



*E. F. Geers*



# ED. GEERS' EXPERIENCE WITH THE TROTTERS AND PACERS.

EMBRACING

A BRIEF HISTORY OF HIS EARLY LIFE IN TENNESSEE,  
WITH DESCRIPTIONS OF SOME OF THE CUSTOMS  
PECULIAR TO THAT STATE, AND A  
GENERAL DESCRIPTION

OF THE

MOST NOTED HORSES HE HAS DRIVEN,

TOGETHER WITH

A LIST OF THE HORSES HE HAS GIVEN FAST RECORDS ;

ALSO INSTRUCTIONS ABOUT

CONDITIONING AND CARING FOR THE HORSE

BEFORE AND DURING RACING.

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BUFFALO, N. Y.

1901.

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W A S H I N G T O N  
P O S T O F F I C E

TO  
MR. C. J. HAMLIN,  
ONE OF THE PIONEERS IN THE BREEDING AND DEVELOPMENT OF  
THE LIGHT-HARNESS HORSE,  
AND  
TO WHOSE LIBERALITY, INTELLIGENT INDUSTRY AND  
UNSWERVING FIDELITY THE RACE-GOING PUBLIC  
IS SO DEEPLY INDEBTED,  
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED  
BY THE AUTHOR.



## PREFACE.

FOR several years past friends and horsemen in different parts of the country have importuned me to give in published form my experience in training and driving light-harness horses, and as no work of this character has appeared in this country for a number of years, it occurred to me that if I was ever to do so the present is a very proper time to comply with this request, therefore I have rather reluctantly decided to publish this volume. I am indebted to Mr. P. M. Babcock, an old friend of mine, now residing in Buffalo, for whatever merit the editorial work of this book may possess, as the main part of it has been written by him, aided by such suggestions as I have been able to give. I have never kept a diary or other memoranda and hence the dates herein given are mainly from recollection, and, while some of them may be wrong, I believe them to be substantially correct. With the expectation of a generous criticism of its merits and defects this book is submitted to the consideration of all who care to peruse its pages.

E. F. GEERS.

BUFFALO, March 1, 1901.



## INTRODUCTORY.

**T**RAINING horses for races, and the development of speed, are arts almost as old as history itself, and, while different people at different epochs in the past have employed different methods for accomplishing the common object, the reader, in order to form a correct judgment as to the success and merits of one who has devoted the best years of his life to the accomplishment of developing the light-harness horse to his present high standard of excellence, must necessarily understand and appreciate the conditions surrounding his undertaking, and hence a brief summary of the conditions which existed in Tennessee at and prior to the time of my entering the arena would seem to be desirable.

When Tennessee was settled, the lands were taken up by comparatively few people. These few land owners were a sport-loving people, and, to gratify their pleasure, imported large numbers of thoroughbred horses, some of which were among the best and most distinguished race horses of their day. There were very few regular racetracks in that State in those days; but these large land owners nearly all had private tracks, or "rings," upon their vast estates, where the neighbors of a community would occasionally meet in friendly contests. It was soon demonstrated that, owing to the hilly country and stony and muddy roads, locomotion could best be accomplished by the use of the saddle horse, and hence it was that

certain gentlemen imported from Kentucky a number of highly-bred pacing and saddle animals, and these being crossed with the thoroughbreds gave to the people of the State the foundation stock of the great families of pacers which have made the name of Tennessee a household word wherever the pacing and saddle horse is known and appreciated. This was the condition of affairs when the clouds of civil war rolled over this fair State and darkened nearly every home within its borders. When the war was over, it was found that most of the valuable and highly-bred horses of the State had disappeared, and what remained were the common-purpose horses used to carry on the business of a pretty well discouraged and nearly bankrupt people, and it may readily be imagined that in this state of affairs the minds of the people were upon something more substantial than racing horses. So little attention had been given to the training and development of harness horses for racing purposes that when I commenced my career as a trainer and driver, in 1872, there was but one old dilapidated mile track in the State, and not a single horse bred or developed in the State had acquired a record below 2.30. Another element that contributed to this result was the fact that the only harness horses in the State during this period possessing sufficient speed to engage in turf contests were the pacers; but at that time the pacer was not recognized as being entitled to demonstrate his merits upon the race tracks of the country, and hence pacing speed was of no value, and the horse that could pace a mile in 2.10 was worth no more in the market than one that could not pace a mile in three minutes, the only element of value being his ability and value as a saddle horse. But when, in



1879, that great quartette, consisting of Blind Tom, Mattie Hunter, Rowdy Boy, and Lucy, electrified the race-going public by their brilliant achievements upon the race tracks of the North, the broad minded and generous hearted Colonel Edwards of Cleveland, then the controlling spirit of that celebrated track, proclaimed that, at least upon that track, the pacer should no longer be considered as an outlaw, and from that period dates the value of the pacing horse in racing contests upon the different American race tracks.

The first attempt to breed and develop trotting race horses in Tennessee, within my knowledge, was about the year 1868, when Rev. Talbert Fanning of Franklin College, Tennessee, brought some Morgans from Vermont. These horses were very beautiful in form, and, like nearly all of that family, were great road horses, possessing great endurance and plenty of speed for that purpose, but not sufficiently fast for first-class track horses, and hence their breeding and training did not accomplish much in the upbuilding of the reputation of the State as the home of the trotting race horse. Soon after this, Colonel John Overton of Nashville purchased and brought to the State the trotting-bred stallion Chieftain, who, although a well-bred horse, was not a great success upon the turf, nor as the sire of speed; but some of his daughters proved to be good brood mares, and the blood of this horse is found in the pedigree of a number of good turf performers. Following the advent of Chieftain, Major Campbell Brown of Spring Hill purchased the horse Trouble, by Almont 33, and this horse also proved a disappointment to the breeding interests of the State. Blackwood, Jr., was next brought to the State by Mr. Zell of Nashville, and, while a good race horse for his

day, he failed to impress his speed and race-horse qualities upon his get, and none, that I am aware of, ever became distinguished upon the turf. Of the other great horses that have since been owned and bred in the State it is not my purpose at this time to speak, but this summary should, I think, be sufficient to show that, as regards material upon which to work and facilities with which to accomplish results at the beginning of my career, I at least enjoyed no advantages not possessed by other drivers and trainers in other and more favored sections of the country.





“They raced side by side for a short distance until they came to a tree, . . . one calf passed to the right and the other to the left of that tree, . . . the smaller calf emerged from the contest minus about two feet of his tail.”

## CHAPTER I.

BRIEF HISTORY OF MY EARLY LIFE — EXPERIENCE DRIVING CALVES — SAW MY FIRST TROTTING RACE — MY FIRST TROTTING HORSE — CONSTRUCTION OF MY FIRST RACE TRACK — OBJECTIONS OF MY PARENTS TO MY BECOMING A TRAINER AND DRIVER.

**I** WAS born on a farm about three miles from Lebanon, Wilson County, Tennessee, January 25, 1851. My father was a farmer in moderate circumstances, and during my boyhood, in addition to this, he also carried on a small country store at the place.

My ambition to drive something — such as horses mules, oxen and colts — is associated with my earliest recollection, and when I was a small boy my father unwittingly placed in my hands the power to commence the gratification of this desire, by giving me a pair of calves which were the pride of my life, and for the time being satisfied all my desires. Soon after they became mine I commenced their education and training. I first put a rope on the horns of each and drove them around, one at a time, for a few days; then I thought them well enough broken to drive together. Then I yoked them up, and, to make certain that they would not get away, I tied their tails together hard and fast, and started to drive them down through the grove. They made a plunge or two, when one released his head from the bow and became unyoked, and in

this condition they started to run. They raced side by side for a short distance until they came to a tree, then there was trouble, and I must confess that my inherited love for educating and training animals to drive received a severe shock, which came near dampening all the ardor which I possessed, as one calf passed to the right and the other to the left of that tree, and it did not require the wisdom of a philosopher to see that either the tree or the tails must give way, and it did not take long to determine the winner, as the smaller calf emerged from the contest minus about two feet of his tail, and bleeding as though his life would ebb away right then and there; and when I contemplated the awful consequences that would surely come should this result be the crowning effort of my first attempt in starting up the pathway I hoped some day to follow, my blood was nearly frozen with fear; but the calf finally recovered and they grew to be a fine yoke of oxen, and I spent many happy hours driving them. After they had grown up I traded them to my father for a two-year-old colt, worth about \$50. I took extra care of him and soon had him thoroughly broken and looking well.

One of the first pleasures in which the farmers and people in the country districts of Tennessee indulged after the war was in holding local or county fairs, and for many years thereafter this custom was, and to some extent still is, observed in most of the counties in the middle and western part of the State; and while the facilities for exhibiting stock, etc., and for giving races at these fairs were, and are, inferior to those in some of the other parts of the country, yet they have undoubtedly been of material benefit in helping to raise the standard of all live-stock interests.

About the time I became possessed of this colt I attended our county fair and for the first time in my life witnessed a trotting race, which so filled me with enthusiasm that I resolved in the not distant future to own a trotter; and as my colt had no speed at the trotting gait I resolved to trade him for one that did. I knew of a farmer in the neighborhood who had a nice little bay mare that could trot quite fast under the saddle, but had never been broken to harness, and I concluded it would be a good thing for me to trade my colt for her and see what I could make out of her. I approached the farmer upon the subject, and he wanted my colt and \$20 for the mare. I made up my mind to trade if I could raise the \$20, which I did not have. I submitted the proposition to my father and appealed to him for the money, which he gave me, and that day I traded for her, and she was the first trotter I ever attempted to handle for speed. I was then about seventeen years old. The first thing I did was to break her to harness, which was not difficult, as she was a good-tempered animal. We had a light open buggy on the place and it was only a few days before I was driving her quietly to it; and as her breaking progressed, my love to ride fast began to assert itself, and I would urge her to step along every time I came to a smooth piece of road. She soon learned to speed in harness, and it was not long before she could outbrush any of the horses encountered upon the road. I was very proud of her and took the best care of her I knew how. She was very handsome and much admired, and I sold her for \$225. After her sale I was anxious to get another and faster one. I knew of a plain-looking horse in the neighborhood, owned by a butcher, and used upon the butcher's cart,

that showed some speed at the trot. I bought him for \$125, and at this time I also bought an old high-wheel sulky with springs, weighing about 110 pounds, for which I paid \$15, and with this outfit I deemed myself fully equipped to commence preparations for winning some harness races. But there was no race track in that section, and a race track I must have upon which to educate my promising campaigner; and, having heard that necessity was the mother of invention, I proceeded as best I could to construct a track, but as I never had seen a regulation track and knew nothing of the procedure necessary to employ in its construction, the affair that resulted from my efforts was not such a one as Seth Griffin would approve. I selected the top of a hill as a site, then taking as long a rope as I could find I staked one end to the ground and at the other end of it drove a stake, then swung around in a circle, sticking stakes at different places. Then I plowed up a space wide enough for me to drive, and when completed the track was about one-third of a mile long, and so irregular and crude that a horse would be justified in going any kind of a gait to get over it, and I have often thought I was exceedingly lucky in being able to remain in the sulky while driving over its rough and irregular surface. I was then attending school and the only time I could get to devote to the construction of the track was out of school hours and on Saturdays. At this time I was beset with troubles and difficulties that for a time threatened to crush my ambition, as my parents were greatly opposed to my devoting my life to training horses, and my father greatly desired my assistance in the store and wished me to pursue a mercantile life; and it was



only after many spirited family consultations and my persistent declarations to become a driver of fast horses that the attempt to make a merchant out of me was reluctantly abandoned by my parents, and I was allowed to proceed with the education of my prospective race horse. But here I encountered difficulties which I had not anticipated; the horse was rather long gaited, and by reason of my track being so short and the turns so sharp, he could not extend himself, and I was obliged to take him on the road every time I wanted him to step fast, and for this reason his education did not progress very rapidly, but I finally got him in condition so that he could trot a mile in about 2.50, which was considered very good for a green horse in those days, and I sold him for \$400. After doing so well with this horse and selling him for so good a price, the farmers in the neighborhood seemed to think I could make a race horse out of most anything, and could sell any old plug for three or four hundred dollars; and as at that time there were only two or three men in Tennessee who pretended to condition and handle horses for speed, I soon had several horses sent me to break and handle, and I did very well with some of them and sold them for their owners for good prices.

## CHAPTER II.

MY FIRST RACE WITH LITTLE DAVE—REV. MR. FANNING—GEORGE FULLER—MY FIRST TRIP THROUGH THE GRAND CIRCUIT.

THE success which attended my efforts in breaking and training these few horses was known to Reverend Talbert Fanning, of whom I have spoken, and in the summer of 1871 or 1872 he wrote me to come and see him. I did so, and made an arrangement with him to go to his place and handle his recently imported Morgan horses for one year. One of these horses was a small chestnut stallion, about 14½ hands high, called "Little Dave." He was a pure-gaited trotter, and we thought he could trot quite fast for so small a horse. Mr. Fanning also had a pair of gray geldings that were of fair size, quite stylish, and matched well. They, also, had quite a fair amount of speed. That fall there were several county fairs in Wilson and adjoining counties, and I expressed to Mr. Fanning a desire to take Little Dave and the gray team to the fairs and enter them in the show classes. He readily gave his consent and I took them to Lebanon. I entered the pair as a double team, also entered one of the geldings as a single driver, and also entered Little Dave in the stallion class, and took a premium with each entry. On the last day of the fair there was a trotting race in which I started Little Dave hitched to a skeleton wagon and won the race, best time 3.04, and I

thought both the horse and myself were flying. That was the first race in which I had ever driven, and notwithstanding that I have since participated in many of the fastest and most sensational races ever trotted and paced in America, the pride I experienced in winning that race yet lingers in my memory as among my greatest triumphs. From Lebanon I went to Murfreesboro, and won at that place about the same as I had done at Lebanon, and returned home as happy and proud as I imagine a general would be after having won a series of battles. But I was perplexed to know what to do about telling Mr. Fanning of having raced Little Dave, when I reported the result of my trip to him. While I knew him to be a man fond of horses and one that was as fond as any one of riding fast on the road, yet the thought that he was a minister made me feel that he might be offended because, without his knowledge or consent, I had entered and raced one of his horses, as I knew as a general thing that ministers did not indulge in horse racing; but when I frankly told him all I had done he smiled and, although he said nothing, I could see by his looks and actions that he was as proud and happy over the success I had met with as I was. He died that fall or early winter, and, as his family did not care to continue the training of the horses, I returned to my home more determined than ever to succeed in the vocation I had chosen. I did not long remain idle, as some parties near there soon sent me three or four horses to handle, which I trained to the satisfaction of their owners, and this kept me busy for some time.

It must be remembered that at this time nearly all the horses in that vicinity which showed any speed were natural pacers, and, as there were scarcely any

sulkies, these horses were speeded at fairs and other horse shows under the saddle; and, as the pacing gait was of no value, in order to realize anything out of their development for speed the horses must be converted from pacers to trotters, and to accomplish this with the crude facilities then at hand and the limited knowledge I had upon the subject many incidents that now seem amusing occurred. I knew of a horse that could pace fast under the saddle and I believed I could break him to harness and convert him to the trotting gait, and so I bought him for \$200, which was a large price for a green, unbroken horse. I soon broke him to harness and commenced my experiment in teaching him to trot. I understood that to make a natural pacer trot he must carry an unnatural weight on his front feet, so I went to work contriving how to accomplish this result. I had him shod in front with shoes weighing one and a half pounds each, then I had a pair of leather sacks made that would each hold a pound of shot, then filled these sacks with shot, soaked them thoroughly in water, then buckled them around the front feet, thus compelling him to carry an extra weight of two and a half pounds on each front foot. With this weight he would square away and trot all right on the road, but when I tried him on the track it was so short that he would not, or could not, handle himself, and would get tangled up, and I was compelled to work him almost entirely on the road. He developed speed very rapidly and within sixty days from the time I bought him I took him to Nashville and started him in a trotting race against four or five other horses, and, notwithstanding his handicap by reason of this heavy weight, he trotted a good race, winning second money, and undoubtedly had speed

enough to have won the race easily if he had not been thus handicapped. The best time, I think, in this race was about 2.40. The day of that race I refused \$1,000 for him, as I thought I had a world-beater. But I gained some costly experience by this refusal, as after keeping him and training him a year or two longer I sold him for \$300. His keeping and handling cost me all the money I had made on the other horses. This experience made me think I did not know as much about conditioning and handling racehorses as I supposed I did a few months previous; but this sad experience was not without its compensations, as it taught me that it seldom pays to try and make a fast trotter out of a natural pacer, as the weight required to make them trot is so great as to create too much of a handicap to enable them to compete with natural trotters. I am aware that there are exceptions to this rule; the most prominent, perhaps, is that of Old Smuggler, a natural pacer who carried about two pounds of weight on each fore foot during his trotting races, and although he and some other natural pacers have made successful trotting race horses, yet my experience and observation is that as a rule the horse will do much better if allowed to go his natural gait. About the time I sold this horse, Mr. George Fuller, now in the employ of the Russian Government as chief trainer of its trotting horses, opened a training stable at Nashville, and among the horses he was handling, was a mare called Tennessee, which he was preparing for the Northern circuit. She was a fast trotter. I arranged with him to go along and take care of her. This was my first experience in taking lessons of a competent man in preparing horses for a campaign. I regard Mr. Fuller as one of the very

best men to condition, train and drive horses I have ever known. I went through the grand circuit with him, and the lessons I received under his instruction have been of great benefit to me in my career since that time. This experience gave me more confidence in myself, and the next season (1875) I opened a public training stable at Nashville, where I handled a number of horses and had several that could beat 2.40, and, as fast records were not as numerous in those days as they have since become, I thought I did pretty well. While training my stable that season I met Major Campbell Brown of Spring Hill, Tennessee. He was the grandest and best-informed man in everything that pertained to the breeding of fast harness horses I have ever known; and I deem it but just to say that no man in the State of Tennessee has done more than he did in raising the standard of the light-harness horse in that State to the position which it has since occupied. At that time I made an arrangement with him to handle his horses that fall. Among those he then owned was a black mare called Alice West, by Almont 33. She was very handsome and stylish and I soon found that she had a great deal of speed. I took her to the fair at Columbia, with several others, that fall, and took eleven premiums out of twelve entries; soon after this I took two or three show horses and two trotters and went to the fairs in Georgia and Alabama. One of the trotters was a horse called East Lynn, who could trot in about 2.40, and I sold him at the first place I went. The other was a mare called Diana. I started her in the green classes and wound up in the free for all. I gave her a record of 2.33, and she never lost a race on the trip. I returned to Major Brown feeling that I had been quite successful.

## CHAPTER III.

ALICE WEST—LIZZIE THE SECOND—JOE BRADEN—A  
QUEER ACCIDENT—AN UNFAIR RACE DECISION—  
THE ONLY TIME I WAS EVER TAKEN OUT OF A  
SULKY AND THE RESULT.

I LEASED and took possession of the old fair ground about two miles west of Columbia, Tenn., in the spring of 1876, and used the old track for jogging and working the horses I had in training from that time until the spring of 1889, when I was again employed by Major Brown to train a large stable he had at the Ewell Farm at Spring Hill, and remained there until I went to Village Farm in the early spring of 1892; and while at Major Brown's I also trained at his track the horses I had been working at my stable, and also took some additional horses to handle. Commencing with the season of 1877, I went North with what horses I considered good enough and raced over the different tracks of the North, generally commencing in July and ending in September, leaving a good man at home to work the horses I did not take with me; and when my Northern circuit was over I went South through the States of Tennessee, Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi, and sometimes extended my excursions as far South as Florida and Texas, and wound up the season late in December, when I would return to my home near Columbia and turn the horses out for a while. I continued this custom, from 1877, as long

as I continued to reside in Tennessee. Early in the season of 1877, Major Brown placed in my hands the mare Alice West, of whom I have spoken, to condition and prepare for the season's campaign. She was then four years old, very speedy, and a game race mare. I think I left Tennessee with her that season in July and started her in a number of races through the North, and at New York I gave her a record of 2.26. She was the first trotter I ever marked below 2.30, and this was my first experience in conducting a campaign for myself in the North. I won several good races with her, and returned to Tennessee and took some other horses in my stable, which had been worked some during my absence, and started for the fairs about to be held in Alabama and Georgia. While at Montgomery on this trip a very peculiar accident occurred, which might have resulted seriously, but which fortunately did not, and only added excitement to the race. A Mr. Beebe, the driver and part owner of a horse called Fred Tyler, entered his horse in a race one day, and in the first heat of the race his horse acted badly, and came very near being shut out. I had an entry in another race which was being sandwiched in with his race. As I was about leaving the track after a heat in my race, I met Mr. Beebe with Fred Tyler coming onto the track ready to start in the second heat, and he requested me to drive his horse the rest of his race, which I consented to do. I sent my horse to the stable and when about to get up behind Fred Tyler I noticed that the sulky looked weak and unsafe. I took hold of one of the wheels and it seemed loose and anything but solid. I told Mr. Beebe I did not like the looks of his sulky, and did not think it was safe. He said it was all right,



that he was a much heavier man than I was, that he had driven a number of races with it, and if it would hold him it certainly would hold me, and with this assurance I reluctantly mounted the sulky and the race soon commenced. It was a half-mile track, and there were several horses in the race, but it soon became apparent that the contest would be between Fred Tyler and another horse, who had full as much speed as he had. When we reached the head of the stretch in the last half of the mile, Fred Tyler and the other contending horse were about on equal terms, and when I called on my horse for an extra spurt, he left his feet, and to get him back to his gait I pulled first sharply on the right rein, and then on the left. With the second pull he settled into a square trot, but the effort in pulling so hard on the left rein threw my weight on the outside wheel of the sulky, and it instantly collapsed, the spokes leaving the hub and the hub striking the ground, but, strange as it may seem, this mishap did not cause the horse to break and did not unseat me. This accident occurred about 150 yards from the wire, and I drove to the wire with one hub dragging on the ground, and Fred Tyler, under the persuasion of the whip, won the heat, amid the plaudits of as excited an audience as was ever seen upon a race track. I stopped a few feet beyond the wire, and some gentleman in the audience ran up to the sulky and took hold of the hub and raised it up, and carried it in his hand while I drove back to the judges' stand. Another sulky was then procured and I went on and won the race. While no harm resulted to anything but the old sulky, I confess I have never cared to repeat this experience. There are hundreds of people still living in Montgomery who

witnessed this thrilling episode, and I never go to that city that I do not meet some one who speaks of it.

When I started upon my career as a trainer and driver, I was impressed with the idea that integrity, courtesy, and gentlemanly conduct should be carried into the training stable and upon the race track to the same extent that obtains in the court room, the bank and the store; and I have ever endeavored to observe this rule of conduct in the part I have taken in training and driving horses during the past quarter of a century. But while upon one of these Southern campaigns—and I think it was in the fall of 1877—it was my fortune to come in contact with one who did not seem to entertain the same ideas upon this subject that I did. One of the horses I then had in my stable was a mare called Lizzie the Second. She was a strong, level-headed, good-gaited mare, and speedy enough for anything in her class at these races. At Americus, Ga., I started her in a race in which was a Mr. Bradley driving a horse whose name I do not remember. It was a half-mile track, and my position in the race was next outside of Mr. Bradley. My mare and the horse Mr. Bradley was driving were the chief contending horses in the race. We raced along close together and when the back stretch was reached on the second half mile, my mare was up to his wheel and, seeing that I was likely to pass him, he pulled his horse toward the outside fence, and so close to it that there was not enough room for me to pass between his sulky and the fence. I requested him to move over and give me room to pass. He paid no attention to this request, but, if anything, pulled his horse still nearer my mare. I called upon him several times to move over, but he still continued to pay no attention

to my demands, and I finally told him I should try and go through. He said nothing, but kept his horse in the same position. My inside sulky wheel was then locked inside of his outside wheel. I braced myself well, and threw my weight on the inside of the sulky shaft, took a strong hold upon the mare, and clucked to her and she responded to my urging. When he realized the situation he turned his horse toward the inside of the track, which brought the force of my locked wheel nearly against the side of his wheel, and the spokes of his wheel commenced to fly in all directions. His wheel was broken in many pieces and he was thrown several feet in the air. My sulky wheel passed over what remained of the wreck; my mare never broke her trot, and I easily won the heat. I was then a young man and scarcely known to the judges. He was an experienced driver, and the horse he was driving belonged to a prominent and influential man, well known to the judges. After the heat I went to the judges and explained the exact situation to them. Mr. Bradley and the owner of the horse he was driving were also there. The judges heard our statements and I think the owner of the other horse must have exercised some hypnotic influence over them, as they decided I did wrong; declared the heat off; sent me and my mare to the stable, and allowed Bradley to start again. I then thought, and have always believed, that under the racing rules and all rules of fairness I was in the right and clearly entitled to the heat. This is the only time in the history of my experience that I ever intentionally collided with another driver, and the only time I was ever sent to the stable for alleged foul driving. The next day there was a free-for-all trot in which were the

horses Hotspur, Flora Belle, Alice West and Tornado, Alice West being my entry, and this same Mr. Bradley was behind Hotspur. These horses all had records ranging from 2.22 held by Hotspur, to 2.26 held by Alice West. Hotspur drew the pole and was a very fast scorer. Flora Belle and Tornado were slow in scoring. I had by this time given Alice West sufficient experience, so that she was a reliable race mare, and very handy in catching after making a break. We commenced scoring, and Mr. Bradley would rush Hotspur at the top of his speed regardless of where the other horses were, and would not attempt to get a fair even start. After several unsuccessful attempts at starting I told the judges that Mr. Bradley was not trying to score for a fair start, and that he should come slow to the wire and allow the other horses that could not score as fast as Hotspur to get on even terms with him. But Bradley seemed to think he was doing the proper thing. We went back to score again, and, as usual, Bradley rushed Hotspur ahead of the rest of us, and not wishing to be left entirely in the rear, should the judges send us off, I clucked to Alice West and she immediately broke into a run and overtook Hotspur just before the wire was reached, when I settled her in a trot, and she and Hotspur went under the wire head and head, and the judges said "go," both Flora Belle and Tornado being at least fifty yards back. Alice West was at that time a new horse to the race followers in that section, and every one, knowing of the record and reputation of old Hotspur, thought the race to be only a matter of form and that Hotspur could not be beaten, but I did not share in this opinion. We raced on about even terms until we came to a part of the track that was very sandy, when

old Hotspur began to tire, and I easily won the heat, and won the race, and felt that I had been revenged for the ill treatment I had received the day before. I also won two or three other races at that meeting.

In 1884, I purchased Joe Braden, then a green horse, that showed a good way of going under the saddle, and when I took him his feet were in a very bad condition, by reason of which he developed speed very slowly; but I believed if I could get his feet in condition to stand work he would learn to pace fast. I resorted to every device within my knowledge and spent many sleepless hours trying to invent something that would sufficiently protect his feet to enable him to endure the hardships of racing. My efforts were at last successful, and he became a good horse, and in his preparatory work, one spring, paced a quarter of a mile to a high-wheeled sulky, over the old, uneven, fair ground track at Columbia, in thirty-one seconds. I campaigned him through the North in 1885 and 1886, and gave him a record of 2.15 $\frac{3}{4}$ . He developed into a first-class race horse, and except for his tender feet, which would occasionally cause him to suffer so much pain that he would not extend himself and would break, he would have been one of the best race horses of his day. In the fall of 1886 I took my stable South, and at Gainsville, Texas, entered Joe Braden in the free-for-all pace. The track was very hard, which caused Braden to be unsteady, but I think I would have won the race had not Braden left his feet in the second heat, which caused him to lose that heat. After this heat the judges took me out of the sulky, and put up a new driver, which did not improve matters, as the horse was more unsteady than ever, and, with the best efforts the driver could command, Joe

Braden finished the heat behind the flag, thus demonstrating that my removal from the sulky was entirely without cause. Of course, I felt mortified at being thus removed from my sulky, and I am proud to say that in all my experience as a driver this is the only time I have ever been taken out of a sulky by the judges in a race.

## CHAPTER IV.

MATTIE HUNTER—SOME OF HER GREAT RACES.

**I** FIRST saw Mattie Hunter in the summer of 1875. She was then three years old. She was very handsome and stylish, a bright chestnut, with white strip in face, white stockings behind, and one in front. I do not think she had then been broken to harness, but could pace quite fast under the saddle. Her conformation, style and gameness gave evidence of breeding of a high character, but beyond her sire and dam nothing can ever be known. At the close of the war, the Government had a large number of horses at Nashville, which had been gathered in by the soldiers from different places, and no one knew from whence they came or anything about their breeding. These horses were sold at public auction, and among them was a tall, rangy, chestnut colt, then three years old. He was very poor, and had every appearance of having been ridden hard and poorly taken care of. This colt was purchased by Major Alman of Cornersville, Tenn., and by him named Prince Pulaski. With rest and care he improved rapidly, and when matured was one of the handsomest and best show horses I ever saw; and while his breeding was, and probably will forever remain, unknown, his style, beautiful head and neck, perfect legs, and smooth conformation, furnished indisputable evidence of royal breeding, and that he possessed a large element of the best thoroughbred blood then known in that section of the country. In

1871, he was bred to a small chestnut mare with white markings, of unknown breeding, the product being the filly Mattie Hunter, foaled in 1872. I know that many turf writers in speaking of Mattie Hunter have said that her dam was a Texas pony, while others have said she was by Driver, but I have never known or seen anything to warrant these statements, and from all the information I have been able to gather upon the subject I believe she was a small chestnut saddle mare and a natural pacer. Early in 1878 the owner of Mattie Hunter brought her to me to train and race that season. I had never ridden or driven her before then. She had been broken to harness, but had been speeded but little in harness. She developed speed very rapidly, and I soon discovered that she had more speed than any horse I had yet handled, and was one of the purest-gaited pacers I have ever seen. Her temperament was of the best, and it was not long before she could show a 2.20 gait. In the fall of 1878 I concluded to take some of the horses I had in training to several fairs in the Southern States, among them being Mattie Hunter. On this trip I met Sleepy George in a number of contests. He was driven by Mr. Crawford, known as "Counselor" Crawford, who was an accomplished reinsman. At that time Sleepy George had a record, as I remember, of about 2.15, and was considered the fastest pacer then upon the turf. In the first race or two Sleepy George, by reason of his being an experienced campaigner, was able to defeat the mare; but as soon as she had had a little experience she could outpace him, and I won several good races from him with her. She retired that fall with a record of 2.19 $\frac{3}{4}$ . This does not seem to be very fast time for a horse of her ability; but it must



be remembered that these races were over tracks that were very sandy, and as a general thing not in first-class condition. I concluded to winter my horses in Montgomery, Ala., that winter, so as to get them in good condition for the next season's campaign; and as I had done so well with Mattie Hunter, her owner concluded to leave her in my hands to winter, and to campaign the next season. The weather was quite warm, and the roads and track were soft, and very favorable for jogging horses. I took the shoes off Mattie Hunter after her fall campaign, and jogged her barefooted nearly all winter. She did not require any boots in jogging, and scarcely any at all in her races. While working her barefooted one day in the early spring I drove her a quarter of a mile to a high-wheeled sulky in thirty seconds, a feat I have never known to be equaled by any horse. She came out in the spring of 1879 in splendid condition, and I believed her good enough to go in any company. While pacing races up to that time had not been favored at the great race meetings of the North, it so happened that season that there were a number of fast pacers being worked and developed in different parts of the country, among them being Blind Tom, Rowdy Boy, Lucy, Sleepy George, and others. The newspapers had printed so much about the extreme speed each of these horses could show, that the public clamored for their appearance in contests at the different large race meetings, and public opinion demanded of the different associations in the Grand Circuit that purses sufficiently large be offered to accomplish their appearance; and yielding to this demand, the associations did offer very liberal purses for a class of free-for-all pacers. I knew that the horses to

be met in these races were experienced campaigners, and very fast, game, and reliable race horses. I also knew that in Mattie Hunter I had as good-gaited a pacer and as game a race horse as the turf had yet seen. So I concluded to enter her in these great contests. The first of these meetings was at Jackson, Mich. And in that race, as near as I can remember, were Blind Tom, Lucy, Rowdy Boy, Sleepy George, and Mattie Hunter. This race was won by Blind Tom, I think, in about 2.14, Mattie Hunter finishing a very close second. From there we went to Grand Rapids, Louisville, Toledo, Cleveland, Chicago and other places. While Sleepy George was a contending factor in the first few of these races the pace soon became too warm for him and he dropped out, leaving the great quartet to continue the battle. These races were the sensations of the racing world that year. I won some of the races with Mattie Hunter, but Blind Tom carried off a majority of the victories. I think one of the best races I have ever witnessed was in Chicago, which was won by Blind Tom. In the fifth heat of that race, which was paced in about 2.12½, and was won by Blind Tom, Mattie Hunter finished second, and was only about a neck behind the leader. As near as I can now remember, I gave Mattie Hunter a record in these races of about 2.13 or 2.14. While at the meeting in Chicago, Mattie Hunter was sold to Mr. R. C. Pate of St. Louis, who finished that season's campaign with her, and raced her some time afterwards. She afterwards reduced her record to 2.12¾, and was finally purchased, after her racing days were about over, by Mr. Emery of Cleveland, where she was used as a brood mare until she died some time ago.

## CHAPTER V.

TENNESSEE PASTIMES—FIRST MONDAY—COLT SHOWS  
—FOX HUNTING.

PEOPLE residing in the North who have not visited or become acquainted with the methods peculiar to the people of Tennessee, can hardly appreciate some of the pastimes in which those people indulge. The first Monday of every month in the year has been a holiday nearly, if not quite, ever since the State was settled, and on this day nearly all the people in the county will go to the county seat and spend the day. On these days every one who has horses to sell or trade, cattle, pigs, machinery or produce to sell, will bring their stock and property to the county seat to be seen, exhibited, sold and traded, and it is not an uncommon thing for several thousand people to congregate there on these occasions, and amusing incidents are of frequent occurrence. Not many years ago, on one of these occasions, at Pulaski, Giles County, a man appeared seated in a wagon, having in front of him a glass churn, three or four feet high, filled about one-half or two-thirds full of cream. He was seated in a large, easy rocking chair, reading a paper and smoking a pipe. There was a rod running from the churn to the rocking chair and so adjusted that every time he rocked the dasher of the churn would rise up and down, and so he continued to rock, smoke and read, occasionally looking out from behind his paper to see if the butter had come; and many a

boy, as he watched this process of butter-making and remembered how his back and arms ached when pursuing the methods taught by his father, voted this the greatest invention of the age, and that the man who invented that churn ought to have cold watermelon the rest of his days. Another feature of these days is the horse trading, and in some counties it is known as "Jockey Day," and every one who has a horse he desires to sell or trade will bring him in and put him in a yard known as "Jockey Yard," and it is not uncommon to see several hundred horses of all kinds and descriptions in one of these yards, and before night they will generally be disposed of. If any are left after the buyers and traders are through, an auctioneer is brought in and the balance are sold under the hammer. When night comes, every one who has "swapped" horses thinks he has made a small fortune by his cleverness in outwitting the man at the other end of the trade; but I imagine they generally come out about the same as the two men of whom a story is told, who went into the woods in the fall of the year to chop wood; one of them had a watch and the other a fiddle. The first evening after they arrived they traded even, and each thought he had made several dollars by the transaction; and as this business seemed to be much easier and more lucrative than chopping wood, they did nothing all winter but trade the watch and fiddle back and forth; and when spring came each claimed to have made a good winter's work, each having the same property he had when winter began and not a dollar had passed between them. In the spring months stallions owned in the county, and frequently those of an outside county, are brought together on these days for the inspection of farmers and

breeders of the vicinity, and as the saddle and pacing gaits are the ones generally desired in the country districts, the horses are shown under saddle ; first showing the saddle gaits, such as the fox trot, running walk, single foot and canter, and then they will go up the road a few hundred yards and pace down to a given point, and sometimes these horses will show a great turn of speed. I think one of the best exhibitions of riding and speeding under saddle I ever remember to have witnessed was at Lebanon, when I was a boy. On one of these days, in the spring of the year, there were a number of stallions exhibited, among them being a gray or white pacing stallion, called Mountain Slasher, a horse well known to Tennesseans. This horse was shown by William Goldston, one of the best riders and horsemen in the State. After the horses had shown their saddle gaits they all went up the road several hundred yards to pace down. When they were ready, Goldston placed the riding whip in his mouth, dropped the bridle rein on Slasher's neck, placed his hands on his hips and, with arms akimbo, started with the others ; and on they came, Goldston sitting as erect as a piece of statuary, and every little while sticking the spurs into the sides of Slasher, who with the reins lying loose on his neck, and without anything to steady him except his inherent pacing instinct, regardless of stones and the rough uneven surface, never broke his true even pace, and clearly outpaced all his competitors and carried off the laurels of the day. I mention this incident mainly to show how intensely the pacing instinct is instilled in the pacing horses of Tennessee, and how difficult it has been to convert them to trotting. From the time the colt is old enough to stand he knows nothing but pace, and

I have seen dogs set upon colts a year or two old and they would race across the fields and never break the pacing gait.

In that portion of the State known as Middle Tennessee, and in other counties where the breeding of horses is carried on to any considerable extent, the custom of holding colt shows has been observed for many years. These colt shows are generally held in August, and concluded just before the beginning of the county fairs, which commence early in September and continue through September and a large part of October. They are held in or near the small villages and are looked forward to by the farming community as one of the chief events of the year. The "ring" is generally made in a shady woodland, and when the morning of the show arrives a sight is presented to one not accustomed to it as picturesque as it is novel. Along the road leading to the ring will come the owner of a stallion leading or riding the pride of his life, all bedecked with ribbons and groomed so slick as to raise a suspicion that bear's grease has been used in his final preparation. Next will appear a farmer leading a mare, beside which is her offspring several months old, and often the colt will be wearing a fancy biting harness, in which it seems perfectly at home. But more curious than all these is the old colored mammy mounted on the old reliable saddle mare, with one child astride in front and several mounted in the same way behind, so that this "beast of burden" is loaded from her shoulders to her tail, and traveling in this manner most of the community gather near where the exercises are to be held. These shows commence in the morning and frequently last all day, and no one ever need be afraid that he will suffer from hunger in

attending a show of this character, as the good and thoughtful housewives of the exhibitors will prepare a spread large enough to feed an army. Several thousand people often attend these shows, and they are not only very enjoyable but instructive to the breeders who attend. Classes are made and premiums offered for pretty much everything, including stallions, brood mares, sucklings, yearlings, two and three-year-old colts, etc. When the master of ceremonies is ready, the judges enter the ring and class after class is brought in and exhibited, and it will surprise a novice to see how fast some of these colts can pace. Seated upon a running or pacing horse the attendant will take the reins attached to the colt's biting harness and away they will fly, the colt pacing up to the saddler's head. This manner of exhibiting speed is observed with the different colt classes, and when everything any one desires to enter has been exhibited and passed upon by the judges, the crowd disperses to assemble again in a few days at some neighboring village, where the same ceremony is repeated, and at these miniature fairs is commenced the career of some of the great horses the State sends out to the racing world.

Fox hunting is a custom common to most of the Southern States, and I know of no sport more enjoyable or exhilarating, not even an exciting horse race; and I have spent many happy hours in this enjoyable pastime. Many of the prominent residents of these States own packs of hounds, and when a fox hunt is desired, frequently several neighbors will assemble together, when the host will produce a fox-horn, blow a blast or two, and the hounds will come running and baying from all directions, ready and eager for the chase. Then, mounted on saddle horses, the hunters with the

hounds will start for some locality where the red fox is supposed to have his domicile, and when that territory is reached the fun commences. When the dogs strike the trail there is no mistaking the fact, as their deep, rich voices can be heard for miles, and, as soon as they indicate the direction in which the fox is heading, the hunters start at breakneck speed and endeavor to keep within hailing distance of the hounds. These hunts are often had at night when it is so dark that the hunters can scarcely see ten feet ahead, and the course pursued by the fox frequently requires them to ride through the woods, over fences and ditches, logs and rocks, up and down hills so steep, that serious injury seems to await both horses and riders; but these hunters are fearless, and experts in the saddle, and the horses are surefooted and courageous, and seem to enter into the spirit of the chase with as much enthusiasm as the riders, and accidents of any consequence rarely happen. When the fox is caught or the chase abandoned, a blast on the horn will call the hounds to the hunters, and another field will be invaded; or hunters and hounds will return to their homes, and, whether laden with the trophies of victory or not, they have enjoyed a most delightful outing. I recall one hunt of this character which occurred when I was a boy, that was so fraught with exciting and comical incidents I cannot repress the impulse to relate it. One of our neighbors was Squire Winford, whose son Alfred was about my own age, and we were great chums. Squire Winford had one of the best packs of fox hounds in the State, and in this pack were two of the best hounds I ever saw. Their names were "Troupe" and "Flounce." I then owed five or six pretty good hounds, and Alfred and I often went fox hunting with



our combined forces. Some two or three miles from our house one of the largest red foxes ever seen in that locality had his habitation, and he was known far and wide as "Old Spot," because he had a large white spot on his right side, which was plainly visible to hunters in the daytime. Old Spot was as game and wily as any fox that ever led a pack of hounds a forlorn chase, and seemed to enjoy being pursued by hounds better than stealing and eating a tender young chicken from a farmer's hencoop; and whenever Alfred and I wanted some fun we would take the dogs down to the domain of Old Spot, who seemed to anticipate our coming and was always ready to mingle in the sport. He had his regular runways, and had so planned his course that it would describe the figure 8 and cross and recross his tracks, and when the hounds would get tired of following him he would seek his resting place and be ready for another chase. We had chased him so much that we did not believe all the hounds in the State could catch him, and so declared to our friends; and this declaration stirred up the hunting blood of a number of sportsmen far and near, who each claimed to have the best dogs in the world, and ones that no fox could escape, and it was not long before an organized effort was suggested to try and catch Old Spot. The ones forming this sanguinary syndicate were Mr. A., Mr. G., Mr. B., Mr. S., Alfred and myself. Each of these gentlemen had a pack of hounds, numbering about nine or ten, so that when the hunters assembled there were more than fifty hounds, each eager to get the first taste of blood from Old Spot. At the head of Mr. A.'s pack was a hound called "Ranger," that was celebrated for his fleetness and staying qualities. The pack of Mr. G. was led by

a hound called "Revenge," to whom his owner was deeply attached, and who claimed that no fox in Tennessee could outrun or outlast him. The pride of of Mr. B.'s pack was a dog called "Royalty," who had never been defeated in a chase; while Mr. S. was the proud owner of a hound called "Leader," who was at the head of what he considered the best pack of hounds in several counties. Arrangements were made to start upon the expedition to exterminate Old Spot between sundown and dark one evening, and at the appointed hour the hunters, with their fifty or sixty hounds, assembled, and at the word of command we all started in quest of Old Spot. We soon arrived upon his favorite racing ground, and it seemed as though he must have intuitively known of our coming and had already taken a warming-up heat, for we had scarcely invaded his territory before up he jumped and challenged the formidable array of death pursuers to a test of skill, speed and endurance; and as soon as the race commenced the volume of noise that came forth from the mouths of this army of fox destroyers was sufficient to remind one of an artillery engagement, and as pursued and pursuers sped over the hills and the voices of the hounds echoed and reëchoed through the woods the voices of the different ones could be clearly recognized. Alfred and I were so familiar with the tactics of Old Spot that we could tell about the course he would pursue, and at our suggestion all the hunters dismounted, hitched their horses, and we built a fire and prepared to make ourselves comfortable during the night if the chase should last that long, and Alfred and I believed it would. As the race progressed and the voice of Ranger could be heard, Mr. A. said that it was not possible for the

chase to last much longer, as no fox ever lived that could keep on earth before the terrific speed of that dog. On they went, and as the voice of Revenge was heard, his owner requested us to listen to the pace he was setting, and assured us that Old Spot made a mistake when he entered the race in front of him. As Old Spot circled round, and crossed and recrossed his tracks, the well-known voice of Royalty was recognized, close up to the leaders, and his owner said that Old Spot would be obliged to find a hole of some kind very soon, as no fox could stand the pace that Royalty could set when he became thoroughly warmed up, a condition to which he seemed to be fast approaching. When the owner of Leader heard the voice of his favorite dog, he poked the fire and lighted his pipe, and offered to bet a mule against a jack-knife that Old Spot would not last an hour. One of the hounds belonging to the pack of Mr. A. was named "Old Cuff," who had a voice like a calliope, which could be distinctly heard above the roar of the other voices; and when the dogs were fairly straightened out in the race, Old Cuff was a long ways behind the leaders and seemed to be bringing up the rear, but his owner said that if the chase should last all night Old Cuff would be found in the front ranks in the early morning, and so for several hours we sat around the fire, smoked, told stories, and listened to the great feats that each of these pet dogs could accomplish. Alfred said nothing in praise of the ability of Old Troupe and Flounce. Old Spot continued his usual tactics of circling and keeping just far enough ahead of the dogs to be cruelly tantalizing. About midnight a number of the hounds came straggling into camp. Old Spot, wishing to give his pursuers an enjoyable

entertainment, changed his course and ran so far from us that for an hour or two the dogs were entirely out of hearing, and during this period Old Ranger appeared, and when his owner saw him he said the fox must either be dead or in his hole, as his old, reliable dog would never have left him alive. Then in succession appeared Revenge, Royalty and Leader, and when they came their owners each said the chase was all over, that the fox had retired for the night, and we had better follow his example. Other dogs of less celebrity than these also came straggling in and made themselves comfortable by the fire. While Alfred heard these suggestions about retiring he said nothing, but kept up a lively thinking, and about two o'clock in the morning went down a little ways from the fire and listened, and heard the familiar voices of Old Troupe and Flounce in the dim distance, apparently heading towards us. By this time nearly all the dogs except Old Troupe and Flounce had abandoned the chase, and as Old Spot drew near to where we were standing Alfred called upon the owners of the other dogs, who had talked so loudly about their prowess, to "call out their dogs of high-sounding names and royal lineage and let them join Old Troupe and Flounce and be in at the death." And these gentlemen did rally their dogs, who once more joined in the chase, but they soon tired and returned to camp. Old Spot, with Troupe and Flounce close behind him, circled near us several times, and each time the rest of the several packs would join in the chase, only to soon return in apparent disgust. Old Cuff, however, proved himself a stayer, and although unable to keep near the leaders his great voice could be plainly heard a mile or so behind during the latter part of the chase. Finally,





..About a hundred yards behind him were Old Troupe and Frounce running side by side, the clarion tones of their musical voices mingling with the songs of the wild birds."

Old Spot, thinking he had afforded his intending captors sufficient amusement for one night, headed for his old resting place, and just as the morning sun began to gild the eastern horizon he appeared in sight running easy and fast, and about a hundred yards behind him were Old Troupe and Flounce running side by side, the clarion tones of their musical voices mingling with the songs of the wild birds, and thus they continued for a short distance, when Old Spot entered his den to rest and get ready for another entertainment. At the closing hours of the chase all but about half a dozen dogs had retired from the contest, and these few were so far behind Old Troupe and Flounce as to clearly show they were outclassed. The owners of these much-touted dogs were honest in their belief that their dogs were great, and able to catch any fox that wore fur, but the contest to which they were invited was essentially different from any in which they had ever participated and Old Spot was a different racer than any which their dogs had ever pursued.

The next year I was employed by Mr. John Harding to break and handle some young animals he owned. His place was on the Cumberland River, about nine miles from Nashville. Near him lived Mr. David Magavock, who owned a large pack and I often went hunting with him. I told him of Troupe and Flounce and what great dogs they were, and as Alfred had married and moved away, and no one was left to hunt with Squire Winford's dogs I recommended them to him, and he purchased them and considered them the best dogs he ever saw. Troupe got one of his legs broken and was shut up in the carriage house. One day while he was there the dogs started a gray fox not far from the house, and, notwithstanding his broken

leg, Old Troupe got out and joined in the chase. The fox was soon caught, and one of the first dogs at the death was Old Troupe, who stood over the fox holding up his broken leg with the broken bone protruding through the skin, and seeing him in that condition Frank Magavock, a son of the owner of the dog, thoughtlessly drew his revolver and shot him; and when I witnessed the death of that noble dog there was something came up in my throat, and I experienced a sorrow and grief I cannot express.

The horses ridden upon these occasions in Tennessee embrace the best and speediest that State has produced. Tom, Hal, Clipper, Brooks, Mattie Hunter, Little Brown Jug, Joe Braden, Joe Bowers, Brown Hal, Hal Pointer, Bay Tom, Duplex, Locomotive, and Mountain Slasher have all participated in these hunts and contributed to the enjoyment of their owners.



## CHAPTER VI.

THE HAL FAMILY—KITTRELL'S HAL—GIBSON'S TOM HAL—LITTLE BROWN JUG—LOCOMOTIVE—BROWN HAL—HAL POINTER.

THE pacing interests of Tennessee were fortunate in the quality of the horses which were brought to the State at an early day, from which sprung the great campaigners that have given to the State its exclusive title of the mother of the pacing family. Back in the fifties, Major Kittrell of Taylorsville, Tenn., went to Kentucky, and purchased a roan saddle stallion that was a natural pacer; this horse became known as Kittrell's Hal, and is the foundation head from which has come nearly all the celebrated horses from that State. Other pacing and saddle horses were brought to the State from Kentucky about the same time; but, as my name has been associated to a considerable extent with the Hal family, I shall confine my observations to it. Kittrell's Hal was a horse about  $15\frac{3}{4}$  hands high, very heavily muscled, and in the exhibitions of speed which he gave under the saddle at fairs and other horse shows proved him to be a fast, natural pacer, but he never was handled for speed. The facts obtainable respecting his breeding are so few and unsatisfactory as to render any statement concerning it unwarranted, but that he was a highly-bred horse there can scarcely be a doubt. In 1862 he was bred to a mare called Betsey Baker, the produce being Gibson's Tom Hal, Old

Tom Hal, or Tom Hal, Jr., as he is known in the registry. Betsey Baker was a mare fully one-half thoroughbred. Gibson's Tom Hal was speeded under saddle at the country fairs and spent much of his time before the plow and the log wagon, and was never hitched to a sulky.

He was a roan horse about  $15\frac{1}{2}$  hands high, and one of the strongest and best muscled horses I ever saw; and when he died, in 1890, being then twenty-seven years old, his back was as straight as a two-year-old, and his muscular development showed no signs of impairment.

THE first of his get to attract the attention of the country was Little Brown Jug, and his history is so unique I think it well deserves to be given here. In 1874, Mr. O. N. Fry, of Mooresville, Tenn., was the owner of Gibson's Tom Hal, who was making the season at \$5 by the insurance, and if, when the colt was old enough to wean, it did not show the saddle gaits no fee whatever was charged. A neighbor of Mr. Fry then owned a mare named Lizzie, by John Netherland, a pacing-bred horse. Mr. Fry happened to meet the owner of Lizzie one day and suggested to him the advisability of breeding Lizzie to Tom Hal; but the owner of Lizzie demurred, saying he could raise a mule, and that when the mule was a year old he could sell it for \$50, which was much better than he could do raising colts. Finally, Mr. Fry proposed that if he would breed to Tom Hal he would pay him \$50 for the colt when it was a year old, if sound and all right. This proposition was accepted, and one day the next year the man appeared at Mr. Fry's place leading a colt so thin that he would hardly make a shadow, and in addition to apparently being half starved, he was covered with lice, which had eaten his mane and tail and nearly finished what little vitality was in his body. This colt was Little Brown Jug, which this man had brought to Mr. Fry pursuant to their contract, as he claimed, and demanded the \$50. When Mr. Fry saw the colt he refused to receive him, and told the man he did not want such a looking colt upon his place. The man said he had no money and had relied upon the promised \$50

to buy necessaries for his family, and finally Mr. Fry, out of sympathy but under protest, took the colt and paid the \$50. After a thorough cleaning and cleansing the colt was given plenty to eat and improved very rapidly. The next year Mr. Fry leased a portion of his farm to a colored man to work on shares, who had no horse, and in the spring that Little Brown Jug was two years old he was sold by Mr. Fry to this colored man for \$75. The colored man broke him to harness and used him to plow the land and put in his crops; and in addition to this work every Sunday his wife and two or three children would get upon the back of the colt and ride several miles to church; and, in addition to all this, the colored man's son had a sweetheart who lived two or three miles from his home, and he would take this colt, after having worked him all day, and go across the fields to the home of his sweetheart, hitch him outdoors, where he would stand with nothing to eat, and often in the storms, until the early hours of the morning. This performance was repeated several times a week during the entire season. When fall came the colt was in a pitiable condition, and showed his hard usage very plainly. That fall the wife of the colored man was taken sick, and, after attending her for some time, the doctor refused to come any more unless Mr. Fry would become responsible for his bill, which he finally consented to do, and the doctor attended her until she died. The doctor's bill was \$60, and seeing there was no other way out of the difficulty the colored man gave the colt to Mr. Fry and he paid the doctor the \$60. At that time the colt could not be sold for \$60, and Mr. Fry only allowed that amount for him because there was nothing else for him to do. The colt

was then turned out and with rest and plenty of feed soon commenced to improve, and in the summer and fall of 1878, when the colt was three years old, Mr. Fry rode him to the colt shows and fairs and soon discovered that he could pace fast, and the next year placed him in the hands of a trainer who trained on a half-mile track near Lewisburg, Tenn. The rapidity with which he improved was simply astonishing, and in a few weeks that half-starved and much-abused colt became one of the speediest horses that had up to that time ever been seen in harness. I saw him at Nashville the following spring, and gave him a workout, and I do not think I was ever behind a stronger, easier going horse. His conformation was the most remarkable of any horse ever seen upon the turf. He was only about fifteen hands high, a rich brown in color, his slim neck, small ears, large expressive eyes, and finely-molded head, clearly showed the thoroughbred blood which he had inherited; but the most remarkable thing about him was his abnormal muscular development. His fore legs were large, flat and well tapered, and his hind quarters were so immense as to make him look like a deformity. What he was as a race horse we know, but what he might have been had he received the care and attention in his early career bestowed upon promising race horses in modern times is a matter of conjecture. It is claimed by reliable people that he paced a trial quarter on a poor half-mile track the first season he was handled in thirty seconds, and that the next year he paced a half mile to a high-wheeled sulky in one minute, and many people still believe him to have been possessed of as much natural speed as any horse that ever lived, and I am not prepared to say but what this belief is well founded.

**A**NOTHER son of Tom Hal, which, though little known to the outside world, was, as many believe, at least equally as fast as any of his get, was the gray stallion Locomotive. This horse also has a peculiar history. His dam was by a horse called Rock, about half thoroughbred and quite a celebrated quarter horse. Locomotive was bred, and all his life owned, in the rural districts of Tennessee, and was never to my knowledge hitched to a sulky nor conditioned for racing. He was a very large, powerful horse, fully  $15\frac{3}{4}$  hands high, and would weigh about 1,300 pounds, and his appearance more resembled that of a truck horse than that of an ideal racer. If he was ever used in harness it was before the plow, the log wagon, or doing some other heavy work. He was in the stud for many years and frequently exhibited at the different horse shows under saddle, and many gentlemen now living in Marshall and Maury counties, Tennessee, who have seen him at these exhibitions, declare they have seen him pace a quarter of a mile under saddle in thirty seconds. I have often seen him at these exhibitions, but never held a watch on him; but this I do know, that he was one of the most rapid-gaited and powerful-going horses I ever saw, and seemed to have as much natural speed as any of his distinguished half brothers, and it is to be regretted that he did not appear at a time when the pacing gait was appreciated, and his speed ability properly developed. As a sad illustration of the neglect to which this grand horse was subjected, I will cite the following incident: In 1878 (I think that was the year, but am not entirely

certain) a fair was held at the old fair ground near Columbia, at which a race was arranged between Locomotive under saddle and old Joe Bowers in harness. Near the track was a creek with quite a volume of water. Two heats of the race were paced in the evening, each horse winning one heat. After each heat the rider and owner of Locomotive rode him into the creek to cool him out. The water was up to about the horse's side, and he cooled him out by splashing the water over his heated body, and, as though this treatment was not sufficient to ruin him, that evening he was fed twenty-two ears of green corn for his evening's feed. It is a well authenticated fact that the horse ate fourteen ears of this corn, and the result was, what might have been expected, the next morning he was not in racing condition, and his racing days were practically over. Thus ended the racing career of a horse that would have added additional lustre to the name of his distinguished sire had he been given the opportunity to demonstrate the ability with which he was so richly endowed.

**B**ROWN HAL, a full brother to Little Brown Jug, was purchased by Major Campbell Brown and Captain M. C. Campbell when he was three years old, and, by reason of the brilliant achievements of Little Brown Jug, it was but natural to expect that his full brother would prove to be a race horse of a high order. His early training clearly indicated that this expectation would be realized. In looks and conformation there is scarcely any resemblance between Brown Hal and Little Brown Jug. Brown Hal has a long body and rather a rangy conformation. He is about 15.2½ hands high, and will weigh about 1,100 pounds. One of the peculiarities of the Hal family is that they are rather slow in developing speed, and it is rather uncommon to find a young colt of this family showing a fast gait; but from the time Brown Hal commenced to be used under the saddle, when he was two years old, he could pace fast; and when he was purchased by Messrs. Brown and Campbell he was recognized as a very promising colt. At that time Mr. John Bostwick, an experienced trainer, was handling the horses in Major Brown's stable, and he gave him his first education in speeding in harness. At one time it was thought he could be converted to the trotting gait, and Mr. Bostwick experimented with him the first season he handled him in an attempt to make a fast trotter of him. While this experiment was in progress I saw him trot a mile in 2.21, and I believe that was about as fast as he ever trotted. He was a pure-gaited natural pacer, and the weight required to make him trot was so great it became evident that if he suc-





BROWN HAL, 2.12½.



ceeded in making a great race horse it would be as a pacer, and all further attempts to make a trotting race horse of him were abandoned. He was very fast in the pacing gait from the time he was first handled at that gait ; and the first year he was taken North and started in the pacing races I do not think he lost a race, and, as I remember, it was that year, or the next, that Mr. Bostwick gave him a record of 2.13. On Major Brown's place were several large paddocks enclosed by high picket fences, where stallions were turned when not in training ; and the next winter after Brown Hal made this record he was running in one of these paddocks, and in an adjoining paddock was another stallion. These two stallions commenced fighting through the fence separating them, when Brown Hal reared and caught one of his fore legs between the pickets, and this accident sprained a tendon of that leg so seriously that he never fully recovered from it. Brown Hal was placed in my hands to train early in the season of 1889, and, although he was in the stud, I gave him a long and careful preparation ; but from the time I first commenced to work him I was fearful of that injured leg, and had my doubts about his being able to stand the strain incident to training and campaigning. I went along very slow and careful with him, and did not attempt to give him any fast work for several months after I commenced with him, as I was satisfied that if his leg would only stand the hardships, and I could get him in proper condition, he had sufficient speed to wipe out all pacing records and defeat any horse then upon the turf. Along in June I had him in good racing condition, and as his ailing leg still stood the work I think he was then the fastest horse I ever saw. In one of his

workouts that season, before leaving for the North, I drove him to a high-wheeled Toomy cart a quarter of a mile in  $28\frac{1}{2}$  seconds; but the hard work necessary to properly prepare him for the coming campaign finally began to affect that leg, and it was with many misgivings that I concluded to start him in the free-for-all pace at Cleveland, in which he had been entered, as he had already commenced to go lame in the fast workouts I was giving him. But it was finally concluded that he would probably never be in better condition to go a fast race than he then was, and under all the circumstances we had better start him. In that race were entered several of the fastest pacers then in training, among them being Roy Wilkes, whom I knew to be a dangerous competitor, for I had on several occasions met and defeated him with Duplex. In the warming-up heat before the race, Brown Hal showed considerable lameness. At the commencement of that race the record of 2.13 held by Brown Hal was the pacing stallion race record, but in the first heat of that race, which was won by Roy Wilkes, the record was reduced to  $2.12\frac{3}{4}$ , and for a short period Roy Wilkes was the king of pacing stallions. This heat satisfied me that with Brown Hal's lameness increasing all the time, the race would be a hard one, but I still thought that, if he did not give out entirely, I could win the race. We got a good start in the second heat and I called upon Brown Hal for his best effort and he did not disappoint me and won the heat in  $2.12\frac{1}{2}$ , and thereby again became king of this division. But this heat seriously affected his leg and the next heat was won by Roy Wilkes in slower time. I rushed Brown Hal for the fourth heat, and, notwithstanding his lameness kept increasing, he won the heat. When the horses came

out for the fifth heat, Brown Hal was so lame that he could scarcely touch the foot of his injured leg to the ground, and when we were sent away I could hardly get him to pace at all, and during the first few rods he could not pace a 2.30 gait, and before the eighth of the mile pole was reached he broke, and before I could get him settled all the horses, with Roy Wilkes in the lead, were at least 100 yards ahead of me at the first quarter; but about this time I succeeded in getting Brown Hal on his stride, and he seemed to be inspired with a determination to win that heat, even if he had but three good legs and his courage with which to make the effort, and he seemed to fairly fly in pursuit of the leaders. I soon overtook and passed the rear horses, but Roy Wilkes still maintained his lead until near the draw gate, when I came up to him and saw he was so tired that he was reeling and had had about enough. Brown Hal was also in about the same condition and both horses showed signs of distress. When within a few feet of the wire I took a strong hold on Brown Hal, so as to steady him, then shook him up and applied the whip once or twice, to which he gamely responded and forged ahead of his rival and won the heat by a head. While there is no means of knowing exactly how fast Brown Hal paced that heat from the first quarter, I believe he must have paced the middle half of the mile in about one minute; and thus ended what was, everything considered, the most remarkable race in which I ever participated. But the great effort of Brown Hal in his crippled condition put a final veto on his further racing that season, and I shipped him home, this proving the last race he ever paced. In 1890 I again prepared him for the campaign and he

seemed to be faster than ever. I shipped my stable, including Brown Hal, to Pittsburg, and in the workouts I gave him there, he went so lame that I concluded it was no use trying to race him any more, and shipped him home, and he has never been conditioned for racing since then. He is now owned by Captain M. C. Campbell of Spring Hill, Tenn., where he will undoubtedly spend the balance of his life. He had all the elements of a great race horse, viz: speed, gameness and endurance, and these essential elements he transmits to his get in a remarkable degree. Nearly twenty years ago, in a communication I made to one of the turf journals, I prophesied that a horse would go a mile in harness in two minutes, and that the first horse to accomplish that feat would be a pacing horse and a member of the Hal family; and I rejoice to know that I have lived long enough to see that prophecy fulfilled, and that the horse that fulfilled my expectations was a distinguished son of Brown Hal.





HAL POINTER, 2.04 1/2.



**H**AL POINTER was foaled in 1884, and was bred by Captain Henry Pointer of Spring Hill, Tenn.

He was sired by Old Tom Hal and his dam was the grand old mare Sweepstakes, by Knight's Snow Heels, dam of Star Pointer 1.59 $\frac{1}{4}$ . As a two- and three-year-old he was used under saddle, and in 1888 it was claimed he could show a 2.40 gait at the pace under saddle,— a claim he could hardly justify. He is a bay gelding with one white ankle in front and one behind and has a small star. When matured he was a horse of grand conformation, standing about 15 $\frac{3}{4}$  hands high and weighing about 1,100 pounds in ordinary flesh. His legs were large and well shaped, and when in training his muscles stood out like those of a trained athlete. His beautiful and intelligent head plainly showed his sixty or more per cent. of thoroughbred blood that coursed through his veins. In June, 1888, Mr. Walter Steele of Columbia, Tenn., purchased him and placed him in my stable to be trained. He had then been broken to harness, but it cannot be said that he was very handy at that way of going. He had been used so much under saddle that his gaits were very badly mixed. He would pace a little and single foot a great deal. I experimented some time with him trying to make him go square and finally shod him with a twelve-ounce shoe in front and added a six-ounce toe weight to each front foot; this seemed to improve him, and he would go square in front; but still he seemed to lack something, and to not be entirely balanced; finally, I put on long shoes behind, that is, shoes that projected an inch or more beyond

his heels, and this balanced him and he would pace square. I worked with him about a month before I went North with my racing stable. The first mile I drove him it took him three minutes and thirteen seconds to make the circuit, but before I went away he showed me a mile in 2.30. He was then turned out and not taken up again until about September 1st. During my absence he was started in a race at the Columbia Fair in September, in which he took a record of 2.29½. When I returned that fall, I commenced working him again and kept taking the weight off his front feet and he kept increasing his speed. I finally got him so he did not require any extra weight, and during his races he generally wore a five-ounce shoe in front and a six-ounce shoe behind. Before I turned him out that fall he showed me a mile over my old half-mile track in 2.17, and I became satisfied that I had a first-class race horse if nothing happened. His hind legs always had rather a curby look, and when he paced this good mile that fall he developed a curb on one leg that caused me much anxiety; but I blistered it and turned him out and he never again showed any signs of weakness in it. I commenced work with him early the next spring and he improved so rapidly that I was more than ever convinced that he was one of the coming turf sensations and I purchased a half interest in him. I concluded to start him first in the 2.30 class at Cleveland that year, and, as he had never been on a mile track, I took him and my other horses there some time before the meeting, that he might get used to the track and surroundings. His front feet were always flat and of a tender and delicate formation. The track at Cleveland was very hard and in the work I gave him before the meeting

commenced his front feet became sore, a condition which continued during the whole of that season. I shod him with bar shoes and pads, which greatly helped to break the concussion; but still in jog work he would nod, and a stranger would think him unable to stand the hardships of a hotly-contested race; but as soon as the excitement of a race was on he seemed to forget all about his tender feet, and his pace was as even and true as any horse ever seen in a race. I won the race at Cleveland and moved down through the Grand Circuit and started him at every meeting; and after that I went to St. Louis, Terre Haute and other places and he won every race in which he was started that year, except at Rochester.

Everything considered, Hal Pointer was the greatest race horse I have ever driven. I always drove him with an open bridle, and as soon as he had had a little experience he seemed to know how to rate his speed just as well as I did; and also that the purse belonged to the horse that first passed under the wire rather than the one that reached the quarter or half-mile pole in advance of the field, and when in the lead he would watch the attempts of a rival to pass him with the same degree of interest as his driver, and was ever on the alert to prevent another horse from getting dangerously close. This characteristic was well illustrated in the race at Terre Haute, in the fall of 1889, in which was the pacer B. B. who had been defeating everything he had met that season, and many predicted that when these two horses met, Hal Pointer would taste the bitter pangs of defeat. In one of the heats of that race I had passed B. B. in the stretch and, expecting him to make a rush near the wire, was watching him and so was Pointer; and after the race

was over, the driver of B. B. said he "could stand it to have me watching him, but when he saw Hal Pointer with one ear laid down also watching him he saw it was no use and that he could not steal a march on him, and so abandoned the attempt." He retired that fall with a record of 2.09 $\frac{3}{4}$ , which made him a candidate for the free-for-all class the next season. A long run barefooted that winter cured the soreness in his feet and he was in good condition the next spring to commence his training. I anticipated a hard campaign for him in 1890 and carefully prepared him for it. I started him first at Pittsburg that season and had no trouble in winning at that meeting; but at Cleveland, which is regarded as the great storm center of the Grand Circuit, I knew I should meet a different antagonist than I had yet encountered. Adonis was at that time the pride of California's race goers and, with the experienced and accomplished Hickok behind him, he had been campaigning through the minor circuits without meeting defeat, and all horsemen expected that when he and Pointer met there would be a battle royal, and those who saw the race were not disappointed. There were a number of starters in the race, but, as expected, the contest for first place was between Pointer and Adonis. In the first heat Adonis led until the last quarter was reached, when I, having succeeded in passing the other horses, moved up so that as we entered the stretch Pointer's head was upon the wheel of Adonis, both going true and very fast, Pointer gaining at every stride, and when within about fifty feet of the wire he was fully a neck in the lead, without any known cause, he left his feet and passed under the wire on a run, thus giving the heat to Adonis; but this mishap made no difference in the

outcome of the race, as he won the next three heats. We had several other contests during the Grand Circuit meetings, but Adonis did not succeed in winning one of the races. The defeat of Adonis greatly agitated the horsemen and sporting element of California, and the next year they sent over the fast and almost unbeaten Yolo Maid to take the measure of the great son of Tom Hal. Our first meeting was at Cleveland, and the known speed and race-horse qualities of these two contestants caused excitement to run high. Yolo Maid could show a great burst of speed and was very fast in getting away, and in every case would lead Pointer to the first quarter by many yards; but I never drove Hal Pointer in any race where if he could get his nose to the wheel of the sulky of the other horse at the head of the stretch he could not beat him to the wire, and Yolo Maid proved no exception to this rule. She would rush away at a two-minute gait for the first quarter, but Pointer saved his fast rush for the home stretch and in his races often paced the last quarter in thirty seconds; and, like Adonis, Yolo Maid returned to California without having won a single race from Pointer, although she attempted to do so all through the Grand Circuit. But the Californians did not give up. I started Hal Pointer that season (1891) in July, and raced him the whole season over all kinds of tracks, some of which were very hard and his feet became a little tender, so much so, that he would not fully extend himself on a hard track; and while in this condition, Direct, who had been brought from California early in the season and given an easy campaign, was especially prepared to try and wrest the crown from Hal Pointer. We first met at Terre Haute in October, where, after

a very hot contest, Hal Pointer won. Our next meeting was at Nashville, where the track was hard, and Direct won. We met a few days later at the then new kite-shaped track at Columbia, Tenn., and the track was so hard that I could not get Pointer to do himself justice, and he again suffered defeat; but to accomplish this feat, he compelled Direct to pace the three fastest heats that had up to that time ever been made in harness.

The next season, when the horses were more nearly on an equality, in a number of races Hal Pointer clearly demonstrated his superiority as a race horse, and defeated Direct every time they met. I campaigned him during 1893, 1894 and 1895. In the free-for-all pace at Philadelphia, in 1894, he was taken sick during the race with an ailment that baffled all veterinary skill to diagnose. He had never been sick before and showed no signs of illness until in the race. Both he and Yolo Maid were taken sick in the same heat with the same ailment, which gave rise to a suspicion of foul play on the part of some one. But whatever it was, he never recovered from it. I wintered him with the rest of the Hamlin stable in California during the winter of 1894 and 1895, and started him in several races in 1895; but he still showed the effects of that sickness; and we gave up campaigning him. After his race at Cleveland, in 1890, Mr. Steele and myself sold him to Mr. Harry Hamlin of Village Farm; but he continued in my stable until I went to Village Farm in 1892, and was after that in that stable and was driven by me as long as he continued to race through the Grand Circuit. I do not believe any horse ever lived that possessed more racing sense, gameness, and endurance than did this grand horse.

I have often seen him, after a hard-fought five-heat race, being cooled out when another race would be called on, and he would commence to get restless and uneasy and show by every action that he wanted to get back to the track and take a hand in the excitement.

Hal Pointer was a difficult horse to make score fast, and was always slow in starting away. He did not seem to be imbued with the necessity of winning the heat until the middle or latter part of the mile had been reached, and then he would bend all his mighty energies in an endeavor to first reach the wire, and very few horses were ever able to withstand his terrific rush. He never required, and would not endure, punishment. Once when I was giving him a workout he did something I did not like and I struck him with the whip twice, and, in spite of everything I could do, he ran three miles before I could stop him; I never tried it again, and in all the races I ever drove him I never did anything more than to carry the whip over him, and when I wanted some extra speed I would shake it at him. I gave him a record of 2.04½, which was the world's record at that time.

It is a lamentable fact that many good horses after their days of usefulness are over, and they are no longer able to earn money for their owners, are, through avarice or want of sympathy, either killed or compelled to eke out a miserable existence doing drudgery for strangers, when, by reason of their past services, they should be tenderly cared for by those whom they have faithfully served. I am glad to know that no hardships of this kind are in store for grand old Hal Pointer. I am giving him just enough light road work for exercise, driving back and forth from Village Farm

to the Jewett covered track. I generally drive him over to the hotel at East Aurora and hitch him under a shed when I go to lunch. He is very fond of carrots, and I always intend to put three in my pocket and feed him two before I go to lunch and the other when I am ready to start back. If I have the carrots for him, he seems perfectly happy and will be cheerful all the rest of the day; but if I happen to forget them, he is mad and acts as ill-natured as does a smoker when deprived of his after-dinner cigar. The following article, clipped from the columns of a recent number of the "Youth's Companion," very aptly illustrates different dispositions respecting the fate of a faithful horse after his days of usefulness are over:

"It was a mournful little procession which filed out of the barn and took its way along the lane towards the pasture. First came Azariah, with the old musket. Then followed Thad, leading a horse, tall, gaunt and aged; and in the rear, with a shovel over his shoulder, plodded old Benjamin Heminway, the owner of the farm.

"No one said anything, but all three of the men glanced furtively at the house, and Thad carefully steered old Prince around some outcropping ledges where his shoes would have been likely to make a noise. When they reached the pasture they halted.

"'I s'pose we might's well pull his shoes off,' suggested Azariah.

"'Yes,' said Thad. 'Three of 'em's nearly new and the other ain't much worn. I brought the hammer along.'

"He handed it to his brother, who took it and began to pry off the old horse's shoes.



“While the group was occupied with this task a voice broke in upon them. A little old lady had come quietly up the lane, and now stood nervously twisting her apron and regarding them with reproachful eyes. The men dropped the hammer and the two shoes they had removed, and stood silent and shamefaced.

“‘Father,’ said the old lady, laying her hand on her husband’s arm, ‘you know how I’ve felt about this all along. The more I think of it the wickeder it seems. I just can’t stand it!’

“‘There, now, mother, don’t take it so hard. It ain’t pleasant, I know, but what’s a body goin’ to do? He’s past any kind o’ work, an’ it costs something to keep him. Besides, the boys are all the time complainin’.’

“‘Well,’ broke in Thad, ‘we have to cut up all his fodder an’ take milk to him every day, and he’s forever getting into the corn-field or the garden.’

“‘Thaddy, it ain’t what he is now but what he’s been that I’m thinking about,’ said the boy’s mother. ‘You don’t remember, as I do, how he worked here on the farm year after year, an’ how willin’ and gentle he always was. You don’t think of the time when your father had the mail contract, and old Prince traveled his forty miles a day, week in and week out, summer an’ winter; or the day when the limb fell from the tree on the mountain road, and knocked your father senseless in the bottom of the sleigh. How long would he have lived in that cold, or where would you or any of us be, if Prince hadn’t brought him home?’

“Thad was idly kicking a hole in the sod with the toe of his heavy boot, and Azariah shifted the musket uneasily from his shoulder to the ground. The old lady went on:

“ ‘Father, old Prince has done his share to help us pay for the farm. He wouldn’t owe us anything for board if he lived fifty years longer, but if he’s got to be killed because you think we can’t afford to keep him, I’ve got something to say. Here’s eighteen dollars. It’s my butter money, an’ I’ve been savin’ it to carpet the parlor with, but never mind. It’ll pay for Prince’s keep while it lasts, and there’ll be more when that’s gone.’

“A crimson flush crept into the old man’s sunburned face. ‘Stop, mother, stop!’ he said. ‘I’m a selfish brute, an’ I’m ashamed of myself, but I ain’t so mean as that! Old Prince has earned the right to fodder and good care the rest of his life, as you say, an’ he shall have it if he lives to be a hundred! Thad, Az’riah, you go put him into the four-acre clover lot; an’ if either of you ever pester me again ’bout killin’ him, I’ll take one o’ them new tug straps an’ make you dance livelier’n Prince ever did when he was a four-year-old.’”

## CHAPTER VII.

### STRANGE INCIDENT IN HORSE TRAINING—THE TENNESSEE PACING-BRED PACER.

**I** ONCE had a very remarkable incident in horse training occur. A gentleman by the name of Brown, living near Lynnville, Tenn., owned the bay mare Ella Brown. About the first of March, 1890, he sent her to me to be trained. She had the reputation of being quite speedy and much was expected of her. I worked faithfully with her from the time she was first brought to me until about the first of June, and the best I could do with her was to drive her a mile in about 2.45; and as that was not fast enough to compete with horses she would have to meet, I wrote Mr. Brown that I did not think she had speed enough to make a first-class race horse, and I would not advise him to spend any more money on her, and that he had better come and take her home, and if he would let me know when he would come I would save her and work her in his presence. He notified me of the time he would call, and at the appointed time he came, and I had her hitched up, shod, harnessed and hitched in exactly the same way she had always been during the several months I had been training her. After warming her up I commenced to show her speed to Mr. Brown. She seemed to take in the situation at once and instead of pacing along at a 2.45 gait, as she had always done before, she just let herself out and paced a quarter at a 2.20 gait; and when she showed this burst of speed

I was so astonished that I nearly fell out of the sulky, and Mr. Brown returned home without her. I am not much of a believer in telopathy, but it has always seemed to me that in some way she knew that if she did not make a satisfactory showing that morning she would probably spend her life working on the farm instead of the glamor of the race track. She kept improving and finally took a record of 2.11½, and was a successful race mare.

While residing in Tennessee I campaigned quite a large number of horses, other than those I have mentioned, through the Northern Circuit, including Joe Rhea, Annie W., McCurdy's Hambletonian, McEwen, Bay Tom, Joe Bowers, Jr., Joe Braden, Fred S. Wilkes, Duplex and many others, and did fairly well with them; but the limits of this book will not allow any attempt at a description of the races in which they started.

The Hal family of pacers are preëminently the great pacing-bred pacers of America. So far as I have any knowledge upon the subject, I do not know of more than a dozen of the get of Tom Hal that have been conditioned and trained for racing, and of this number I do not know of one that could not beat 2.30. Of those that were trained I have already mentioned Little Brown Jug, Brown Hal and Hal Pointer, and I firmly believe that if I now had them and they were in their prime and in perfect condition, I could drive each one of these a mile in two minutes; and it is possible that Locomotive could be added to this list, but his speed was not sufficiently developed to warrant me in making the statement. Of the daughters of Old Tom Hal I only know of two that were ever trained. One was a roan mare called Sky Blue, that with a few

days' training paced a mile on a half-mile track in 2.24; and the other, Bessie Hal, dam of Direct Hal, that I trained a few weeks, and she paced a mile in 2.12. What her ability would be if fully developed I cannot say, as an accident to one of her feet compelled me to cease her training before the measure of her speed had been ascertained. How many others of the get of Old Tom Hal that would have been sensational turf performers had they been trained and given the opportunity the racing world will never know, as they spent their lives at the plow and doing the drudgery of the farm, and their possible brilliant achievements lie buried beneath the dust that filled the eyes of a prejudiced and unappreciative public. Many people not familiar with the form and beauty of the Tennessee pacing-bred pacer have a wrong impression respecting the conformation and qualities of that horse. From what they have read, and been educated to believe, the pacing-bred pacer is a horse carrying his head low, with a steep rump, a ewe neck, crooked legs, and sleepy-looking head, with no life or ambition except what is injected into him by a vigorous application of the whip; whereas, the Tennessee pacer is a horse of beautiful form and finish, with a head as intelligent and showing as much fire and ambition as that of any horse that ever looked through a bridle; and in all the qualities that go to make up an ideal race or driving horse, they compare favorably with those of any breed with which I am familiar.

## CHAPTER VIII.

BELLE HAMLIN — DOUBLE-TEAM RECORDS — GLOBE —  
HONEST GEORGE — JUSTINA — NIGHTINGALE.

EARLY in the spring of 1891, I made an arrangement with Messrs. C. J. and Harry Hamlin, proprietors of Village Farm, to drive their stable of racing horses that season. I shipped the stable I had been training in Tennessee that spring North in July, and the horses I was to drive for the Messrs. Hamlin were shipped to me after I got North, and, combined with what I had, made quite a large stable. Among those I campaigned that year belonging to the Messrs. Hamlin were the trotters Belle Hamlin, Justina, Globe and Nightingale, and the pacers Hal Pointer, Moonstone and Glendennis. I used Belle Hamlin in double harness, giving exhibitions at most of the large race meetings. She was a very handsome bay mare, about 15½ hands high, very smooth and stylish, and her impressive way of going made her a very attractive race horse. Her temperament was pleasant, and she possessed about as many of the elements that go to make an ideal driving horse as is ever seen. Without any exception she was the best pole animal I ever saw. Her mouth was neither too hard nor too soft. She had plenty of life and spirit, but was perfectly tractable and easily governed, and could always be relied upon to do her share and a little more when driven with another horse. This statement is proven by the following record: Her

own record is 2.12 $\frac{3}{4}$ , yet hitched with Globe, whose record is 2.14 $\frac{3}{4}$ , they trotted a mile in 2.12. Hitched with Honest George, whose record is 2.14 $\frac{1}{2}$ , they trotted a mile in 2.12 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Hitched with Justina, whose record is 2.20, they trotted a mile in 2.13. Hitched with Globe and Justina, the three abreast trotted a mile in 2.14. Speeding in double harness will probably always be more or less popular with the owners of horses, as well as race goers ; but one effort in driving three horses abreast satisfied all the ambition I had in that direction, and I never care to indulge in any more sport of that character.

I regard the driving of Belle Hamlin, Justina, and Globe abreast a mile in 2.14 as the greatest feat I have ever accomplished as a reinsman. No one who has not tried the experiment can appreciate the difficulty he will encounter before the end of the mile is reached. Any horse going at that rate of speed will require the expenditure of much strength to steady him, and when three are hitched together the amount of this strength can be multiplied by more than three, because they are racing with each other, and the ambition of each to defeat the other two causes them to exert their utmost strength, and if one or more of them break, it is impossible to steady and settle them.

When driving these horses this trial, I was fortunate in keeping them all on their feet, owing to which they were able to make that record.

WHEN Nightingale was placed in my hands, she did not promise to be the great race mare she afterwards became. Her gait was awkward and rough and her feet in bad shape. She had run away once or twice, which affected her disposition ; and when I commenced with her she could not trot a mile in 2.20, and to go anything like that fast seemed to be a labored effort for her. I soon discovered that she was not shod according to my ideas of shoeing, and after I had shod her as I thought she should be, she commenced to improve in her speed and, by kindness and patience, she finally got over her cranky notions. She was strong and game, but her speed was more the result of patience and education than of a natural gift. I started her in a great many races and defeated nearly everything in her different classes. The most important race in which I started her, in 1891, was for a \$10,000 purse for 2.20 trotters at Hartford, in which were Little Albert, Abbie V. Reilman, Prodigal, Miss Alice, and Frank F. As a test of speed, gameness and endurance, this race will, I think, go down in turf history as one of the most remarkable ever trotted. It took nine heats to determine the winner, which were trotted in 2.17 $\frac{3}{4}$ , 2.18 $\frac{1}{4}$ , 2.18, 2.19 $\frac{3}{4}$ , 2.18 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 2.21 $\frac{3}{4}$ , 2.21 $\frac{1}{4}$ , 2.21, and 2.22 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Nightingale won the sixth, eighth and ninth heats and trotted a dead heat with Little Albert in the fourth heat. Her best race in 1892 was at Chillicothe, Ohio, in the 2.13 class. In that race she defeated Little Albert, Ryland T. Charleston, and Lakewood Prince. This was a six-heat race, Nightingale winning the third, fifth and





NIGHTINGALE, 2.08.



sixth heats in 2.12, 2.14½, and 2.14. One of her best races in 1893 was the Consolation Race at Buffalo, for a purse of \$7,000, in which she met and defeated the black mare Nightingale, the bay mare Alix, and the bay gelding Greenleaf. It took seven heats to decide this contest, the time being 2.12¼, 2.12, 2.12½, 2.13½, 2.14¼, 2.14¼, and 2.18, Nightingale winning the fourth, sixth and seventh heats.

The stallion Greenlander had justly acquired the reputation of being one of the speediest, long-distance race horses that had been upon the turf for many years, and as Nightingale was an aspirant for first place as a two-mile performer, arrangements were made to bring these two contestants together. They met at the Grand Circuit Meeting at Buffalo, August 9, 1894. Nightingale won the first heat in 2.36½, Greenlander was drawn after this heat and Nightingale won the race. Her time in the first heat of this race is the World's race record for two miles, but Greenlander holds the trial record for that distance.

At Fresno, Cal., on February 1, 1895, she defeated Azote and Klamath by winning the first, third and fourth heats in 2.14, 2.14, and 2.13¾. This race was trotted in the mud, when the track was several seconds slow, and was a severe test of gameness and endurance. She won the 2.10 class at Fort Wayne in the fall of 1895, in straight heats, in 2.10¾, 2.10, and 2.10. No race ever seemed too long for her and she would trot the third, fourth or fifth heat with the same ease as the first. In October, 1895, I started her at Terre Haute against Onoqua, Dandy Jim, and David B. Nightingale won the third, fourth and fifth heats in 2.08, 2.10, and 2.09¾. She also won the same year at Louisville; and at Lexington, in October of that

year, in the 2.09 class, she defeated Lockheart, David B., and Lesa Wilkes, in straight heats, in 2.11 $\frac{3}{4}$ , 2.11 $\frac{3}{4}$ , and 2.12 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Before her racing days were over she became one of the most beautiful-gaited and best trotting race horses I have ever had anything to do with. I do not think her record was the full measure of her speed, as she constantly improved from the time I took her until she died. That she was a mare of great speed, gameness and endurance is evidenced by the above record, and the further fact that I gave her a three-mile record of 6.55 $\frac{1}{2}$ , which I believe is the world's record for that distance. She was a very smooth and stylish chestnut mare, about 15 $\frac{1}{4}$  hands high, and would weigh about 1,050 lbs.

## CHAPTER IX.

LEAVING TENNESSEE FOR VILLAGE FARM — NEW FIELD VERY LARGE — GET OF CHIMES AND MAMBRINO KING — FIRST PNEUMATIC SULKY USED IN GRAND CIRCUIT — PURCHASE OF ROBERT J. — HIS GREAT RACE WITH JOE PATCHEN — USING SHEEP TO DRY RACE TRACK — RECORD OF ROBERT J.

**D**URING the season of 1891, the Messrs. Hamlin offered very tempting inducements for me to move to Buffalo and assume the management of the speed department of Village Farm, but I hesitated long before thinking favorably of the proposition, as both my wife and myself were deeply attached to our home and friends in Tennessee, and to sever our relations with a people who had always treated us with a kindness which we can never forget was no easy matter; but the offer was so generous that I could not afford to disregard it, and late in the fall concluded to accept their proposition. As soon as my friends in Tennessee became aware of my intention they offered all kinds of inducements for me to remain in Tennessee and suggested objections of a very discouraging nature to my contemplated action. Among them was that Mr. C. J. Hamlin was a very exacting man, and one that scarcely any one was able to please in handling his horses. While my acquaintance with him at that time was very limited, I knew him well enough to know that he was a thorough horseman and business man, and I did not believe that I or any one need have any

trouble with him if they did what was right ; and so, against the protests, but with the good will, of my Tennessee friends, I moved to Buffalo with my family in February, 1892, under a five years' contract with the Messrs. Hamlin, and have been here with them ever since, and during all this time our relations have been most pleasant and agreeable.

The new field upon which I entered when I came to Village Farm is so extensive, the horses I have trained and the races in which I have driven are so numerous, that I can do nothing more than mention a few of the most important horses and events with which I have had to do. This statement will be appreciated when it is considered that nearly one hundred colts are foaled at this farm every year, which require training when old enough, and that during the nine years I have been at Village Farm I have driven on an average in more than one hundred races each year. The horses with which I have had most to do since coming here have been the get of Mambrino King and Chimes, and they are certainly two very remarkable families of horses. Mambrino King was the king of show horses, and his get generally possess the stylish conformation of their sire, and no family of horses ever seen upon the turf possess more gameness and endurance than they do. I consider the cross of Mambrino King and Chimes to be the acme of American trotting-horse breeding. I am very fond of the get of Chimes, especially those out of mares by Mambrino King. They possess some characteristics peculiar to themselves, and which I have never known in any other family of horses I have handled ; they nearly all amble when first broken, and, unlike any other horses I have ever seen, weighting them in front does no good, and will

not make them go square. I generally shoe them light and when they commence to amble often rush them to a break, and when settled from the break they will trot or pace square and improve in their speed very rapidly.

Soon after the bicycle craze became prevalent I commenced to ride a wheel, and soon became satisfied that if the ball-bearing pneumatic tire wheel could in some way be made available for the sulky it would be a great improvement, and I formulated a crude sort of plan in my mind for their adjustment to the high-wheeled sulky I then used, but did not attempt to put my ideas into any practical shape. There was a gentleman in the East who seemed to entertain the same views, that had the genius to gratify his ambition, and during the Detroit meeting of 1892 he shipped one of his contrivances to Budd Doble, and requested him to try it in a race. It consisted of a pair of pneumatic wheels adjusted to a high-wheeled sulky frame, and made quite a grotesque appearance when it first arrived. For some reason, Mr. Doble did not care to gratify this gentleman's desire, and for several days after its arrival the sulky stood unused. I had in my stable that season the horse Excellence, and one day I desired to work him four pretty stiff heats, and hitched him to my high-wheeled sulky and drove him a mile, and the time was 2.23½. I then told Mr. Doble I would like to make the next trial in that new-fangled contrivance of his, and he said he would be glad to have me do so. I hitched to it and drove him a mile in 2.21½. The next mile I tried my own sulky again and the best he could do was 2.23½. The next trial I again hitched to the new sulky, and he again trotted the mile in 2.21½. This trial satisfied

me that a horse could make faster time in the new sulky than the old. That afternoon I was to start Honest George in a race, and borrowed this pneumatic sulky for that purpose; and when I appeared on the track with Honest George hitched to it, you could hear the spectators laugh for a block, and so curious did it appear to some that their comments would indicate they thought I was the advance guard of Buffalo Bill's show. But, notwithstanding the jeers and laughter, I won the race, and this was the first time within my knowledge that this modern invention that has been such an important factor in revolutionizing track records was ever used in a race in the Grand Circuit. The next week I had Honest George entered in a race at Cleveland and borrowed this sulky again in which to make the race, and again won; which I doubt if I could have done in my own sulky, as Honest George was a strong favorite and, as is usual in such cases, the whole field was against me. After this race, Mr. Doble became satisfied of the advantage of this sulky over the high wheel and commenced to use it in his races, and it was not long before they were in quite general use throughout the Grand Circuit and elsewhere.







ROBERT J., 2.01½.

**I**N a slow-pacing race at Philadelphia, in the early part of that season in which I started Glendennis, appeared a new horse to me. He was a bay gelding about fifteen hands high, of very smooth conformation except his knees, and they were so bowed as to give him the appearance of being badly knee-sprung, and a stranger would not think it possible for those legs to stand the strain of a hard contested race. This horse was Robert J., that afterward became one of the most sensational and greatest turf performers ever known. He was then four years old and this was his first racing season. He was distanced in the race at Philadelphia, but won a race in New York a few days later and soon after that at Albany. Although he did not then have a fast record and had not shown phenomenal speed, yet there was something about the horse and his easy way of going that caused me to like him; and at my suggestion, while we were at Albany, Mr. Hamlin purchased him and also purchased his dam. As soon as I commenced to work him I became satisfied that we had a great horse if those bow legs would only stand the hardships of fast racing, about which I had serious doubts, and many times after I had given him a stiff workout I would sit and watch those crooked legs to see if I could discover any trembling or signs of weakness in them; but I never saw any indication that they were not as strong as those of any horse in my stable; and in all the great races in which I afterwards drove him he never weakened, and would stand the strain of a long race as well as any horse I ever drove. He was a very pure-gaited horse and I generally shod

him with a five-ounce shoe, both in front and behind, and in his races he required no boots except to protect his quarters and coronets. We got him early in the season of 1892, and I worked him some before the meetings commenced in the Grand Circuit, and concluded he was good enough to start in the great races which are there given. I first started him at Detroit in a slow class, which he won in straight heats; and the next week I started him in the free-for-all pace at Cleveland, which he won without trouble; and in the different important races in which I started him that season he won them all except at Buffalo and Lexington, where he finished second in each race. In 1893, I started him at all the important meetings and do not remember of his losing a single race. I started him, in 1894, against the fastest pacers then upon the turf, including John R. Gentry and Joe Patchen, and defeated them in many contests. John R. Gentry never defeated him, and Joe Patchen never defeated him but three times in all their numerous contests. I won so many good races with him that it is difficult to say in which race or races he most distinguished himself; but I think his best race was the special at Indianapolis, against Joe Patchen. Robert J. was then six years old and at his very best. The track was good and the day favorable for fast time. The friends of the respective horses were many, and all the elements conspired to make it a most exciting and interesting contest, and such it proved to be. Robert J. won the race, in three straight heats, in the phenomenal time of 2.03 $\frac{3}{4}$ , 2.02 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and 2.04 $\frac{3}{4}$ , and his time in the second heat of that race was the world's greatest race record. I gave him a record that season of 2.01 $\frac{1}{2}$ , which was the world's harness record. After the racing season of 1894 was

over I concluded to ship my racing stable to California, and try the experiment of wintering in that far-away southern climate. Robert J. was one of those I took along. The owner and driver of Joe Patchen were not satisfied with the results of the different meetings between Robert J. and that horse, and when they found I was to take Robert J. to California they shipped Joe Patchen there to continue the turf contests. We first met in California at Los Angeles, where Robert J. again defeated the fast son of Patchen Wilkes. In February, 1895, a special race was arranged for these two horses at Fresno, California. The date set for this race happened to be in the rainy season which every winter visits the just and the unjust of that State. When the day of the race came it simply poured, and the mud on the track and everywhere else was ankle deep, so the race was postponed from day to day, and the rain continued to come down in such torrents as to dampen our spirits as well as the track. Of course, we were familiar with the usual appliances used in drying tracks, but they were of no use in face of such a deluge as we were then experiencing. Among the horsemen who were there were Monroe Salisbury, Andy McDowell, Tom Raymond, Jack Curry (driver of Joe Patchen), and myself. As we were confronted with an unusual condition, unusual methods must be employed to accomplish our purpose, so we arranged for the use of 2,300 sheep owned near there, and every day the gentlemen mentioned, including myself, would gather these sheep together and drive them several times over the track, and by night the track would be in fairly good condition, but it would rain again in the night, and the next day the mud would be as deep as ever; then the sheep would

be brought out again and raced over the track. We continued this process for so long a period that I became thoroughly tired of training and racing sheep. The condition of affairs gave me no peace in the day time and at night I would dream of bleating sheep, and at breakfast imagined I could taste wool in the doughnuts, and I scarcely dared venture on the streets for fear of meeting an old ram with a wicked look on his sober countenance, as though he was looking for some one upon whom to wreak his vengeance for disturbing his peaceful flock. Finally, one evening, we agreed to have the race the next day, however muddy the track might be; and when the race was called the track resembled a mortar bed more than a race track, and every time a horse would pull one of his feet from the mud it would sound like the good-night parting of a young man and his best girl. The mud flying in all directions subjected both drivers and horses to a genuine mud bath, and made Robert J. nervous, and he broke in the last two heats, and Joe Patchen won the race.

After the race was over I returned to the stall of Robert J. and endeavored to separate myself from a portion of the real estate of Fresno, which covered me so completely that I resembled a clay model of an artist. John Easely, the colored groom who cared for Robert J., fairly worshiped the little horse, and took his defeat very much to heart. He said to me as I entered the stall: "Look dar, boss, no wonder dis hoss couldn't win dat race," and looking up over the door of the stall where John's finger pointed, I saw the ominous figure 13, and John continued: "Dat is the hoodoo what caused us to lose, and no hoss can eber win a race hitched in dis stall; and old Joe Patchen

never could beat Robert no how, if dis little hoss has a fair show," and, thinking of the combined misfortunes of the mud and hoodoo, John refused to be comforted. I won the free-for-all trot the same day with Nightingale, which in part compensated for the defeat of Robert. I drove him in many races after this, and he won nearly all of those in which he started. He combined the elements of extreme speed, game-ness, endurance, and gentleness in a degree second to no horse I ever saw.

The records show Robert J. has paced in races, one heat in 2.02½, one in 2.02¾, two in 2.03½, one in 2.03¾, one in 2.04, two in 2.04½, two in 2.04¾, two in 2.05, three in 2.05¼, three in 2.05½, four in 2.05¾, four in 2.06, one in 2.06¼, four in 2.06½, three in 2.07¾, five in 2.08, one in 2.08¼, three in 2.08½, two in 2.08¾, one in 2.09, one in 2.09¼, one in 2.09½, three in 2.09¾, and one in 2.10. Against time he has paced one mile in 2.01½, one in 2.02, one in 2.02¾, one in 2.03, one in 2.03¾, two in 2.04, one in 2.04¼, one in 2.04¾, one in 2.06, one in 2.06¾, three in 2.07, and one in 2.10. The sum of the above is 67 heats in 2.10 or better, eleven of which were paced in 2.04 or better; which were, at the time he retired from the turf, five times more than had been paced within the 2.04 circle by all the other pacers that ever wore harness.

## CHAPTER X.

SOME VILLAGE FARM RECORD BREAKERS—FANTASY—  
BRIGHT REGENT—THE MONK—HEIR-AT-LAW—  
AMERICAN BELLE—MILAN CHIMES—LADY OF THE  
MANOR—LORD DERBY—DARE DEVIL—THE AB-  
BOTT.

FANTASY, the great daughter of Chimes and Homora, by Almonarch, foaled March 7, 1890, was one of the first of the get of that sire that was trained by me. She was broken and worked some as a two-year-old and could trot fast from the beginning of her development. She made her debut as a three-year-old at a time when others of her age of superior quality were numerous in different parts of the country. Her first start was at Pittsburg, in July, 1893, in the 2.27 class for three-year-olds. She won the last three heats of this five-heat race and took a record of 2.18 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Among the fast and sensational three-year-olds out that year, were William Penn, Silicon, Margrave, Wistful, Elfrida, and The Conqueror. At Buffalo, on August 8th, she started against Margrave, William Penn, and Silicon, and won, in straight heats, in 2.15 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 2.15 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and 2.15. At Evansville, Indiana, the same year, she defeated The Conqueror, Elfrida, and Wistful, in straight heats, in a three-heat race, in 2.18 $\frac{3}{4}$  and 2.21 $\frac{3}{4}$ . At Nashville, October 7th, she defeated a field of ten three-year-olds, in straight heats, in a three-heat race, in 2.16 $\frac{1}{2}$  and 2.08 $\frac{3}{4}$ . Her record in the second heat of this race





FANTASY, 2.06.



is the world's race record for three-year-olds. She also won in straight heats at Detroit, Rochester and Chicago, making a record for her first season's campaign of winning every race in which she started and all, with one exception, in straight heats. She made several successful starts in 1894, and took a record at Terre Haute in September of that year of 2.06, which is the world's record for mares of that age. I took her with some of the other horses I had in training to California in the fall of 1894, where she wintered. Her first race in 1895 was the free-for-all at Minneapolis, July 3d, where she met and defeated Directum, David B., and Kentucky Union, three race horses of the highest quality. This was a great race and was desperately contested from start to finish. Directum, by reason of his almost unbeaten record, was looked upon by the public as the probable winner; while the reputation of David B. and Kentucky Union was scarcely second to anything then in training. Fantasy, while a nervous, high-strung mare, was level headed, and up to the time of this race had never made a break in all the races I had driven her; but on the Minneapolis track was a roadway across the track, used by carriages in crossing to and from the inside enclosure of the track, and when she came to that crossing, in the second, fourth and fifth heats, she jumped and left her feet, and these were the only times during her life that she ever broke in a race. Fantasy won the first heat in 2.09, Directum the second in 2.12 $\frac{1}{4}$ , Fantasy the third in 2.09, Directum the fourth in 2.13 $\frac{1}{4}$ , and Fantasy the fifth in 2.11 $\frac{1}{2}$ . From Minneapolis I went to LaCrosse, Wisconsin, where I started her in the free-for-all against the great race horses Azote and Phoebe Wilkes, and here it was

that the first defeat of her life was recorded. Azote won the race in straight heats in 2.07½, 2.12¼ and 2.09, Fantasy finishing second in each heat. She was a great mare in 1896. In the free-for-all at Columbus she defeated Beuzetta, Onoqua, and Lord Clinton, in straight heats, in 2.06½, 2.08, and 2.09½. In the free-for-all at New York she vanquished a great field, consisting of William Penn, Kentucky Union, Onoqua, and Beuzetta, in straight heats, in 2.09½, 2.08, and 2.10. At Medford, Massachusetts, she made short work of William Penn, Onoqua, and Kentucky Union, by winning, in straight heats, in 2.11, 2.10, and 2.10¾. Perhaps the greatest race of her life was at Readville, August 27th of that year, where in the free-for-all she met her great rivals Kentucky Union, Onoqua, Beuzetta, and William Penn. This was at that time the fastest four-heat race on record. Fantasy won the first and second heats in 2.09 and 2.08¼; Kentucky Union won the third in 2.07¾; and Fantasy ended the agony by winning the fourth in 2.08. This was her last racing season, as while being jogged on the road at Selma, Ala., in the spring of 1897, she met with an accident of so serious a nature that she could never be trained again; and thus passed from the race track one of the greatest performers known in all its annals. Fantasy is a very rangy, racy-looking mare, about sixteen hands high, and in ordinary flesh will weigh about 1,150 pounds.

ONE of the best and fastest natural-gaited pacers I ever campaigned was the chestnut gelding Bright Regent. When I commenced with him as a three-year-old he was a cripple, but I nursed his ailing legs that fall and winter, and the next season (1895) thought him strong enough to race. I started him first at Minneapolis in the 2.23 class, which he won in straight heats and took a record of 2.18 $\frac{1}{4}$ . I also started him at La Crosse, Saginaw, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Rochester, New York, Louisville and Terre Haute, and won every race in which he started, and all in straight heats, except at Saginaw and Detroit; and at Louisville he took a race record of 2.08 $\frac{1}{4}$ , which I considered was doing pretty well for a green four-year-old in a partially crippled condition. His legs bothered him more or less all the time, and it required constant care and attention to keep him strong enough to stand the strain. His legs were not very strong in 1896, and I feared he would be unable to make much of a campaign that year, and only started him twice during that season. The first was at Detroit, in July, in the 2.09 class, in which he won the first two heats in 2.08 $\frac{1}{2}$  and 2.09 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; but his legs weakened and he lost the race. I then gave him a long rest, and did not start him again until the Lexington meeting in the fall, where he won the 2.09 class, in straight heats, in 2.06 $\frac{3}{4}$ , 2.06 $\frac{3}{4}$ , and 2.07 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; and this, I think, was his best race. In 1897, I started him in three races in which he met defeat in each race, viz: Glens Falls, Readville, and Portland; but at Portland he won the third and fourth heats, and took a record in the third

heat of  $2.06\frac{1}{4}$ , which is his record. After that race his legs were so bad that I regretfully gave up training and racing him.

ONE of the bright stars of the Village Farm production is The Monk, a bay gelding, foaled in 1893, sired by Chimes, dam Goldfinch by Mambrino King. This horse is the same age and bred in the same lines as The Abbott, and at the time he met with the accident hereinafter mentioned was a faster horse than the now world's champion. He was taken up when three years old, while I was away, and his speed attempted to be developed; but when I returned in the fall he could not trot a three-minute gait, and was as awkward and clumsy as any three-year-old I ever saw. They had him shod with about sixteen-ounce shoes in front, and he simply would not, or could not, show any speed to speak of. I had those heavy shoes taken off and shod him with eight-ounce shoes in front and added a light toe weight, and after he was thus shod he would shuffle and mix his gaits for a little way, then strike a square trot and go a few feet, then commence to shuffle again; but every time I drove him he would trot more and more, until finally he quit shuffling and would trot square, and after I got his gait straightened out he could trot fast. I first started him at Detroit in July, 1898, when he was four years old, in the 2.27 class, which he won in straight heats, the best time being 2.16 $\frac{3}{4}$ . I also started him at Cleveland, Columbus, Fort Wayne, Glens Falls, Readville, New York, Hartford, Portland, Louisville, in the 2.20 and 2.30 classes, and at Lexington in the Transylvania Stake and the 2.17 class. He was first in every race in which he started, except at Fort Wayne, Readville, and in the

Transylvania Stake, in which races he finished second and won two heats in each of these races. He won the first two heats in the Transylvania Stake in 2.09½ and 2.08½, but was defeated by Rilma the next three heats. This was his first and last campaign, as an accident to one of his forelegs has rendered it impossible up to this time to train him again; but with the long rest he has now had, I hope and believe he will again be able to stand the hardships of campaigning; and if he does, he will, I think, be one of the best horses in his class. From what I have said it will be seen that he started in thirteen races, in which he was first in eleven and second in two. What he would have been, except for this accident, when fully matured, is largely a matter of conjecture, but my belief is that he would have been in the front ranks of the greatest of turf performers.



THE black stallion Heir-at-Law, sired by Mambrino King, dam Estabella by Alcantara, and foaled May 20, 1888, I first started in a race as a trotter in 1894, and during that season he started at Chicago, Indianapolis, Rochester, Terre Haute, Fort Wayne, Lexington, and Nashville. He took his first record at Indianapolis, where he won the second heat in 2.14½. His best trotting race was at Nashville, in the 2.21 class, which he won, in straight heats, in 2.13¼, 2.14, and 2.12. This was the only season in which he ever trotted, as my work with him that season convinced me that he could pace much faster than he could trot, and his subsequent record shows the correctness of that conclusion. He was in the stud in 1895, and not started at all. His early work in the season of 1896 gave evidence of a first-class pacing race horse at no distant day. I first started him in a pacing race at Peoria, Ill., July 1, 1896, in the 2.40 class, in which he won two heats and took a record of 2.13. I also started him that season at Saginaw, Detroit, Cleveland, Buffalo, Fort Wayne, Providence, Medford, Mass., Portland, and Lexington. His record when the season was finished was six times first, three times second, and unplaced once. In 1897 I started him at Cleveland, Columbus, Fort Wayne, Glens Falls, Providence, New York, Portland, Louisville, and Lexington. At Lexington I gave him a race record of 2.05¾. This was his last racing season, as when running in the paddock the next year he accidentally broke one of his forelegs, and, of course, his racing days were over. Heir-at-Law is a very rugged,

strong horse, and was a very speedy, game and reliable race horse, and his records of  $2.05\frac{3}{4}$  pacing, and 2.12 trotting, are, I think, the world's race records for one horse at the two gaits.

THE bay filly American Belle was a very successful three-year-old campaigner. I first started her at Readville in the 2.30 class for three-year-olds, and she finished third in a great field. A few days later I started her at New York in the 2.40 class, where she finished ahead of a large field, but was beaten for first place by Cresceus, the present champion stallion. These two races did her much good, and she kept improving very rapidly. Her first winning race was at Hartford in the 2.40 class for three-year-olds, which she won, in straight heats, in 2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$ , 2.14 $\frac{3}{4}$ , and 2.19 $\frac{1}{2}$ . She also won in straight heats at Portland, Louisville, Lexington, and in the fall meeting at Readville. At Portland she won the second, third and fourth heats in 2.12 $\frac{3}{4}$ , 2.14 $\frac{1}{2}$ , and 2.16. Cresceus winning the first heat in 2.12. Thus in the only eight races I ever started her she was first in six, second in one, and third in one, and took a record of 2.12 $\frac{1}{4}$  in the third heat of a race, a record that few three-year-olds have ever equaled.

A COLT that gave promise of becoming one of the best ever produced at Village Farm was Milan Chimes. He was broken as a two-year-old, and in the fall, when three years old, I took him with the prospective campaigners for the next year (1898) to Selma, Ala., and from the time I first commenced to work him he was a pure-gaited and very fast trotter. I never tried to drive him to his limit, and have no means of telling what it was. His first and only race was at Hartford, on July 5, 1898, in the 2.20 class. He won the second heat in 2.13 $\frac{3}{4}$  in a jog, and could have trotted that heat several seconds faster. He was unsteady in the third heat and lost it, but won the fourth in 2.16 $\frac{3}{4}$ . He was leading in the fifth heat and when coming down the home stretch, without any warning or known cause, he fell and died almost instantly; and by his death I think the turf was robbed of one of its brightest ornaments.





LADY OF THE MANOR, 2.04 $\frac{1}{4}$ .

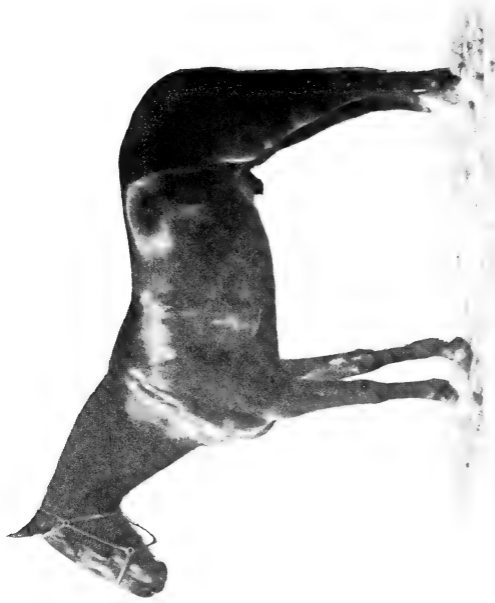
LADY of the Manor, holder of the world's pacing record for mares, was foaled May 31, 1894, sired by Mambrino King, dam Princess Chimes by Chimes. She was worked some as a three-year-old, and soon gave evidence of possessing great speed. I first started her in the 2.24 class at the Detroit meeting, in 1898, where she won the first heat in 2.09½, but had to be satisfied with third place in the race. Her first winning race was at Cleveland, where she won the third, fourth and fifth heats in 2.15¾, 2.10¾, and 2.11. She also won at Hartford, Columbus, Fort Wayne, Glens Falls, Fort Erie, Portland, Readville, and two races at Lexington.

At Lexington she took a race record of 2.08¼. She also started at Louisville, but was unplaced. From the above statement it will be seen that in her first racing season as a four-year-old she was first in ten races, third in one, and unplaced in one. Her record of 2.08¼ advanced her to a very fast class in 1899, but she was first in three out of the six starts she made that season, and they were all great races. Her first winning race that season was at Glens Falls, where she won the second, third, and fifth heats in 2.04¼, 2.11¼, and 2.08½. She won at Hartford, in straight heats, in 2.06½, 2.05¾, and 2.08¼. At Readville she won the first and third heats, in a three-heat race, in 2.05¾ and 2.07½. I never saw a horse that possessed more speed than did this mare. She had shown me a half mile in one minute, and I firmly believe that she would have made a record of two minutes or better had she remained on the turf a season or two longer ;

but in the fall of 1899, while being worked on the track at Louisville, she met with so serious an accident that she could never be trained again; and when she retired, another star of the first magnitude set before it had reached its zenith.







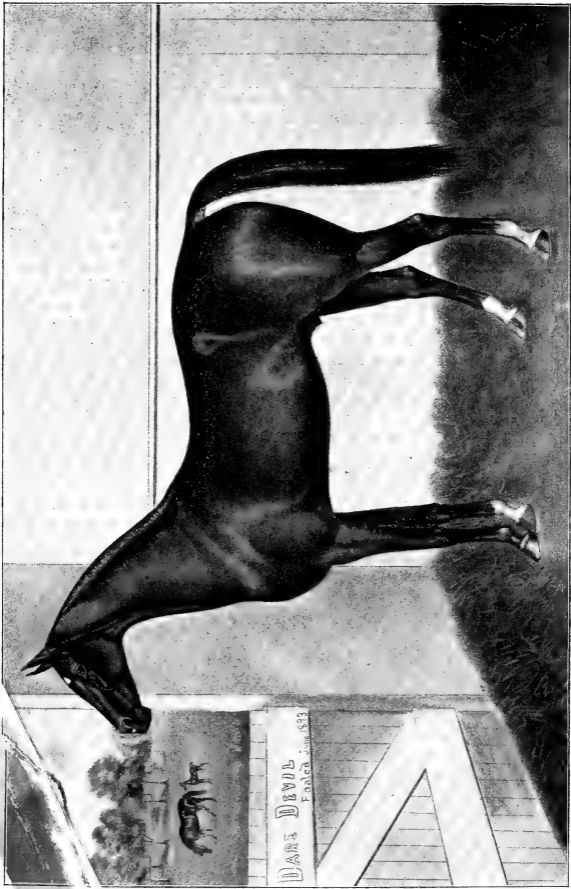
LORD DERBY, 2.07.

**D**EXTER was undoubtedly the greatest trotting horse the world ever saw up to the time of his retirement. He was foaled in 1858, and was first trained for racing as a five-year-old in 1863. In November, 1864, when he was six years old, and after he had been trained, and raced the whole season, by Mr. Hiram Woodruff, the greatest trainer and driver of his day, he trotted a trial mile driven by Mr. Woodruff, and his time was  $2.23\frac{1}{4}$ , which was the fastest mile he had up to that time ever trotted, and in speaking of this trial Mr. Woodruff says: "Mr. Shepard F. Knapp and Mr. Alley were present and they timed him. I knew all the way round that Dexter was doing a great thing. I had hardly ever then, if ever, except in the cases of Flora Temple and the gray mare Peerless, that belonged to Mr. Bonner, seen such a stroke kept up from end to end. When I turned and came back I lifted up my hand and said to the gentlemen, 'Oh, what a horse!' 'What do you think you made,' said they. 'Not worse than 2.24,' I answered. 'It was just  $2.23\frac{1}{4}$ ,' they said, and I was satisfied. This was speed enough for a six-year-old horse in his first season of trotting." I mention this incident, not for the purpose of disparaging the merits of Dexter but for the purpose of calling attention to the mighty strides that have been made since that time, both in breeding the harness race horse and the appliances for his speed development.

Lord Derby was foaled May 26, 1895, sired by Mambrino King, dam Claribel by Almont, Jr. He is a dark bay gelding with some white markings on his feet,  $15\frac{1}{2}$  hands high, and will weigh about 1,000 pounds. In conformation, Lord Derby resembles a thorough-

bred more than any trotter I ever handled. He is slim and rather delicate in appearance, but in the races he has trotted he has exhibited as much stamina as any race horse need have. I first commenced to work him in the fall of 1899, when he was four years old, and he did not then give promise of such extreme speed as he has developed. That fall he could not trot a half mile better than 1.10, but his gait was beautiful and in the work I gave him he improved very fast. I started him at different places in the Grand Circuit in 1900, among them being at Lexington in the Transylvania Stake, which I think he would have had a fair chance of winning but for an accident which occurred in the first quarter of the first heat; the field was quite large and just in front of Lord Derby two sulkies collided and threw the drivers out, and to avoid the mix-up I had to bring him to a complete stop, and thereby came very near being distanced, and to get inside the flag he was compelled to trot the last three-quarters of the mile at such a terrific gait that he was unable to do himself justice in the next heats. I think he trotted the middle half of that heat in 1.02. His best race was at New York, which he won, in straight heats, in 2.07, 2.07, and 2.08. This horse is now in perfect condition and what he may accomplish in the future I hardly dare hazard an opinion. That he is a great horse there can be no question. Whether he will be *the* greatest time alone can disclose. But measured by the records of one season's racing, he is the greatest trotting race horse I have ever driven; and if Hiram Woodruff were now living and compared his race record of 2.07 as a five-year-old with the trial mile of Dexter in 2.23 $\frac{1}{4}$  as a six-year-old, is it not probable that he would again exclaim, "Oh, what a horse!"





DARE DEVIL, 2.09 $\frac{1}{4}$ .

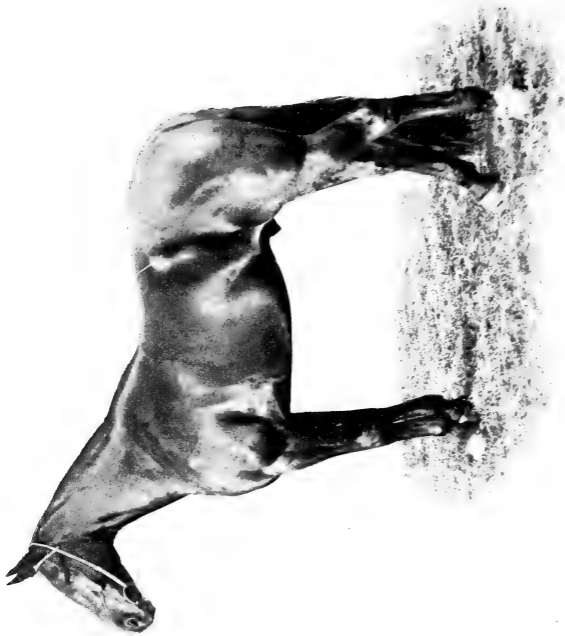
**M**R. C. J. HAMLIN says that when he was a young man he used to attend dancing parties, and was very fond of dancing with a young lady that was a good dancer, but he soon found that it added much to his enjoyment to dance with one that was beautiful to look upon as well as a good dancer; and that when he commenced to breed trotters, having in mind his experience in the gay whirl of his giddy days, he determined, if possible, to combine beauty with speed in the animals he should produce, and he has consistently adhered to that theory during all the long years he has been engaged in the business.

The black stallion Dare Devil is a product of this system of breeding, and is one of the most beautiful horses ever seen upon the race track or in the show ring. He is a coal black, with three white ankles, a small star, and snip foaled June 1, 1893, sired by Mambrino King, dam Mercedes by Chimes. His first race was at Detroit, when he was four years old, in which he won the last three of four heats in 2.15½, 2.16½, and 2.15½. He also won at Cleveland, Columbus, Fort Erie, Glens Falls, Portland and Louisville, and met his only defeat that season at Lexington, after winning the first heat in 2.09¾. His showing that season was so good that it was decided to keep him in the stud in 1898, which proved a very unfortunate experiment, as, somehow, in his stall he wrenched one of his hips, and he has never been strong enough since to stand proper training. I trained him the best I could in 1899, but he plainly showed the effects of his injury. I started him in

four races that season, in which he was second in two, and third in one, and finished the season at New York, where he was so lame that he could hardly trot at all, and finished eighth in the first heat, when I drew him. I trained him again in 1900, and started him in two or three races, when he became so lame I had to send him home, and it is not probable that he will ever again listen to the admonitions of a starter. Dare Devil possesses all the gameness of the family of which he is a distinguished member, and at the time he took his record of 2.09 $\frac{1}{4}$  could have trotted a mile in 2.06 or 2.07.







THE ABBOTT, 2.03¼.

NO ONE nowadays need think he has a sure enough winner in the Grand Circuit, however fast and promising his candidate may be, as that great arena is like a mighty river fed by innumerable streams. It opens at Detroit late in July, and to it come all the choice performers of the smaller race tracks that have been campaigning the earlier part of the season, as well as the great horses who have won their laurels over its historic tracks in years gone by, and have been specially prepared to continue their triumphs amidst the scenes of their former conquests.

The world's champion, The Abbott, was foaled July 20, 1893; sired by Chimes, dam Nettie King, record 2.20 $\frac{1}{4}$ , by Mambrino King; second dam Netty Murphy by Hamlin Patchen; third dam by a son of Kentucky Whip — thoroughbred. He is a dark bay gelding, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$  hands high, left hind foot white, and in ordinary flesh will weigh about 1,050 pounds. He has an intelligent-looking head, and his general conformation is smooth; while his legs are not unusually heavy, they are well formed, and his feet are perfect. Taken as a whole, he comes about as near being an ideal-looking race horse of the modern school as is often seen. I first commenced work with him in the fall of 1896, when he was three years old. At that time he was rough-gaited and inclined to amble and mix his gaits. I experimented with him for some time before he convinced me that he possessed material sufficiently good to be eligible to start in the Grand Circuit. I finally shod him with eleven-ounce shoes in front and added three-ounce toe weights, and put a square-toed shoe

on the left front foot and the right hind foot, and made the shoe on the left hind foot full at the toe and a trifle longer than the shoe on the other hind foot, and, shod in this way, he would trot square after the preliminary amble in which he would usually indulge when first started—a habit he has not yet entirely forsaken. His first start was at Detroit, July 13, 1897, in the M. and M. stake, in which he won the second heat in 2.11½, the fastest heat of the race, and finished in fourth place. He started a week later at the same meeting in the 2.20 class, and was unplaced. But at Cleveland, the next week, he won the 2.18 class, in straight heats, in 2.12¾, 2.11½, and 2.14¼. At Fort Wayne he won the first two heats in 2.13¼ and 2.13¼, was third in the third heat, and distanced in the fourth. At the August meeting, at Readville, he won, in straight heats, in 2.14¾, 2.13, and 2.14¼. He also won at Hartford, in straight heats, in 2.15, 2.16¼, and 2.16¼. At Louisville he won the first heat in 2.13, was second in the second and third heats, and distanced in the fourth. At Lexington he won the second, third, and fourth heats, in 2.13, 2.15½, and 2.15¾. At the September meeting, at Readville, he again won, in straight heats, in 2.15, 2.13¼, and 2.13½. At Portland he won the first, second, and fourth heats, in 2.18¼, 2.13¼, and 2.15¼. Making for his first season the following record: Six times first, fourth once, and unplaced three times. His first start in 1898 was at Hartford, July 4th, where he won a three-heat race to wagon in 2.14 and 2.12¼. His record in the second heat being the world's race record to wagon. He next started at Detroit in the 2.10 class, which he won, in straight heats, in 2.12½, 2.12, and 2.08¾. In the same class, at Cleveland, the next week, he met and

defeated Eagle Flannigan, Pilot Boy, Don Cupid, and Rilma, in straight heats, in 2.08½, 2.09¼, and 2.09¼. He won the second and third heats at Columbus in 2.08¼ and 2.08½, and finished in second place in the race. He won the first two heats at Glens Falls in 2.12¼ and 2.11½, and finished in second place. At Hartford he won the first, fourth, and fifth heats, in 2.11¼, 2.10¼, and 2.09¾. He won at Fort Erie, in straight heats, in 2.12¼, 2.14½, and 2.13. At Portland he finished in third place. At the fall meeting, at Readville, he won, in straight heats, in 2.08¼, 2.09¼, and 2.08¾. He closed the season at Lexington, where he won, in straight heats, in 2.15½, 2.08, and 2.08¼. His record for the second racing season being seven times first, twice second, and third once, and retiring in his five-year-old form with a race record of 2.08. He improved all during the season. I raced him that season shod with ten-and-a-half-ounce shoes in front and five-ounce shoes behind, and since then he has worn nine-ounce shoes in front. He developed speed so rapidly and showed all the elements of a first-class race horse so plainly that before this season was through I was convinced he would be invincible in the free-for-all class whenever I should deem it advisable to introduce him to that select company. He started the campaign of 1899 at Detroit, July 20th, in the 2.08 class, where he won the first, third, and fourth heats, in 2.07½, 2.09, and 2.10¾. In the same class, at Cleveland, the next week, he met and defeated Eagle Flannigan, Kentucky Union, Mattie Patterson, and John Nolan, in straight heats, in 2.08¾, 2.08½, and 2.08¾. He won in the same class at Columbus, in straight heats, in 2.09¾, 2.07¼, and 2.07½. His first start in the free-for-all class was at Fort Erie, August

7, 1899, which he won, in straight heats, in 2.08, 2.09½, and 2.10½. In the free-for-all at Glen's Falls he defeated Bingen, Monterey, Kentucky Union, Directum Kelly, and John Nolan, winning the first, third, and fourth heats in 2.09, 2.09¾, and 2.08¾. He won in the same class at Hartford, in straight heats, in 2.08¼, 2.08¾, and 2.07¾. He repeated this performance at Providence by winning two straight heats in a free-for-all three-heat race in 2.08¼ and 2.06¾. At New York he started against John Nolan, in a free-for-all three-heat race, and won in straight heats, in 2.09¾ and 2.06¼. He started at Providence in the free-for-all, and had Bingen as his only competitor, whom he defeated, in straight heats, in 2.09¾, 2.09½, and 2.06¼. He closed the season's campaign at Lexington, where he defeated Bingen and Cresceus, winning the third, fourth, and fifth heats in 2.07½, 2.08¼, and 2.10¼ — Bingen winning the first two heats in 2.07¼ and 2.09. His record for the season being ten races won and not meeting a single defeat. No other horse, living or dead, ever made such a record as this. In a total of thirty races, embracing all the races in which he has ever started, he was first in twenty-three, second in two, third in one, fourth in one, and unplaced in three. In the thirty races in which he started he won seventy-six heats, all below 2.20; sixty-nine of these heats were better than 2.15, and thirty-eight were better than 2.10. In 1900 there was no free-for-all class in the Grand Circuit, and believing he had the ability to trot a faster mile than any horse had ever yet done, I took him along with my racing stable and gave exhibitions at many of the large meetings. I first started him at Detroit, and he trotted a mile in 2.07. Readville next engaged his attention and he there trotted a

mile in  $2.05\frac{3}{4}$ . The next trial was at Providence and here the time was  $2.04\frac{3}{4}$ . When Hartford was reached the race record to wagon was  $2.12\frac{1}{4}$ , which he made on this track in 1898, and the trial record to wagon was  $2.09\frac{1}{2}$ , held by Lucille. I therefore determined to try and crown him as king in front of this vehicle, and he easily demolished all previous records by drawing a wagon a full mile in the phenomenal time of  $2.05\frac{1}{2}$ . I next started him against the Sickle Bearer, at New York, where he trotted to a record of  $2.04$ ; and when Terre Haute was reached, in the fall, all the conditions were favorable for a fast mile, and I there drove him a mile in  $2.03\frac{1}{4}$ , and thereby dethroned Alix as Queen of the trotting world. The fractional parts of this record-breaking mile were made as follows, viz: First quarter in  $31\frac{3}{4}$  seconds, 2d quarter in  $30\frac{1}{2}$  seconds, 3d quarter in  $29\frac{1}{2}$  seconds, 4th quarter in  $31\frac{1}{2}$  seconds, and the mile in  $2.03\frac{1}{4}$ . It will be observed that the middle half of this mile was trotted in exactly one minute, which is much faster than any of his predecessors ever trotted this particular part of the mile, and that while several other champions have surpassed his time in the first quarter, no one has ever approached the speed he showed in the third quarter. It will also be observed that in the five starts he made against time in harness, he improved at every trial, from  $2.07$  at Detroit to  $2.03\frac{1}{4}$  at Terre Haute. The gait of The Abbott, when at full speed, approaches perfection as nearly as we are likely to see in any horse for some time; there is just enough, but not too much, knee or hock action; his stride is even, fast and frictionless, with no false motions or waste of power. He has constantly improved in every race and every trial since the commencement of his career, and as he is now only eight years old, perfectly

sound, and without a blemish of any kind, I can see no reason why, if he does not go wrong in some way, he should not still further reduce his record. That a horse will trot a mile in harness in two minutes in the near future does not in my judgment admit of a doubt. Whether any of the horses I have mentioned will be the first to accomplish this much-desired result time will soon demonstrate.



## CHAPTER XI.

### BREAKING COLTS.

“**A**S THE twig is bent the tree will grow” is a maxim that has come down to us through the ages, and has direct application to the breaking and educating of a colt. The viciousness and worthlessness of many otherwise valuable horses can be traced directly to the want of knowledge, care and patience on the part of the trainer, in giving the young animal his first few lessons in harness. While in my early career I had quite a large experience in breaking colts, since being at Village Farm I have had nothing whatever to do with that important branch of the business, as that is done entirely by Mr. H. B. Freeman, a man of large experience, and the most successful colt breaker I ever saw. Out of the great number he has broken at Village Farm he has never injured one, and when he turns them over to be handled they are thoroughly broken and ready for use. I thoroughly approve his methods, and if those desiring colts well broken will follow his instructions, their desires will be gratified.

In the first place, I think it best to take plenty of time to bit a colt and have him thoroughly broken before trying to give him speed. I usually ground break him a week or ten days, that is, let him get thoroughly use to the harness, and drive him a good deal with it on and teach him to start and stop at the word. Also to turn to the right or left, with ease ;

and, above all, never exhaust him or get his mouth sore. During this time it is well to pull a cart or sulky, or something light, with shafts up to him as if you intended to hook him up. He will soon find that the rig is not going to hurt him and will not be afraid; and when hooked up, he wants to be driven slowly and only a short distance, never far enough to fret and tire him. You will find in a short time he will take his work cheerfully. After two or three weeks of this kind of work, drive him out on the road about a mile, then turn; if the road is good, let him move a hundred or two yards well within himself. After getting back to the track, jog him around once, let him step the last 200 yards at about three-fourths speed. His improvement will be astonishing after two weeks of this work. Of course, his work can be increased as he gets in condition, but I do not think it advisable to continue his fast work too long. Always let up on him before he gets tired of his work; two or three weeks' let up will do him a great deal of good. After he is taken up the second time and jogged a week, he is ready to begin to step along a little, as he has not been turned out long enough for his muscles to relax; and after he has been started up two or three times, you will find he will have more speed than when turned out. I think six weeks is long enough to keep him at work this time. Turn out again from ten to thirty days. Be governed by conditions and the constitution of the colt. My experience has been that it is not advisable to jog a colt too much, as he is apt to get off his gait and does not improve so fast as he does with short, lively work. You can generally tell from the actions of colts barefooted about the weight shoes he will need. I

like to shoe them as light as possible. You must have weight enough to balance them. The average colt will need about seven ounces in front and about four ounces behind. Some want a little more and some less. When they require more, I generally use a light toe weight, two or three ounces, and just as few boots as possible. It is safest to use a light quarter boot on all of them, as the purest-gaited and best-headed colts are liable to make a mistake and cut a quarter.

## CHAPTER XII.

IMPORTANCE OF GOOD ASSISTANTS—TRAINING STABLE SHOULD BE PROPERLY CONDUCTED—ADVANTAGES OF SOUTHERN CLIMATE IN WINTERING HORSES—SUGGESTIONS ABOUT FEEDING—HOW TO CARE FOR TENDER FEET—USES OF THE SPRING—IMPORTANCE OF KEEPING THE TEETH IN GOOD CONDITION.

**A**S NO general, however much ability he might possess, ever won a battle unless he had competent men under him, so it is that no trainer, however competent he may be, can properly condition a stable of horses for racing unless he has competent assistants. I have been very fortunate in the assistance I have had, especially since coming to Village Farm. Mr. Ben White, who has been my chief assistant for several years, is a young gentleman of the highest promise. He is intelligent, patient and careful, and at all times a gentleman, and I predict for him a most brilliant career in his chosen profession. The groom is a very important factor in the success of a racing stable, and any man that learns how to care for his horses as he should, and does his work well, deserves just as much credit for the success of a race as does the man that trains and drives the horse. Another important matter I desire to impress upon the minds of beginners, and it might apply with equal force to some of the more experienced, is that loud talk, profanity, vulgarity and obscenity have no proper

place in a training stable. I have never known a horse to be benefited by any of these disgusting habits. The training stable should be conducted with the same degree of propriety that is observed in the transaction of any other legitimate business, and should at all times be a place where ladies, as well as all others, can visit without their sensibilities being shocked by hearing and seeing things to which their ears and eyes are not accustomed.

A Southern climate has many advantages not possessed by a Northern one, in preparing horses for campaigning. I have experimented in different latitudes for the past twenty-five years and feel that this experience qualifies me to speak with some degree of accuracy. The climate of California in winter is all that could be desired, as, except for the rain, there is scarcely a day all winter in which horses cannot be worked; but the great distance to ship back and forth from points east of the Rocky Mountains renders a resort to that delightful climate impracticable. Everything considered, I think the most satisfactory climate to winter campaigning horses east of the Rocky Mountains is in Alabama and Georgia, as it is warm enough there so that horses may be worked during all the winter months as well as they can in the North during the spring and early summer. I have wintered at Selma, Ala., several winters, and like it very much. There is no use in starting to race horses unless they have sufficient speed and endurance to warrant the conclusion that they will have a fair show of winning in their classes, and in order for them to be fit for racing they must have a careful and painstaking preparation. You cannot take a horse direct from the plow to the race track and make a successful campaign with him, how-

ever much speed you may know him to possess, and many horses unjustly get the reputation of being "quitters" simply because they have not been sufficiently prepared to stand the strain of racing. A moment's reflection will convince any one that a horse cannot do as well when worked in the cold weather of the North, where when he sweats it is almost impossible to get him dry and properly care for him, as he can in a warm climate, where he can be worked and cared for the same in winter as in summer; and, from my experience, I am satisfied that as much can be accomplished in a climate like Selma in the three months of winter in preparing a horse for the next season's campaign as can be accomplished in six months in the North.

I prefer to winter the horses I expect to campaign the following season so that I can have them good and strong, with no surplus flesh in the spring. Winter is the time to get their feet in good condition, especially where they have contracted or uneven quarters. A great many trainers use springs in the feet in the summer season when the horses are getting strong work, which I think is injurious, as the sole of the foot has to be trimmed down too thin for the horse to make fast work at that time. Some pull the shoes off and let the horse go barefooted, to let Nature do the work, which is all right, and will be beneficial if you will give them time; but more can be accomplished with the spring in six weeks than can be accomplished in twelve months when the horse is running barefooted. If the foot is contracted and needs the spring, stand the horse in hot water up to the coronet thirty minutes; then take him to the shop and have the sole of the foot well pared, also the wall of the foot taken

down, but that should be done in a manner that will not make him tender. Put in the spring, and put on an open shoe with nail holes punched near the toe, as the nails will not give the spring a chance to work if too near the heel. Put the shoe on full at the quarters, and it will be only a few days before the foot will be wider than the shoe; then the shoe should be taken off and the springs and shoe widened a little and the shoe put on again as before. Keep this up until the foot is as wide as desired. Do not stiffen the springs any more after this, but keep them in about six weeks, just stiff enough to hold the foot at its then width, and get the shoe set. Be careful and not get the heels too wide, as that would be as injurious as when they are contracted. A great many horses' feet turn in on the inside quarter and are straight and all right on the outside quarter. When this is the case, punch the shoe with four nail holes on the outside, and two on the inside near the toe. All the nails being driven on the outside and only two near the toe on the inside, will cause the spring to put all the pressure against the inside quarter. When shod in this manner it will only be a short time until the inside quarter will be as straight as the outside. After the horse is shod put him in hot water again for thirty minutes, and pack his feet with oil meal or clay every night for a week or ten days; after that time two or three times a week will do. Some horses have high quarters on the inside of the front feet, that is, the inside quarter seems to be forced up higher than the outside quarter, and when this is the case the horse is apt to get sore in his feet. In order to remedy this, drop the quarter down, have a stiff bar shoe made weighing not less than ten ounces, level the foot, then,

after the shoe is fitted, commence at the inside quarter, take it down about a quarter of an inch lower at the heel than any other part of the foot; then with a rasp file from the lowest point in this quarter to about half way to the toe, running out to a feather edge at this point; then put on the shoe, which will be solid on the outside quarter, and the bar resting on the frog; this will leave a space on the inside quarter of about three inches that does not touch the shoe. In ten days or two weeks you will find this quarter will come down and rest on the shoe the same as the balance of the foot; then reset the shoe and trim or rasp the quarter as before, and continue to do this about six weeks or longer if necessary, and you will find the foot will be very much improved.

I do not think a horse should be fed too much grain through the winter. It depends a great deal upon the condition of the horse at the commencement of winter in regard to the amount of grain he should eat. I find from seven to nine quarts a day is enough for most any horse when he is not getting hard work. A horse wants all the good, clean hay he will eat in the morning, and I generally feed him two quarts of grain at that time; at noon I like good, clean sheaf oats, cut them up and put in about a quart and a half of bran to a large pailful of oats; put in the least bit of salt, add just enough water to dampen the bran; give him this, with three or four carrots. With some horses I add an ear or two of corn with this feed. At night I like to cook the oats; to do this, put enough oats in a large kettle with water sufficient to cook well, which will take about two hours; keep adding water, and do not let the oats get too dry while cooking; after the oats are well cooked add about a fourth as much bran



as there are oats, that is, each horse wants to eat three quarts of oats and one quart of bran at night; feed while it is warm; you may also give an ear or two of corn with this feed, if the horse hasn't had enough. As spring advances and you begin to give the horse more work, you can dispense with the cooked food and give him dry oats, especially after grass begins to come; then I like to graze two or three times a week on days after giving the horse fast work; the grain will have to be increased as the work is increased. In the spring I generally feed from ten to twelve quarts a day, and some horses will need a little more; but I think most horses do better on twelve quarts a day or less, than more. Very few horses will digest more than twelve quarts of oats a day. If a horse does not digest his grain, fifteen quarts would not be as good for him as ten. When horses commence to jog in the winter the teeth should be looked after and the rough edges taken off, so that the mouth will not get sore. When the teeth are neglected they get to driving on one rein and fussing with the bit, which is very injurious to the horse's temper, as he is liable to form the habit and keep it up through the spring and summer; and to be successful the race horse must have a good mouth.

## CHAPTER XIII.

ADVICE TO THE INEXPERIENCED—JOGGING—FEEDING  
AND PREPARING HORSE FOR RACES—BITS AND  
CHECKS—CARING FOR HORSE DURING RACE—USE  
OF REMEDIES FOR DIFFERENT AILMENTS—IMPOR-  
TANCE OF KEEPING STALLS CLEANSED.

**T**HIS chapter is intended for the benefit of the inexperienced. A man to be a successful trainer and driver must be a diligent student during his whole business life, and should never allow himself to think that he has arrived at that state of perfection where there is nothing more for him to learn. Success will not always crown his efforts, however careful and industrious he may be. Any one that has had a large experience in the prosecution of an enterprise will have some good ideas about the business even though he may not himself have met with success, and the beginner can get advice from such a man that will be of great benefit to him if it is understood and properly applied. It is practically impossible to formulate any inflexible rule as to the amount of work a horse should have in the spring to properly condition him for a season's racing, as so much depends upon the strength and condition of the horse, that what would be proper in one case would be entirely inadequate or excessive in another, and the trainer must necessarily exercise his best judgment and discretion in determining the amount of work to be given a horse that has been placed in his hands to condition. The following are general rules applicable to most

horses, but must be varied as circumstances require. I think it is a mistake to jog horses too far. From three to five miles a day is ordinarily sufficient for most horses, except that on one day in each week it is best to jog seven or eight miles, so the horse will get a little leg weary. Some days three miles and some four and five miles; but I do not believe in slow jogging for more than one mile. After going the first mile it is best to let them jog along good and strong, as I am satisfied that from three to five miles stiff jogging will do a horse more good than twenty miles, at a slow, pokey gait. I also think a great many horses are jogged so far, and slow, that it takes away their speed, besides it gets monotonous to the horse, and he does not take his work as cheerfully as a horse that is jogged short and lively. Experience teaches us that for a man to do his work well and keep himself in proper condition to perform the work, it is necessary that the element of cheerfulness be present during its performance. Monotony is not only injurious to the mental faculties, but, if long continued, will undermine the health and strength. This same principle applies to the care and work of horses. Drive a horse over the same road day after day, week in and week out, and you will observe that he seems to lose all interest in his work; and instead of showing, by his actions, that he considers it a pleasure to do the master's bidding, his only thought seems to be about getting back to the stable where there is rest and something to eat. But take him out on a new drive where the scenery is fresh to him, and, behold, what a change! He is looking at every object, listening to the unfamiliar sounds, and keeps constantly begging for more rein, that he may show by his speed the

pleasure he is experiencing as he gaily steps along the new pathway. A horse that is jogged fifteen and twenty miles a day slow will stop quicker than a horse that is only jogged four and five miles a day good and strong. This I know from experience, as I have tried the same horses both ways. When possible, I think it advisable to give horses some fast work up to the first of January, especially green horses that have never been started. I find when they have been given strong work up to that time that they are much easier to put in condition in the spring, as their muscles do not relax as much and they stand the work much better. This is one reason I think it better to winter them in a warm climate. Another is that you have more time in the spring of the year to get them ready, and do not have to hurry their preparation as you do when they are wintered in the North. Any horse that gets a long, slow preparation will stand the season's campaign better than one that does not get it. The trotting-horse business is like a chain of many links. If one or more links are neglected and get rusty, the chain does not work well. So it is just as important to look after each and every detail as it is to drive the horse and hold the watch. It is very essential to have the harness fit easy and comfortable, particularly the bridle. If the bridle does not fit just right the horse will not drive right. The martingales should not be too short. Most horses drive best in easy bits. I like a large snaffle bit for most horses. The leather bits are good for some and pneumatic are good for others. I think the Gillan bit is about the best and most humane I ever used on a horse. There are some horses that need a bar bit, and I find it is well to change the bit on some horses every few days.

Some horses drive best with side checks and some with overdraw ; but I find most horses work best with the overdraw. My experience has been that more horses work good in the Hulten overdraw-check than in any other. This check does not suit all horses. Some like the plain over-check, with secret bit and chin strap. Others like the plain over-check, with chin strap without secret bit. When a horse does not drive to suit you, it is necessary to change bits and checks until you find what suits him best. After the horse has been jogged through the winter, as spring advances, and the roads get good, it is time to let him move along at half speed for two or three hundred yards. Do this a couple of times during the three or four miles on the road two or three times a week, and increase the work from week to week. After getting on the track do not speed them for two or three drives, then only at half speed for a couple of quarters in the mile ; it is best after jogging three miles the wrong way of the track to turn around and jog stiff to the quarter pole, step them at half speed the second quarter, jog stiff the third quarter, then step them at half speed the last quarter. Do this about three times a week for two weeks, the third week work them about the same, except step them the last quarter at about three-quarter speed. After this they are ready to go an easy mile the last half about half speed. Finish the last 200 yards good and strong. After a week's work of this kind they are ready to go easy repeats. The first and second weeks you begin to repeat only give them two heats each day you repeat them ; for instance, if you are working a horse that can trot a mile in 2.20, give him a mile on Monday in 2.40 ; Tuesday, jog him ; Wednesday, give him a mile in

2.45; Thursday, give him a mile in 2.40 and one in 2.35 or 2.36; Friday, jog him; Saturday, blow him out just a little through the stretch, and rest him on Sunday. The following week work about the same, except a second or two stronger. After this give him a mile Monday in 2.40 and repeat him in 2.35, always stepping the last quarter a little the strongest. Jog Tuesday; Wednesday, give him a mile in 2.40; Thursday, give him a mile in 2.40, one in 2.35 and one in 2.30; jog on the road Friday; Saturday, jog good and strong on the road; rest again on Sunday. Continue working this way, the number of days and heats, about four weeks, except increasing the speed one or two seconds every week on the days you work out three heats. These directions are for horses that can trot or pace in 2.20 or better, sound and all right. There may be a great many things happen that will change the program, such as rainy days, cracked heels, etc. It is necessary, after you have commenced to repeat to score them once or twice between each heat at half speed. Continue work in this way until about three weeks before they start in races; then on Monday you can give them one heat in 2.40, one in 2.30, and one in 2.25; jog, Tuesday; Wednesday, give them a mile from 2.25 to 2.30; Thursday, go the first mile in 2.40, the second in 2.30; the next two miles go within three or four seconds of their speed. The days you give them four miles, increase the speed the last two miles a couple of seconds; also score three or four times between each heat during the last three weeks before starting in races. Some horses do well to blow them out, that is, work them out, three slow miles two days before they race, one mile in 2.40, one in 2.30, and one in 2.20 to 2.25; but I find most horses do

better to blow them out an easy mile the day before the race. I think it is very injurious to most horses not to give them any fast work in four or five days, then take them out and give them three or four fast heats, especially horses that are good feeders. After the horse is in condition, he doesn't need very much work between his races, three days before his race three slow heats are sufficient. The day before the race go a mile in 2.40.

In the early part of a horse's work I do not think it advisable to bandage much nor use leg or body wash. I do not think it best to rub the horse too much; it makes him sore and irritable, and causes him to lose flesh. When the horse comes in from his work throw a light blanket over him and take a damp sponge and sponge his legs and rub them with a cloth a little, then scrape the sweat out of his hair. Straighten his hair with cloths, and throw the blanket over him again; you will be governed by the weather as to the weight of the blanket. Walk him fifteen or twenty minutes, then take him in, rub him again very lightly with the cloths five or ten minutes, blanket him again and walk him twenty-five or thirty minutes, then he is ready to do up, if the work has not been very strong; but if it has, it will be necessary to spend more time on him. After he has been rubbed out and cleaned thoroughly, wash his feet and sponge his legs. Dry them thoroughly with the cloths, give him a little water at different times, as he is being cooled out; after he is finished, give him all the water and hay he wants. The day he is worked out lightly, he should have a cold mash for his dinner; three quarts and a half of oats and a quart of bran, with just enough water to dampen the bran. The day he gets repeats or strong work he should

have a hot mash at night. As you begin to give him strong fast work it will be advisable to use bandages, leg and body wash. A wash I like the best for this purpose is two parts of witch hazel, one part of alcohol, and one part of soft water. This should be used warm when the horse comes in from his work. Spray it on the body and muscles, then rub well with the hands, lay the cooler or light blanket over him while the wash and bandages are being put on his legs, and cool him out as before stated. If the horse has had fast hard work or a race, after he is cooled out and ready to put away, use a little of the wash on his legs and put on the bandage for a couple of hours. It is best to put on the bandage very light. I think the wash should be used sparingly on the horse's body. Most grooms will use twice as much as is necessary. If a horse has a bad leg it will be necessary to use a wash that is more of an astringent at night, such a one as is hereinafter described for lameness. In dry weather, both winter and summer, the horse's feet should be packed with oil meal, or clay, three or four times a week.

If the leg is very bad and the horse is lame, it is necessary to go easy with him a week or ten days, and use "Great Discovery" according to directions. After using this a few days use the wash I have hereinafter mentioned for lameness, etc. I have derived great benefit from using a wash made of sugar of lead, six ounces; chloride of ammonia, six ounces; tincture chloride of iron, four ounces; acetic acid, one pint; salt, eight ounces; dissolve all separately and add one gallon of soft water. The proper way to use this is to bathe the leg well with it at night and put a sheet of cotton batting around the leg, then put on the bandage and



leave it on all night. Take it off early in the morning, and rub the leg lightly with a soft towel. Leave everything off until he has had his exercise or work, so the leg can have air. I think Mr. Marvin has used this tincture for several years.

It is hardly necessary to say anything about driving, as that is one of the first things most trainers learn, but I would make a few suggestions. The first is, learn to drive with a light hand. Never pull on the horse's mouth more than you can possibly help. A pulling horse is disagreeable to drive, and cannot trot as fast when he pulls, as he is liable to cut off his wind a little and possibly choke; and, above all, never drive a horse with the arms extended straight, as you do not have control of the horse, and cannot help him when he is tired. A great many horses will pull a little at times, especially in scoring with a field of horses. Then it is necessary to take hold of him a little, but ease away to him as soon as possible. With some horses you can tell when to do this by the movement of the ears and head. If you fail to do this at the right time, and the horses are evenly matched, you will certainly lose the heat. Another suggestion I would make is: if you have a horse that cannot trot better than 2.14 or 2.15 and you are in a race against horses that can trot in 2.10 or 2.12 and happen to get away well and trotting second to a horse you know can go in 2.10, it is bad policy to try to drive your horse faster than he can go in chasing the 2.10 horse. If you do this, you will certainly get left, as there is no chance for you to win, and you are apt to make a mistake and other horses may come on and beat you for a place. A great many horses lose races they could win if the driver had patience to sit still a little longer.

To keep horses in good health you must at all times have plenty of fresh air without a draught on them. The stall should be cleaned and disinfected. To do this, sprinkle all around the stall inside and out with a solution of carbolic acid. Also sprinkle slaked lime, especially in damp places. Every time horses are shipped, the car should be thoroughly cleaned, aired and disinfectants used before putting the horses in it. I find it very important to do this in every place horses go. I also think it is advisable to burn tar and sulphur in the stable two or three times a week. I am satisfied it will relieve you of a good deal of worry and expense during the season. Horses get sick sometimes even though you do all you can to prevent it. When a horse is taken sick, it is all important that he have immediate treatment; but it sometimes happens that when sickness is discovered there is no veterinary surgeon to be had in time to do the horse any good, and many horses are lost that might have been saved if the veterinary had seen them in time. Appreciating the importance of applying a remedy as soon as sickness is discovered in a horse, and knowing the impossibility sometimes of getting a veterinary just when you want him, I have for a number of years kept with me a full supply of Humphrey's Homeopathic Remedies, and have had good results from their use. Not only are the results of this medicine very satisfactory but it is so easily administered that any one can give it. If a man will study the book and go strictly by directions he can accomplish much with it. It seems hardly necessary to say that you should know and understand what the ailment is before you attempt to cure it; for if you do not, neither these remedies nor any others will do the horse any good.

For chafes and cracked heels I have found the following treatment the best: take a little castile soap and warm soft water and a soft sponge and cleanse thoroughly; then thoroughly dry the same, and if very bad put on a little vaseline; then apply a powder made of the following ingredients, viz: calomel, one ounce; borax, one ounce; pulverized alum, one ounce; pulverized camphor gum, one ounce; pulverized orris root, one ounce; fuller's earth, one ounce; gum of myrrh, one ounce. If vaseline or other salves are properly used they are beneficial; but the trouble is, most grooms will use several times more than is necessary, and this excessive use keeps the part to which it is applied so soft that it does more harm than good, and, therefore, I think it advisable to use the powder alone, except in extreme cases, which rarely occur. When it is found necessary to use vaseline or other salves, as I have indicated, it should be applied very sparingly. When the heels are rough and more chapped than cracked, glycerine is a good remedy. To properly apply this: wash the afflicted part with castile soap and warm water; dry thoroughly, and apply a small amount of glycerine, and this will often be all the treatment the horse will need; for thrush keep the foot dry and clean, and use creoline or calomel.

It frequently happens that a campaign will develop curbs and other forms of weakness in a horse's legs, hips and shoulders that will require treatment. I have used a great many different kinds of liniment to cure these ailments, but have had the best success with iodine. To properly use this remedy the following method should be observed: Clip the hair off the afflicted part; bathe with warm water, to open the pores; then dry thoroughly with cloths; put on iodine

liberally at the first application, and rub with a stiff brush four or five minutes. Every day for a week, after the first application, apply a small quantity of iodine with a soft brush. In six or seven days, after you are through with the iodine, rub on lard a few times. In two or days after this, wash with castile soap and warm water. In very bad cases a second treatment may be necessary; but in ordinary cases I have found one treatment sufficient. After this treatment, if the ailment is in the legs, the afflicted part should be treated with a preparation composed of salt-petre, two ounces; borax, two ounces; arnica flowers, two ounces. This should all be put into a pan with enough water to keep from burning and boiled half an hour. When boiled, put it in a gallon jug, add two ounces of spirits of camphor, and fill the jug with soft water. It is then ready for use as soon as cool. This wash should also be used after using "Great Discovery," and is the most cooling and satisfactory remedy for inflammation of any kind, and will harden the part to which it is applied better than anything I have ever used. If it is desired to work the horse after he has been treated with iodine, he may be jogged in a week or ten days after the first treatment.

## CHAPTER XIV.

IMPORTANCE OF KEEPING HORSES' FEET IN GOOD CONDITION—PROPER WAY TO SHOE HORSES TO CORRECT CERTAIN DEFECTS—WHEN PADS SHOULD BE USED AND THE PROPER KINDS FOR DIFFERENT HORSES.

**G**ENTLEMEN of experience do not need to be told that the foot is about the most important part of the anatomy that a horse carries to the race track; hence, what I am about to say is not intended for their enlightenment; but, as this book will probably be read by some who are just commencing to learn the art of properly caring for horses, I deem it proper to say that the old adage of "no foot no horse" is as true to-day as when it was first promulgated generations ago; and that, as effect follows cause in any case, poor shoeing and want of proper attention to the feet will produce a worthless race horse more effectually than the want of sufficient feed and grooming. The suggestions contained in this chapter are based upon my personal experience, and, if followed, will, I think, produce satisfactory results.

A great many trotters, both colts and old horses, will forge and scalp when jogging. When they do this, I always use a square-toed shoe in front, also bevel the shoe on the outer edge near the toe from the hoof to the ground surface. Do not file off the hoof at the toe when it projects over the square of the shoe, only remove the edge of the hoof with the rasp. You will

find this will be a great advantage to a great many old horses as well as colts. I have been using this kind of a shoe about twenty years and have had great success with it on some horses. The first horse I ever used them on was McCurdy's Hambletonian. When I took him he was very rough gaited, and would not trot any distance square and true, and would cut a new pair of leather scalpers all to pieces in one work-out. I knew that was the cause of his going rough gaited, and thought if I could stop it he would go much better. So I shod him several times in a short period, experimenting. I finally filed the shoe square at the toe, like an old worn-out shoe, and he went much better for me. Then I began to square the shoe, and let the hoof project over. He went square and true, shod this way, and was a good horse and won many races. I find this a good way to shoe most trotters during the winter and spring while jogging, as they do not forge and scalp with the square-toed shoes; and a great many horses do better with them taking their first work, as they quicken the action, especially long striding horses; and a great many horses that need scalpers with the ordinary shoe can go without them by using the square-toed shoe, which is quite an advantage, as the scalpers are a great impediment to a horse's speed, often causing him to carry more weight in front to balance the weight of the scalpers. Another advantage this shoe has, is this: Some horses are inclined to go a little sideways, that is, carrying one hind foot in between the front feet, and carrying the other hind foot out. When a horse does this, he will trot faster around a turn than he will through the stretch going straight. If he carries his right hind foot in, he will trot the wrong way of the track around the turn

faster than straight away. This shows that his stride is shorter with the foot he carries in. If it is the left hind foot he carries in, put a square-toed shoe on the left front foot, bevel the shoe from the foot to the ground surface on the outer edge near the toe; put an ordinary-shaped shoe full at the toe on the right front foot; on the right hind foot square the toe the same as on the left front foot; on the left hind foot shoe full at the toe, the same as on the right front foot; have this shoe a quarter of an inch longer or more at the heel than the right hind foot, and throw the outside calk or heel out just a little more than the right foot, also put a piece of leather all around under the shoe to make this foot longer. I have been benefited by shoeing some horses this way when they were inclined to hitch and go sideways. I prefer a convex creased shoe beveled from the foot to the ground surface on most horses. A shoe made this way is stiffer, stronger, and protects the foot better, and breaks the concussion more, and the horse will have a better hold when his foot leaves the ground, as it is the natural shape of the horse's foot when bare-footed. It is very seldom that a pacer needs a square-toed shoe, unless he is a horse that is big gaited and needs his action quickened. Pacers do not forge and scalp with the toe of their front feet as trotters do. They very often clip the inner edge of the left front foot with the inner edge of the right hind foot and, vice versa, with right front foot and left hind foot. The way I have had best success in shoeing them is to use a shoe weighing six or seven ounces on the hind feet, a shade heavier on the outside and the shoe straightened on the inside from the point of the toe to the middle of the quarter, that is, about half way

from the toe to the heel. Let the hoof project over and round the edge with a rasp, also bevel the shoe well on the inside with a rasp from the foot to the ground surface. Have these shoes made with calks and run back about three-quarters of an inch longer than the foot; on the front feet put ordinary shoes, weighing about the same as the hind shoes, and bevel well on the inside from the foot to the ground surface. Any pacer that crossfires will be very much improved this way. Hal Pointer had to be shod like this. Some pacers will need a little more weight in front and less behind, and some go best with light toe weights.

A great many horses that wear light shoes have to be padded. To pad a horse right it is necessary for him to wear bar shoes. For pads I prefer to use firm pliable leather, such material as is used in making horse collars; and I prefer to use sponges instead of oakum. Take a fine quality of sponge just a little smaller than the foot, cut the sponge from the point of the frog to the heel of the foot so that the sponge will come down on either side of the frog, in order not to get too much frog pressure. Also lay a small piece of sponge in the center of the frog under the bar of the shoe. It is very important not to have too much sponge, as it will very often force the leather below the level of the shoe, particularly so on light shoes, which will make a horse very sore in its feet. Before putting on the sponge and pad apply Moore's hoof ointment liberally to the sole of the feet.

There are a great many kinds and varieties of rubber pads now in use. I have found the most satisfactory pads for winter, while driving on the snow, to be the Mooney racing pads. These pads give plenty of frog pressure and cause the foot to spread. For some



horses they are the best for summer ; but, as a general thing, I prefer the leather pads I have spoken of for most horses for summer use. The Mooney racing pads are used without bar shoes.

Some horses, that have excessive knee action and pound the ground hard, need a shoe with fine, sharp toe and heel calks, to break the concussion. To properly shoe a horse with these calks, a flat shoe should be used, with very light, sharp calks; the calk should be about two inches long at the toe, set well back on the shoe from the toe and perfectly straight across, thereby allowing the horse to break over easy and causing no strain on the tendons; the calks on the heel should be about one inch long, set lengthwise of the shoe. If the horse has to be shod with light shoes or pads, it is necessary to shoe him with bar shoes. Some horses, that have low hock action and are close gaited behind, will slide an inch or two on their hind feet when striking the ground going fast. In such cases I have had the best results by shoeing them behind without calks; if calks are used, they will prevent the sliding and shorten the stride too much; but for horses that do not thus slide I prefer to use calks on the hind shoe.

Nature is more generous with some horses than with others respecting the bestowal of good feet. The perfect forefoot of a horse 15½ hands high should measure about 3⅞ inches from the coronet to the point of the toe, and stand at an angle of about forty-seven degrees. The heel of the front foot should be about 1¾ inches long from the coronet to the bottom of the foot. Both the toe and heel of the hind foot should be a shade shorter than the front foot, and the foot should stand at an angle of about

sixty-two degrees. I do not believe in too long toes, as it brings too much strain on the tendons, and will soon cause lameness. Neither must the toe be too short, as that will cause tenderness, which is equally as detrimental. The trainer is frequently admonished of the fact that vigilance is the price of keeping a horse's feet in proper condition, and if they are neglected he will soon learn, to his sorrow, that he has a race horse only in name.

There are a great many good horseshoers all over the country. Mr. William Cope, who has been shoeing for me for the past two or three years, I consider as good a mechanic as I ever saw. He has a quick eye, handles the rasp well, can get the right angle of the foot with perfect ease and can make any kind of a shoe. He is perfectly reliable and willing, and never gets out of patience with a nervous, uneasy horse. He has been an important help to me in the races I have driven since he has been shoeing my horses.

## CHAPTER XV.

### HORSES I HAVE GIVEN RECORDS—CONCLUSION.

I DROVE the horses named below to the records indicated, which were their best records at the time they were made, and I believe are still their records except in the cases of Bonesetter, Mattie Hunter, Hal Dillard, Star Pointer, and Joe Patchen. The record I gave Joe Patchen of 2.01½ was in a race, and is the present race record; but I believe he has since acquired a trial record of 2.01¼. Besides the horses named, I have also driven a great many in races where I have been substituted for other drivers, and given them records better than 2.30; but I kept no records of such horses and do not remember their names. The list is as follows:

### TROTTERS.

ADFIELD, . . . . .	2.22½
ALICE WEST, . . . . .	2.26
AMERICAN BELLE, . . . . .	2.12¼
ANNIE W., . . . . .	2.20
ATHANIO, . . . . .	2.10
BARKIS, . . . . .	2.25½
BATTLETON, . . . . .	2.09¾
BEAUTIFUL CHIMES, . . . . .	2.22¼
BONESETTER, . . . . .	2.26
BOY BLUE, . . . . .	2.25½
CARILLON, . . . . .	2.16¼
CHARMING CHIMES, . . . . .	2.17¼

CORA, . . . . .	2.26
DAN, . . . . .	2.24 $\frac{1}{2}$
DARE DEVIL, . . . . .	2.09 $\frac{1}{4}$
DR. ALMONT, . . . . .	2.21 $\frac{3}{4}$
DR. NORMAN, . . . . .	2.19 $\frac{3}{4}$
ELECTMONT, . . . . .	2.22 $\frac{1}{4}$
EMILY, . . . . .	2.11
EQUITY, . . . . .	2.12 $\frac{1}{4}$
EXCELLENCE, . . . . .	2.19 $\frac{3}{4}$
FANTASY, . . . . .	2.06
FITZ ROYAL, . . . . .	2.13 $\frac{1}{4}$
FRANK BUFORD, . . . . .	2.20
FRED S. WILKES, . . . . .	2.11
GLOBE, . . . . .	2.14 $\frac{3}{4}$
HAWLEY, . . . . .	2.23 $\frac{3}{4}$
HEIR-AT-LAW, . . . . .	2.12
HENRIETTA, . . . . .	2.17
HONEST GEORGE, . . . . .	2.14 $\frac{1}{2}$
J. B. RICHARDSON, . . . . .	2.17 $\frac{1}{2}$
JEFFIE LEE, . . . . .	2.22
JOE RHEA, . . . . .	2.23
JOSIE CHIMES, . . . . .	2.29 $\frac{1}{4}$
JUNE BUG, . . . . .	2.29 $\frac{1}{4}$
KATE ASHLEY, . . . . .	2.22 $\frac{1}{2}$
KEOKEE, . . . . .	2.20 $\frac{1}{2}$
LADY GERALDINE, . . . . .	2.11 $\frac{1}{4}$
LORD DERBY, . . . . .	2.07
LUCRETIA, . . . . .	2.20
MCCURDY'S HAMBLETONIAN, . . . . .	2.26 $\frac{1}{2}$
MCEWEN, . . . . .	2.18 $\frac{1}{4}$
MERRIMENT, . . . . .	2.11 $\frac{1}{4}$
MILAN CHIMES, . . . . .	2.13 $\frac{3}{4}$
NETTIE KING, . . . . .	2.20 $\frac{1}{4}$
NIGHTINGALE, . . . . .	2.08
N. T. H., . . . . .	2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$
ONWARD SILVER, . . . . .	2.11 $\frac{1}{4}$

PANSY, . . . . .	2.17 $\frac{3}{4}$
PLAY BOY, . . . . .	2.18 $\frac{1}{2}$
REX AMERICUS, . . . . .	2.11 $\frac{1}{4}$
ROXIE M., . . . . .	2.28 $\frac{3}{4}$
SIXTY-SIX, . . . . .	2.15 $\frac{1}{4}$
SMITH O'BRIEN, . . . . .	2.29 $\frac{1}{4}$
STEVIE, . . . . .	2.19
TENNESSEE WILKES, . . . . .	2.27
TEXAS BILL, . . . . .	2.26 $\frac{1}{4}$
THE ABBOTT, . . . . .	2.03 $\frac{1}{4}$
THE EARL, . . . . .	2.17
THE MONK, . . . . .	2.08 $\frac{1}{4}$
THE QUEEN, . . . . .	2.10 $\frac{1}{4}$
TOCSIN CHIMES, . . . . .	2.24 $\frac{1}{4}$
TRUE CHIMES, . . . . .	2.12 $\frac{1}{4}$
TUDOR CHIMES, . . . . .	2.13
VALENCE, . . . . .	2.12 $\frac{3}{4}$
WADE HAMPTON, . . . . .	2.29 $\frac{1}{2}$
WARDWELL, . . . . .	2.14 $\frac{1}{4}$
X. Y. Z., . . . . .	2.29 $\frac{1}{2}$

## DOUBLE-TEAM RECORD.

BELLE HAMLIN AND HONEST GEORGE, . . . 2.12 $\frac{1}{4}$

## TRIPLE-TEAM RECORD.

BELLE HAMLIN, JUSTINA AND GLOBE, . . . 2.14

## PACERS.

ACTOR, . . . . .	2.22 $\frac{1}{4}$
BAY TOM, . . . . .	2.23
BOB TAYLOR, . . . . .	2.23 $\frac{1}{2}$
BRANDON, . . . . .	2.12
BRIGHT REGENT, . . . . .	2.06 $\frac{1}{2}$
BROWN HAL, . . . . .	2.12 $\frac{1}{2}$
CASSIE, . . . . .	2.28 $\frac{1}{2}$
CHIMES BOY, . . . . .	2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$
CUCKOO, . . . . .	2.16 $\frac{1}{4}$
DUPLEX, . . . . .	2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$
ED. EASTON, . . . . .	2.09 $\frac{3}{4}$
ELSNORA, . . . . .	2.12 $\frac{1}{2}$
ERA CHIMES, . . . . .	2.18 $\frac{3}{4}$
FRANK DORCH, . . . . .	2.15 $\frac{3}{4}$
GEORGE GORDON, . . . . .	2.27 $\frac{1}{2}$
GLENDENNIS, . . . . .	2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$
HAL BRADEN, . . . . .	2.07 $\frac{1}{4}$
HAL DILLARD, . . . . .	2.06
HAL POINTER, . . . . .	2.04 $\frac{1}{2}$
HEAD LIGHT, . . . . .	2.24 $\frac{1}{4}$
HEIR-AT-LAW, . . . . .	2.05 $\frac{3}{4}$
ILDRIM, . . . . .	2.21 $\frac{1}{4}$
INTONE, . . . . .	2.21 $\frac{3}{4}$
INTREPID, . . . . .	2.26 $\frac{1}{4}$
JIM FRIEL, . . . . .	2.20 $\frac{3}{4}$
JOE BOWERS, . . . . .	2.18
JOE BRADEN, . . . . .	2.15 $\frac{3}{4}$
JOE PATCHEN, . . . . .	2.01 $\frac{1}{2}$
KITTIE B., . . . . .	2.11
LADY OF THE MANOR, . . . . .	2.04 $\frac{1}{4}$
MANDOLIN, . . . . .	2.16

MATTIE HUNTER, . . . . .	2.13
MERCURY, . . . . .	2.21
MERRY CHIMES, . . . . .	2.08 $\frac{1}{2}$
MOCKING BOY, . . . . .	2.08 $\frac{1}{2}$
MONOGRAM, . . . . .	2.20 $\frac{1}{4}$
MOONSTONE, . . . . .	2.09
MORELIA, . . . . .	2.10 $\frac{3}{4}$
NETTLE KEENAN, . . . . .	2.26 $\frac{1}{2}$
OVID, . . . . .	2.15 $\frac{1}{2}$
RED FOX, . . . . .	2.10
RED OAK, . . . . .	2.13 $\frac{1}{2}$
ROBERT J., . . . . .	2.01 $\frac{1}{2}$
ROCKDALE, . . . . .	2.29 $\frac{1}{4}$
SAILOR BOY, . . . . .	2.17 $\frac{1}{4}$
STANLEY P., . . . . .	2.24 $\frac{1}{2}$
STAR POINTER, . . . . .	2.07
TOM WILKES, . . . . .	2.11

Summary :

TROTTERS, . . . . .	68
PACERS, . . . . .	48
Total, . . . . .	<u>116</u>

## WORLD'S RECORDS.

I HAVE given world's records to the following horses, some of which stand as world's records and some have since been lowered, viz :

BROWN HAL,	. . .	pacing stallion record.
HAL POINTER,	. . .	pacing gelding record.
FANTASY,	. . . .	three-year-old race record.
FANTASY,	. . . .	four-year-old mare race record.
FANTASY,	. . . .	fastest four-heat race.
NIGHTINGALE,	. . .	three-mile record.
NIGHTINGALE,	. . .	two-mile race record.
ROBERT J.,	. . . .	fastest gelding.
ROBERT J.,	. . . .	world's harness record.
ROBERT J.,	. . . .	fastest heat in race gelding.
ROBERT J.,	. . . .	fastest four-heat race.
JOE PATCHEN,	. . .	fastest race record.
LADY OF THE MANOR,		fastest pacing mare.
LADY OF THE MANOR,		fastest heat in race mare.
LORD DERBY,	. . .	fastest five-year-old trotting gelding.
THE ABBOTT,	. . .	fastest six-year-old gelding.
THE ABBOTT,	. . .	fastest two-heat race.
THE ABBOTT,	. . .	fastest five-heat race.
THE ABBOTT,	. . .	fastest race record to wagon.
THE ABBOTT,	. . .	fastest trial to wagon.
THE ABBOTT,	. . .	fastest trotting record.
BELLE HAMLIN AND		
HONEST GEORGE,		fastest double-team record.
BELLE HAMLIN, GLOBE		
AND JUSTINA,	. . .	fastest triple-team record.
HEIR-AT-LAW,	. . .	fastest race records, both trotting and pacing.





The World's Record for Triple Team, 2.14, made by BELLE HAMLIN, GLOBE and JUSTINA.



That others will surpass the record I have made, both as regards the number of horses driven and the time recorded, is highly probable, and yet I can frankly say that my ambition is measurably gratified. I have certainly achieved a far greater success than I had reason to anticipate at the dawn of a career to which my mature years have been devoted ; and if, in the years to come, I shall witness higher achievements by others than I have been able to obtain, I shall ever be ready and willing to extend to him or them the same cordial greeting with which I have always been favored. No tinge of envy or bitterness will mar the memories which cluster around the past. The good will I bear to those I have met in friendly rivalry, as well as to those who may in the future adorn a profession of which I only claim to be a humble member, will ever be cherished by me as one of the brightest jewels I possess.



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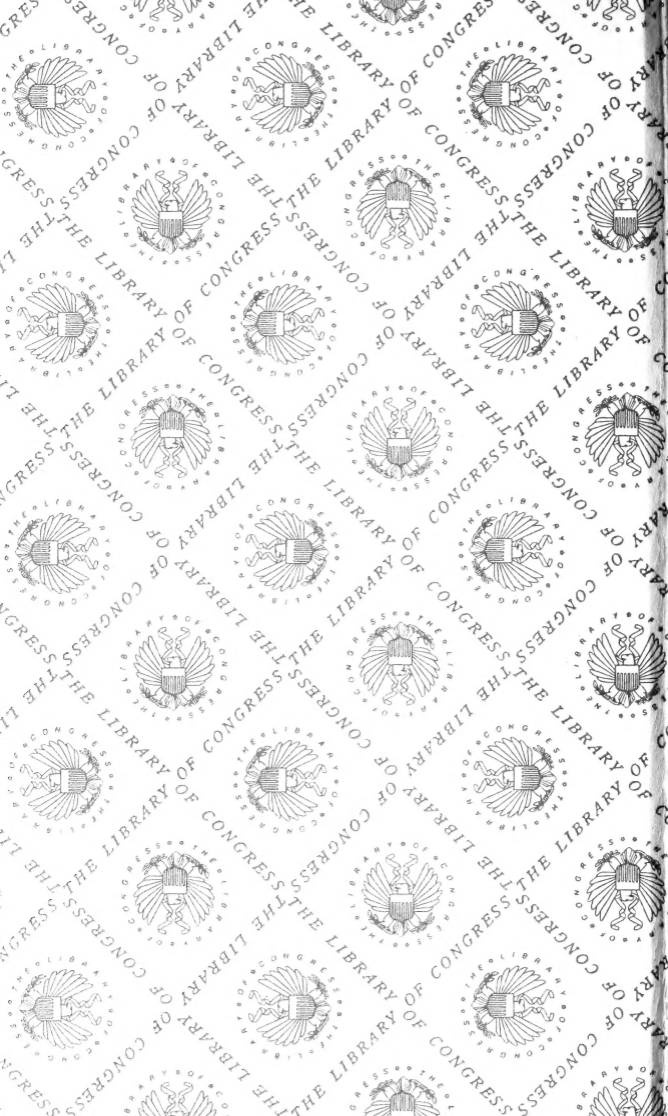
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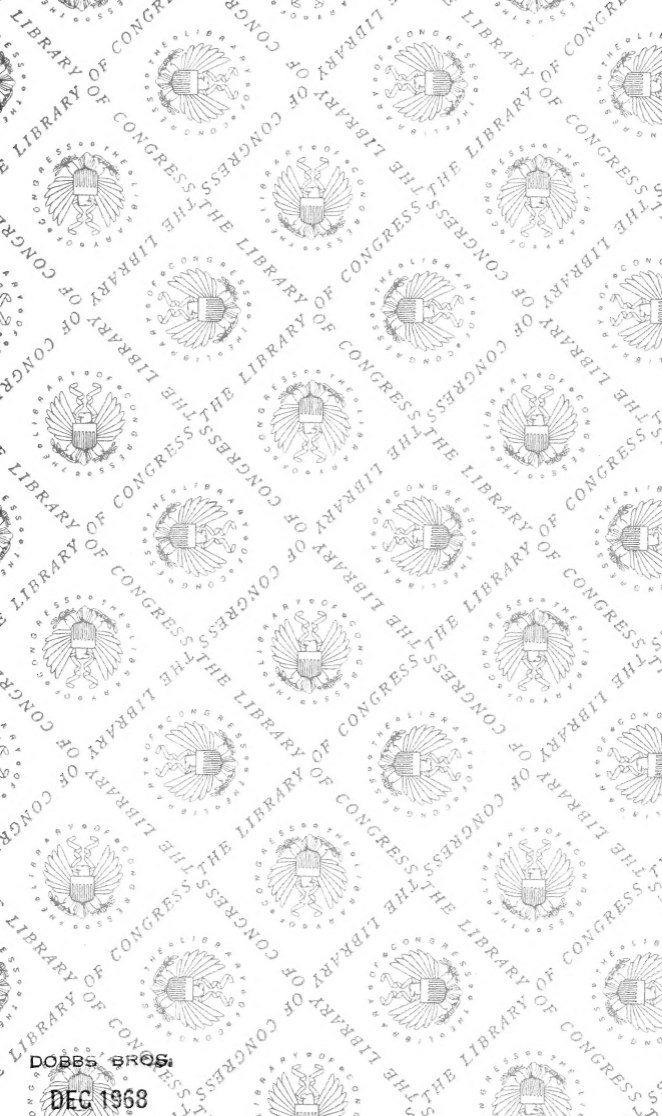












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