

MY EXPERIENCE WITH TROTTERS.

BY DAN MACE.—EDITED BY J. H. SAUNDERS.

Embracing the Leading Incidents in His Career as a Trainer and Driver, with a Detailed History of the Dispositions, Treatment, and Performances of the Noted Trotters that Have Passed Through His Hands; How They Were Fed, Trained, and Driven; with an Essay on Shoeing Trotters and the Care of the Horse's Foot.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sleepy John—Kilburn Jim—Harry Harley, Winner of the \$20,000 Purse at Buffalo, August, 1870—A Capital Race at Fleetwood, which Medoc Won—Working Horses on Day of Race—How a Healthy Horse should Sweat—How to Prepare a Horse for Physic.

(Continued).

(From the Spirit of the Times.)

Two days after winning the \$10,000 purse, for 2:27 horses, with Sleepy John, I won the 2:30 purse of \$10,000 with Kilburn Jim over the same track. Kilburn Jim was a good-looking, promising, seven-year-old horse, got by Wood's Hambletonian, a son of Alexander's Abdallah. The dam of Kilburn Jim, I have been told, was a Canadian mare. The race of which I am going to speak, took place August 8, 1872, and just one year before (on the 8th of August, 1871), Kilburn Jim was distanced the first heat by Clara G., over the same track, trotting for the 2:30 purse also. In this race, August 8, 1872, we had for starters against us, Gazelle, St. Elmo, Advance, Jennie, Barney, Lucille, Gold-dust, Gentle Annie, Ella W., and Dennis. Gazelle was the favorite in the pools. The owner of Kilburn Jim came to me and asked me to drive the race, promising me \$2,500 if I won, which was one-half the winnings, as first money was \$5,000. I had never trained or driven this horse before, and I don't remember that I had ever seen him. We scored a good many times for the first heat, and, when we got off, Gazelle showed first; on the turn I sent Jim up to her and left her, the others were all in a bunch. I was first at the half, with Gentle Annie close behind. Advance then moved up on me and got his nose on my wheel at the three-quarter pole, but he couldn't beat me, and I won the heat in 2:25 by three or four lengths; Gazelle was last. Then Kilburn Jim became the favorite in the betting. I led on the second heat and opened a gap of five or six lengths before the others to the quarter pole. On the backstretch Gazelle closed up, and Advance and her were fighting it out the rest of the heat. I was never headed, and won easily in 2:23. The third heat was a good one, Gazelle stuck to me like a rascal all through the heat, and, at the half, we were cutting out the work at a 1:20 pace. We came up the stretch yoked, and I finally won by a length, in 2:25. When I came to ask the owner of Kilburn Jim for my \$2,500, he didn't respond with the "sugar." I had many vexatious searches for him and had to compromise, finally, and take \$500 for the \$2,500. Comment is unnecessary upon this treatment. I was offered \$1,200 to drive the horse in another race, but refused to have anything more to do with parties who couldn't act square. The horse was a good one and very fast and reliable; he died the property of his original owner in November, 1872. I offered \$12,000 for him when he was at Buffalo. Although he trotted a number of races, after he won the \$10,000 purse, he never beat the record I gave him of 2:23.

At Buffalo, August 10, 1870, I won the 2:30 purse of \$20,000 with Harry Harley, a bay gelding, by Young Columbus, dam a Baxter mare; this horse was bred at Champlain, N. Y. In this race were Prince, Kansas Maid, Anthony Wayne, Lady Augusta, Derby, and others. Mr. Brown was driving Harley, but, in the first heat, going round the turn, Harley broke, and, upsetting his sulky, threw his driver out and injured him severely. Harley went on a run around the track cutting himself upon his legs, but not enough to prevent him from starting again. Prince and the others kept on, and Prince came in ahead, but the judges decided it no heat, and I was then asked by Mr. Buck to drive the horse. During one of the heats of this race my arm was pulled out of the socket, and I suffered terribly, but kept on notwithstanding. When we got the word for the first heat, Gen. Love took the lead, but, at the quarter, Lady Augusta led him and all of us quite a distance. She kept up her clip to the half and into the stretch with Derby and Prince after her, but Prince finally beat her out, in 2:29. I was fourth or fifth. The second heat Prince led off, but I sent Harley so fast that I beat him to the quarter, Prince stayed by me with the others close behind; on the lower turn, Prince made a grand rally for me but soon fell back, then he came to me again and we had a sharp struggle for the heat, which I won in 2:27. The third heat I took the lead with Harley and Prince after me sharp; I kept ahead into the backstretch where Harley broke wild, and I think it was here that my arm came out of the socket; Prince then took the lead and was ahead at the half, when my horse broke again, as I had to manage him with one arm. Prince was ahead of me a long ways on the lower turn, but, when I got into the straight work of the

paddle along in the mud, close to the pole, so I was on Prince's wheel at the half, the others behind some ways. We fought it out all the way home, but I landed Medoc a winner in 2:31. The third heat Prince led off, and was ahead at the quarter, and along the backstretch he increased his lead; on the lower turn I went for him, but he swung into the stretch ahead, and won the heat in 2:32. Before the fourth heat Prince was favorite in the betting, and he went away for the heat ahead, but I stuck to the hard ground going down the hill, and at the half was some ways in advance. I came in and won by five or six lengths in 2:31. The fifth heat I followed the old tactics of striking out for the outside, and keeping on the hard ground, in preference to going a shorter distance, and keeping close to the pole in the mud. Prince had been trotting in the mud, and was tired, but old Medoc was coming all the time, and at the half I was ahead. Taylor had come up like a trotter, and he and Prince had a struggle behind me in the homestretch. It was very exciting, but Medoc had bottom and game, and won the heat and race in 2:35. I never saw a man who felt better than Mr. Greene, his owner, after the race was over. The time of this race was not fast, but it was a very good race, considering the horses, the weather, and the state of the track, which was deep with mud.

Some horses don't need working on the day of a race. If nervous in disposition I do not take them on the track the day I intend to trot them. Some need seven or eight miles to take the wire edge off, according to disposition. If a horse sweats, foams, and frothy, he is not right, and it shows he is wrong inwardly, and needs to have his bowels and system regulated. The sweat of a healthy horse is clear and watery. In preparing a horse for physio, his regular feed should be taken away from him for a day or two before, and he should be fed on bran mash. In ordinary cases a seven-drachm ball or pill will be a sufficient dose. A day will be long enough for the purging to continue, and a week of absolute rest will be safe to allow, for if a horse is moved too soon after medicine, or before his bowels are "set" it might bring on inflammation of the intestines, which is a serious disease.

Cricket.

The following extraordinary match, which was played at Cambridge on the 20th of May, may probably be interesting to our cricketing readers:

CAMBRIDGE NON-COLLEGIATES VS. HAWKS.

HAWKS.

J Willis c Tatham b Barrett.....	1
E Cursor c and b Somerset.....	0
W Payne b Barrett.....	0
R Denning run out.....	0
E Fraser b Barrett.....	0
J L Cursor b Barrett.....	2
H Lumley st Digges b Somerset.....	1
F Tewkes b Somerset.....	0
E Luddington b Barrett.....	0
C T Alcorn b Barrett.....	2
R D Chapman not out.....	0
B.....	1

Total 7

NON-COLLEGIATES.

R Somerset not out.....	233
W Digges c Fraser b Payne.....	24
Littlejohn c Tewkes b Denning.....	72
Barrett run out.....	85
T C Tatham not out.....	107
T Throssel	
Hindson	
C Ryan	
T Callaghan	did not bat.
W C Aitkensh	
P S Elham	
B. 21, 1 b 7, w 5.....	83

Total 554

A SPIDER CAPTURES A MOUSE.

The wonderful little spider which captured the mouse, and is elevating it in its parlor at Mr. Michael Gross carpenter-shop on Great-mien, between Elysian Fields and Marigny street, of which we gave an account yesterday morning, is still busily engaged at its herculean task, and filling the numerous persons who visit it with amazement. This astonishing little insect is of the black species and very small, a fact which renders the feat which it now performs the more marvelous. As stated in our edition of yesterday morning, the mouse was accustomed, when on a predatory excursion, to emerge from a hole under the bench where the spider dwells, and pass into the carpenter-shop where the bench stands. The enterprising spider, who had no doubt watched for a long time the movements, laid a trap for the unsuspecting young mouse, and Monday morning, when it started out on its daily rounds, the little

had been raised from one to three and a half inches from the floor. The spider during the whole time of its work sat on the mouse's tail, only leaving its position at long intervals, when it would cautiously creep down the tail to its root, and there feed upon the blood of the mouse. Then resuming its position on the end of the tail, it would again commence its work. This unheard of capture of a mouse by so small an insect, and its ingenious manner of elevating it, has excited the wonder and admiration of thousands of visitors, among whom may be mentioned several scientific men and physicians, who assembled in large crowds at Mr. Gross's carpenter-shop to witness the progress of the gigantic task which the little spider has undertaken.—N. Orleans Picayune.

ROOKS AND THEIR RECKONING.

Rooks are wary birds. They have a great dread of guns. So watchful are they of the approach of any one carrying firearms, that it is a common belief they can smell gun-powder at long distances. Rooks, however, are not adepts at arithmetic, and, along with monkeys and other animals, are supposed to be unable to count more than three. A farmer in the State of Maine has taken advantage of this failing. Exasperated by the depredation of crows among his sprouting corn, he lay in wait for them often and long, but without success. He eventually took his son with him to a shanty in the field, and shortly after sent him away; the hungry birds patiently waited until the farmer also departed, then they helped themselves. The next day he took two persons with him, with the same result; first one person left the field, then another, the rooks cawing their approval, but remaining in their safe position; and not until the third person had been seen to depart from the field would the cunning creatures trust themselves within gunshot of the little building. The next day half a dozen persons entered it. Presently one of them went back across the field. The rooks mentioned the fact among themselves, but kept their distance among the trees. Another person went away, with the same result. Directly the third emerged from the building and disappeared, the unhappy rooks, having reached the end of their reckoning power, came down in platoons to their deferred meal, unaware of the three armed enemies still remaining in the building, who at once opened fire upon the poor birds, whose great misfortune was that they were unable to count more than three. It is said that in Germany the war of gamekeepers on the crow tribe has been carried on so long by similar stratagems that they have been educated up to being able to count six, and will not be tempted to approach near the masked battery until at least six of those who have entered have taken their departure—a fact, if true, that may be useful to supporters of the Darwinian theory.

MISREPRESENTATION.

In speaking of the races held at Dundas on the 24th of May, the Hamilton Times says the racing was as good as could be expected on such a "miserable track." Now nothing could be more unjust, or further from the truth, than such a grossly prejudicial description of the track of the Dundas Driving Park. So far from being "miserable," or in any state at all warranting such a description, the Dundas track is justly considered one of the finest half-mile tracks in the Province. On the day in question the ground was in excellent condition. Fairness would have failed to detect a single fault, and how the reporter of the Times could have permitted himself to so grossly misrepresent the condition of the track is utterly unaccountable. Strangers are loud in their praises of the beauty of the situation as well as the excellent state of repair in which the track is maintained, and it reflects little credit on the gentleman who called it a "miserable track," to differ so widely from every body else on a question whose merits are patent to the most casual observer.—Standard.

A SHEPHERD DOG.

The following anecdote, which is strictly true, was related to our correspondent a few days since by a very prominent and highly respected railroad official, and is based on facts contained in a letter received a short time since by Dan McCauley at Leona, Kan.: "Some time ago Mr. McCauley's father, who resides at Flat Rock, Seneca County, O., shipped a full-blooded shepherd dog by express to his son at Leona, Kan. In due time the dog arrived at his destina-

twenty-two days. The most astonishing circumstance connected with this anecdote is that the dog was conveyed the entire distance from Ohio to Kansas, on his outward journey, in an express car, and how in the world he ever found his way back on foot is a mystery which only that dog can solve. That he had travelled the entire distance was clearly apparent by the condition he was in when he reached his old home, being foot-sore, nearly starved and badly used up. Many a man might derive a very beneficial lesson from the intelligence, perseverance and endurance exhibited by this animal, and the foregoing facts tend to prove that the Supreme Being has really endowed dogs with an instinct which borders very closely on common sense, and which they utilize more than many men do the talents which have been bestowed upon them by an all-wise and merciful Creator.—St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald.

GOLDSMITH MAID'S FAST TIME.

HER EFFORT TO TROT A MILE IN 2:14—THE RESULT.

Philadelphia, June 2.—An effort to make Goldsmith Maid trot a mile in 2:14 or less, and thus equal or excel her best previous achievement, occurred at Belmont Park to day. Her performance, although it was not, speaking strictly, a successful one, was very fast, for she went a mile in 2:15. The track is new and badly situated, being far out of the city, and not near any railroad station, yet there were about three thousand spectators. The Maid trotted three heats, alternating with the heats of a race in which unknown horses showed poor speed and received little attention. The people had come to see the great trotter. Her first heat was not remarkable. She trotted it without a break and showed the steady style of her gait, but Budd Doble, her driver, did not urge her along. The time was 2:21, the weather and exercise warmed her so that every hair on her body was wet and she was thoroughly limbered.

When unblanketed and the second mile was started she was frisky, and twice galloped past the stand with her head flung in the air. A third attempt to start her was successful. She went away at a pace that aroused enthusiasm from the outset. The running horse attached to a separate sulky, and used for the purpose of encouraging her, could not keep close up without an effort. She did not break in the whole mile, and her gait was not only swift but almost as regular as clock work. A large number of spectators were horsemen, and able to judge of speed. They did not need the shouts of "one seven" as she passed the half-mile pole to inform them that she was trotting at a remarkable rate. She kept on to the end of three-quarters of a mile without relaxing the speed.

The running horse had been kept a little in the rear up to about this point, as is usual when she is exhibited, and then hurried past her as an excitement for renewed effort. She threw out her fore legs in still longer stretches for a short distance, then slowed slightly and again quickened just before passing the judges' stand. The witnesses of the feat were perfectly silent while waiting the few seconds the judges were marking the time on the blackboard, and when it was hung out and they saw the figures 2:15 they cheered. The applause was renewed when the Maid trotted leisurely back to the stand. The third heat was a disappointment to many whose expectations had been exalted, for the time was 2:19. Of course the losers of the bet said that she could at least have repeated the second mile, but they could only guess without having any facts to prove that they were right.

The betting was very heavy, and varied with the heats. The money staked on the first heat was generally for or against 2:18, and on the second 2:19. The fast trotting of the second mile induced the wagering of thousands of dollars that the time of the third would be equally fast. Pools were sold on the three heats together, with the odds that she would not equal her best previous record.

The track is represented as a full mile in length, having been surveyed by a Philadelphia engineer of good reputation.

The Ring.

There is a female pugilist in Little Rock, and the local humorist speaks of her as "a sort of Juan of Arkansas."

NEW YORK, June 7.—The challenge of

Poetry.

THE RACES.

A STEEPLE-CHASE WITH A FATAL EPISODE.

Over the hurdles,
Over the fences,
Leap the brave horses,
While the blood curdles,
The sight so intense is,
Then over the waterway,
Hardest of courses,
See, they have sought a way!
But now the ground crumbles
And one of them tumbles.

'Tis the end of his tether.
And the startled outsider
Sees brave horse and rider
Roll over together,
The others dash maddly
Down into the hollow,
Where the eye scarce can follow.
Half-sadly, half-gladly,
But with some strange revival
Of spirits at feeling
That one dreaded rival
Stands no chance of winning.
But has gone over keeling
So near the beginning

They seek the poor fellow—
As if it much mattered!
His colors, once yellow,
Are with purple bespattered:
And over his forehead
Are two ragged gashes—
A sight simply horrid.
His clothing is tattered,
And his face pale as ashes.
He knows that 'tis ending—
This race of existence—
That the flag is descending
Which shuts out his "distance"

The beast's leg is broken,
And with eyes wide asunder
He whinnies his token
Of pain and of wonder.
No language that's spoken
No meaning expressed,
To my way of thinking,
Than the cry which conveys
A horse's wild shrieking.
When, with noise of man's errors
He feels himself sinking
Before the approaches
Of the King of all Terrors.

The poor jockey, dying,
His thin hand outreaches
To where the horse, lying
In mute pain, lacerates
Some slight recognition
Of the service recorded.
When he won his position—
The foremost of places—
And was praised and applauded
In a score of good races.

Over the hurdles
Leap the brave horses,
While the blood curdles,
So boldly contested
Each foot of the course is.
But now they have rested,
And each startled outsider
Finds one horse and rider
(Disobeying the order)
Racing mile upon mile hence!
Have crossed the far border,
Which hushes our laughter,
To the realm of deep silence—
The dreaded Hereafter.

Miscellaneous.

A wild goose was brought down by a thunderbolt, at St. Louis, the other day. Parties who saw the lightning's stroke and the falling bird, vouch for the truth of this.

A Rant.—Mr. Jno. Egan, who lives near Frome on the back street, Southwold, has in his possession a young Houdan Chicken which is the possessor of two complete heads.

Sexton's great run of 287 points has been utterly cast into the shade by the performance of Professor Bataille, of Montpellier, France, who, according to the *Messenger du Midi*, in a recent game at the Cafe-Planque, made a break of 1,000 points, then pausing, then from excessive fatigue

Lawrence Doyle, of Minnigash, killed with a stick two wild cats, who engaged in a combat on the road. The cats did not oblige him approaching, and with the first blow from his stick he completely killed one and fatally wounded the other. They weighed 100 lbs.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION OF 1876. The Provincial Exhibit will be opened at