to say that, with Uncle Peter's assistance, we built a track of tan-bark, and from that time Ashland's trotters were not short of work, if they were deficient in Flora's 2:19 $\frac{3}{4}$ speed. But what a great day it was for our country when my Nellie beat the local star, Lucy, and trotted in just 3:03! Uncle Peter came to his chain's length years ago; the hair of most of the lads is nearly as gray as his was then; the wildest one of the band is a minister; the swiftest runner is one of the leading railroad magnates on the Pacific Coast; the richest boy is working for "day's wages" in a mine of the "stuff" he so lavishly squandered; the red-headed boy, who read "Dick Turpin" and "Claude Duval" during school hours, is a professional gambler; a number have joined Uncle Peter, and, let us hope, are bearing the endless golden chain of happiness; and, as a fit apropos, the only one who adopted the horse profession "for a livin'" should have been the best boy. But I doubt if I was above the average in this respect, and, were the point left to the minister aforesaid, his decision would have been a dead heat between him and me—for I am that "only one."

2:19 $\frac{3}{4}$ is now only a jog for many of our flyers; still many of us are "hankering" after that jog.

HOW TO BUILD A TRACK.

First get your land, then get a surveyor, would be my prescription. Forty-nine acres for a mile, fourteen acres for a half-mile track—but don't forget the surveyor. This acreage is simply what is necessary for a track having a homestretch sixty-five feet and a backstretch forty feet wide, and does not include the land

required for buildings. That, and the width of a track, are matters for each association to decide for itself, and will vary according to the uses to which the track is to be put. For strictly a trotting association or county fair ground, I think from ten to twelve acres about the proper quantity.

In the calculations and illustrations presented, distances are stated in feet, and (generally decimal) fractions thereof. The illustrations will, I think, give anyone a clear idea of how to lay out a track much better than any written description can, if the ground be susceptible of having one built of regulation form. If not, then special engineering is necessary. Special mention need only be made of the methods for laying out turns, as the stretches are simply matters of distances fully explained in the illustrations. There are three plans which I regard the best to work by:

THE ENGINEER'S PLAN.

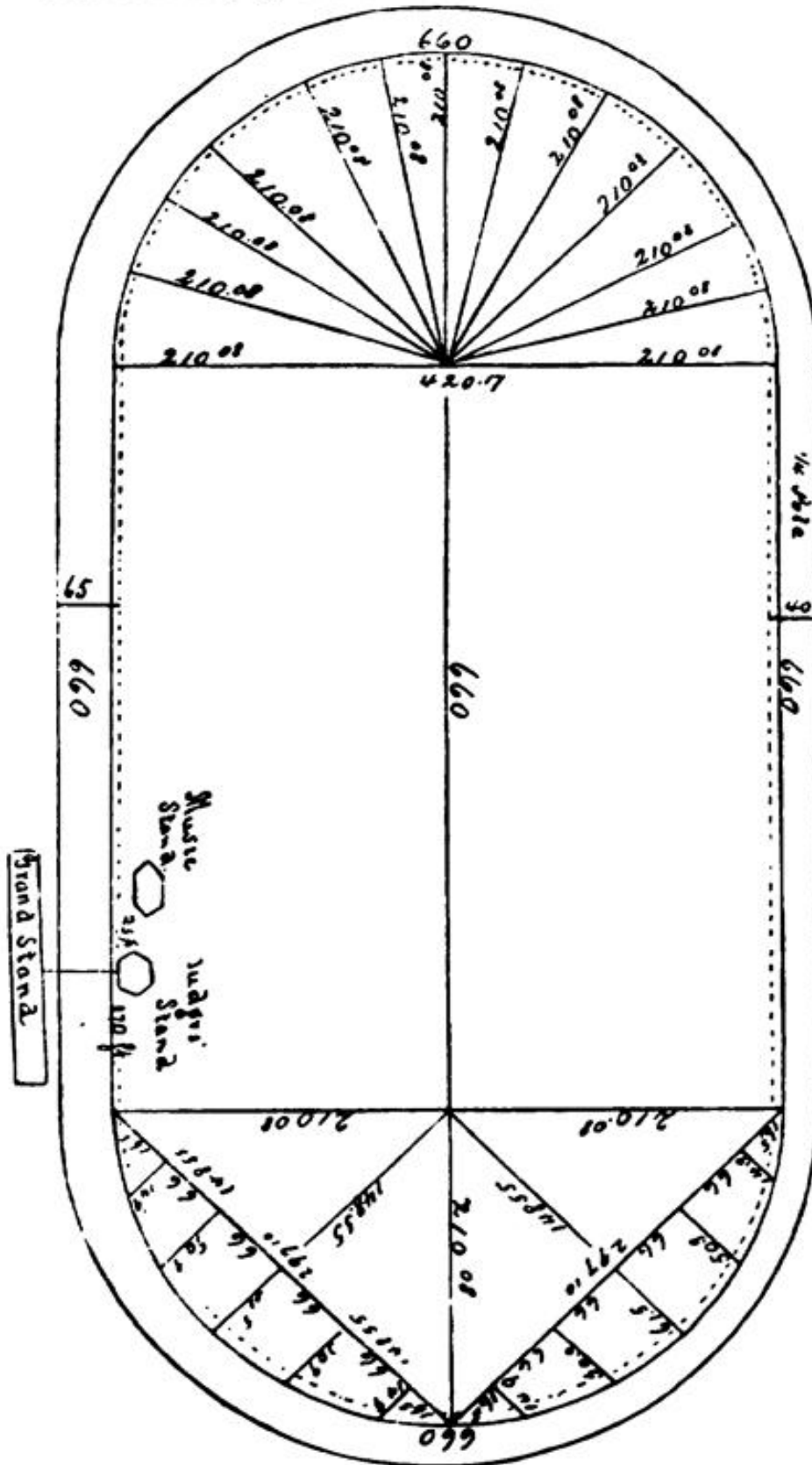
For experts with approved instruments. For a regulation mile track (see fig. 1); From points of curve deflect angles of 3 degrees and lay off chords of 43.98 feet. Ordinates from these chords (see detail fig. 4) at one-fourth and one-half their length, are respectively 0.43 foot and 0.58 foot.

For a half-mile track (see fig. 3); From points of curve deflect angles of 6 degrees and lay off chords 43.92 feet. Ordinates from these chords (see detail fig. 5) at one-fourth and one-half their length, are respectively 0.86 foot and 1.15 feet.

THE SURVEYOR'S PLAN.

For surveyors with ordinary surveying implements. The illustrations (see figs. 1 and 2) will clearly indicate

Method of Laying Out Turn Recommended to Amateurs.



Method of Laying Out Turn Recommended for Surveyors with Ordinary Instruments.

FIG. 2—Half-Mile Track.

the simple methods for both mile and half-mile tracks. (As an assistance to surveyors in making a true curve, see details figs. 6 and 7.) This plan is susceptible of being worked by anyone with tape-line and wire, but, as it is necessary to get the ordinates at exactly right angles to

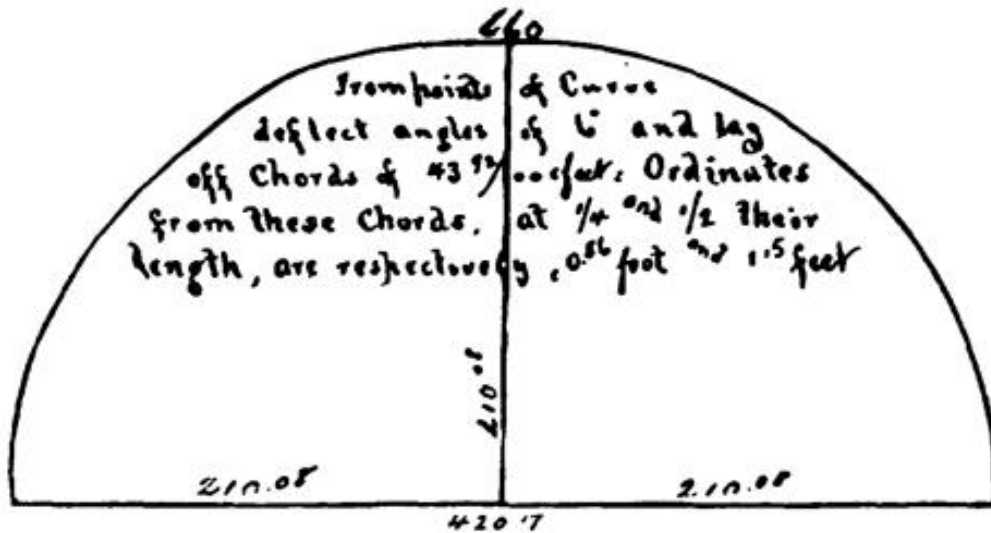


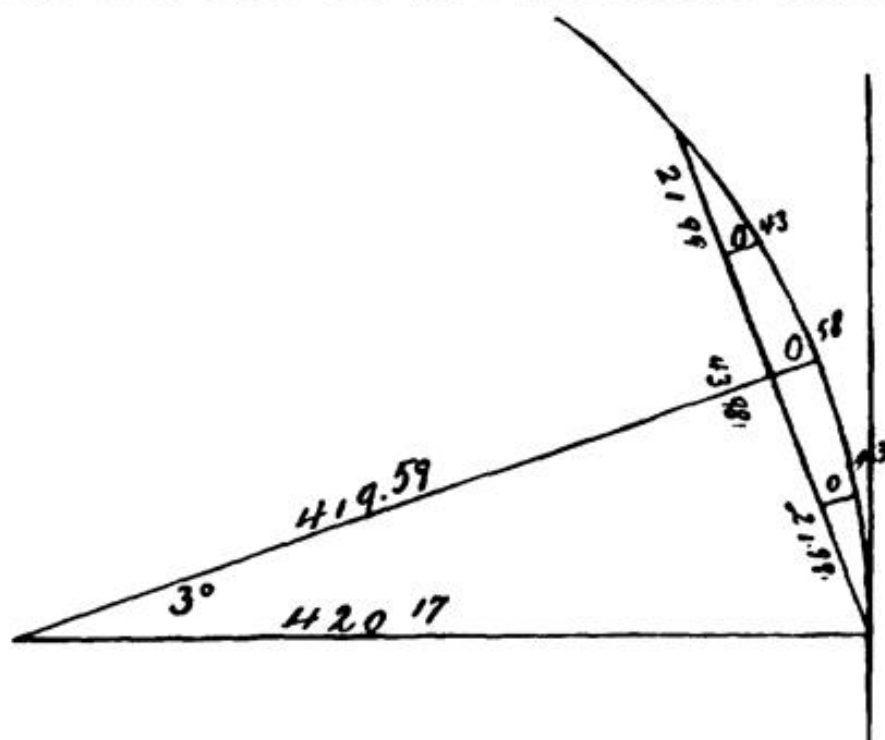
FIG. 3—Regulation Half-Mile Track. Engineer's Plan.

the chords, and but a slight deviation therefrom would affect the curve, I strongly advise all amateurs to adopt

THE AMATEUR'S PLAN,

which is so plainly illustrated in figs. 2 and 8. Having laid out the straight lines, as indicated, all that is then necessary, for a mile track, is a piece of wire, four hundred and twenty feet two and one-eighth inches long (420.17 feet). From a stake driven at the intersection of the long middle line with the line that runs from the commencement of the turn on one stretch to its commencement on the other, stretch this wire at any angle as many times as you like (the oftener the better) and its end will be a point on the turn. If the wire is held level it will be impossible to make a mistake in this simple method. If the ground is not level (slight unequal-

ities will not affect the result) the wire should be raised at both ends so as to make it level. The oftener these radii are struck the easier it is to form a true curve. It is not necessary to observe any stated distances between the points on the curve. You cannot go wrong, for the end of the wire will always be at the turn; therefore if some obstruction exists, skip it and stretch the wire at shorter or longer distances apart at that particular place. For a half-mile track the wire will be two hundred and



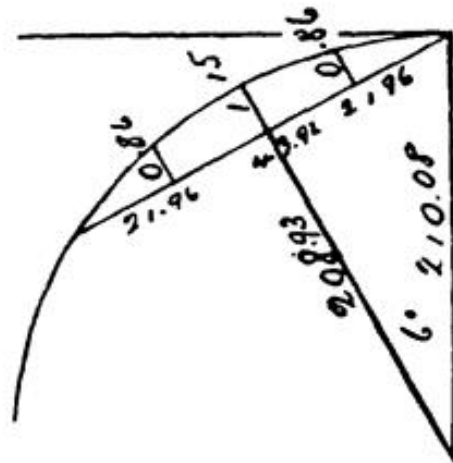
DETAIL FIG. 4—For Engineers. Showing Chords and Sub-ordinates to Fig 1. (Regulation Mile Track).

ten feet one and one-sixteenth inch (210.08 feet) long, and the method is, of course, the same. A wire is better than a rope or cord, as the latter will stretch.

The foregoing gives the true mile or half-mile line. Set the fence just three feet inside this line, on both the turns and stretches (see dotted lines in illustrations, figs. 1 and 2), and a regulation mile or half-mile track is the result.

While speaking of fences, be sure and have a hub-board on the pole one, and have the one that encloses the grounds high enough to defeat the efforts of fence scalers—and it need be high, for they are climbers from the headwaters of Climber's Creek. A couple of barbed wires strung on top of the fence, about eight or ten inches apart, is a cheap thing, and not a cheerful prospect to these vermin.

The turns on a mile track should be "thrown up" one foot in ten of width, so that a turn forty feet wide

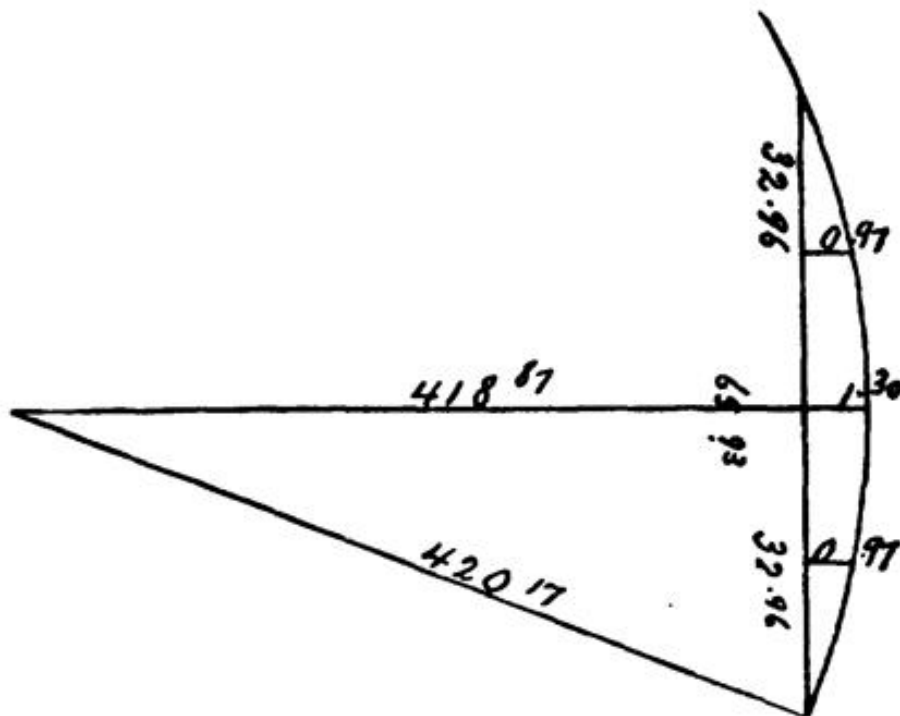


DETAIL FIG. 5 (TO FIG. 3)—For Engineers (Half-Mile Track).

would, at its highest point, be four feet higher at the outside than at the pole. On a half-mile track the turns should be "thrown up" one foot and three inches in every ten feet of width, or five feet on a forty-foot turn. It is obvious that this rise cannot be abruptly made at the commencement of the turn, and I would therefore recommend that it be commenced far enough back from that point so that one-half of the total rise would be gained at the commencement of the turn. For convenience, it would be well to lay off stations of forty-four feet each, commencing four stations back from the point of curve and gradually raising one-half foot in each station, so that

when the commencement of the turn was reached two feet of the outside elevation would be gained. From that point the grade could be increased to one foot in each forty-four-foot station, until the required outside elevation was reached. This "throwing up" of the turns should be commenced on both stretches for both turns and worked towards the apex of each.

For draining purposes it is well to have the outside of the stretches somewhat higher than at the pole—say



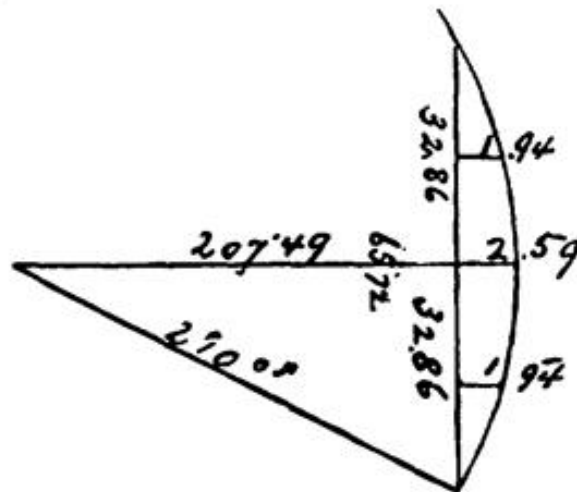
DETAIL FIG. 6—For Surveyors, Showing Chords and Sub-ordinates to FIG. 1, for the Purpose of Assisting in Turning Curves (Regulation Mile Track).

one foot. Two feet inside the pole fence there should be a ditch at least a foot wide and the same in depth, to receive the drainage; and at intervals of twenty-five feet, or oftener if required by wet spots, there should be small gutters from the inside edge of the track to the ditch. These gutters must be shallow, especially on the turns, to avoid carrying the water off too rapidly, and

by so doing creating small "wash-out" places on the track opposite them.

SOIL AND GRADES.

Of course, natural soil, if the right kind, is the best. If, however, the soil is naturally sandy, then the road-bed must be covered with a dressing, about 6 inches deep, of clay or clay-loam, and be as free as possible from pebbles. Therefore, in choosing between two locations, the one with the naturally good soil has many advantages; for the cost of top-dressing a track is a larger item than those not posted would imagine, even though the desired soil be close at hand. Besides, the natural soil wears much better than the artificial article, the latter having to be renewed every few seasons, while the former not only lasts much longer, but when worn out the top can be plowed under and new soil brought to the surface at very slight expense. Between clay, clay loam,



DETAIL FIG. 7 (TO FIG. 2)—For Surveyors. Regulation Half-Mile Track

muck, or any rich soil that packs readily, with the least tendency to "cup," there is little choice.

The care of a track has much more to do with its speed than is generally supposed. Tracks differ so much in the nature of the soil that to write down rules as to their

care and preparation would be like giving a set formula to train every horse by and expect the best results. The old Chicago track, at a certain stage after a rain, was one of the fastest that ever I saw, and strange to say, its particularly fast stage would be the slowest stage of the Cleveland track, and the latter would be dead and cuppy. Later on, as they became drier, the Chicago track would get too hard, and the Cleveland track get right. I think that the Cleveland track stays in condition a longer time without rain than almost any in the country. Lexington, Ky., has a wonderful track. It is of natural soil, and very fast soil at that, and, I am told, gets but little

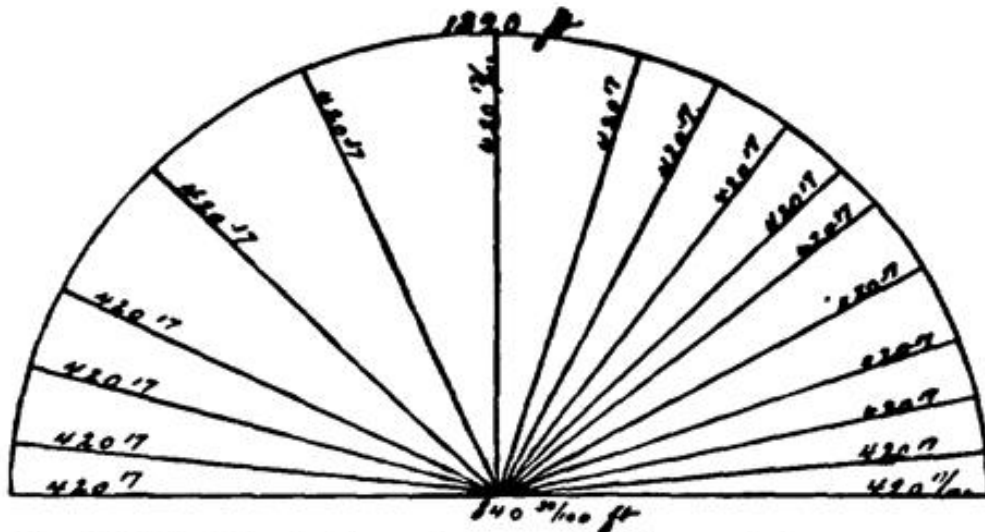


FIG. 8—Best Method for laying out turns of mile track for amateurs, with a wire four hundred and twenty and seventeen hundredths feet (= 420 feet 2 1/4 inches) long. (For half-mile tracks reduce one-half. See Fig. 2).

care. Although, during the training season—which commences there early and continues late—there are probably on an average one hundred horses trained over it daily, and nothing has been done to it in the way of renewing the surface for over ten years, yet it is as lively and fresh as any track in America, and I doubt if there is a faster one. Any other track I know of, with the same use, would be utterly and irrevocably worn out and

not fast enough for a first-class funeral procession. Buffalo has also a naturally fast track, but it is miserably conditioned.

A slight grade on a track is far from being a disadvantage, but it seems to me the descent should be in the last part of the mile.

The Lexington track has a heavy grade, the descent commencing almost immediately at the wire and continuing about three-eighths of a mile; a steep ascent for about a quarter further, then a descent reaching nearly, if not quite, to the wire. Undoubtedly that track would be faster, however, were the grades somewhat reduced. The Cleveland track has an up grade of about sixteen inches to the quarter-pole, and over two feet from that point to the half-mile pole; a descent of about two and a half feet from the half to the three-quarter pole, and from the latter to the wire—the remainder—something over one foot. Whether this slight grade rests any set of muscles and enables a horse to trot faster is very doubtful in my mind, but to the grade our worthy President* attributes much of the excellence of the track we all swear by.

IMPLEMENTS AND CONDITIONING.

The first requisite to keep a track in condition is water, and when the heavens do not furnish a sufficient supply of that fluid the sprinkling cart must. And right here, let me say, in order to have a fast track during race week, you cannot let it go without care the other fifty-one weeks in the year. The sprinkling wagon should have wheels with a tire six inches wide, to prevent cutting up the track with its heavy load. The holes

*The late William Edwards.

in the tin sprinkler should be three times as large as those of an ordinary street sprinkler; for if sprinkling is necessary at all, a liberal supply of water is required to get good results.

Next to water is the harrow, an implement that is both the life and death of a track. Just how much harrowing his particular track needs the man who "bosses the job" must know. As I said before, every horse cannot be trained alike, but every horse needs a harness; neither can all tracks be worked alike, but every track needs a harrow. The proper time to harrow is after a rain or after sprinkling. Never harrow an absolutely dry track, or you will render it rotten and cuppy. The same evil result follows too frequent or too deep harrowing, as it separates and reseparates the particles of soil, causing it to lose its adhesive properties, and resulting in a dead, rotten, crusty surface that breaks away and becomes "cuppy" and "pathy." I am convinced that this is the fault of conditioning the Buffalo track. A little less harrow, and a little more of the scantling "flote" (an implement they do not seem to have) would materially improve that fast course. Every track should have two harrows, and at least one of them should be sharp all the time; the duller one to use when the track is soft, and the sharper one when it is hard. By frequently changing the hitching place to its different corners, a harrow will retain its sharpness a longer time. The best harrow is made of four oak planks, two inches thick, one foot wide and about six feet long, each bolted through the ends to prevent splitting. These planks are fastened together, leaving spaces of about six inches between them. Holes should be bored for the teeth, four inches apart, small enough to hold them tightly, and so arranged that

the teeth will not follow in the same track. The teeth should be of the best steel, five-eighths of an inch square, about seven inches long, and should be driven to an exact level of two inches on the under surface.

Next, the harrow, and almost equal to it in importance, is a scantling frame "flote" or "floter." It is made of "two by four" pine scantlings, sixteen feet long, set upon their edges and spiked together, making a frame sixteen feet square. Between the front and rear scantlings should be three others at regular intervals, to which the side scantlings are also spiked. On top of the ones set edgewise should be two others, laid flat, parallel to the sides and spiked to the under ones. This is to make it stiff. The implement is now ready for use, and should be hitched to slightly, at one side of the centre, so as to carry the surplus dirt and pebbles to the outside. It is by far the best implement for keeping a track smooth and free from "waves" that has ever been invented.

A Griffin scraper is at times an absolutely necessary implement, and no association has a full complement of track tools without it; but its frequent use is rendered unnecessary by the scantling flote. After a severe storm, which often washes the loose dirt down to the pole, especially on the turns, it is necessary to remove it, and carry it out, then the Griffin machine is a necessity. After a Griffin scraper, a light harrow should be used, then follow with a scantling flote, and you will have a track fit to trot on for a kingdom. There is no substitute for this flote.

I notice on some tracks an implement, intended, I suppose, as a substitute for the scantling frame, but which in reality is the worst thing that can be used. It is constructed of three or four planks, about eight feet long,

lapped on to each other at the edges lengthwise and nailed together. It is hitched to at the centre and dragged around the track. Simply as a means of crushing the small lumps of earth and smoothing the track, it is, possibly, as effective as the scantling flote, but it does not rid the track of pebbles, for it rolls right over them, whereas the flote carries them to the outside fence; but the principal evil is that, as its length on the ground is but three or four feet, it cannot bridge any waves made by the Griffin scraper or by small wash-outs, and down it goes into each little chasm, rendering them deeper and broader, and, as an inevitable result, you soon have a wavy track to make profane men of our Christian drivers.

BUILDINGS.

The distance stands should be located at the outside of the track. Quarter, half-mile, and three-quarter poles should be painted bright red and stationed at the proper places at the inside of the track. On a direct range to them from the judges' stand, similar poles should be erected on the outside of the track also. Eighth-mile poles are also a convenience at times, though not a necessity.

The Judges' stand should be set back from the track about ten feet and on a mile track, about three hundred feet from the turn; on a half-mile track, about one hundred and seventy feet. It should be on the inside of the track. I am aware that this is a counter opinion to that advocated by many, but firmly believe it is the proper place for it. The argument used against it is something about the judges' view of the pole horse being "fore-shortened," whatever that means in this connection. If it means anything, why wouldn't their view of the out-

side horse be "foreshortened" were the judges located at the outside of the track? If a judge cannot look down over two wires (and there should be two, one hung about two feet, and exactly plumb under other) and tell which horse reaches it first, he has missed his calling. These close finishes are unfortunately so rare that the people are not educated to the fact that no one standing on a level with the horses, even though directly under the wire, can tell to an absolute certainty the winner, and no one stationed at the slightest angle to the wire, no matter where he may stand or sit, can decide a close finish or time a horse to a certainty. The man who stands over the wire in the judges' stand is the only one who can decide that, and to him the decision is an easy matter, not the wonderful feat we hear about; and the closer the horses are to him the easier the decision. The pole horse is the one usually chosen to score by, and it is evident he can be better protected when near the starter.

Possibly the instantaneous photographic process might be used to advantage, but I doubt if it would change five decisions in ten years. Dead heats are very infrequent, and generally when they are decided dead, the decision is based on some resting or gaining break of the leading horse, in which case the camera would prove nothing. I firmly believe that any man with two good eyes—or one good one, for that matter—can look down over two wires and tell which horse gets there first as well as an instantaneous photograph can. Besides, we would be spared the infliction of those awful pictures of a horse, man and sulky in the most terrible, struggling contortions, suspended in mid-air by an invisible thread. Prince Wilkes would commit suicide were he shown his photograph in one of his famous finishes.

The starting by a drum I like. There are many representatives of the Damphool family at every race meeting always ready to yell "Go!" and frequently causing false starts; but every Damphool cannot peddle a drum around with him if he can his lusty lungs; so give us the drum.

And the electric timing clock is another "consummation devoutly to be wished."

The grand stand is an important matter for consideration. The pitch of the seats has more to do with a good view than any other one thing, and should be at about a thirty degree angle. The posts supporting the roof should not be so numerous nor so large as to hide the view. The angle at which a stand should set is influenced considerably by its length. I think that stands should be set closer to the track than is now customary, so that announcements from the judges can be better heard, and names and figures on the blackboard more easily discerned by the spectators. I would locate its nearest end (which should be the one towards the first turn) about fifteen feet from the track fence, and bear off at an angle of six feet in every one hundred, if the stand be a long one. A short stand can be set at a greater angle if desired, but it is doubtful if any advantages would be gained by so doing.

The stables should be located together, and within easy call of the patrol judges. The cheapest method is to build a series of barns with compartments of four stalls, two on a side, facing each other, in each. But it is open to serious objection, for it brings together the horses of different trainers, and there is no privacy nor security. The horses that have had their work, and should be resting, are excited and annoyed by the noise

and hub-bub incident to "rubbing out" others, etc. I have no doubt that many a nervous horse has lost his race by reason of this one thing. So the better plan is to have a separate box-stall for each horse by himself. They should be ten feet wide and sixteen feet deep; and four feet from the door there should be a movable cross-bar made of a scantling. The partitions should be made of plank. The door should be double, so the lower portion could be closed and the upper left open when desired. There should be a window at the rear of each stall and a ventilator in the roof. (The ventilator can be built immediately over the partition and do duty for two stalls at once.) The stalls should be built in rows and have one loft, partitioned for hay and straw, for every twenty stalls, and a shed roof should be built the entire front of the row.

THE TICKET SYSTEM.

"Ah, there's the rub" and a matter of the gravest consideration to every track manager. There should be four different colored single daily admission tickets, or a different color for each day, for both the gate and grand stand. The badges should be of two kinds, one for complimentaries and owners and drivers, the other a season badge, good for the whole meeting, to be sold at reduced rates. These badges should have daily coupons attached. Now the duty of the gate-men is simply to take up these daily admission tickets and coupons and drop them into the small aperture of the locked ticket-boxes provided for that purpose; yet, simple as that duty is, he who goes through the boxes after a meeting, to count the tickets and balance results, will discover anything from a fine-tooth comb to a pair of suspenders, which have been

passed and taken for admission during a rush. Many a five-dollar losing French-pool ticket does duty for its buyer at the gate during a rush. The only safe-guard for making this swindling a minimum item is to employ intelligent men, and with intelligence that quality more essential and possibly more rare, honesty. The entire ticket and pass system of any organization is a source of vexation and susceptible of great improvement. So here is a chance for some genius to immortalize himself by making it perfect.

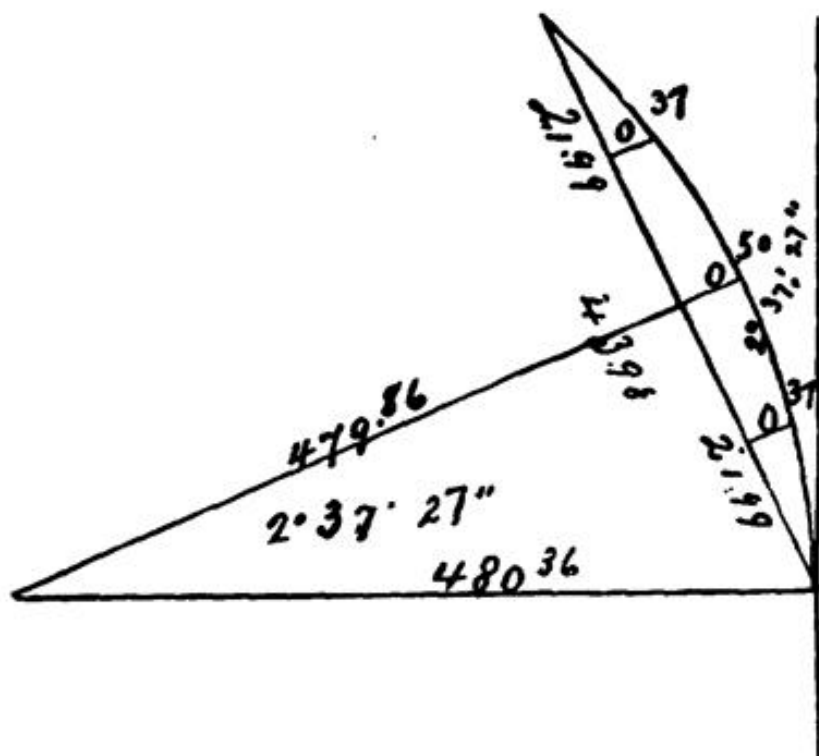
TRACK HOBBIES.

It is admitted that every man, and especially every horseman, has a hobby—they drive their horses, but ride their hobbies—some insist that this particular color or that particular form is essential to a good horse, while there are thousands who hold exactly opposite opinions. Splan's hobby is to let some one else be second; my hobby is a kite-shaped track. I'll give an instance of Splan's hobby first, then have a say about the merits of mine.

I rather infer, from what I hear, that it was to "do" the childlike Jack Feek with his good mare Kitefoot, and secure first, second and third moneys for the trinity, Hickok-Splan-Crawford, with Arab, J. Q. and Charlie Hilton, that the combination was originally conceived and formed, and they had honest "Jack-in-the-box" that was tight and hot, sure enough. It was conceded that Arab could win all the races on his merits, but Splan quietly "sized him up" and at Rochester (August 21, 1887) concluded that J. Q. was "about due." Keeping his own counsel, he simply laid the poison around convenient for the nibbling of all the pool-box rats, including his partners in the tripartite alliance. Hickok won the first heat

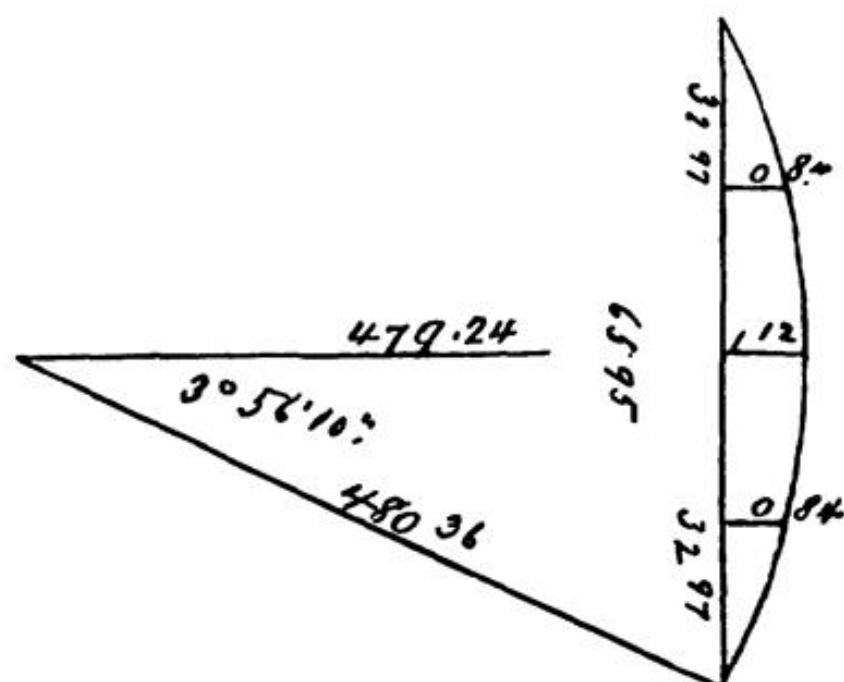
with Arab, Crawford, with Hilton, was second, and Splan "laying up" with J. Q. The second heat J. Q. won, Arab laying up, but Kitefoot stepped along into second place. The third heat, when near the three-quarter pole, Hickok said: "Splan, you better pull back now and let Hilton be second, so as to make third money sure." Splan made no reply, and J. Q. was just sailing along at Arab's necktie. It was a strange thing, and about the only instance on record, for Splan to be silent. Hickok, after they had gone a couple of hundred yards further, repeated: "I say, Splan, you better pull back now and let Crawford be second." Splan found his voice. "Crawford second, eh! Well, I was just thinking I'd let you be second in this race, said Splan. And he did. But what a race it was—and what a "killing."

The illustration (fig. 9) of my hobby thoroughly explains itself, and gives the distances and detail to be fol-



ENGINEER'S DETAIL FIG. 10—Kite Shaped Mile Track. (See Fig. 9).

lowed in its construction. It has third of a mile stretches and a third of a mile turn. I claim it is the fastest



SURVEYOR'S DETAIL FIG. 11—Kite Shaped Mile Track (See Fig. 9.)

form of a track, because there is but one turn to make, and that a long easy one, rendering it nearer a straight mile than can be secured by any other arrangement. It is capable of being built on property that may not be properly shaped for the regulation mile track. If built on a rectangular piece of land it will give a large acreage that can be sold or used for other purposes, like buildings, etc., and on that account would make a very desirable form for large fair associations. In addition to the increase of speed to be obtained incident to making one turn instead of two, every horse in a race, except the pole horse, would trot a "shorter mile" than on the regulation track. Assuming the second position on a track to be six feet from the pole—and it is undoubtedly more than that distance—a horse in second position trots on a regulation track, thirty-seven and seven-tenths feet further than at the pole. On the kite-shaped track, in sec-

ond position, he trots but twenty-two feet further, making a saving in distance of fifteen and seven-tenths feet. This difference applies in the same ratio to all outside positions. It has but one disadvantage that occurs to me, and that is that no heat longer than one mile could be trotted upon it. But for fast time at mile distances it would certainly eclipse any other form. The turn on this track, being longer than the other form, need be thrown up but one foot in twelve.

DIRECTIONS FOR LAYING OUT THE TURN OF A KITE-SHAPED TRACK.

Surveyor's plan: The illustration (fig. 9) shows distances clearly and explains itself. See also detail (fig. 11), which shows subordinates from sixty-six foot chords, at one-quarter and one-half their length, to be respectively 0.84 foot and 1.12 feet.

Engineer's Plan: From points of curve deflect angles of 2 degree 37 minutes and 27 seconds, and lay off chords 43.98 feet. Ordinates from these cords (see detail fig. 10) at one-quarter and one-half their length are respectively 0.37 foot and 0.50 foot.

Amateurs will not undertake the construction of this track, as there are angles and details involved that require experts to work out.

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Breed to speed if you wish to get speed. Do not take excuses for its absence.

TEMPERAMENT OF BROOD-MARES.

(Published in "Wallace's Monthly," July, 1886.)

There is a matter which I have intended writing about for a long time, but for various causes have neglected to do so until now. As I have watched the different performers that have appeared on the turf, my ideas have changed somewhat on the breeding question, and some time I want to compare the Wallace theory with the Fasig theory. They are essentially the same, however, for in fact the latter received its foundation from the teachings of the greatest student of the subject in the world—*i. e.*, J. H. Wallace. But of that another time.

What I want to speak of now is the disposition of brood-mares. Is there any way, without involving too much labor, to get statistics on this subject showing the temperament of the dams of the greatest trotters? I think it an essential question and one that has never received the consideration due it. From my own limited observation it seems a startling fact that every dam that has produced a fast horse has been a very high-strung mare. In a small way I have studied the matter, and have made inquiries from quite a good many sources, and the result is the same in every case. Many of the mares have been vicious, even, and most all of them pullers and luggers. It is the easiest thing in the world to spoil a high-spirited horse and make a lugger or puller of him or make him vicious.

I have recently returned from a trip through Northern New York, where I had a talk with R. White, of Adams, who bred Captain Emmons, Wizz, Buzz, Rufus, etc. After making all due allowance for enthusiasm on his part, his old mare Lady Fulton was a remarkable one. Her excellence has never been half-demonstrated by the records, if Mr. White is correct in his judgment. During our interview he volunteered the information that Lady Fulton was a veritable "bad 'un." She would both kick and balk when she chose, or would if she liked go all day without getting tired. She had a will of her own but had no speed. Her temperament is another link in the chain of evidence as to the value of a high-strung disposition in the dams for successful breeding purposes. She both could and did produce speed from any horse.

Venus got a record of 2:30½, I think, and I saw her, after she was so crippled and sore that she could not stand without continually shifting her feet, go a mile in 2:29½ on a half-mile track. She was by Bacon's Ethan Allen; Wizz was by Roscoe; Buzz was by Toronto Chief, and Rufus by Bacon's Ethan Allen. I think these were the only colts out of her that obtained records, but she was the dam of Brick Pomeroy, that could also beat 2:30, and according to Mr. White, every one of her colts could have beaten that mark if they had been trained. Be that as it may, here is a high-strung, vicious mare, that produced speed to every horse that went to her, no matter of what breeding.

Here at Cleveland every mare that has produced speed has been of high-strung disposition. The dam of Oliver K. was a lugger, speedy but very unsteady, and game for all day. The dam of Lettie Watterson was even worse, and so was the dam of Clingstone a very

game, high-strung mare. The dam of George, Jack Hart, etc., was another of the same character. Belle of Lexington's dam was another, and all of those that have produced speed in or about this city have possessed these same characteristics, not omitting the stubborn, old, fast pacer that produced Frank Ellis, and the mustang that produced a four-year-old pony by Hermes that can beat 2:30, but with no record yet. The dam of Heresy, of Expectation, of Billy Yazell, and all the rest that might be mentioned in this region.

Charles Wagner tells me that it was almost worth a man's life to attempt to drive the dam of Phyllis. W. H. Crawford tells me that Mr. Ladd wrote him that the dam of Alert was so high-tempered that they could scarcely do anything with her, and the dam of Charlie Hilton was the same. May Morning, the dam of Revenue, was about the only exception, if she was an exception. She was fast, level-headed, and prompt. There are many others that have produced speed of lower rate than those I have mentioned that I know were all mares of the same character, which goes to show that will-force has much to do with a mare's success as a producer of fast colts. Your mind will at once grasp the importance of the subject, and instances immediately occur to you either confirming or contradicting the theory.

Now, why not try to trace this point in all brood-mares that have produced more than one 2:30 trotter and in all that have produced one that has trotted in 2:20 or better? I only offer this as a suggestion, not knowing but what you have already considered it in your extensive study and research of facts bearing on the breeding and development of the trotter.

McDOEL.

(Published in "The American Sportsman," December 4, 1890.)

There is a peculiar fascination in the history of a great horse, especially one foaled in obscurity and making himself great by his own achievements, and not the reflected greatness of a fashionable pedigree or renowned relationship.

Somehow the subject of this sketch has frequently come across my turf path when I thought he was over-rated, an out-bred mongrel that was bound to "stop," and as I have continually contributed to the pocket books of wiser bettors, until such contributions have accumulated to considerable over double the original cost of this chestnut gelding, and having seen—and lost on it as usual—his last race at Lexington against Allerton, I think I have paid well for my present opinion, that there are not more than two horses on the American turf that can beat McDoel a three-in-five race, and it is by no means certain that they can.

Having gathered around the stove listening to predictions of phantom winners for next year and reminiscences of trotters whose names are almost buried in oblivion, let me tell the story of one that so often figured 1, 1, 1, in the summaries of 1890, as I heard it from W. A. McNulty, of Sedalia, Mo. He picked this horse out and bought him for a trotter, persistently, through all the ups and downs, believed him to be a trotter, trained him

and made him a trotter, and finally sold him for a trotter's price, \$3,150.

W. A. McNulty is about forty years of age, nearly six feet tall, straight as an arrow, and a native of Pennsylvania. He immigrated to Missouri a number of years ago, locating in Sedalia, and engaged in the feed business, with an eye to the purchase and sale of a good horse as a side issue. It requires but a few moments' conversation with him to impress you that here is a keen, clear-cut man of excellent judgment; a gentleman by nature and education, one—to use a horsey expression—who is level-headed and can go the clip and go it on a trot without making a break.

The breeding of McDoel, according to McNulty, differs from that published. He was by the Phillips Horse, not the Waters Horse. The Phillips Horse was brought from Kentucky, and was saddle and running bred with a trotting cross or two. He was used as a saddle horse, and sired a small family principally saddlers, good lookers and good sellers, but none with trotting speed, so far as known. The dam of McDoel was by a Morgan horse, brought from Illinois to Sedalia. His get were all quite speedy. This dam Mr. McNulty owns. She is a brown mare about fifteen and a quarter hands, very smoothly turned, with a wavy mane and tail, and of strongly marked Morgan conformation, somewhat on the pony pattern, yet withal having some inexpressible thing about her reminding you of her great son, but entirely lacking his rakish look that your boyish memory holds of the pirate craft of the Spanish main. She has a turn of speed herself, and, untrained, can step below a three-minute gait. Her dam was of unknown breeding, but of great local reputation in her parts as an untiring, all-day

wear-and-tear roadster, still another one of the many thousands of examples of "breeding unknown but a great roadster" in the pedigree of renowned performers. That covers about all McNulty could tell me of McDoel's breeding.

One bright October morning in 1888, as the sun was sinking on a level with the broad prairie, bedecked with myriads of tinted fall flowers and the beautiful golden and brown of changing leaves and grasses, the soft twilight of a southwestern autumn evening bringing that feeling of contentment and "good will on earth" peculiar to the hour, W. A. McNulty stood leaning against the gate of his pleasant but unpretentious home, when there rode up to him a man on a chestnut gelding, saying, "Mr. Mac, this horse I'm ridin' is a good 'un. He can go all the saddle gaits and trot good too. He's for sale and as you buy and sell sometimes, I thought I'd ride him 'round."

The flush of interest that he tried so hard as a politic dealer to conceal, did not escape the rider, nor the fact that it did not, Mac noticed. It then immediately became a trading duel between two shrewd men, for from the moment McNulty first put eyes on the horse he was impressed with his greatness, and, strive all he could with his practiced arts, he could not hide from that sharp farmer the presentiment that was on him.

"He's a right likely horse, Mr. Rhoades, what is your price on him?"

"Two hundred," said the farmer.

"Well, Mr. Rhoades, if he's as good as you say and hadn't that curb, your price wouldn't be much out of the road, but with the curb he ought to be bought for \$150."

That was the mistake Mac made, slight, but enough

for the farmer to take advantage of, and Mac afterwards felt like treating his tongue to a coat of tar and feathers for its breach of a trader's strategy, when he learned that the farmer had shown the horse to almost every other horseman in town for \$135.

"Well, you see, Mr. McNulty, the horse belongs to my son, and I couldn't sell him nohow to-night. I'll bring the boy in Thursday and you can do your own tradin' with him," and off rides Rhoades, leaving Mac with his presentiment, leaning on the gate, his hopes, like the sun, going down.

"Well, wife," says McNulty at the supper table, "I just saw the best green horse in Missouri, and oh, how I'd like to own him."

"But Mac, your stable is full of horses now and the expense of keeping them takes all your money. I do hope you won't get another."

"Yes, but I never had or saw one like this. I've owned from time to time a good many and never a real good one. I believe if I had that horse I could sell him for \$2,500 inside a year."

"Mac, you are crazy, plum crazy, \$2,500!"

But next morning McNulty went to a friend, a shrewd cattle dealer, with his story, concluding by saying he hadn't the money on hand he could spare, and proposing that the friend should advance the \$200, and they would own the horse in equal partnership. The story had its effect and Mac went away with the money in his pocket, and rosy visions of the one-half joint ownership in the best green horse in Missouri.

Thursday came, but not likewise the farmer or son or horse. Day after day passed, no horse. Nearly two weeks had gone by, when one day Mac spied his farmer

friend on the street, but the latter immediately dodged around a corner with the too painfully evident notice of avoiding a meeting. Things were getting desperate. "Does that cuss know what I know," soliloquized Mac, "that he has the best green horse in Missouri? It won't do for me to hunt him up, nor go to his farm, for if he don't now, he surely would then, and it would be 'Kitty bar the door' to all my hopes. Confound a sharp farmer, especially the one who owns the horse I want—I've no use for him. But then, the horse, how in thunder am I to get him?"

Meanwhile the cattle dealer would from time to time ask, "Have you got him yet?"

The answer grew more gloomy with each repetition, "Not yet."

Mac had a bright nephew with a horsey intuition, and to him he confided: "Now, Fred, each noon on coming home from school, you go to ——'s stable, that's where Rhoades 'ties in,' careless like, you know, so no one will suspicion your mission, and look at each horse there. If you see a clean-cut, rakish-looking chestnut, nearly sixteen hands, a slim tail, ragged hips, stifles standing out wide and quarters let away down, no white marks, come quick and tell me, see! me, but no one else."

Daily, for the next two weeks, went Fred. There were bays and browns, greys and blacks, and chestnuts too, and horses of every hue known to the kind, but none that filled the description of the best green horse in Missouri.

Now matters were bluer than blue blazes around Mac, and visions of that blood-like chestnut he didn't own haunted his sleep.

As a dying chance he took a trip "hay buying" and

landed seventeen miles from home on the farm of the man who did own him. No one at home; no one at home in any of the neighboring houses. All gone to a "Democratic hurrah," it afterwards transpired, and Mac returned, telling no one of his trip, but internally anathematizing the sharp farmer whom he was now convinced surmised his estimate of the horse and shared in its correctness.

"Mac," said the cattle dealer one day, "it looks like we were not going to get that horse, and anyhow, cattle is my business, not trotting horses, so I guess I'll draw out."

The \$200 was refunded and the partnership expired, not perhaps strictly by "mutual consent," but expired.

From time to time Mac got a glimpse of the shrewd farmer, when the dodging tactics were invariably and successfully practiced.

February came, and again one evening the rakish, slim-tailed chestnut with powerful quarters, was ridden up to Mac's house, this time by a young man.

It was Mac's inning now. He had lasted longest in the game of bluff of holding off between the man who really wanted to sell all the time and the one who wanted, awfully, all the time to buy.

"I've brought that horse around, Mr. McNulty," said the young man.

"Ah," says Mac, "let me see, what horse?"

"Why the Rhoades horse father talked to you about last fall," says the son, a chip of the old block, as he tranquilly sized up Mac's countenance and actions, and shrewdly guessing, although at a disadvantage in the situation, that beneath Mac's icy exterior still burned the desire to own that chestnut, curb and all.

But Mac was game. It was a matter of professional pride now. Between the desire of owning the best green horse in Missouri and the dealer's wounded pride, it was nearly a dead heat.

"Well, you see," said Mac, "That was a good while ago, and though I like your horse well enough, I have no particular use for him now."

"All right," said Rhoades, Jr., as he half turned to go, "But I thought you might have a brood mare in foal you would like to trade for this gelding, and he's a good one, that's what he is."

"Well," said Mac, "I have several mares, look around in the stable for yourself and say how you would trade for one."

The boy slipped down from the horse, looked over the stock, quickly picking out one, the very best mare Mac owned, saying he'd trade for her. But Mac wouldn't part with that one, so the boy chose another, the next best one. Mac didn't relish the choice but the fever was on him again as old man Rhoades hove in sight.

"I'll trade for her and take \$60 to boot," said the boy.

Mac was still game and really afraid to accept too suddenly.

"No, I can't do that," said Mac.

"Oh, he'll take \$50 to boot," said Rhoades, Sr.

Mac replied, "The mare would sell for about as much as the horse in the market, but I believe the horse will do me some good and I know you want the mare, so I guess I'll trade."

There was one happy man that February night West of the Mississippi and it was W. A. McNulty of Sedalia, the proud owner of the best green horse he ever saw.

The mare had a short time previously cost \$150, so

"Sedalia Boy," as he was immediately named, changed hands on a \$200 basis.

"Hold on, Mac, is that the hoss," hailed the cattle dealer one day. "I haven't any interest in him, but came near having, and to satisfy my curiosity, I'd like to look him over and see if I'd be pleased had I stayed in."

After carefully inspecting the hoss, he said: "Mac, I'm going to be frank with you. If you had bought him for us jointly I should not have been satisfied, and while I wish you the best of luck, I'm afraid you will never get out even on him." This was a damper, but the cattle man had only repeated expressions previously used by others and Mac was callous, still insisting that he was right in his estimate of the horse.

The first shoes Sedalia Boy wore were factory-made and cost just sixty cents for the four. They weighed ten ounces each—the same behind as before. He was a trotter from the start, there seemed to be no limit to his speed, and with no inclination whatever to break.

When the track opened in the spring he was driven down to it occasionally, but do what he could, McNulty could not make Sedalia Boy trot around the turns. On the stretches he would go swift and true, but invariably broke and galloped around the turns, getting worse with each trial until he would not go even on a jog, but would canter around them. In the minds of all trainers there, Sedalia Boy was not worth the air he breathed as a race horse.

His training on the track, which was a half-mile one, was entirely abandoned. McNulty was disappointed and finally a St. Louis dealer offered \$500 for the horse.

With this proposition McNulty went to his wife, who said: "Why, I thought you always talked \$2,500."

"Well," said Mac, "I still believe he is the best green horse in Missouri and worth \$2,500."

"Then I wouldn't take \$500," retorted the game little wife, who had become fond of the rakish looking chestnut.

As a final measure McNulty said: "I'll do one of two things, I'll either take the \$500 now, or if you will agree, in case of my failure, never to allude to the subject, and my son will consent to run the business during his vacation, thereby working at a time he should have his recreation, so I can give myself and the horse a fair chance, I'll systematically train him, and try and make Sedalia Boy bring \$2,500," which in his circumstances was a large amount.

The compact was ratified. Sedalia Boy started soon afterwards in a race, but was "shut out" the first heat in 2:41. He started again, and was distanced, but McNulty still believed he owned the best horse in Missouri. It is safe to say he was the only one on earth at that time who did believe it.

The next race the horse got second money, McNulty happily and accidentally discovering that by taking a strong hold of him and clucking to him at every stride he would go the turns without breaking. He also discovered that the horse had been brushing his arms, and properly protected them. Then Sedalia Boy at once awakened to the fact that he was a race horse, and probably the best green one in Missouri, as he flashed like a meteor across the trotting sky.

He trotted several races, and his winnigs enabled McNulty to buy his dam for \$140, a loan of which had been denied him by a relative, because it was wanted for that purpose. He then went to Kansas City, Mo., and

there gave the horse a record of 2:26 $\frac{1}{4}$, and sold him to genial Jim Ogleby, of that place, for \$3,150. His subsequent races have been an almost unbroken chain of victories, and a matter of turf history. That is the story of McDoel, 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$, the horse that defeated Allerton in the Transylvania of 1890.

Don't let us loose sight of stamina and quality in our wild scramble for speed.

The best method of training yearlings, in my opinion, is to let them train themselves in the pasture fields. If, however, you insist on having a hand in the training, get Marvin's book, and follow instructions.

Eliminate the luck element as far as it can possibly be done, and let the race go to the best horse as often as possible—the horse that can stay the best, act the best and fight out the best race, rather than to a flashy, speedy one that must win, if at all, in short order.

There is only one really good sire in every ten thousand stallions, and there is also a very small percentage of horses that are successful turf horses. Now, then, the combination of a successful sire and a successful trotter in any one horse must be an extremely rare one, and that is all there is to the theory that developed horses have not been successful sires.

A STRANGE LAND.

(Published in "The American Sportsman," January 15, 1891.)

On December 6, 1891, there was found by a party of oyster fishers near Norfolk, Va., a floating bottle-shaped concern, corked and sealed, containing a strange story of a strange land, the attention of which does not seem to have been brought to scientists, or at all events, it has not received the consideration its importance deserves. On the bottle is blown some strange hieroglyphics, which gives color to the strange story of its contents, which follows:

"I've been here, I cannot say just how long, for as my story, which follows, will explain, I have to a certain extent lost the reckoning of time, but it must be some three years. The date I last remember is August 16, 1883. The causes which led to this loss of reckoning has also left my memory of names, my own among them, blank. I cannot therefore name any of my friends, but places and dates prior to my misfortune are vivid in my memory.

"I was born near the town of Ashland, State of Ohio, United States of America, and while a student of nearly sixteen years of age enlisted in the army, Company H, Forty-second Ohio Regiment of Infantry. My Captain was the principal of the school from which I enlisted; my Colonel was a renowned man, who was afterwards elected President and was assassinated. As a boy I was

"horsey," and on receiving my discharge from the army: I gave bent to my inclinations and engaged in the business. I owned several horses with some speed with which I won a considerable amount of money by trotting at the fairs each fall, investing it in horseflesh, until in December, 1881, having heard of the interest in the American trotter in foreign countries, I decided on taking my stable to England. I there found a ready market for the horses, selling them all at fair prices. Thinking there might be money in buying a few Russian trotters and taking them to my country, I determined on going there. Arriving in St. Petersburg in June following, I was the day after arrested, charged with a political conspiracy. Having no friends, knowing nothing of their language, and relying upon my innocence, I did not realize any danger until I was convicted and sentenced. A few days subsequent I was bundled into a railway car with a lot of other prisoners and started for Siberia.

"Oh, the unutterable horror of that journey. God spare any living being, no matter what his crime, from that awful misery. I tried, by remembering I was an American, to be game, but my heart failed me, and I look back on the terrors of that dreadful journey with a shudder.

"After many months of traveling through a desolate waste of country, from one exile station to another, we at last arrived at our destination, the mines of Siberia.

"The one ruling, never absent thought of the Siberian exile, is escape. He thinks of it by day, and dreams of it by night. There were three Russians who understood and spoke English, with whom I formed acquaintances, and we were not long in planning our escape. Day by day we accumulated things that would not be missed by

our guards, and arranged details, till at last the favored moment came. We started, not in the return direction, but North; one of the Russians having friends further on at one of the extreme outposts of Siberia, in Government employ.

"I will not attempt a description of our travels; first one of my companions died, then another, leaving but one Russian and myself. We were aided by the natives, and lived in their villages many months, travelling from one place to another whenever we could obtain a guide, with no set purpose, but a nameless phantom hope that something would occur in our favor.

"We heard rumors that led us to believe that an Arctic expedition was in the region. Then my last companion died, and I was left alone. Alone! If this story is ever found, I ask the reader if he knows what that word 'alone' means?

"Somehow I noticed that the weather was getting warmer, and I attributed it to the change of season. One day I found a strange craft frozen in an ice floe. It was of the yawl order, but very large, nearly a yacht in size. By hard work I manage to get it loose from the ice, and to store what few provisions I had in it, and set it afloat was my next move. A rapid current carried me along for, I cannot tell how long. I knew not in what direction, but I fairly flew, and day by day it became warmer.

"That's all I can tell! whether I went to sleep, or sank into an exhausted faint I cannot say. The next thing I know I opened my eyes in a hospital with all the comforts imaginable. The people looked like the people in the United States, dressed much like them, but had the strangest language ever heard by man. I was, as might be expected, looked upon as a curiosity, but I could see

the joy of my coming back to reason depicted in their looks and actions. I had the very best care and nursing, and any number of visitors calling to see me. Of course, I could only greet them by shaking hands, and thank them with my eyes for their kindness.

“Daily I became stronger, and was at last convalescent, and allowed to be outdoors. The weather was delightful, and everything gave token of a very old country, wealth and refinement. The people were such as might be seen in New York City, without indication of poverty in any respect. They all dressed well, were very cheerful, pleasant and cordial. The trades and arts were about as in my country, but in many respects, especially mechanics, my land was far away behind them. In some particulars they were away behind Americans. Of course my first thought was horse, and what horses; perfect in every respect, apparently not an unsound one in the nation. They were about the size of the American trotters, but averaging larger, scarcely any smaller than fifteen and three-quarter hands, and few over sixteen hands. Imagine the most blood-like horse your conception can picture, with bone like ivory, good substance, but nothing gross, clean cut necks, the most beautiful heads, eyes and ears that mortal men ever saw, and your most vivid imagination will fall short of their beauty and spirit, coupled with kindness and intelligence.

“Every man, woman and child is a horse lover. But the vehicles! Holy Sailor, the vehicles and harness! Everything is on two wheels. The racing cart is a counterpart of the low, heavy ‘Roman chariots’ that were used in America for exhibitions by female ‘chariot riders’ and weigh not less than three hundred pounds. The driver stands up in racing. The harness is five times the weight

necessary for any purpose, a coupe harness being lighter. They have collar and hames, the latter standing high above the collar and ornamented with pure gold at the tops and with tassels and gay ribbons. Everyone is a race-goer. The horses never make a break and have only two gaits, walk and trot. There is no such thing as an interfering boot of any description, nor a toe-weight, and none is needed. All the horses are clean-gaited, smooth and frictionless, and they can fairly fly. Watches are used very similar to my own, but time is divided differently. In all my travels I stuck to my fly-back watch, and it has been examined and admired by many jewelers here. The horses trot heats on straight-away courses. I have no means of telling exactly the distance, but have measured several of the courses the best I can, which of course is partly a guess, and as near as I can figure it they are five thousand five hundred and fifty feet long, certainly longer than American tracks. The meetings are managed practically as the American meetings are, horses being divided into classes according to records, which they keep with great accuracy; scoring the same, or rather not the same, for the drivers try to get off. Now, I'm going to tell something that will prove how far they are ahead of American people in mechanics. The judges occupy a small portion of the middle of the grand stand, which is two stories in height and about seven hundred and fifty feet long. Immediately on the start being given the grand stand starts also and keeps up with the leading horse, no matter at what speed, as that is under the control of the engineer. Every inch of the race is therefore under immediate observation. Think of it, an immense structure with probably twenty thousand people flying along a race track at better than a two-minute gait, and that means

about five thousand five hundred and fifty feet, as near as I can reckon it. The fastest heat I have yet timed in a race is 1:47 $\frac{3}{4}$, but by motions I am told this is some slower than the fastest on record, and the mare which I tell about further showed me a trial of 1:44 $\frac{1}{2}$. I can't for the life of me comprehend their division of time. The records show about twenty figure characters for each heat trotted. Horses are allowed about twenty minutes to cool out in. There are no bandages, blankets or liniments of any kind in use. The festive rubbing cloth is wielded the same as in America, but the people using it are dressed fit for church. The drivers and horse attendants are the elite of the land, very gentlemanly and cultivated men, the profession ranking the same as the ministerial one in America. Drivers are not adverse to helping in "rubbing out," and, differing from the American reinsmen, are always with their horses. They drive to win, that is evident. There is never any back talk to the judges; no trickery, but good, honest racing. A driver here who would 'foul' another or resort to any questionable methods, there is no telling what would be done with him. At the conclusion of a heat in one race, the horses for another are ready. The grand stand goes back to the starting point and the races progress until all are finished, there generally being three on the card for each day.

"I had been to two or three meetings in different cities in company with a gentleman who had taken a fancy to me, and who owned a beautiful mare, but of a more delicate order than the majority of the horses. She could speed like a railway, but it did not take long for me to see that she was handicapped by the weight behind her, so I set about trying to make my patron understand the mat-

ter. It was impossible, but I got him to go to the harness shop with me, and by gestures I made him understand that I wanted him to order a harness built under my direction. By dint of many a gesture, and no end of trouble, I finally got the workman to turn out a beauty, as handsome as any in America, for they are splendid workmen in every branch of mechanics. I made my friend understand that we must keep the matter a secret. He was about wild with pride over the beautiful harness when I fitted it to his handsome mare, and she shared in his enthusiasm, but the mechanic shook his head, evidently thinking the thing too fragile for any purpose.

“We then went to the wagon-maker’s. Being quite a draftsman, I drew as complete as I could, a truss-axle sulky, and set the wagon-maker at it. I had fairly to stand over him with an axe to get him to make it light enough, but finally succeeded, and when completed, painted a bright carmine, it, too, was a beauty. The delight of my patron, when I harnessed the mare and hitched her to the sulky, was unbounded, but the wagon-maker, like the harness-maker, shook his head, and sneered at the idea of its being of any service. I doubt if there was a man in the country who would have risked his neck in that frail sulky behind that mare, harnessed, as it looked to them, by a cobweb.

“Betting is a ruling passion with the people. It is done on the same plan as in America, by auction pools, and the bettors give their I. O. U’s in the pool box, the pool seller giving his own to the winners. It is like a clearing house system, and everything is done on honor. I determined to drive the first race myself, to show my patron that the spider-like vehicle and cobweb harness would hold together and that the mare could win with it.

One moonlight night we went to the track and gave her an easy trial, timing myself with my watch and he timing with his in 1:44½. I could have driven her faster, but that was fast enough. Barring the engineer, who ran the grand stand and who was tipped with a handful of gold coin for secrecy, I suppose, by my patron, no one but ourselves knew of this trial. It was, I was led to understand, something below their 'fastest on record.' The day of the race came, but in the interval my friend had backed the mare right and left. People came from adjoining cities to get a whack at him, and it was painfully evident that many of his friends believed him to be insane. The excitement was intense. It leaked out through the harness and wagon-makers, probably, although they were sworn to secrecy, that the mare was to be differently rigged than any horse was ever before and that I was to drive her. Of course I was the center of attraction, on account of my strange advent in their country and my mysterious ways. They were respectful and kind to me, though, and I don't imagine for a moment that any of them thought I was an imp from the infernal regions, as they would, under similar circumstances, in America. The newspapers heralded the event. The country was wild with excitement. I was followed by large crowds whenever I appeared on the streets, but never molested, nor an unkind demonstration of any nature offered. Things were at fever heat, and the suspense had become awful, still my friend gamely putting up his I. O. U's. I tried to caution him, but he was dead game; the issue had become a matter of pride and honor, and he wouldn't back down. He became somewhat nervous and haggard from the fearful strain, but to me was always the same kind, courteous gentleman, seeming to have a great affection for me. He was a

splendid looking man about fifty-five years, I should judge in our way of reckoning ages, and must have been one of the richest men in the country. He certainly was one of the best known and one of the most prominent.

“There were eight to start, and the grand stand was packed, people hanging on to the posts, covering the roof, and lining the track on the opposite side its entire length. There could not have been less than thirty thousand spectators. When I appeared behind the mare there was a hush, an awful silence, then such a cheering as was never heard before, and I never again want to hear the like. I was nervous and scared, but tried to appear at ease. My patron patted me on the back and seemed ‘happy as a clam at high tide.’ I drew fifth place and we scored twice before getting the word. My mare, being eager, would come up ahead, in spite of all my efforts, and it was plain then to me that I could win easily. By gestures, I told the judges I would turn behind the others and the starter could send us off on the next score without particular reference to me. I had nearly caught them, but was a little behind when the word was given. I closed the gap readily, and was about to take my position when the left wheel of the chariot next to me came off, letting down the axle on my side to the ground and throwing the horse immediately in front of the mare, breaking his neck. She stepped on him and pitched forward on her nose, sliding quite a distance. The sulky, running over the horse, was thrown over the mare, and I went clear over her head also, stunned and dizzy, but not unconscious. Jumping to my feet, I caught her by the bridle, threw the sulky back, the driver of the other horse assisting me, and without waiting to see whether anything was broken, jumped on the sulky and started after the flying field. I went a

merry clip, the immense throng yelling themselves wild, and I was about crazy myself with excitement. Ten thousand things flashed through my mind. I knew there was a distance flag in their races, but whether there was a saving clause in their rules for an 'unavoidable accident' I did not know. I thought of the immense sum wagered by my friend, and I drove with blind desperation, the mare seeming to share in the feeling. She flew on, on, closer and closer we came, and were about three lengths inside the flag when the pistol announcing the finish of the heat was fired. It took a strong force of police to keep the crowd, now frenzied with excitement, from trampling the mare and myself under foot. At last the excitement subsided, and the next heat started, which I won, carrying my watch in my hand, with ridiculous ease in 1:52 $\frac{1}{4}$. I also won the succeeding two heats in 1:47 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 1:48 $\frac{1}{2}$, which I was given to understand was the fastest three heats on record, although for a single mile the record was some faster. My patron, alive to business in my behalf, immediately patented the harness and sulky, and I have since received a royalty on every one built. They are universally adopted now. My share of my patron's winnings, which he divided equally between us, is an enormous amount, just how much in dollars and cents, I, of course, cannot state, but my bank account is all right, and my I. O. U. is good for a fabulous sum.

"I have written over one hundred of these letters, and set them all afloat with the hope that one of them may fall into the hands of some one in my country, and eventually reach my relatives. If so, they will know I am alive and well, but dead to them, and they to me. But life here is the same as life in America. It comes to an end. The same Supreme Ruler is over us, and my hardships and

strange history have led me to surrender Him that fealty which, when my days are numbered, will insure a home where I hope we will be again united.

“Symmes died ridiculed by scientists, and ‘Symmes’ Hole’ is a fruitful subject to this day, to them in my land for derision, yet this land is a reality, and I’m sure I now live in it. My theory is that a branch of the Gulf Stream carried me here. If it will only carry this bottle back to my friends I shall be satisfied.”

(Captain John Cleve Symmes was a visionary American theorizer, who died in 1829. He always contended that the Gulf Stream, after leaving the temperate zone, entered the Arctic Circle by an unknown channel and made a circuit of the North Pole, when it disappeared, passing through the center of the earth, which was, according to him, inhabited by men whose habits and customs were very similar to the Anglo-Saxons, and which was lighted by two small sublunarian planets named Pluto and Prosperina. Captain Symmes publicly invited Humboldt and Sir Humphrey Davy to explore the underworld. While neither of them accepted the invitation, they looked into the matter sufficiently to learn that the celebrated astronomer Halley, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, and the learned Norwegian satirist and dramatist, Holberg, in the eighteenth century, had the same fantastic notion. Those who ridiculed Captain Symmes referred to his pet theory as “Symmes’ Hole,” the latter being supposed to represent the whirlpool at the North Pole, where the Gulf Stream, after dodging among the icebergs and floes, sank into the center of the earth to warm the inhabitants of the great unknown land, appearing again near the equator, the warmer water gradually coming to the surface through the craters of submerged volcanoes.—Ed.)

THE SANDPIPER.

(Published in "The Horse Review," December 19, 1891.)

"The Sandpiper" was the nickname of a shifty, forehanded, jolly citizen of Cleveland, of Teutonic pedigree, because he got rich gathering the sand by the lake and selling it by the load. He would sell a yard of sand, and with the profits buy another rod of beach, thus adding to his worldly possessions, till at last he bought a trotter, a good-looking bay mare of Hiatoga breeding. She improved quite rapidly on the road, and to say she was not short of work at any angle of the game is drawing it mild, for the Dutchman would give anybody and everybody he came across a race. In sleighing season "The Sandpiper" was the first driver on the path every day and the last one to leave.

It was Sunday, that day of rest to all men except a Secretary. The light had faded down into twilight and the shadows deepened in the gloaming. The next day the entries closed, and I was about taking the car in front of my office for the depot, to make the train for Wheeling, where a fair was in progress. I intended the next day doing missionary work in preaching to the benighted trotting men the merits of Cleveland, Ohio, from a racing standpoint; convincing them that they had first money already won, and it only needed the formality of applying for it in person, when along drove "The Sandpiper" behind the bay mare.

"You yust ou't to see me beating dat Euclid Avenue fellar wot's got dot gray mare. Dot was the sickest fellar you saw in a long time. Oh, I yust done 'em as I come to them," says "The Sandpiper."

"I believe you do, and you've got a trotter there, sure enough. Why don't you enter her for the races next week? She'd give them all a race, and you would have more fun in one day than you have now in six months. I'll get some one to drive her for you."

The mare had never been hitched to a sulky in her life, and the Dutchman, I thought, would need a stepladder to get into one. It required considerable gall to ask for the entry, but even a Secretary had not sufficient of that commodity to suggest the propriety of the owner's driving.

"Well, by ginger, I never thought of that before. Say, if I enter her, may I drive in the race?"

"Certainly, you can."

"Den I enter her, and here was the cash."

In the sleeping car that night visions of "The Sandpiper" and his bay mare haunted my dreams. I felt like a pickpocket after a successful raid. It was just stealing the Dutchman's money, and I blushed a Secretary's blush. My sympathy evaporated though when I thought of that bill he brought against the driving park the spring before for the gravel furnished for its driveways; and I went to sleep with sweet but unchristian thought of getting even with that Dutchman just once.

I worked hard at the Wheeling fair grounds all the next day. I had passed and repassed many times a small, elderly man sitting on a wooden trunk in front of a stall, and had even handed him a programme and entry blank, which he silently took—and still continued sitting on that

trunk all day long. Ordinarily a Secretary can "spot" a man who has an entry like a three-card monte man can spot a "sucker," but sometimes both get left, and this was one of the times, for it never occurred to me that that little man wearing a nankeen shirt and a silent, far-away, weary expression, could possibly have adopted the happy-go-lucky life of a trotting horseman.

It was late; I had had my last argument with a stubborn man who had several entries, and had started for the hotel. I was passing the silent little man, still sitting on the wooden trunk, when he touched me on the arm, and—(almost in a whisper, his lips scarcely parting or making a movement)—asked: "Are you the Cleveland Secretary?"

"I am," said I.

"I want to talk with you quietly," confidentially whispered the little man, and he led me into an empty stall, carefully shutting the door behind us. "I've got something good," said he, and I looked around for the bottle. "Something that can win sure, and I want some one to help me make good money. I want to make a killing." For the first time it dawned upon me that the little silent man was not a spring chicken, but one who did not stand much in need of a guardian at any stage of the proceedings, and negotiations opened then and there on a better understood basis, ending with my having the entry of a little brown mare duly signed and executed by the little, dark-complexioned, whispering old man.

It was in the 2:40 trot; the mare was Kit Curry and the blank was signed H. D. Kyger, Darrrtown, Ohio.

"The Sandpiper's" mare was also in the 2:40 trot; her entrance was paid, and I hugged myself in ecstasy. Now I would even up that charge for the gravel.

The day of the race came. A syndicate had been formed. I was the President and sole manager of the race, with autocratic powers of changing drivers or doing anything which in any emergency it appeared to me necessary to win. The old gentleman was to drive, unless it came to a point where I thought a change of drivers necessary, then there must not be a shade of dissent. He must go down and out at my command.

The brother-in-law of the old gentleman, and a well-known pool man, was also taken into the close corporation, making four stockholders, each liable for an equal assessment in case of loss—which we thought only possible in case lightning should strike the mare—and each entitled to an equal dividend after the race was won. The pool man was appointed chairman of the financial committee, with orders to report progress from time to time.

Just before the race was called there raced up to the gate, covered with dust and sweat, and hitched to an ordinary top buggy, the bay mare driven by "The Sandpiper." After racing with everything on the road while coming to the track, he was now to make his first appearance on the American trotting turf. He borrowed an old straight-axle sulky that had not done track duty for many a day, hired a "swipe," hitched up the mare and appeared at the stand when the bell tapped. His feet were braced in the leather heel support, instead of the iron shaft stirrup, until I, fearing an accident, told him where to put them. He exchanged his broad-brimmed straw hat, after some expostulation and objections, for a blue jockey cap, and wore a long linen duster.

Meantime the syndicate was taking all the Kit Curry stock in the betting ring, she starting at about \$5 in pools of \$80. J. B. Richardson was first choice; the Canadian

mare, Big Fanny, second; Jessie Ballard, third; a horse driven by Kelly, "The Geyser" and Kit Curry bringing about even money, while "The Sandpiper's" mare, Katharina, could not be given to anybody at any price.

The persistent demand for Kit Curry tickets had the inevitable effect—always trust a pool-buyer to catch on to any good thing—and she steadily rose in price until the last quotation was that she was selling nearly even with Richardson. We had something over \$1,300 invested, which stood to win about \$5,500.

I did not just fancy the attitude of my driver in the sulky and the little brown mare appeared awfully dumpish. At that time Kyger had never driven for so much money in his life, and he looked just a little outclassed. So I instructed the chairman of the finance committee to stop further operations until after one heat had been trotted.

"The Sandpiper," gay as a "queen of the May," was looking at the ladies in the grand stand, the Judges and reporters, and studying astronomy, and nearly ran over two or three of his opponents. It was a big day for this country. He was the hero of the hour, and somehow his confidence threw a shadow over the certainty of my revenge for the high-priced gravel.

They scored three or four times and Katharina came to the wire like a "run-off horse," while the old man went the whole length of Kit Curry's back, with his whip, to make her come at all. It looked like the gravel was still high-priced and everybody was cheering the Dutchman, while Kit Curry and old man Kyger did look like a rather cheap combination.

There were ten starters. In the first heat J. B. Richardson, the favorite, choked and fell at the half-mile pole,

and Kit Curry, who was quite a ways behind, got scared at the struggling horse lying on the track and refused to go past until he got up and she could see what it was. I thought sure she would be distanced, but she was not and finished sixth, immediately behind Katharina, Jessie Ballard winning the heat, while Richardson was distanced.

In the second heat Kit made a break and finished last but one, Katharina being close up to the leaders. Big Fanny won this heat.

Kyger came to me saying that the accident in the first heat and the break in the second was only bad luck, and wanted another trial, which I allowed him.

The third heat was won by Globe. Katharina, who came very fast through the stretch, was second and "right at his necktie," while Kyger and Kit Curry finished absolutely last. That ended Kyger's driving for that race.

I went to Splan, explained the situation, and he agreed to drive. He put an overcheck on the mare, pulled her head up and started with a new whip (which, by the way, he used quite freely) for the fourth heat. The mare broke on the first turn, fell back some, then came on and headed the field in the center of the home stretch, but "The Sandpiper" here whistled the "Watch on the Rhine" to Katharina and she came like a runaway horse, winning the heat in spite of all Splan could do, assisted by the new whip and that war whoop. The audience went wild, and I—well, gravel was high-priced then and I didn't feel half as much like a pickpocket as I had the Sunday I took Katharina's entry and the Dutchman's money for the entrance fee—yet I was not real happy at that.

A dose of sherry, plenty of whip, and the Commanche yell landed Kit Curry an eyebrow in front of Katharina in the fifth heat, the Dutchman claiming he would have won

easily but everybody got in his "path." He yelled to George Forbes, who drove Big Fannie, at the three-quarter pole: "Forbes, my dear sir, you are in my path; lay over, my dear sir, and let me through." But Forbes kept his position and Katharina had to go around.

Darkness necessitated a postponement, and Splan, coming to me, said, "You hedge, she can't win." But how? No horse yet had two heats. So Splan was instructed to warm her up good next day and drive her for his life the first heat, and he said, "She can't win the first heat nor any other heat, but I'll drive her for my life, and if anything should happen that she should win the first heat, you play every dollar you have on earth against her, for she can't win two to save her life."

That was not a very encouraging state of affairs for the syndicate to sleep upon, but Kyger was happy and seemed to think the race was all over and Kit had won.

The next morning before I was up there was a knock at my door. Kyger stood there, whispering: "Come out to the stall." I went. He shut the stall door after us, as he did in Wheeling, and there was the mare, her head as big as a barrel, her eyes swelled shut, her neck as stiff as a post, and she could hardly drink.

I told him to put her hood on, so no one could see her condition, and have her groom take her out in the dew and "grass her out." Just then some one rattled the door and wanted to see Kyger. It was a messenger boy with a telegram that his daughter had died. It looked like the shadow of fate was on him and his, and from my heart I pitied that grief-stricken old man, who stood before me bowed down and speechless.

The morning air and dew and the grass had a wonderful effect on Kit, who pricked up her ears when a horse

went by on the track, the swelling went out of her eyes and her neck limbered up perceptibly. She was worth a dozen dead horses yet. I did not tell Splan about the trouble until time to hitch up. He then went out and warmed her up with a hood on, still urging me to "hedge." But how?

I called the syndicate together and said: "You may all do as you see fit; I'm going to hedge if I can."

She won the heat (the sixth) by a close finish from Jessie Ballard, and I immediately started my ambassador for the "hedge row." Splan again urged me to do so, saying she could not win another heat to save her life. But she did win the seventh and the race from Globe, who led her to within a few rods of the wire.

My hedging ambassador had been busy, and when I came to settle I found that he had played back all my share of the winnings and \$172 more. So I quit loser on that race that amount, and always after that when I heard of a "real sure thing" I thought of two of that kind, viz: Kit Curry and John Bostick's "fo' heats in fo'teen to eighteen; win shuah," with Warrior.

The old gentleman and his country brother-in-law "stood pat" hedged off but little, while the poolman was "smart" like myself. I always had a warm side for old man Kyger after that, for he was game in all his troubles. Splan remarked as he got out of the sulky the last heat: "There she is with a record of 2:24 $\frac{1}{4}$, marked for life; she'll never lower it." He was mistaken, however, in regard to that, and old man Kyger and his low-headed little brown mare made plenty of trouble for the boys for years after that event. But the \$172 added to the price originally paid for "The Sandpiper's" gravel made it quite an expensive commodity. And the Dutchman called around

for the second money he had won with Katharina. The following summary of the race gives a fair idea of what happened when Kit Curry won:

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 17 and 18, 1886.

Purse \$600.—2:40 Class, Trotting.

Kit Curry, br. m., by Mambrino Bruce.....	6	7	8	2	1	1	1
Katharina, b. m., by Flying Hiatoga.....	4	5	2	1	2	5	4
Globe, b. g., by Hamlin's Almont, Jr.....	3	3	1	8	3	3	2
Jessie Ballard, b. m., by Archie Hambletonian	1	6	4	6	4	2	6
Big Fanny, br. m., by John E. Rysdyk	8	1	7	5	7	6	3
Victor, b. s., by Valentine, Jr.....	5	4	6	3	8	4	5
Bracelet, b. m., by Auditor	2	2	3	4	5	dr	
Jennie M., ch. m., by Joe Hooker	7	8	5	7	6	dr	
Sinbad, gr. s.	9	dis.					
J. B. Richardson, b. g., by George Wilkes. dis.							

Time —2:29 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:28, 2:29 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:30, 2:29 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:24 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:29 $\frac{1}{2}$.

C. J. Hamlin's standard in breeding the trotter has been "the highest form, the handsomest horse, combined with a level brain and the greatest flight of trotting speed." Those who have seen the peerless Belle Hamlin, the beautiful Nightingale and others of his breeding, admit that he has, by his determination, his rare judgment, his unfaltering tenacity to this fixed purpose—in spite of all the croakings and attacks of the skeptical, and no breeder has been the subject of more bitter criticisms—accomplished what he started out to accomplish, and the Village Farm can point to results in many respects never attained by any other breeding establishment.

THE SECRETARY.

(Published in "The Horse Review," December 29, 1891.)

It was years ago that I first became infatuated with trotting sport, and then I knew everything about the management of a secretary's office. One year after my appointment there was the faintest shadow of a faint suspicion regarding it; two years and the shade had deepened; three years, the shadow had grown still darker; and in ten years I found I knew nothing. The whole knowledge was wrapped up in newspaper writers and theoretical turfmen, scarcely any of whom had ever bred or owned, or entered a horse in a race, or been identified in any way with the management of a turf association—but yet who knew it all.

Bright skies, a good entry list, big crowds, close contests, and a successful meeting is the goal of every good secretary's ambition. But if it rains the secretary is at fault; if the entry list is light he is cussed and blamed, and if the races should prove one-sided and be won in straight heats, that secretary is a deep-dyed renegade, a fraud and a failure from way up Failure Creek.

In case of a close decision in the judges' stand: "That's a —— of an association you're secretary of, isn't it? Oh, yes; I'll come back next year and trot. Didn't you say I'd get a square deal if I entered here? That's a fine lot of sand-baggers you've got up there garroting horsemen, now ain't they?"

One driver has a sore-toed horse, and to him the track is "hard as a pavement." To another one the track is soft and cuppy, and he wants smooth, firm footing.

Meanwhile the wiseacre who writes for the papers looks on, shaking his head in the most dismal manner, deploring the ignorance of track managers in general, and this blessed secretary in particular.

"Entrance fee! Entrance fee? Why, you ought to give me all my entrances free; my stable is a strong one and will advertise your meeting."

"Give me a special of \$5,000, for my Will-o'-the-Wisp to go against the record of any spotted horse, to a seventy-eight pound sulky with a two hundred pound driver."

"One dollar gate admission! Great Scott! Chain up that secretary. When was he born? Why doesn't he keep up with the times? Doesn't he know if they'd charge twenty-five cents at the gate the grounds would be packed? What a fine plum of a secretary he is! Blowing bladders in a snuff factory would better suit his ability. He doesn't know as much about running a race track as I do about sliding down a rainbow. A dollar! Noah must have dropped him out of the ark."

"Now, that's a measly trick that secretary has played on me, charging me to come into that gate. Why, I sold the president of the society a barrel of molasses in 1869, and now I'm charged to come into the gate."

"Yes, and my grandmother buttoned that secretary's aunt's cousin's suspenders when he was a mere kid, but he charged me. Oh, he's a wolf."

"Give me my badge, will you? Who am I? That's a fine question to ask! Why, Jim Goosenest has been training my colt, Shooting Comet, over this track for sixteen days past."

On being told that that doesn't entitle him to a badge; that Jim Goosenest hasn't even paid \$1 for training privileges and has his stall rent for nothing, he leaves, but with the indelible impression, which nothing on earth will ever remove, that he is an outraged victim of that bunco-steering, swindling secretary.

And the bill-poster and advertiser come around with their bills.

* * * * *

April 1, 1892.

"Why don't you brace up and have a little more liberality? Why, look at that association up in Michigan, that one up in Indiana, in Iowa, and even in Tennessee! They're up with the times, and each offers \$100,000 in premiums at 1 per cent. entrance; they are progressive and liberal and know how to run an association. The old Grand Circuit is a back number—a story that has been told. Why the ——— Circuit advertises \$2,000,000 in premiums."

* * * * *

The cardinal principle of a secretary's religion is to get entries; to make a trainer believe he can't lose with a horse that in his inmost soul the secretary fears will get "shut out" the first heat. The one redeeming feature that lightens his conscience is the reflection that often the rank outsider in reality wins and beats the sure tip to a standstill.

The finesse, the fertility of arguments and suggestions of a secretary, when foraging for entries, is the standard by which he is measured. Just when friendly and confidential persuasion should, from business policy, cease, and dignified indifference commence, is the fine art of an entry solicitor. He exhausts all his arguments of the benefits

of his meeting, yet the trainer is not thoroughly convinced, but still wavers and doubts. Then is the time for a fine stroke of dignified cessation of hostilities. The secretary pretends he has given up all hope and has ceased to care whether he gets the entry or not. He saunters away, and now the trainer gets anxious and follows up the secretary. More indifference on the part of the latter, greater anxiety of the former, until he is even worked up to the pitch of uncertainty as to whether his entry will be accepted, as he timorously offers it, and it is accepted—"as an accommodation."

There are a few men in the business who make their entries frankly, never holding off, nor asking this condition, nor that favor. "Knap" McCarthy was a shining example of this class. "Are you going to our meeting, 'Knap'?" the secretary asks. "Yes, and I might as well make my entries now; so take them down." That was the whole formula with him. Monroe Salisbury and Ed Geers are also of this class. And there are a few others, a few, yes, a few—very. If there were more, the secretary's lot would be a happier one, and the shadows of his brow would lighten.

If you depend for your income on the trotting ability of a horse—one that will go down the big circuit, and will train on, and trot on, and win on season after season, like the old-time campaigners, Lady Suffolk, Flora Temple, Dexter, Lady Thorn, Goldsmith Maid, Rarus, etc.,—don't commence training him until he is five years old.

STRANGER.

(Published in "The Horse Review," May 5, 1892.)

Stranger was only a horse, a despised pacer, whose name does not shine in the list of celebrated equines, not because he was not a king of his kind, but because blind fate denied him the chance of being so acknowledged. But to the rapidly passing-away horse generation of Northern Ohio, Stranger was a phenomenon of equine greatness; and he is to this day mentioned with the awe and respect which merit inspires. As a landmark in Ohio horse history, the pacer out-ranks the trotter, and the Buckeye state must be classed among those known as pacing-horse states. Pocahontas, Smuggler, the Cadmus family, the Hiattogas, the Tuckahoes and the Strangers, were all Ohio pacers, and all have contributed largely to the speed of the American trotter. Stranger was a bay, sixteen hands high, of intelligent disposition, yet unlimited courage. Almost phenomenally built and muscled, bold and brave in all his ways, with the speed of lightning, and these qualities, coupled with the mystery of his sire's history, had the effect of creating something akin to superstition among the horsemen of his day, and causing the many mythical traditions regarding him current in Northern Ohio.

The true story is as follows:

"One evening in the fall of 1852, there appeared at the farmhouse of Mr. Galentine, near Sharon, Medina

County, Ohio, a stranger riding a blood-like bay stallion, and asked a night's lodging, which was hospitably given him. That night he told Mr. Galentine that his stallion was of Kentucky Snap breeding. The next day the stranger, who had so mysteriously put in his appearance the night before, as mysteriously disappeared, leaving the horse in the possession of his host, who kept him all that winter and the following summer, breeding in the meantime some six or seven mares to him. In the fall of 1853, the mysterious stranger again appeared, paid the charges, and on a bright autumn morning rode off whistling down the road on his blood-like horse. On the worm fence a squirrel feasting on a hickory nut, the first of the year, stopped in his repast, eyed the rider curiously, frisked his tail and scampered through the yellow leaves to a safe retreat on a big oak; a farmer boy, shocking corn, paused with uplifted blade, looked at the handsome horse, and wondered why fate had destined him to work while others could whistle and ride in pleasure; a farmer's daughter, with her coquettish sunbonnet and tidy apron, gazed with admiring eyes on the handsome stranger with his broad-brimmed hat, his easy catch-as-catch-can manner, as he waved his hand to the blushing damsel and rode down the road, leaving her, with her pail full of milk and her heart full of admiration, standing and looking after the retreating form of the handsome youth on his Kentucky Snap; gazed and sighed as he disappeared from her view, and from this chronicle; for no trace of rider or horse was ever afterwards found."

The produce from the mares bred to Kentucky Snap were all fast and, with the exception of the subject of this sketch, were bought at good prices by foreign buyers and undoubtedly figure as the second and third dams in some

celebrated pedigrees as "a mare from Ohio, breeding unknown, but a very fast roadster," which is so frequently found in the pedigrees of our best performers. Among those bred to him was a sorrel mare by Blucher, owned by Conrad Turner, of Medina County, and the produce was a bay colt, foaled in 1854, afterwards locally famous as Stranger. At four months of age he was sold to H. Sylvester for \$40, who in turn disposed of him when a two-year-old for \$70 to H. S. Hatch, in whose hands the colt received all the education he ever got. Hatch sold him as a five-year-old for \$2,500—a large price in those days—to Wm. Waterman, Shalersville, O., who owned him at the time of his death two years subsequently, when but seven years old.

Stranger was broken and used by Hatch to haul wood in the winter, and as an all-around general purpose horse as a two, three and four-year-old. The spring he was five, Hatch, who was then a green country boy, commenced in his crude way to train him. He was fast from the start, but cut his quarters cruelly, and, boots being then unknown, Hatch used to tie rags around his feet for protection, until he discovered that a heavier shoe avoided the trouble. After that he wore twenty-four ounce shoes forward and twelve-ounce shoes behind, and went clear and true.

In the fall of 1859, Stranger paced his first race at Cuyahoga Falls, O., distancing his only competitor, Butcher Boy, the first heat being in 2:24. His next race was at Ravenna, O., where he again distanced the field, composed of Union Jack (then a very fast pacer, and afterwards a fast trotter under the name of Dick Hiliard), the Gorham Pony and two others, the heat being about 2:28. Those were all his races that year. The

next year his first start was again at Ravenna. His competitors were Rattling Jack, Butcher Boy and several others, but Stranger went off and distanced the whole batch in the first heat, the time being about 2:22. The next week, at Burton, O., Stranger met Gray Eagle and Union Jack, both celebrated horses in their day, and distanced them in the second heat in 2:18, pacing the last turn of the track in 1:05. The track was, however, some two rods short of a half-mile. In all the foregoing races Stranger was driven by Hatch, although the horse was not during the latter part of the time his property. When he was seven years old he started with a new driver (Hatch being absent from home) at Cleveland, threw a shoe in the first heat, and, there being no blacksmith present, he was drawn. The third day afterwards, however, he started again against nearly the same field, defeating them in a hollow manner in about seven seconds faster time than was made in the first race, and pacing close to 2:20.

Hatch then roaded him from Cleveland to Adrian, Mich., to go a match against a Coldwater pacer. That was in 1861. The match was the result of a bitter horse rivalry between Adrian and Coldwater. The backer of Stranger wanting to "see what sort of a horse he was betting on," prevailed on Hatch to show him "in private" a trial. The opposition, however, got wind of it, had a hidden representative there, and when Stranger stepped off the trial in 2:18 the Coldwater contingent threw up their hands and paid forfeit. The match was abandoned, and Hatch started over the road on his return trip wiser, but the amount of his expenses poorer.

Pocahontas had several years prior made her fast record and was open to "pace anything that wore hair for

big money." A New York man hearing of Stranger, and believing the mare was no longer as fast as when she made her record of 2:17½ to wagon in 1855, travelled to Ohio to secure the stallion for a race for \$5,000 a side. Stranger showed him a mile in 2:17¾, which was good enough he thought, but the horse died while the negotiations were pending.

Stranger left a family of fine horses in Northern Ohio, everyone of which had some speed at the trot or pace. The Canadian horse Rooker, founder of the family bearing that name, is his chief representation; but there are many with records, and the strain is continually cropping out in pedigrees of fast performers. Yankee Sam, a dun gelding that paced over the Cleveland track a trial in 2:17, and was a phenomenally fast horse at both the trotting and pacing gaits, was his fastest representative. He was "doped" by some villian to prevent his winning a match race and never recovered from its effects. Chestnut Tom, alias Stranger, made a trotting record of 2:31 under the latter name, and under another alias one better than 2:30, it is said. He sired considerable speed. Tom B., 2:32, that was owned by W. J. Gordon, and trotted a trial over the Cleveland track in 2:25, was sired by him. Another mare went to Wisconsin and obtained a record of 2:32, and there were a number of his get in the vicinity of Cleveland with records close to 2:30. In his days no records of performances were kept in Northern Ohio, and it is greatly to be regretted that he died so young, for otherwise the name of Stranger would be among the stars of the horse history of the country.

TYPES OF HORSES.

(Published in "Kentucky Stock Farm," December 29, 1892.)

Did you ever buy a horse?

Did it ever strike you that you couldn't tell a runner from a trotter, or a hackney from a pony, or a coach horse from a pacer? And yet there are points about fine horses that mark each as typical of a class.

The distinctions in breeds are many, and the eye of the good horseman can class an animal the moment he catches a glimpse of it. He judges it by conformation, by action, by size, by disposition. He can tell in an instant if a horse is "bloodlike," and by the contour of the head can almost call off the pedigree. The thorough or running-bred horse is best judged in his racing form. He is lighter boned than the trotter, or, in fact, than the horses of any other breed, more nervous in disposition, higher strung, and has a cleaner and finer look. He has what in racing parlance we term a "bloodlike" look. When used for breeding purposes his form is different, and he is somewhat more difficult to judge. But in racing form his fine ears, clean cut head, light neck, the fine coat on his body, and the lack of hair on the fetlocks, tell you on the instant that he can trace his ancestry down through seven or more generations of thoroughbred lines. I consider Don Alonzo, who sold recently for \$30,000, the finest type of this class I know? Eros is another fine type of the class. Then, too, the action tells you the difference. In the thoroughbred it is generally low and of the "daisy-

cutting" order, whether it be at the trotting gait or at the galop. Here in America we use the thoroughbred exclusively for racing, but in England cavalry officers take especial delight in pressing the fine animal into their active service.

The story of the American trotting horse is one of intense interest to the public, for he is peculiarly an American institution. By way of preliminary I may say that he is a descendant originally from a cross of the old English Norfolk trotter family with the thoroughbred. Imported Messenger is the founder of the family in America, and he was an animal born with the trotting instinct developed to an almost abnormal degree. Almost every trotting horse in America to-day traces directly to him. The family was then improved by the importation of Bellfounder, who was in reality a Norfolk trotter, with a record, so tradition has it, of seventeen miles in an hour. But the most potent and most fashionable branch of the trotting horse family developed from the Charles Kent Mare, sired by Bellfounder, and out of a mare of Messenger descent, bred to Abdallah, a great grandson of imp. Messenger. The result of this union was Rysdyk's Hambletonian, far and away the greatest progenitor of trotting stars in this country. Nancy Hanks, Stamboul, Kremlin, Sunol, Maud S., Arion, Palo Alto and others as famous, trace to him.

In conformation the trotter is one of more substance, of more bone and perhaps less finish than marks the thoroughbred. In fact, he partakes somewhat of the form of what is now known as the hackney, and in reality the trotter must be regarded as an intermediate step between the thoroughbred and the hackney. The highest type of the trotter has knee action between the stiff-kneed action of

the thoroughbred trotter when on a trotting gait and the excessive knee action of the hackney. Flying Jib is in reality a trotting-bred horse, and, while a pacer, has more of the typical formation of a trotter than of his pacing class. And I might say here that the pacing formation is essentially that of a trotting horse, having generally the peculiarity of a sloping shoulder and more particularly of a drooping rump. But our fastest pacers can almost all be traced back to Hambletonian, and I include in this generalization both Flying Jib and Direct. But the trotter is not really an established type. The old saying concerning a trotter, "he trots in all shapes," still holds good. But we are approaching a type, and that very rapidly. Senator Stanford and others have done much to bring this change about, and the lover of the horse has much to thank these men for.

The type of the trotter when he comes will be a horse 15.3 hands high, weighing, in ordinary condition, 1,100 pounds. His eyes, neck, ears and head will approach those of the thoroughbred, although made on a shade larger and on a somewhat coarser scale. He will be a stronger made horse in all respects, inclined to be more round in his body, heavier quartered, not so angular as the thoroughbred and of a more tractable and kind disposition.

Writing of the disposition of horses recalls vividly to my mind the love of the late Mr. Vanderbilt for Maud S., and that affection can be found between the owner or trainer of almost every trotter in the country and the animal. When you buy a runner you expect some one else to ride him. The trotter is your "fun." You take him in hand and he wheels you at a bracing speed, and in every movement you note the "fine spirits" of the animal. I

once possessed a trotter that judged me as finely as human eye or mind. When I happened to be of rather sour disposition the animal would fret as I neared him and show a sympathy that at times took on a marvelous turn. If I came near him feeling gay the horse would assume the same disposition. His eye would light up, his head would show its gratification, and so we were always in sympathy. So I say, give me the trotter above all breeds and classes.

The hackney is essentially an English family. It is an established breed and really a perpetration of the Norfolk trotter. He has not been "fined up" by the introduction of thoroughbred blood and is at no point as fine as a trotting horse. In conformation he is what is termed pony built, is shorter in body, heavier boned, heavier necked, but with fine, expressive head and ears. In action, as I said before, the trotter resembles the hackney more than the thoroughbred, the hackney having excessive knee and hock action and a "trappy" way of handling his legs. In fact, the hackney more closely resembles the original progenitor of all these breeds, the Arab, than either the trotter or the runner.

We have really no type of the coach horse, but look abroad for our best breeding animals in this class. The coach horse is made on a larger scale than the other breeds mentioned. He is the result of crossing the heavy Norman and Belgian horses with the Arabian and thoroughbred. The typical animal should be upward of sixteen hands, solid color, good neck, eye, ear, good bone, with plenty of substance, and yet with a certain degree of finish. His action is much that of the trotting horse and the tendency is now to breed a higher gait, much resembling that of the hackneys. The English coach horse proper is best represented by a family called the Cleveland

Bay, all bay in color, strongly marked, upward of sixteen hands and good travelers. They are good long distance horses and much in demand, both in England and America.

I have always contended that harness racing should be classed as a quasi-amateur sport. Not one man in ten who breeds or campaigns trotters does it with the expectation of making money. They go into it for the fun they can have, the same as the man who buys a yacht or who keeps a shotgun or a brace of setters. And they expect to pay for their sport. Everybody, from the millionaire breeder to the farmer boy, hopes to bring out a winner or a world beater some day, and when you come right down to it, that's the backbone and mainstay of the trotting turf. Eliminate that spirit and there would not be a Grand Circuit meeting.

GOOD LUCK.

(Published in "Turf, Field and Farm," December 2, 1892.)

It seems that good luck will follow some people, and he who is not a believer in luck is almost invariably a "lucky dog" himself, who wants his luck credited to the more popular characteristic named "good judgment."

The late W. J. Gordon, of Cleveland, always insisted that there was no such thing as luck, but he was the personification of good luck combined with the good judgment of a canny Scotchman—as he was by descent. I remember overhearing an interesting discussion between him and the foreman of his park, who was also a canny Scot, and in which I thought the humble debater rather got the better of the argument.

"I tell you, John, there is no such thing as luck; how often have I told you that luck is an infernal visionary humbug and good judgment a stern reality," excitedly said the rich man.

"Well, now, Mr. Gordon," says John, "the faculty of being smart and possessing good judgment is born in a man, isn't it? He is smart and successful because he was born smart. Isn't that so?" says John.

"Yes, that is so; and just what I've been telling you all along," replied Mr. Gordon.

"Well, then, Mr. Gordon, wasn't he in bonnie good luck to be born smart, like you, and in cussed bad luck to be born dull, like me? Answer that, will you?"

THE AMERICAN TROTTER HORSE.

(Published in the "American Stock Farm," November 23, 1899.)

The American trotter is the most useful all around horse of the world; he is the swiftest and most tractable in harness; he is a great sporting horse; he can run some, he can work a great deal; he can outlast any breed in the world; he can pull a plow if necessary, and he can out-hackney a hackney in the premium show ring, and beat him at his own game—showing off. The thoroughbred horse will always have his field-sport, and sport only. Clydesdales, Percherons, Normans and other heavy draft breeds have their place and always will have it—drudgery only. But the American trotter beats the world doing everything—and always will. This fact is most remarkable when the comparative youth of the breed is considered, for it is but little over fifty years since its origin, and not much more than half that number since an intelligent study as to how to produce him with a degree of certainty was applied. The thoroughbred, or running breed, has existed hundreds of years, yet we now breed trotters that can race successfully in almost if not quite the proportion of the runner that can race successfully.

Brushing aside the cobwebs of visionary theorists, each with a different hobby, the widespread fallacy of the Arabian breed or the legend of the horse that swam ashore somewhere on the Puritan banks of New England, practical horsemen of to-day regard this wonderful result as primarily a lucky combination, or the uniting and blending of different harmonizing strains which produced a fortunate nick, and which included that of the English

thoroughbred horse, principally through imported Messenger, who, though passing as a strictly thoroughbred, perhaps was really a trifle short of the required standard by reason of a cross back in his pedigree of the Norfolk trotter, with the native breed called the Narragansett pacer and others of the best and toughest individuals of any and all breeds. In short, our forefathers builded wiser than they knew, and in doing so established the foundation of the best breed of horses in the world to-day. From the supposed strains of this foundation, some real, others purely imaginary, later on grew the endeavor to establish this horse as a breed, and, as is always the case, the praiseworthy undertaking enlisted an army of recruits to the cause, many theorists, some good ideas, some veritable rot, all prejudiced with a hobby, all believing they could breed the trotter the same as Paderewski plays the piano—by note—that is, by a pedigree. Of course, this resulted in intelligent investigation and a survival of the fittest of the theories, and in consequence the breed may now be said to be established. It is susceptible of improvement principally in establishing a more uniform type, a merit greatly lacking at present in the breed, for a trotter may be a pony or a leviathan; he may have short legs and be stout of body, or he may stand on stilts and lack substance; he may be “homely” enough to drive one to a jag cure, or handsome as the rosy morn. But with it all he is a hardy horse, an intelligent fellow, and a do-or-die, in-at-the-death determined one. Type is about the only lacking desirable quality in the breed, a fact now recognized by breeders, and when an American sees a chance for improvement on anything, that improvement comes surely and quickly. Then the breed will be perfect.

Trotting sport has a foothold to-day greater than ever before in the world's history. England, its original birthplace, drifted away from it for many years, but it has recently met with more favor than ever. There are several courses used exclusively for the sport, and a move is on the tapis to build a track in London which will bear favorable comparison with any trotting course in America; something on the plan of the new Empire City track in New York. Several prominent American turfmen are identified in the project with wealthy English lovers of the trotter, and as the management will largely adopt American methods, the movement cannot fail in giving an impetus to the sport which will prove most beneficial to its interests. Even now England has the distinction of holding the world's four-mile trotting record, 9:58, made by Polly G., an American-bred mare that raced quite successfully in this country as Bertie R., taking a mile record of 2:12½ before going abroad. In both Scotland and Ireland there are a number of trotting tracks, and the sport is in great favor in those countries.

On the European continent trotting is the national horse-racing sport. Russia has a native breed called the Orloffs, but has made large importations of the better or American breed, which, crossed on the Orloff, has improved the native stock greatly in speed, quality and stamina. The Czar is an ardent admirer of the sport, and supports a campaigning stable of his own. The government employs an American instructor in the art of driving, and trotting is really the only recognized horse sport of the nation, the pure-bred American horses, however, holding all the champion records of that country, and for that matter every country. Italy and France are ardently interested in the trotter and have a number of very fine

courses. But Germany and Austria are the leaders of the trotting game in Europe; that is, the present interest is greater there and is growing rapidly. Austria has been the most extensive buyer of American horses, in fact, has purchased many of the best campaigners, and consequently owns the fastest and best trotting race horses in Europe. Australia has trotting tracks, and trotting sport ranks high there, although as yet not equal to that of the thoroughbred running sport. Even Japan has got the fever, that government having purchased in California specimens for breeding purposes.

What is the limit of speed to be obtained by a trotting horse? Among the first authenticated records three minutes was considered very fast for a trotter; later the 2:40 rate prevailed, and although there were some real phenomenons for their day that could do 2:30 or close to it, the 2:40 lasted longer perhaps than any other given class. Then came the 2:30 line, and there were but comparatively few that had beaten that mark, when one day the little bob-tailed Flora Temple electrified the nation by stepping a fraction of a second better than 2:20. There was a great time in America when the feat was made public. Bands played, cannons fired and fireworks lit up the heavens in almost every hamlet in the country. Five years prior to this performance the Ohio bred mare Pocahontas paced a mile to wagon in a race in 2:17½. In 1867 the white-legged, steel-trap-gaited Dexter trotted in 2:17¼. Then records commenced being reduced so rapidly it was scarcely possible to keep track of them. Goldsmith Maid, 2:14, Rarus, 2:13¾, Maud S., 2:08¾ flashed with meteoric brilliancy across the trotting sky. Then came the pneumatic tired sulky, since which time a lightning calculator can scarcely keep tabs

on reductions. The present trotting record, 2:03 $\frac{3}{4}$, held by the bay mare Alix, has, however, stood a number of years, while Star Pointer's 1:59 $\frac{1}{4}$ at the pacing gait has also stood several seasons. However, record reductions seem to come in periods, and when once a break is made both these marks will almost surely be reduced. That it has not been accomplished before is attributed by many to the fact that in our haste for money we have adopted the colt plan of racing, the same as the thoroughbreds, and many youngsters that in maturity could do the trick are really shelved before that period by reason of the strain upon them incident to the hard work necessary in the preparation of a colt stake winner. Whether this evil will correct itself remains to be seen, but some of our largest breeders—the Hamlins, for instance—have already tabooed the method, and undoubtedly others will follow the example. Of course it goes without saying that trotting in America never before attained the popularity which exists to-day. Barring a few metropolitan centers, like New York, Chicago and San Francisco, it holds sway over the whole country. It is the national horse racing sport of America. There is more money invested in the production of the trotting horse throughout the country, by long odds, than in the production of any other animal. The rank and file of our countrymen look upon it as the cleanest and best racing sport, and it would indeed be a pessimist who cannot see prosperity and a glorious future for this great breed.

[Since the above was written The Abbot cut the world's record to 2:03 $\frac{1}{4}$ in 1900, while in 1901 Cresceus moved the time limit for a mile to 2:02 $\frac{1}{4}$.]

LIMIT OF TROTTING SPEED.

(Published in the "New York Sportsman," December 26, 1891.)

I do not see how we can reasonably expect a two-minute trotter. I have seen all the fastest horses of the world trot; I mean by this, the fastest by the crucial test of a public record, and I assume that they are the fastest ones, but I have never seen a quarter trotted in 30 seconds.

Now to trot a mile in two minutes, a horse would have to go four quarters at that average, and be able to trot one quarter in about 28 seconds. At least there has been about that relative difference between the fastest quarter in every fast mile that was ever trotted, and the slowest one in the same mile.

There is no denying the fact that trotters of olden time had almost, if not quite as much speed as the ones of the present day, and the principal difference is that our horses can carry the clip a greater distance than the trotters of the past.

This may be accounted for partially by the difference in tracks and the weight of vehicles, and the mode of training. We all know that there are a great many more trotters capable of extreme feats in our times, but that simply comes as a result of breeding.

In all probability there are a thousand trotters bred now-a-days to where there was one bred forty or fifty years ago.

About 2:05 will, in my judgment, be the limit of trotting speed; that is unless we vastly improve over our

present manner of track building, training and vehicles. There are rapid strides in these directions, and a track coated with rubber, and a sulky that will propel the horse are possibilities. In fact, the rubber track is feasible and would be the fastest, safest and best track in the world. Let some enterprising man take hold and build one and the present records would be knocked into smithereens.

[Ten years after the above was written the world's record for trotters was cut to 2:02 $\frac{1}{4}$ by Cresceus, while on September 29, 1899, The Abbot trotted an exhibition quarter at Louisville, Ky., in twenty-nine seconds.—Ed.]

A hundred years from now (1995) when the trotting record will be about 1:45 and the pacing record about 1:42 $\frac{3}{4}$, when trotting horse history and trotting breeding will be advanced by the experience of a century, the name of Bonner will stand in sunlight brightness as one, probably above all others, that has done most in the interests of the American trotter, during the infancy of the breed, to make it successful. The Bonners are a family of trotting horse admirers and benefactors. Robert Bonner, David Bonner, Alley Bonner, are names known the world over and identified with all that is pure in the love of that great animal.

There is nothing that "draws at the gate" like a bitterly fought, game contest. One sees it to-day, and wants to see another to-morrow. It's simply nature, the spirit of fight that is born in every living being.

ANDY AND I.

(Published in "The Horseman," December 13, 1894.)

"Carrying coals to Newcastle," the proverbially useless labor, would scarcely be considered a more foolish venture, from a business standpoint, than for a pair of Americans to journey to France for the purpose of learning how to conduct a trotting meeting. We—Andy and I—landed in Paris early one bright sunny morning in March, 1894, and after a series of signs, gibberish and contortions—in which Andy was the chief contortionist and star acrobat—in the office of the Grand Terminal Hotel, intended as an explanation that we weary travelers, were Americans, and wished rooms and other accommodations incident to the business of hotel-keeping, the good-looking clerk, with a demure twinkle of his eye and the best of English, said "Certainly, gentlemen; glad to see you. Will you have rooms on the first floor with baths?" The blank, utterly imbecile expression of amazement on Andy's countenance was a subject that should have been perpetuated to future generations by the kodak. As the ship had landed its passengers in Calais about midnight and we had been on the short "bob-bitty" French steam cars the remainder of the night, the luxury of the rooms assigned us, after ten nights' experience in the state rooms of an ocean steamer, was fully appreciated. The carpets were like stepping on a soft, mossy bank; the beds, with three mattresses, all bedecked with delicate trimmings, laces and other finery; everything so sweet, clean and cozy, made our two-hour nap most invigorating.

At breakfast, on looking over the Paris edition of the New York Herald, we discovered that there was a trotting meeting in progress at Vincennes that afternoon, an event bound to capture two trotting cranks like ourselves. It was a lovely drive of seven miles, part of the distance through public parks, to the race-course, and on our arrival there nearly the first man we met was Horace Brown. His instructions aided us in getting a good location on the grandstand, which cost for each about \$5 in American money—yet our race-goers kick “like steers in the corn” because they have to pay \$1. The \$5 gave the privilege of visiting the paddocks, and there we took our first lessons in French methods of preparing horses for racing. Barring the big event of the day, which was open to horses of all nations, and in which Brown had the American horse Buford, all the races on the card were for European-bred horses and were to saddle. The distance of each varied from two to three mile dashes, most of the events being for colts and fillies—three and four-year-olds. Now, you can form an idea of what is expected of a youngster on the trotting turf in France. The weight of the riders seemed to cut no figure, and varied from that which could almost go through the mails for a two-cent stamp to a two hundred-pound lusty fellow who rode a horse from his ears to his tail. It seemed to me that I never saw so many poor riders in my life, and the sight of a great strapping fellow with whip and spur on a little two-year-old, away behind the leaders nearly a quarter of a mile, yet being punished at almost every stride, was painfully absurd.

There is a sort of covered paddock in which the horses competing each day are “corralled.” It includes a miniature track for leading before the race, and walking dur-

ing the cooling-out process after the event. When the signal is given every horse has just so long a time to get into that shed, and if not there at the last tick of the watch within the time limit, he stays out, and his nominator is a subject for the discipline committee. Everything is done with military promptness and precision. There is no chaffing nor back talk; every man knows what is required of him, and does it. This discipline is noticeable at every stage of the sport, no yelling, no delay, no friction, everything moves with clock-like regularity; and that is where France is far ahead of America in the conduct of a race-meeting.

The powers of the Judges are probably arbitrary, but there are no charges of favoritism, no demurring to the ruling, no kicking nor chaffing. The perpetration of a foul drive is rarely charged by one driver on another. When it does occur there is a certain decorum, amounting almost to dignity, displayed by both parties to the complainant; and the consideration of the Judges impresses you with a feeling of respect and confidence in the justice of the decision, which is never questioned by the public or the press. Every attendant is dressed neatly and cleanly in the uniform of his owner; and every rider and driver is designated by the colors of his racing stable. They have bright, showy and becoming uniforms, generally including white knee-breeches and top boots. The "weighing-in" process, assigning of positions and settlement of entrances are details of the forenoon, so when the starting for the post signal is give in the afternoon, there is no delay; in fact no business detail to be arranged. Every man knows his position and takes it at the post.

The preliminary preparations—harnessing, saddling, etc.—for the race itself are conducted in the paddock, and the “warming-up” is done on the way to the post, a certain number of minutes being allowed for that purpose. In the paddock there is a noticeable scarcity of blankets and other supposed necessities of a trotting equipment. The horses were walked without covering, and there was an entire absence of bandages and leg washes. The boots appeared to be of American manufacture, were neat and well-fitting, and that was about the only thing of trotting equipment which seemed to be used with the same intelligence and to the same extent as in America.

The crude actions of the grooms and trainers in the handling of the horses, plainly indicated a lack in the business of that familiarity so universal with American professionals. An American artistic “swipe” would be disgusted with their bungling, and, as he would express it, “shoemaker work.” As an illustration of the crude methods in vogue, I will cite one instance, which was undoubtedly an exceptional one, inasmuch as the colt in question had quarter boots on his hind feet, presumably used to perform the scalping boot functions. There was a small black three-year-old French-bred trotter in third event on the card. At least two hours before his race came on the colt was saddled and booted. His rider mounted and during the whole period continued riding him in the ring of the paddock until called for his race. The rider weighed probably one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and seemed oblivious to the evil effects which were bound to result from such treatment. Of course the colt, although well thought of, could show nothing of his well-known speed in the race, and his backers and admirers could not account for the poor showing. The veriest

novice in this country would have "put the copper on" in his betting, under the circumstances, and been able to tell the real reason for defeat after the race.

There is a signal given in the paddock when a certain race is called, so many minutes are allowed to get ready, then the next signal is to go through the track gate for the starting post, which is on the back-stretch and quite a half-mile from the stand. So many minutes are allowed for warming up, and on the third signal every horse must be in his position to take the word. If a minute behind he is "lost in the shuffle" and not allowed to start, and besides his driver is disciplined.

In "warming up" most of the riders use lamentable judgment. They will "hazarack" their horses up and down at their highest rate, then go directly from such exercise to the post, their charges winded before the real race commences. What seems extraordinary is that they do not appear to learn from the example set by such successful men as Brown and Weeks, whose methods are so radically different. Yet all look upon Brown as a sort of wizard in the business, and his ability receives great homage from the native trainers, without, however, having the effect of teaching them the superiority of his methods. They appear to regard his ability as an occult faculty born in him, and do not ascribe his success to superior methods of training and driving. Another strikingly singular matter is the great difference in the speed of the contestants in a race. It is not an unusual thing to see some of the horses more than half a mile behind the leaders at the finish, yet they come straggling in under whip and spur to the last inch of the course. I am not sure but that the French rule requires this; at all events it seems the practice.

I do not remember the number of "metres" in the course at Vincennes. It is, however, equivalent to about one mile and three-quarters in length, is on the sod, and there are a number of stiff grades to negotiate. Curb bits are used exclusively in the saddle races, and are cruelly put into execution in case an unlucky steed should make a break; at other times the bridle reins hang uselessly on the neck of the horse, the driver giving no assistance whatever in the way of steadying and controlling his charge. In fact, about the only assistance the driver does give is a free use of the whip and spur at "every stage of the game," and independent of his position; whether away ahead or away behind, it is a continual "drive" from start to finish.

Is it any wonder, then, that their native-bred horses acquire an indescribable "get there Eli" hurry gait, now trotting behind and half running forward, then "shifting the cut" and reversing the order by trotting forward and running behind, rarely, however, entirely "leaving their feet" and galloping at both ends at the same time.

The official and only betting recognized by law is done by the French mutual system. It is conducted by the government, which derives an immense revenue from the "privilege," for the French are bettors from "way back." Betting stations are located all over the grounds, each having tickets on sale for a specified price. For instance, at one station only tickets costing five hundred francs each are sold, but at others one hundred, fifty, twenty-five, and all the way down to one-franc tickets are sold. At the conclusion of the race all the purchases made at the different stations go into one common pool and are divided pro-rata, the one-franc fellow getting exactly the same proportionate winnings as the one-hun-

dred franc bettor does. But that is not all the betting done, for at the fall of the starter's flag bedlam breaks loose and every Frenchman constitutes himself a committee of one, empowered, authorized, expected and required to make, in the wonderful gibberish only possible to a native of France, every conceivable betting proposition and as loud as he can. This bedlam continues until the last horse is whipped and spurred under the wire, for there is no proposition "too tough an angle" for Frenchmen to bet upon, provided you give them sufficient odds. One horse may be an eighth of a mile ahead of another and have only one hundred yards more to go, but a French trotting-horse crank will bet that the horse behind will win if you give him odds enough—it's only a question of odds with him.

But, to conclude this long, desultory letter, I want to say that when Buford and other American horses stepped upon the track, in the great international free-for-all, it brought a thrill of pride and patriotism to both Andy and myself. The Russian trotters, although far and away superior to the French products in appearance, looked very cheap when compared with the American. And when it came to trotting—why, the others "weren't in it." The American horses went like trotters—square and true and frictionless. None of that "hop-and-go-fetch-it," labored way that characterized all the others. I wonder what they think in their own minds over there when they compare the genuine with the counterfeit; the difference between the finished article and the crude, inferior, raw material. It must be mightily discouraging—if anything ever really does discourage a Frenchman.

But—mark the prediction—ten years from now—and sooner, if intolerant preachers, and cackling old women

are permitted a continuance of their present successful efforts against the sport of this country—France will be the trotting nation of the world. There were 30,000 people in attendance the day we were there and every one—including Andy and myself—went wild with enthusiasm. So far as the management and control of the sport is concerned, their associations are now fifty years ahead of the Americans. They are that far behind us in horsemanship. I do not believe the French to be a nation of natural horsemen, and that is their handicap. If it were not for discriminating and hostile practices against the American trotters, in not allowing them to compete against their products, France would to-day be a veritable land of gold for American trainers and American trotters.

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There was once a ditty about the Maumee as fetching in its day as is now the refrain entitled "On the Banks of the Wabash," but not so sentimental, for it ran :

The potatoes they grow small
On the Maumee,
And they dig them in the fall,
And they eat them skins and all,
On the Maumee.

That was many, many years ago, and now, instead of the old blockhouse, the beautiful and prosperous city of Toledo is located at the mouth of the classic stream.

KLATAWA'S DIARY.

One of America's leading trainers and drivers made frequent reports to the owner of a champion. The champion "got next" to these reports, and the following is his diary, which was found in his stall, at Lexington, at the close of the racing season in 1898.

Denver, June 19.—I'm only three years old. I came from the sunny land of gold. I was born on a beautiful ranch at the foot of grand Mount Diablo. I came here several days ago in charge of a good, kind man who knows a horse, respects his feelings, and, oh my, how he can drive one! A nag has to love and do his best for him, as I've always done. And can't I go! I can fly and beat the other fellows, and I know it. To-day my trainer came into the stall and said to me "I have written a letter to your owner and I do not mind reading it to you." I can not remember all the good things he said, but it made me awfully proud, and here are some of them:

"It affords me great pleasure to report regarding the first start of your great colt here last Friday. At the time I hardly thought him up to a hard race. It was a miserable day, the wind blowing a gale and the dust flying so you scarcely saw the horse you were driving. He drew last position in a field of nine. I was sure he won the first heat in 2:14, but, owing to the dust, he got the worst of the decision. In the second heat he was just beaten in 2:12½. Won the third in 2:15¼ (the second quarter being in just thirty seconds); the fourth in 2:14, and

the fifth in 2:14½, pulled up to a walk. He was full of play when being led to the stable at the conclusion of the race. He will start in the three-year-old race here also, and will win easily (which I did.) I shall not be surprised if he takes a record of 2:07 this season."

Peoria, Ill., July 15.—I didn't do a thing to them to-day, I guess. My trainer gave me a bundle of sweet grass and corn blades, patting me on the neck, and praised me so much I fear he will turn my head and make it too big for the bridle. I did not see any letter, but he said he telegraphed my owner like this: "I congratulate you on owning the greatest colt in the world. He won in straight heats, 2:07¾, 2:09, 2:06¼."

Detroit, July 17.—He couldn't get over my great performance at Peoria, and, overlooking his shoulder, I read what he wrote my owner:

"Your colt is probably the best horse in the world. Judging from his Peoria race, from which he came out as fresh as a daisy, I expect to give him a record of 2:03 or 2:04 before the year is over. He is the gamest one I ever saw, and such men as James A. Murphy, owner of Star Pointer; M. E. McHenry and others say they never saw one like him, and I congratulate you on breeding such a record breaker."

Cleveland, July 6.—I had a new driver to-day, and he was pretty slick himself. I won in four heats. In the last one I simply made my competitors look like thirty cents. He said to my groom that I was the only pacing horse; the others were short-stops (whatever that means) to me, and my driver accordingly wrote to my breeder: "I think him the greatest colt the world has ever produced. He is absolutely sound and as fine as possible. I expect him to lower his present record two seconds at least, and

think the public will then appreciate the products of your farm, especially when taking into consideration Diablo, Derby Princess, Agitato, Owyhee, etc. I hear of a fast one East they call Sylvanway, three-year-old, that it is claimed can go in 2:14."

Glens Falls, August 25.—They can't keep a good horse down. I wanted to be let loose to-day, and how I would have stepped; but a keen cut, thoroughbred, little fellow with a light hand and a knowing look, kept taking me back, saying: "Old fellow, not to-day, not to-day; but when we get to Terre Haute we'll simply drown them." I understand he is McHenry, "McHenry of Freeport," they call him, or "Smooth Myron," as one swipe remarked. Well, all I have to say is that he knows how to handle a horse, and he's a smart man. I know that, for he remarked to a gentleman in my hearing that I could "make a monkey of any pacer in the country and do it, too, in his four-year-old form." When I got back to my old friend and trainer he showed me this letter:

"He won at Dubuque, driven by McHenry, in straight heats. I was undecided whether to instruct him to give the colt a fast record then, but concluded on waiting for Terre Haute, where, if he proves himself king of all pacers I shall not be surprised. McHenry wires that he could easily have lowered his record at Dubuque. I worked him the last half of a mile before he was shipped in just one minute flat, and there's no telling where he will step in a few weeks if nothing happens."

Terre Haute, September 22.—I was rushed over here from Independence, where I won easily, without having a chance at my diary until now. It's raining pitchforks, pointed ends down, and we feel blue, because I'm awfully good, and the man from Freeport promised to turn me loose here. My trainer wrote:

"He won again at Independence as he pleased. This is the day he was to start here, but rain caused a postponement, and it looks now like there would be no more races at this meeting, for which I am more than sorry, as McHenry, who has driven him in his last two races, is confident he can go in 2:03. He is in grand form, and is as handsome as can be. If he gets no start I shall let him step at Louisville."

Louisville, October 7.—My trainer is an honest, capable man consistent and candid, one everybody respects and every horse loves. I know he wouldn't speak a word he didn't mean. Whoever may read my diary can make a shrewd guess as to his identity. I didn't get a start at Terre Haute on account of the weather, so was shipped over here. It had been raining here, too, so the track was a little soft, and I had to go against the greatest aggregation of fast aged horses that ever came together. I won the first heat, but could not "march" as I could have done at some other times. I think it was because I didn't have a chance to practice for the past ten days. I got "downed" for the first time this year, but although defeated, I do not give up yet, and I was against the best in the land, and it is no discredit. Besides, I put up the fastest mile ever made by one of my age in the world, 2:05½. They say it's the most wonderful feat of light harness racing history. But I can do a lot better, and I know it. The next time I turn around with those fellows I will show them which tree makes shingles; and next year—well, wait.

Match trotting for bona fide stakes is almost obsolete.

A SPEEDWAY INCIDENT.

They had just come into Durando's. The representative from Pataloosa Valley had ordered the drinks all around, and this is the way he explained it, as they sipped the hot Scotch:

"Say, boys, it's on me, and that's why I'm doing these honors. But you all saw that white streak go up the Speedway, and you saw he 'didn't do a thing to me,' so it's my treat; but I'll tell you the inside of it. I brought my trotter Pataloosa Bill down here to show them on the Speedway how it's done. Well, the first day I showed them; and then as I'd heard so many claim they had the 'King of the Speedway,' I thought I was due to chip in and claim the title for Bill. There was a feller here in the barroom—I don't claim he was drinkin', only lookin' on—who was listenin' for fair to what I was sayin'. Presently, and confidentially, he called me aside and asked: 'Look here, son, do you really believe that Pataloosa Bill is King of the Speedway? Now do you really believe it? He was a well-made feller with a deep chest-tone voice, was the speaker, and a rather voluminous chestnut moustache, with sort of grey eyes that didn't make him appear that he was greatly in need of a guardian. Nevertheless I sort of took pity on him, as I answered: "Now, look here, pard, do you think I'd come round here blowin' my bugle and chuckin' a bluff? Do I look that kind? I'd want you to know I'm from Pataloosa, and Pataloosa is way up the Creek, close to the headwaters, and the town is named after creek, see? (I learned that final to a sentence since I came to New

York.) We know what trotters is in my country, and if any stranger should holler loud in that section, that Bill, Pataloosa Bill—by Birdcatcher out of Nest Egg—isn't a trotter, the chances are that there'd be prechin' in his house and he wouldn't hear it, see? Because we're proud of Bill in Pataloosa.'

"But somehow the chestnut moustache didn't drop off, and the grey eyes sorter twinkled a smile—a Bill Heiser grin.

"Charley said—I got well acquainted with him afterwards, and his name is Charley Thompson—with a kind of an Independence (Iowa) air about him,

"It don't make much difference where you nor your horse hails from. I don't say he isn't King of the Speedway, but let me tell you something: If he is he's greased lightning on a toboggon slide, that's all. Now I have a horse I dreamed last night was entitled to that throne and he don't want to abdicate till he sees something, see? The path is still there and I'll meet you tomorrow, not after, but before the 'sun goes down,' and we will see who is mistakin', you or I."

"And we did, and Charley made good. I hadn't been long in New York before I found that it was the fashion to get the best of the start all one could, and I am thinkin' that that method has considerable to do with many of the claims of gentlemen about ownin' the 'King of the Speedway.' So I made up my mind that I'd get the drop on Independence Charley, so I did about six or seven lengths, lookin' back meanwhile and saying come on, I can't hold Bill back. All I saw was a streak of white. He went past me like the Empire State Express would go past a bow-legged tramp looking for work. Here's to us, have another."

That white streak was Carlyle Carne.

SEVENTY DOLLARS.

In 1895, at Lexington, when the bottom was clean out of the trotting business, a son of the "Green Isle" who had emigrated to the "Blue Grass" when a boy, drifting naturally into the breeding business—and when the "pinch" came, made the inevitable "dispersal" sale—there was offered in his three-quarter starved consignment a rakish two-year-old dark bay filly, sharp of withers, deep through the heart, rather flat ribbed—in short, of the Lady Thorne type. The hair on her was inches long, her tail, though long and rather light, was carried right, and she was of tissue-paper thinness. You could almost blow your breath through her, and in the strong sunlight she would have to stand twice in one place to make a shadow. "That's the best filly that stands in Kentucky," asserted her breeder, and the audience smiled with incredulity. Up and down the sale stable she stepped; clean, clipper-gaited and true. She was so awfully poor though, that no one wanted her. She was not fashionably, yet well bred, being by an obscure son of Young Jim, whose dam was a thoroughbred; and out of a mare by an equally obscure son of Mambrino Patchen, and her dam in turn of Pilot breeding. Neither the sire or dam approached standard breeding. Finally she was knocked down at \$30. The purchaser was a mountaineer who had brought a "bunch" of pigs to the Lexington stock yards and sold them. He took her home, 'way down in the Cumberland Mountain country, used her to plow his corn and potato

patch, and broke her to saddle. She wouldn't "rack," she wouldn't "lope," she wouldn't "fox trot," nor "running walk," but she would trot and wouldn't do anything else. Of course, that didn't constitute a saddle horse from a Kentuckian's standpoint, and as a result her duties were confined to the plow most of the time as the "off" horse, her companion on the "lead" side being a superannuated and good-natured mule; and for the boys to ride to school and go "sky-larking" on in the evenings. The neighboring boys all having saddle horses that could "saddle," of course, friendly racing was a common practice, and it soon came to pass that the trotting bred filly could more than hold her own and beat anything on "Cat's Fork or Bain" Creek; but she went on a trot while her competitors went at the gallop and ran for their lives too.

A saddle-horse dealer of many years' experience, scouring the mountain regions on one of his buying peregrinations, heard of the phenomenon, and on telling a trotting horse friend, was commissioned to buy her on his next trip, which he did, paying the enormous sum of seventy dollars as a consideration. She was taken to a place where she had a chance to wear a harness and be hitched to a light-wheeled vehicle, and she could simply burn up the road. As her old buyer said: "I done bought that thar mar for you, sah, for seventy dollas, and dog on my cats she's worth seven thousand any whar on the face of the yearth."

Unless a starter can inspire confidence, he is working outside his mission.

IN BRET HARTE'S COUNTRY.

In each trip I have made to and from California, I have kept a weather eye out for the romantic argonautic characters so dramatically portrayed by Bret Harte and Mark Twain. But romantic border heroism and border chivalry ceased to exist when the trail was abandoned, and the puffing of the engine superseded the crack of the whip lash and the adventurous glory of the overland stage days. There are, also, no more John Oakhursts, Sandy McGees or Yuba Bills. But I did see a Colonel Starbottle, dignified, courteous, suave and warm-hearted; distinguished, effusive; florid of face and speech and grandly pompous; courtly and portly and elegant. You have to fall in love with him, can't help it—he was the solicitor for the railway eating house at Truckee. He wore well-polished boots, hands in his striped trousers pockets, fancy vest of loud pattern, slouch hat, black shiny low-rolling collar, coat that had seen better days, a big chain and gold watch charm, chin whiskers and a thin, feeble mustache. (“Starbottles” invariably have a fair crop of short chin whiskers and a slight mustache—that is one way you tell them.) Having eaten, I sauntered out on the platform, when a tall, dark man, somewhat grizzly, in shirt sleeves, riding a good-looking sorrel horse, with his coat thrown across the pommel of a Mexican saddle, alighted back of “Starbottle” and giving that gentleman an unexpected whack on the back with his left hand, he stuck his right around in front for a shake, at the same

time, saying, "Fo' God, majah, I'm right down glad to see you, sah."

And the "Majah" was equally glad if wonderfully surprised: "Tome, by God sah, where on earth did you all come from, anyhow, sah?"

Then I knew both were Kentuckians. ("Tome" is Kentucky for Tom you know), and the shaking of hands "was a plenty."

The bell rang, the engine wheezed, breathed, snorted and the train slowly moved. I jumped on the platform of the rear car, while the friends, hand in hand, started for a door over which was a sign of six bold letters resplendent with red and yellow paint—"Saloon."

Don't you think there was a toddy or two—or more—that changed residence from the bottle to the mouths of those old "Kentucky friends, sah."

"I saw you looking at Major Joe Husband and Tom Redmon on the platform back there," said the porter, a bright colored boy, "do you know who they are?"

"No, but I'd like to; and moreover, I'd like to be with them a few minutes right now," I answered, for visions of whiskey toddies came to my mind, and I could almost imagine the clinky sound of the spoon and the ice in the glass as they slowly dissolved the sugar—at least, that's the way they tell me it's done at the "Phoenix" in Lexington—and somehow the warm but courteous and dignified manner of those two old men marked them gentlemen in any land. Gentlemen from a State of gentlemen, no matter where you meet them, nor how long ago they left the "Blue Grass," always gentlemen. God's sun doesn't shine on a spot where there is more true chivalry than in "old Kentucky."

The porter told me in substance that both Husband and Redmon were celebrated characters; both had been prominent young actors in the stirring events of the troublesome days—stage drivers, pony express riders, miners, and, later, Indian scouts. Now one solicits for a railroad eating-house and the other is a grub stake prospector.

“Husband has three men on his stick and Redmon two, besides a lot of Indians—but Indians don’t count out here in these days,” said the porter.

Of Bret Harte’s female characters—the Mlis’es and Miggleses, etc., I saw a number.

And I also saw the girl (name forgotten) from Poverty Flat who wrote that charming love letter in poetry, while sojourning in Paris (whither she’d gone, after her father struck it rich, to acquire polish “and all that”) to her poor admirer back in the Gulch; the conclusion being to the effect that though she had

“Danced with nobility and all that,
Still, some how Joe, I’m thinking
of you and the good old days
For my heart is back there, and
You’ve struck it, Joe, at Poverty Flat.”

They are all of a type, and can be seen at almost any considerable stopping point from Laramie to Sacramento. Untrammelled by corset, unembellished by pads, her form’s her own, not by reason of artificial appliances but by right of nature’s handwork and outdoor freedom. Lithe, supple and graceful, slender and straight; great black eyes, head thrown back, a white collar and immaculate cuffs; neat and tasty in everything; fresh and sweet, without powder or “liquid complexion wash.” She is modesly free and independent and unaffected, calls a Chinaman a Chinaman, and if she likes you she says so;

if she doesn't she doesn't. Were she to hear some of the insipid, insincere, snobbish, English aping gush of her Eastern sisters somethink like this: "Aw, my deah, deah Miss Mushroom, very, very delighted, awfully charmed, I assure you doncherknow"—she'd think it was Greek; or that the speaker was a freak fresh from some dime museum. If she knew the real depth of deceit covered by this imbecile tissue of exaggerated English affection, she'd feel like turning the hose, filled with alkali water of Bitter Creek, on her. Then when she meets a friend and kisses her—I didn't see an illustration of the operation on a subject of the opposite sex—she kisses; no crosslot kiss or canary bird peck, do-it-quick-and-get-away-from-me-variety, but a good, genuine sincere old North American unaffected delicious lingering kiss—my but how a fellow hankers for one himself. And it is beautiful to see the chivalrous respect accorded her by the sterner sex of all degrees, from the millionaire mine owner or cattle-man to the cow-boy herder.

There is no money worth talking about to be made by either the horse owner or the track owner in harness racing. An expensive plant has to be maintained generally three hundred and sixty days in unprofitable idleness, to be ready for use the other five days of the year. Under such conditions no association can hold its own and scale down its entrance fees to anything like the standard in vogue on the running turf. Six and a quarter per cent. looks to be exorbitant when you are making an entry, but it isn't half so big when you are running the meeting.

THE OLD PLAN THE BEST.

(Published in the "Trotter and Pacer," January 1, 1899.)

The mile and repeat plan has often been tried and has never proved a success. Associations that now have the most successful meetings every year have all tried two-in-three heat racing, and you notice they don't put them on their programmes now. It was tried at old Fleetwood Park; Cleveland has tried it; Terre Haute and other places have given it a trial without success. I may be old foggyish, but there is a higher aim in the breeding and racing of the trotting horse than to make of him a medium for gambling, which I see is one of the arguments in favor of shortening the heats. I regard the trotter too highly for that. Those whose want to bet can do so, as it is, and I am opposed to anything that will offer any stronger gambling inducements.

If associations wish to shorten their programmes, let them give fewer races. Let them have but two races during an afternoon. That will give at least six heats, virtually six races, and probably more. As soon as you begin to shorten the distance the horses have to travel, horsemen will begin to breed for flights of speed, to the deterioration of stamina. Instead of having good, game horses that are able to go mile after mile, there would soon be a lot of soft things, that would quit like dogs if pushed to their speed beyond a mile.

Our present system of three-in-five heat racing has been evolved by leading minds in the trotting horse world

extending over a period of fifty years, and has been found to be about the fairest test of speed and endurance. What has been the result? We have to-day trotters that can go at speed many miles without injury. They are useful off the track, able, enduring, every ready to respond when called upon,—the noblest animal on earth.

Could as much have been said if our breeders had been straining purely for speed at short distances? Not at all. I can mention certain breeds of trotters that can go at a wonderful flight of speed for one or two heats. They are good for nothing else. Yet in the two and three heat plan, such horses would win all the money over the game breeds that can go heat after heat long after these flighty ones have shot their bolt.

I am also opposed to sending yearlings and two-year-olds out for fast records. Even three-year-olds are too young to be raced severely, in my opinion. They seldom amount to anything further. Hardly one per cent. of them ever train on. I can at present recall but one case where a youngster has trained on and amounted to something, and that is Tommy Britton. I remember very well when it was considered almost a sin to call on a trotter for full speed at even four years old, and a horse was only considered matured sufficiently for the severe knocks of the race track at eight years. Look back at the bruising campaigns which such famous ones as Lady Suffolk and others of her kind were able to stand. That sort stood the stiffest kind of campaigning year after year without wearing out. We have them to-day, but they are pushed to the limit too early and do not wear as long.

The only argument in favor of the two-in-three heat system is that it would be easier on the horses, and there is not so much in it at that. In regard to attracting larger

gate receipts, I think there are other kinds of races that would prove sufficiently novel to attract the crowds. I believe a saddle race would prove popular, wagon races driven by owners, and other things of like character in connection with the big stake and purse races would prove drawing factors. The further we can keep away from the speculating feature, the better for the trotter.

The most worthless fraud on earth is a stud horse bred to trot that cannot trot.

Don't cite the popularity of the running turf to prove the benefits and purity of the dash system.

Without the revenue of the pooling privilege, no association can make an adequate profit on the amount invested in a track and its appurtenances.

When a man says his horse has speed, ask him what is his record. If he has not a record, ask why, and how he knows his horse is fast. If he hems and haws around, making this excuse and that one, that he was never trained, that he intended to have him some time, that he can trot, and he could "prove it if old Bill Jones was alive," that he was injured when a colt, etc., look out for that man, "he's foolin' ye." Pass him, his horse and his excuses by, and find one that has been trained and has a record to show his speed.

PAT SHANK.

(Published in "The American Sportsman," January 8, 1891.)

In a fertile corner of Medina County, O., watered by spring brooks and rich with sweet grapes that grow upon the gently undulating country round about, where the air is clear and bracing, a few miles from the romantic and beautiful sheet of crystal water called Chippewa Lake, is the little hamlet of Litchfield, and in Litchfield resides "Pat" Shank. Perry O. Shank, about 1856, opened his eyes within its borders, and tradition says his first thought was horse. One of the youngest of a very large family, the son of a country Baptist preacher, it is unnecessary to say that the lad was brought up in the path he should go as regards morals and taught to "hustle" in all his undertakings. From a juvenile tobacco-grower, he developed first into a country schoolmaster, then, following the path of some older brothers, into a full-fledged trotting horse man. The handsome farm, and tidy buildings thereon, standing on the tax duplicate in his name, attest his success in his chosen vocation. It is singular that the ministerial profession and a love for horses go hand-in-hand, but that this affinity exists there is no denying, and a good preacher is almost invariably a good horseman. In this case it must have been the results of the inevitable law of heredity—a cross in his pedigree—for of the seven brothers personally known to the writer, everyone are horsemen, and good horsemen at that. Not "horse jockeys" in the general acceptation of the term, for they are among the leading men in their community.

Blessed with a sunshiney disposition and sanguine temperament, with a kind word and a pleasant smile for everyone; no wonder that all the pretty country girls admired the handsome little school-teacher, nor, that later on, the wild and timid colts almost immediately gave him their confidence. To gain the confidence of a horse is the first and greatest step to success, and a faculty that nature has been niggardly in bestowing, for it is possessed by few men. Until that point is reached, there is no need of trying to educate a horse; once accomplished the remainder is easy.

“Pat” Shank certainly possesses it, and is a genius in his branch of the profession, that of breaking and educating youngsters. I am not writing of a man who has brought his jaded horse first to the wire in many a bitterly contested grand circuit heat, for his experience in that capacity is limited, and his name unknown to the world who have witnessed the brilliant drives of a Doble, a Hickok, a Goldsmith, or a Geers. But, in the greater faculty, if the more obscure one, of educating a colt to trot, Pat Shank need yield the palm to no man. Others may fit a developed horse into better condition; many can drive a race for the money, possibly better than Pat—but he can drive for my money at that in any company. Others may have the honor and glory of adepts in campaigning, but the quiet, even-tempered man who first lays hands on a colt, and teaches him to step, is the greater genius, and the one most in demand, for the public has awakened to the fact that there is a separate branch of the profession. Had we more such men there would be more trotters, fewer hobblers and spoiled colts, among the many thousands of high-bred ones that are annually produced.

The writer has had a good opportunity of watching the different methods adopted by different trainers, and has come to the conclusion that the colt himself must do much of his own training, and the man who can discern the many different ways that the many differently tempered youngsters have of aiding their own education, is the man who is bound to succeed. You can prepare and condition a developed trotter, by an iron-clad system of miles at a certain rate at certain intervals, repeats so often and on just such days, but you can't educate a colt by any such set of rules. You can't train him "by note" as it were. I've seen Pat Shank take out a colt with the intention of speeding him, and bring him back to his stall before he had gone one hundred yards away, telling his man to put him in and take care of him, as he was not then feeling just right for fast work. Shank believes in letting colts trot and encouraging them to trot when they want to trot themselves, and frequent short brushes are therefore a prime factor in his success.

Some of our ablest trainers and drivers have never learned this trick, but try to educate a colt by the same rule they condition a developed trotter. They jog him just so many days and on those days if the colt, feeling in him the instinct to do what he is bred to do, attempt to spurt away, he is taken back, for that is not on that day's programme. He will be given a certain mile or half-mile at a certain rate and certain time, with a contemplated repeat on a certain day. In the interval the colt may often ask to be let to step along, but no, that won't do then. The repeat day comes and the colt is harnessed. If he happens to feel real well, the repeat does him some good—although not the best system for educating; but if, from any cause, he is dumpish and

don't feel like trying to trot, making him trot does more harm than can be estimated; and it is this iron-clad system that fills the land with hitchers and hobblers and spoils hundreds and hundreds of promising youngsters that would, under more intelligent education, be shining lights on the turf. I'm sorry to say it seems to be the prevailing system, with many trainers who have reached the point of being great race drivers.

Go to Pat Shank's place any time and you will see speed—young speed. This colt and that one are brought out and harnessed; the harness may not be so expensive nor the vehicle so bright and clean, but the youngster that pulls it can step, and step like a "mechanic." There will be a woeful poverty of hoppers and spreaders and this and that new-fangled patent devilish device for torturing youngsters, that have been spoiled by overwork, and should be forgetting the evil results of their mistreatment in pasture fields; the mane may not be braided with ribbons and the colt covered with boots—worth more in many cases than the animals wearing them—but when Pat clucks to him he squares away with the even one-two-three-four stroke that is music to a horse-lover's ears.

Under his tuition Oliver K., 2:16½, learnt his first idea of speed; Gray Dave, 2:22¼, "stepped some" for the first time; Newton B., 2:17¼, received his preliminary education; Keokee, 2:20½, went through her primer; Wyandot, 2:19½, won a bare-footed two-year-old—his first race; Oakhurst, 2:29¾; Hersey, 2:27½; Mendicant, 2:32, and many others started their education on Pat Shank's half-mile track and under his cunning hand proved that almost any trotting-bred colt can, by intelligent treatment, be educated to trot.

HEAT BETTING.

(Published in the "Kentucky Stock Farm," December 31, 1891.)

Heat betting is the easiest and therefore the most tempting way of swindling the public, especially the army of small bettors. Remove the temptation, then "laying up heats" cannot be objectionable. It is the very hardest matter for the judges to reach and control, so as to protect the public, of any of the duties imposed upon them. It is recognizing a system of betting differing from all previous customs (wagering on contests of any kind being the main event) and in direct opposition to the fundamental law of betting, that "a bettor should not lose without a chance of winning." When there is heat betting, even though a heat is "layed up" innocently for the commendable purpose of enhancing the chances of winning the main event and not for robbery, a certain portion of the betting public lose their money without an earthly chance of winning.

The system has been for years the means of more swindling, more robbery—five times told—in trotting races, than all the other methods in racing. Next to it are "second money plays." Abolish both. If one horse is so certain a winner that pools cannot be sold against him for the main event, let betting stand still in that race. Do not make a repetition of the Hannis-Ford, the Walter E.-Honest George scandals, and hundreds of others like them that might be cited, possible.

Pool-sellers and book-makers will oppose the abolishment of the system, because, as they claim, "it will keep money out of the box," on which they and the associations now get a percentage. But my experience with pool-sellers is that they are about the shortest-sighted business men imaginable. They can't see that any and every safeguard that can be thrown around their business only inspires confidence, and with confidence increased business, both from habitual followers and from wealthy gentlemen who now do not bet a dollar—not from adverse principle simply, but because they do not want to be considered lambs to be shorn by the job shearers. The pool-seller of the future is the one who will act in co-operation with the judges' stand and the association, whose servant he is, and be ready, willing and anxious to expose a steal; in the past it has been their motto, anything to shield and cover up a job. There is no reason why book-making and French mutual pools cannot be carried on on the result of the race, and while possibly the volume of business might temporarily fall off for the time, it would speedily gain greater proportions than ever before.

Horsemen want five per cent. entrance, and properly insist that the revenue should come from the gate; the attending public howl for free admission, and the track managers get cussed "from A to izzard" from both quarters.

THE TROTTER ON THE FARM.

(Read at Stock Breeders' Meeting at Columbus, O., December, 1890.)

The relation of all classes of horses to agriculture is a close one, inasmuch as a large majority of them are bred on farms by farmers. I shall therefore start out with the assumption that the real meaning of "relation" in this connection, is the profit arising from the pursuit of breeding the trotting horse.

It is true that the agriculturist has an interest in his business above that of the simple sordid one of gain; and the elevating love of nature engendered by the annual building of crops from seed sown by his own hand, is a noble interest leading the thoughts upward, and teaching the mind to wonder at the phenomenal power of the Supreme Being.

The trotting horse is an American citizen, needing no naturalization papers or introduction. For general use and business he is, next to man, God's noblest creation. The draft horse can pull, the thoroughbred can run; neither can trot; neither is adapted to the general business of mankind; one is a slow slug, the other treacherous and flighty—a gambling machine. Whereas the trotting-bred horse can pull your plow; he can run as fast as is ever necessary in business, and he can make you grow young with the pleasure he affords in a "spin" down the smooth stretch of road on your way home—such a "spin" that opens your heart, makes you pat the baby on its head, furnishes a kind word and a loving kiss for your wife, instead of that desire to kick your dog after a slow, work-

your passage with the whip, ride behind a dung-hill beast.

The highest price ever paid for a horse, \$105,000, was paid for a trotter that was produced from a \$150 mare, and was bred, reared, trained and sold by a telegraph operator. The general average paid for trotting-bred horses is above the average paid for horses of other classes. Then why, with the possibilities of extreme value, and the certainty of a value above that of any other breed, is not the trotting horse the horse for the agriculturist to produce? He is the horse of to-day, and the horse of the future.

Much of the many theories advanced on how to breed the trotting horse is good, a great deal bad—the old story of the chaff and the grain. And let me say right here, if you have not judgment of your own that can separate the chaff from the wheat, don't start breeding trotters. Let me hope, for your sake, that you can employ the "separator" to this article, for it undoubtedly contains much chaff, and only possibly a very little sound grain that might benefit you in saving, for I plead guilty, like my fellow men, of proneness to the equestrian feat of straddling a hobby, and riding with whip and spur. The trotting standard—a much reviled, and often a misleading guide, acting in the minds of the unthinking men as a harmful finger board that points in the wrong direction, and adding a fictitious value to many a scrub not worth the water it drinks—is still mainly the true guide to success in breeding. It is far from perfect, all know, but, used with judgment and intelligence, it will bring success, and success "puts money in thy purse."

It is true that there are many out of the standard rank better than many that are in it. But that's where judgment comes in. It is also true that it has no control over

hereditary or individual unsoundness. A plug decorated with ringbones, spavins, splints, and curbs, not fast enough to get out of his own way—in short an utterly worthless brute—may be as eligible as the best individual horse and the highest bred one in the land. And that is where I think the principal evil of the standard lies. Go to a fair of any of our county agricultural societies with the following test: Let three gentlemen exhibit three different stallions: No. 1—a good individual, fast, sound and standard; No. 2—a flat sided scrub, fit for no duty that a horse was ever intended for, but standard and having a “number”; No. 3—a grand individual, fast, high-bred, sound, but just outside the standard. Then will appear the numerous individual of the genius standard crank, with his lofty-wise-acre-I-know-it-all sir, asking the standard “number” of each. The two having that appendage, are then, in his estimation, equal. One is standard with a number, and the other has a number and is standard, so both are equally good to breed to. But the one without a number is absolutely worthless in the opinion of the theorist, although in reality capable of making himself standard by his own performances, and not depending on the departed greatness of his ancestors for that distinction. That is the fictitious view of the standard, the evil of the standard and the place where good judgment must step in and do its duty.

Ohio, my native state, and where is there a Buckeye not proud of the dear old commonwealth—is by nature most favorably adapted for breeding the trotter. The temperature is perfect for his full development and health; blessed with an abundance of sweet and nutritious grasses, and crystal water. It has the native foundation for greatness in its equine production, being the original

home of the Hiatoga, Tuckahoe, Cadmus, Camden, Bacchus, and other great families, whose blood is found in many of the country's best performers. Ohio produced the great Pocahontas, undoubtedly the fastest harness horse that ever lived, and whose every drop of blood sparkles like diamonds in pedigrees where found; potent in the fastest stallion, by the crucial test of a public record, that was ever foaled, Nelson, 2:10. The renowned Smuggler, 2:15 $\frac{1}{4}$, was bred in Ohio. The phenomenal star of the "big four," Sleepy Tom, saw the light of day on the banks of the beautiful Scioto and the light went from his eyes while being used for plebian purposes, before he made himself king of pacers of his day. Blue Bull originally went from Ohio. The fame of "the dun mare from Ohio" in so many great pedigrees became proverbial. Shanghai Mary, dam of the marvelous Green Mountain Maid, was "a mare of unknown breeding bought in Ohio." I have seen her picture at Stony Ford. It shares the place of honor with that of her great daughter, over the door of the reception room. Hundreds have looked at the picture of that rakish, angular sorrel mare, with four white legs and a blaze, and returning again and again with a feeling almost of awe, and a presentiment that they were gazing on the picture of a queen of her kind before asking the genial host, Charles Backman, the question, "What mare is that."

Mr. Backman spent a large sum of money in attempting to trace her pedigree, and sent a commissioner to Ohio for that purpose, but without avail. To me there is a peculiar fascination in that picture of a ragged-hipped, clean-cut, do-or-die-looking faded sorrel mare. I told Mr. Backman that she was in appearance, a typical Cadmus, and she is, having all the characteristics of that Ohio

family. David Bonner, a most excellent judge of such matters, who had often seen Pocahontas, said she resembled that mare very strongly in conformation and markings. H. M. Hanna, who often ran away from school to ride "quarter races" on a Cadmus, and who is very familiar with that family, coincides in the opinion that Shanghai Mary was a Cadmus.

But to return to our subject, "relation," etc., i. e., profit to the agriculturist in breeding the trotter. My advice to a beginner would be to carefully study the 2:30 list, and from it form an idea of the breeding or combination of blood most potent in producing the representatives in that list. Then breed to the best your means will permit. Remember, always, that a horse bred to trot and cannot trot, cannot do what he is bred to do, and is therefore a failure. Don't bred to such a one. He cannot transmit a power he does not possess. Between the two horses, equal individually, one standard and the other not, breed to the standard one, but far better breed to a good non-standard horse than a poor standard one. Never forget that a good looking horse will always sell well, therefore do not sacrifice looks for uncertain speed. In this day the combination, good looks and speed, should be easily produced. Never breed to a horse with hereditary unsoundness.

If you can afford it buy mares of fashionable breeding, because their offspring will sell readily for good prices. If you cannot afford that kind do the best you can, consoling yourself with the reflection that the dams of many of the fastest horses in the world have been low-priced mares. Oliver K. was sold with his dam for \$150; Axtell's dam cost \$150; Jack's dam sold for \$75; McDoel's for \$140; Allerton's for \$200, and the list might be continued up into the hundreds.

In every community there are mares of great local reputation as untiring wear-and-tear roadsters, almost invariably high-strung and willful. Remember the hundreds on hundreds of instances in great pedigrees of "breeding unknown, but a great roadster." I believe disposition to be one of the main factors in producing speed. A great brood mare family is always a high-strung family. Green Mountain Maid could kick the peaks off the stars; so could Bessie Turner, the dam of Oliver K. It was worth a man's life to drive the dam of Phyllis. Annie Eastin, the dam of three in the list, was a hot-headed puller that would go until she dropped in her tracks. Alma Mater was very high-toned and from a high-toned family. The dam of Abdallah is renowned in history for her great road feats. Emaline, the dam of seven in the list, was another high-spirited one. So was Gretchen, the dam of Clingstone. Miss Russell was another, and the dam of Guy had a will that the black phenomenon inherits. Lady Fulton was a "holy terror" that could and would run away whenever she felt like it, which was about all the time, and she could kick icicles off a church steeple. In fact, in a desultory limited investigation some years since I found but few mothers of fast performers that were not high-spirited mares, many of them absolutely mean. So a brood mare with some speed and a great deal of resolution is a good article to start off with.

After you breed a colt give it a chance. Feed it well and when old enough teach him to step out and, whether in training or not, remember that pure green grass is nature's remedy for all ailments. There is a great deal of foolishness in the present day's training. Toe weights, hobbles, patent spreaders and the like are undoubtedly in rare instances necessary, but are frequently used when

their absence would be much better. A little more time and patience generally accomplishes all that these mechanical appliances do, and the legs, feet, gait and after service of the animal are much better for their omission. If you can afford it, put your colt in the hands of a capable trainer—if you can find one of that kind—but better no training at all than poor training. Good training is a good investment. If you have the time, train him yourself. You will find the work a fascinating recreation. Get up an hour earlier each morning. The colt will enjoy it—so will you. Do not overwork him. Keep him feeling gay as a lark, and when he wants to step out let him go, short distances at a time. If at the snap of a twig, or a rustle of the leaves of the roadside bushes, he occasionally starts upon a trot and speeds away faster than his ordinary one, if only for a rod or two, you have then a promise that will pay to train. If he has no “brush,” but the stereotyped gait, about as fast one time as another, my idea is that he has not the necessary quality for training. Sell him then for a business horse; the price will cover the expenses of raising and a fair profit. If he turns out only a 2:30 performer, his value will be several times over the cost of his production, and will also increase that of his sire and dam. If he should be a phenomenon—2:20 or better trotter, you are made rich by one animal.

It may appear that there is an overproduction of this class of horses, that the inevitable law of supply and demand will soon have its innings and overproduction result, as it always does, in disaster. While that may be true, it is equally true that breeding the trotting-bred horse, is at the present time, the most profitable industry the agriculturist can engage in. And remember that the trotting horse is the most useful horse in the world; that

America is his home ; that we have spent nearly a century in bringing him to his present state of perfection ; that, being the best animal of his kind, he will certainly gain a foothold—or rather, increase the foothold he has already gained with all civilized nations. They must come to the land of the stars and stripes to get him, and though it looks like overproduction now, the markets of the world will soon all want what only we can furnish, and in that view the business has a rosy hue.

HOW A SWIPE WON.

He was entered at Columbus, O., against such good ones as Baron Dillon, Geneva, Roseleaf, Russellmont and Aline; the entrance money had been sent with his nomination, and Billy—that's his owner—was to be there to drive. Josh—that was his "swipe"—had his satin chestnut coat (the horse's) like burnished copper in the sunlight; and patting the glossy neck of his friend—for a good trotting-horse groom is always a friend of the horse he "rubs"—Josh soliloquized, "Old fellow, you're fit to trot for the Persian Empire, pearls and diamonds thrown in, and you'll win, won't you, old boy? Then this winter I'll have a woolly overcoat with a velvet collar, striped pants, a red necktie and pointed-toed patent-leather shoes, and I'll cut a swell around home, you bet, for Bourbon, I've got my last nickel on you, not enough left to pay the washwoman. You'll win, won't you, old Bourb? But why don't Billy show up, it's nearly time for the warming-up heat?"

Thirty miles away that day the engine of a passenger train headed for Columbus, whistled, slowed, stopped—breathing and panting like a human being, as good engines do. A freight train wreck on the track; no telegraph office, no prospect of getting through for hours, Billy a passenger on that train, and Bourbon's race to be called in less than two hours.

Clank! clank! clank! went the call bell for the first race on the card, and no Billy yet. Josh "warmed up" Bourbon; still no driver, and the race was called. "It's

too late now to get a swell driver," thought Josh, "and, besides, I don't know what he might do if I did get one. We 'swipes' can sit on the track fence and criticize all the drivers, but when we try to drive we make monkeys of ourselves. Still, I'll go ahead the first heat, just keep inside the flag, and Billy must show up for the second heat. Now, Bourbon, for the Lord's sake remember that overcoat, red necktie, pointed-toed shoes and drive yourself, for I'm scared to death now." So, off goes Josh; but he kept a long way inside the flag, for he was at the wire first, and if there ever was an astonished "swipe" it was Josh. Not only that, but Billy not "showing up," as Josh put it, he lost the second heat and landed the next two heats and race. Time, 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$, 2:12 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:13 $\frac{1}{2}$.

If the reader regards this as fiction, let him look up the record of the Columbus, O., meeting September 13, 1895, and ask Wm. L. Rice, of Canal Dover, Ohio, who drove Bourbon Wilkes, Jr., in that event.

A good pedigree is good; a good horse is better; a good pedigree and a good horse combined is best.

MUSKET.

A horse holding the distinction of being the "unluckiest horse on earth" is entitled to a place in history. Musket came from Iowa to the 1895 Cleveland sale, to be sold for the benefit of his owner—and the country at large, barring the purchaser. Soon after his arrival he showed more speed than any horse on the track had done that year up to that date, and everybody predicted great things for the blaze-faced son of Red Baron. His owner was so infatuated that he paid the catalogue fee—and that's the only income I've ever received from the horse, but there's been a lot of outgoes—and withdrew him from the sale. The horse immediately took sick, I suppose from chagrin that he had ever made a cent for anyone, came near dying, but unfortunately for me recovered sufficiently to be shipped back to the prairies of his native state. Somehow he kept haunting me, that blaze face and beautiful gait, and I bought him for \$600 on the assurance that he had recovered from his sickness. He was sick when he was returned to Cleveland, and continued that way. When he began getting better he was kicked on the arm of his left front leg by Sunland Clay. His hind legs remained very slightly "stocked" from the effects of the distemper. In my absence a stable boy blistered them with caustic balsam with the intent of reducing them, but the effect was inverse ratio, and the legs swelled clear to his body as big as a beer keg. He's too unlucky for me. There may be horse diseases he has not had, but I don't know their names. He's had a touch of everything I can

find in the doctor's books, including hiccoughs and worms ; and now that he has run the gamut of diseases possibly his luck will turn. It would just be my luck, but I don't want to chance it. I'll agree to pray for the man who buys him—he'll need it.

I will say in conclusion that he is the best-gaited horse I ever sat behind, and I think I have ridden faster behind him than I ever did behind Eloise or Rifle. There are a number of horsemen in Northern Ohio just waiting to bid on Musket. I hope they won't get him, because it would be my luck to have him beat something I had in the first race, besides I never want to see him again.



Do not forget stamina when breeding. What an awful feeling it is to own a flash horse and see a game one close to him at the head of the stretch.

THE RIDE OF A LIFETIME.

The soft breezes quivered the leaves that, painted by the autumn sun, were glowing bravely in every shade of red, brown and gold the morning I drove, hitched to a light wagon, a rakish looking bay gelding over the Boulevard in Cleveland to Wade Park. His thin lively ears pricked and turned and played, and his great intelligent eye glanced from side to side and back at his new driver, as with his easy, trotting jog he stepped along, a king of his race, admired by the many ladies and gentlemen in swell turnouts that met us. There seemed nothing created that he feared. He was bright, cheerful, happy, pleasant, prompt and alert to the slightest touch of the rein. In short, he was that perfection which a road driver may live to an old age and die without finding.

That bay gelding was Flying Jib,—“the Jib hoss”—the first horse in the world to beat two minutes in harness, one of the soundest, sweetest and most intelligent horses ever foaled, and the fastest horse on the road the world has ever seen. No wonder that Capt. Griffith would never sell “the Jib.” We reached the speeding ground at Wade Park on a quiet, trotting jog. The Jib seemed to know the purposes of the smooth, straight stretch, for his ears pricked more lively, and he glanced oftener back to me, poking his nose out in gentle reminder, and if a horse wonders, perhaps wondering “if that guy holding the reins realized that he was sitting behind a horse that could beat any horse living a brush down the road.” The other fellow came along. I mean the fellow with holders on his

lines, quarter boots on his steed, blue glasses and a knowing confident look. He sat straight back, his arms at length and the lines taut. He had that bantering, tantalizing, aggravating if-I'd-only-let-loose-of-these-lines-where-would-you-be air, as he glanced at Jib and me. The Jib moved a little faster and I took him gently back as my rival loosened on his reins and asked his horse to step along. I allowed him to open up about a length of daylight, and just when the other fellow thought it was "too easy," I slacked away to the Jib—whiz, phew, a clatter of feet on the hard road like the roll beat of a snare drum, a whiff of wind and the Jib was gone. I commenced gasping for breath as the wind carried away my hat and took the few remaining feeble hairs from the top of my head, the wagon meantime swishing from side to side, the sparks flying, and I began to realize that I was riding on a streak of lightning, or rather behind one. Then I weakened—I've said a thousand times that I could ride as fast as a horse could go—but the Jib taught me I was mistaken. I spoke to him, taking him back with a slight tension, and the Jib, back on a trotting jog, looked around as much as to say, "what do you think of that?" We turned and presently met my rival road driver. He was a good fellow at heart, honest enough not to go into the "excuse column" when he was beaten. He held up both hands and we stopped. "For God, mister, what is that you are driving? Why, this horse I have has a record of 2:12, and I didn't think a man could buy, beg, borrow, or steal a horse he couldn't beat, but you went past me like the Empire State Express would pass a funeral?" I told him Flying Jib and jogged home.

BUFFALO PARK.

For thirty years the sound of the recall bell has been heard and the word "Go" given on the famous Buffalo trotting track. This classic ground has been the pioneer in making trotting horse history. It was there in 1867 that Dexter, the white-legged, blaze-faced conqueror electrified the country by trotting in 2:17 $\frac{1}{4}$, beating the world's record. In 1872 Lucy, the peerless daughter of George M. Patchen, trotted to a record of 2:18 $\frac{1}{4}$ at Buffalo when she defeated American Girl, Goldsmith Maid and Henry. In 1874 Smuggler, by one of his thunderbolt rushes, won a heat, beating the stallion record, and then lost his race, a victim of heavy shoes and toe weights, the honors in the championship contest going to Thomas Jefferson, "the black whirlwind of the North."

In 1878 all eyes were again turned to Buffalo during the Grand Circuit meeting, when Splan cut the world's record to 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$ with Rarus.

When the first bell rang at Buffalo, Budd Doble and Orrin Hickok were boys. Dan and Ben Mace were in their prime. Splan's warwhoop was just beginning to be heard in the land. The younger generation of drivers like Ed Geers, "the silent man from Tennessee," and McHenry of Freeport, followed in due course. "Pa" Hamlin was just starting in the business of breeding trotters, the success of which has made him a personage as widely known in the country as the President.

[The above was written in 1895. The last meeting held over the Buffalo track was in 1896].

THE HIGHLY POLISHED GOLD BRICK.

At the Cleveland Grand Circuit Meeting in 1899, in one of the slow classes, appeared a rakish bay gelding entered from "Old Missouri," but his name wasn't "Joe Brown," nor yet "Brother Ike" of red hair renown. His driver, name unknown, was of the innocent smiling contingent; at the same time one whom a shrewd judge of character wouldn't be apt "to collar" with a view to floating a gold brick proposition. And his name (the horse's) was Sagwa. Now his driver appeared like an industrious "cuss," but somehow, at the finish, it was eyelashes apart between the three front horses. He was about the most indolent young man you ever met. The judges, seeking the acquaintance of all meritorious fellow American citizens—especially those from the sister colony of Missouri—sent for the gentleman "all the way from Pike," and introduced themselves to this wanderer and stranger on old Erie's shores. He, appreciating the compliment, smiled, showing his clean white teeth—gave them a thirty-year-in-the-United States Senate-Thos. H. Benton conversation, and, well, there are authenticated cases where a "novice" raised to an emergency, especially in a trotting race, and the summary must tell whether "the gentleman from Missouri" was "next" to his job. That was Sagwa's only start in public. They do say though, that the gentlemen of the Buckeye State, especially that portion residing in the territory originally known as the "Western

Reserve" haven't been conspicuous in history for overlooking a good thing, whether it be a fat political office or something more reputable, and on the train that took Sagwa back to his native heath there was a young man, not of Pickwick's build, nor yet of that of Pickwick's sleepy boy. Did you ever hear of a certain Doctor who became celebrated by his endeavor to teach the world how to live without eating? Well, around the Cleveland Driving Park the people know of that fellow's namesake, and he is a trainer of horses, but as far as known he was not a follower of that precept, sought to be demonstrated by the pioneer of his name, for history fails to record a case where he skipped one bite when there was a meal around and anything left on the table. That was the young man who in physical conformation was unlike Pickwick and also unlike Pickwick's sleepy boy.

Sagwa showed him four heats, 2:24, 2:13 $\frac{3}{4}$, 2:12 $\frac{1}{2}$, 2:11 $\frac{1}{2}$ on a comparatively slow track, the same afternoon, with regulation time between each mile. Sagwa went back to Cleveland. It is presumed he was purchased. On a recent visit to Cleveland the writer of this saw Sagwa one day, and really did accept an invitation to see him perform on the morrow, but that night he received a telegram that his yacht was to sail for the cup the next day, and being compelled, out of courtesy to his opponent to be present at the yacht event, he of course, missed Sagwa do a great performance. But now, seriously, joking aside, this is one of the best formed, most evenly balanced, and fastest horses on earth, one that has a chance to wear a champion's crown. He is one of the best pole horses imaginable, and will impress all as an ideal trotter, good headed, good gaited, the real thing.

MATT LAIRD AND RUBENSTEIN.

A few years ago, at Windsor, Ont., there flashed upon the public, meteor-like, a handsome, highly-bred stallion, then unknown to the horse fraternity, and unthought of by the professional pool followers. He was entered by a modest young man from Mansfield, Ohio, and I remember the remark of a shrewd bettor when he first saw the young fellow: "Now, I don't know where he comes from, nor anything about his horse, but I'll bet he isn't up here to buy peanuts or gingerbread, or to smuggle a bottle of 'Mohickinville liquor' across the border; so I'll just 'keep cases' on that 'slick' looking young man and his good-looking stallion." The "young fellow" was Matt Laird, and the horse Rubenstein, and what the pair did to the other drivers and horses, and the pool buyers "was a plenty," for they "spread-eagled" the race "for fair," and philosopher "Benny" sighed as he said, "I made up my mind to watch that pair, but forgot it, and now they have got my money—and about everybody else's."

A person with experience in any business knows more about that business than the same person without experience would.

WYOCKEE

At different sales I have disposed of horses that have turned out profitable investments. For instance, Marie C. was sold for \$70. She was highly bred and could trot fast, taking a record the same season of 2:16 $\frac{1}{4}$. I sold Wyreka, green, but very fast at both gaits, for \$185, and he took a record the same season, pacing, of 2:18 $\frac{1}{4}$, afterwards reduced it to 2:13 $\frac{1}{4}$. These are only instances on one side of the ledger. On the other side I've sold some no account ones. For instance, Musket, that I catalogued as the "unluckiest horse in America," for he'd had every disease in the calendar from worms up. I told the bidders when he was in the ring they were giving more than he was worth, and he "made good" for he died soon after he arrived in Boston, whether because of the location to which they had taken him, or that he wanted to make my word good, I do not and never shall know.

Now, whether Wyokee is fated to go on the right side of the ledger, or over there with Musket, remains to be seen. I think he's a real trotter, and will be the real thing as a race horse; but as I may not be present when he's sold, I want to say here that I guarantee nothing about him, his merits, soundness, or anything else, except that the high bid gets him. When he's knocked down he's your horse, whether he is an escape from Hagenback's trained animal show or the fastest and best trotter on earth. I bred him, and he's been the apple of my eye. He looks like a race horse and goes like a race horse. He has never been trained a minute (I thought him "too good(?)" to work

early, so he was not broken until last summer). He is by a game, fast horse out of a game, fast mare, knows nothing but trot, and I've seen him go fast for a green horse.

I have driven him daytime and night, and he never made a wrong move with me, but a drunken stableman fell out of the cart in one of his nightly sprees, and the colt ran home and stood all night in the shafts. I found him the next morning—the "bum" who drove him I did not look for. Afterward I drove him repeatedly. Then when I took sick the new stableman drove him, and he (the stableman) was sober. The colt jumped, in play, I suppose, in turning a corner, and the sober stableman fell out, so my pet Wyokee ran away again to the stable and waited to be unhitched. He never raised a foot to kick, nor lost a hair. I had Tom Gallagher drive him since, and he says he couldn't make him do a wrong thing. But there is trouble in the "old man's" house. The stableman is afraid, the household is afraid, and "Benny" is sick, so the colt has to be sold, I suppose on the theory that he is surely bound to kill somebody, and my folks want that somebody to be somebody else—Christian spirit, isn't it? But it is the truth, and I sell him with the chances, after telling the facts.

I wouldn't catalogue all this gush for anyone else, because printing costs—possibly more than Wyokee is worth—but I'm playing myself a favorite now, and it will be printed—unless Tipton kills it, which I wouldn't blame him for doing. I'll agree to say no more about Wyokee, even if I'm at the sale when he is hammered. As George Bain says, "You take him like you take your girl—for better or for worse."