

IN THE SUNNY SOUTH LAND

"GRIZZLY" VISITS TENNESSEE'S FAMED STOCK FARMS.

General Jackson and the Great Horses at Belle Meade—The New South and Railroads.

GALVESTON, Dec. 25.—(Special correspondence.)—During my stay in Nashville, I visited the breeding farms of Mr. E. S. Gardner, Jr., at Avondale, Sumner County, and of General W. H. Jackson, at Belle Meade, the latter being the handsomest and in every way the best improved farm in America of this class. Avondale, a more recent creation, being less than eight years old. Its founder, the elder Mr. Gardner, was one of the men who believed in doing things well and not branching out extensively. Avondale, therefore, contains about 1700 acres of beautiful rolling land about six miles from Gallatin, and the large and buildings are all of modern style. One feature, I thought, particularly commendable was a foaling stable with a bedroom for the groom and windows so arranged that he can turn on the electric light at any hour of the night into three stalls, and see whether any of the three mares are in need of his assistance. The apparatus for extinguishing fires is almost perfect, and everything is kept in the best place up to date. The stallions on the place are the native horse Hinnyar and the imported stallions Quiklime and Masetto. Hinnyar enjoys distinction as the sire of the winners in American turf history to get the winners of over \$200,000 in one season. The old horse is now coming 20 years of age, and is still in the best of condition. He is little swayed with age and he is certainly the best preserved horse I ever saw. Quiklime has been something of a disappointment in his racing career. Masetto is a typical St. Simon horse, a trifle over 16 hands high, and a rich brown in color. He got Tommy Atkins, the second best two-year-old of 1900. Thomas Cat, a winner of 30-odd races, and Waring, winner of the two richest handicaps run for in California in the year now closing. His book is for 1902. Notwithstanding the lateness of the season, there was plenty of good green grass in the Avondale paddocks and the mares of the stud looked exceedingly well.

At General Jackson's Stables.

Two days after my visit to Avondale, my wife and I went out to Belle Meade to spend the day with General W. H. Jackson, who is a man of the State of Tennessee produced one. The day was dark and stormy but we were to leave Nashville shortly and there was no other day to be spent. The horses of the family carriage, drawn by two magnificent thoroughbred bays, dashed on through the rain and sleet, and in 40 minutes landed us at the hospital by doors of a magnificent house now nearly 70 years old, where the veteran of two wars held out both hands to us in his usual hearty way. After warming up, we went out to see the stallions of the stud. The first shown was Proctor, a horse beaten by none save Proctor Knott and Salvador, and a winner of more races than any other together. He is the sire of the "Parade" who won the Realization stake of \$25,000 last season. Next was shown imported Thymos, a St. Simon horse, a trifle smaller than Masetto but an excellent animal, already a winning sire. Next came Luke Blackburn, now 25 years old, the greatest three-year-old winner so far as the number of races won in America has ever produced. After Luke came the Apollo of the farm—in my B. the well-beloved Enquirer. The storm had ceased for the moment and the sun shone brightly. Midwinter sun glinted down approvingly upon the rich silken coat of the big and beautiful bay. Next was that magnificent young sire, the "Parade" who won the Hanover, and, following him, came the English horse Loyalist, brother to Paradox, who won the 200-guinea and Grand Prix de St. Germain. The next came imported Madison, by Hampton, out of a St. Simon mare, so that his breeding is exactly the reverse of King Edward's. Madison was bred in America. Next was Huron, son of the imported Iroquois, who won the Derby and St. Leger of 1881. I was very much taken with this horse, for he is taken in the way of an shorter legs than his sire; and secondly, he is a horse of much better temper. I predict great success for Huron, as he is a superb individual.

Demand for Horses.

The exportation of mules and horses from the vicinity of Memphis, ever since the outbreak of the Spanish war, has been enormous. Add to this the demand which has come in from South Africa since the war broke out, and the business has become an enormous one. It is estimated that an enormous amount of money has been put in circulation in Tennessee in the past six years. "Ab doan have to be converted into a vehicle so comfortable that travelers will prefer its luxury to that of the cars below the surface, and the "tubes" will aid in the good work that the automobile will surely accomplish within a very few years' time, that of sweeping off from the streets all the commuters among horses, all the hall boys, and the blind that are worked at night when the "S. P. C. A." and the police do not see or do not take any notice.

It must be pleasant to do business

OREGON AND SIGHTSEERS

WHAT THE STATE OFFERS FOR LOVERS OF FINE SCENERY.

Will G. Steel Describes Array of Natural Wonders and First Ascent of Mount Hood.

The day was breaking cold and gray, as the train stopped at Baton Rouge, and I looked out at the old capitol building for the first time in nearly 45 years. From there to New Orleans the train seemed to make very slow progress, for we stopped at nearly every sugar plantation along the line. About 10:30 the train halted at the old canal basin where the oyster boats used to come up from Pass Christian and Lake Pontchartrain. As we worked our way up slowly into the city we began to recognize the quaint old French architecture with which I had been so familiar in boyhood's days, when I sailed on my grandfather's old cotton ship, the Hottinger. I had a later recollection of it, too, for when there in the cloud days, and was one of 225 men who refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States, was taken up into General Beauregard's office and asked:

"Why do you refuse to take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy?"

"Because I am not a Southern man," was my answer. "I am a native of New York, and a qualified voter in California. I expect to return to California in about six weeks."

"You will have to go sooner than that," replied little Beauregard. "The steamer leaves here for Havana next week, connecting with one for Aspinwall, and you must go on her. During that interval you can take your own way to New York, or report yourself at this office each day at 10 A. M. and 4 P. M."

I reported myself daily as required, and then the steamer left for Havana. She had on 280 men who were like myself, unwilling to enroll themselves under the Southern Confederacy. General Bob Wheat, who was killed at Chickamauga, had known me in California, and stepped along side of us, as the column of emigrants started to march down Canal street. "Take heed of my left arm, and if anybody offers to hurt you, I'll riddle him," said poor, old Bob. How clearly I recall his face and burly figure today. I shall never forget the volleys of abuse we got as we went down that street.

"Oh, look at the mackerel catchin'—of—say."

"Gilt out o' here, ye galdered pork-molasses Yanks."

"Trot away from here, ye d—d black-better abolitionist scoundrel!"

And that's the way it went. I got back to California all right and never again saw New Orleans for 40 years afterwards. Today there was not a man in the Crescent City that had ever seen me before. I was just as great a stranger there as I had been in Paris, five months previous. At the Hotel de Ville, I met a man in a cap that had known me in Oregon, and he gave us an elegant little house party at Tony Brasco's. Two hours later we were on the train bound for Galveston. GRIZZLY.

Crater Lake for National Park.

Crater Lake was discovered by a party of prospectors in 1852 and is located in Klamath County, Oregon, on the summit of the Cascade Range, west of Medford, the nearest railroad point, from which place a good wagon road leads to the top of the lake's walls. It was subsequently known as Deep Blue Lake, Lake Majesty, Mysterious Lake and finally as Crater Lake. A movement was started by the writer in 1885 to establish a National Park at which time ten townships were withdrawn from the market. Beyond this the movement has not yet been a success. He also had the pleasure of sounding the lake for the Government in 1888, at which time the discovery was made that it is the second body of fresh water in depth, and the deepest in America. In connection with E. D. Dewert, of Portland, and S. S. Nicolini, of Ragusa, Austria, he secured 250 trout minnows at Gordon's ranch, 47 miles from the lake, which were carried by hand the entire distance in a bucket of water, which was changed at every opportunity. Every possible effort was put forth to carry them safely, but we were only able to get 125 into the lake on August 21, 1888. In 1896 Professor B. W. Evermann made a thorough examination of the lake for the United States Fish Commission and determined whether or not fish would thrive in its waters. On August 22 he took the temperature of the water as follows:

Surface, 61 deg.

525 feet deep, 59 deg.

1040 feet deep, 41 deg.

1525 feet deep, 46 deg., on the bottom.

In reporting on the subject, he says: "While the conditions obtaining at Crater Lake are not the most favorable to fish life, there seems to be no reason why trout in limited numbers might not thrive in it. The water is all that could be desired as to purity and temperature, but the depth is so uniformly great that only small areas of bottom suitable for spawning are to be found. The water is clear and the conditions are generally favorable. During the autumn following Professor Evermann's investigations, the Government made an attempt to stock the lake, but it was too late in the season, and the fish died."

This lake is located in the remains of Mount Mazama, a volcanic cone of the Shasta class, the top of which has been blown out and fallen in, leaving a cavity nearly six miles in diameter and 4000 feet deep, containing 3000 feet of water, marvellously clear and intensely blue. The walls surrounding it are nearly perpendicular, and vary from 500 to 2000 feet high. The highest peak is 1928 feet. Glacier Peak 1938 feet, Dutton Cliff 1935 feet, Cathedral Rock 1928 feet, Lion's Head 1928 feet, and Wizard Island 845 feet. The surface of the water is 6225 feet, or only 54 feet less than New Hampshire's great Mount Washington. Except in Clewcoot Cove there is no beach, but the walls rise directly from the water's edge. A very narrow beach extends along Clewcoot Cove, sloping gradually for a few rods into the lake, thus affording the only sandy bottom to be found. Many fine camp grounds overlook the lake, but the most available is on the south side, to which a good wagon road leads. As a rule August is the best time to visit the lake. Previous to that time late snows and mosquitoes prove troublesome.

First Ascent of Mount Hood.

Now, a word about Mount Hood. It is located in Clackamas and Wasco Counties, 50 miles from Portland on an air line, a little south of east, is 11,225 feet high, and was discovered by Lieutenant Broughton, of Vancouver's party, October 25, 1792, and named for Lord Hood of England. It was known among the Indians as Pat-to, meaning high, snow-capped mountains. Looking south from Hood a little peak may be seen just north of Jefferson, which is sometimes referred to as Mount Washington. It was known

When the meek Galilean sought to breathe forth sentiments inspired by heavenly grace, he left the plains and valleys and climbed to the mountain top.

He never went down in the valley to commune with God, but sought him on the mountain top. So with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob; and in all those days Pharisees and scribes and sinners wondered why they climbed the mountains so high. Even in these days there are no Pharisees or scribes or sinners among the mountaineers, but mountaineers and scribes and sinners are found on the mountain top. While we tell of our industries and make our resources famous, let us not be jealous one of the other, but each do his own share in the building up of our State. While we tell of our industries and make our resources famous, let us not be jealous one of the other, but each do his own share in the building up of our State. While we tell of our industries and make our resources famous, let us not be jealous one of the other, but each do his own share in the building up of our State.

London Years for Tunnels

Transformation is Expected When American System Prevails.

London Sketch.

Darkness and mud, the characteristics of this City of Dreadful Night, afflict Pall Mall just as surely as they do Rathcliff Highway, and the clubman, splattered with mud as he sits in a hansom cab, longs as earnestly as any traveler on foot for the good time coming when we shall be able to move all over London below the surface in light, clean, dry tunnels. The Americans, whom no difficulties deter, run their tramway under the roadways in many of their cities, and when Mr. Terkes has transformed the underground, that Stygian cave of sulphurous horror into a clean, whitewashed, brilliantly lighted tunnel, no doubt other benefactors to humanity will thrust clean, white ways north and south and east and west through the London clay, and London will be crisscrossed below the surface with "tubes."

The omnibus will either disappear or be converted into a vehicle so comfortable that travelers will prefer its luxury to that of the cars below the surface, and the "tubes" will aid in the good work that the automobile will surely accomplish within a very few years' time, that of sweeping off from the streets all the commuters among horses, all the hall boys, and the blind that are worked at night when the "S. P. C. A." and the police do not see or do not take any notice.

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Downing, Hopkins & Co.

WHEAT AND STOCK BROKERS

Room 4, Ground Floor Chamber of Commerce

ESTABLISHED 1853.

Among the Indians as Pat-to Pat-to, or little snow-capped mountain. In 1848 an effort was made among American residents of Oregon to change the name of the range from Cascades to President's range, and the highest peaks for the various Presidents. Under this plan Hood was called Mount Washington. It is said to have been in a state of eruption in 1848. It is now a smoldering volcano. T. J. Dyer, founder of The Oregonian, claimed to have attained the summit in company with Wells Lake and an Indian August 8, 1854, but in this they failed, having only succeeded in attaining the summit of Steel's Peak. His description of the summit sufficient to prove that he never attained the summit of Mount St. Helens, which he claimed to have reached in August, 1854. His description of the summit of Hood was made July 11, 1857, by Henry L. Pittock, W. Lyman Chittenden, James G. Deardorff, William Buckley and Professor L. J. Brewer. Of this number Mr. Pittock founded The Daily Oregonian, and became a charter member and subsequently president of the Mazamas, a club of mountaineers organized on the summit of the mountain July 19, 1894, at which time 126 persons reached the top. J. S. Diller, Chief Geologist of the United States Geological Survey, in a letter says it is probable the date was August 19, 1854, at which time the discovery was made that it is the second body of fresh water in depth, and the deepest in America. In connection with E. D. Dewert, of Portland, and S. S. Nicolini, of Ragusa, Austria, he secured 250 trout minnows at Gordon's ranch, 47 miles from the lake, which were carried by hand the entire distance in a bucket of water, which was changed at every opportunity. Every possible effort was put forth to carry them safely, but we were only able to get 125 into the lake on August 21, 1888. In 1896 Professor B. W. Evermann made a thorough examination of the lake for the United States Fish Commission and determined whether or not fish would thrive in its waters. On August 22 he took the temperature of the water as follows:

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Child's Tears Touched Justice "Big"

Chicago Post.

"Please, mister man, let my mamma and papa go and dey'll be dood, oh, so dey'll be dood."

This assurance, liped between sobs by the 6-year-old boy of D. W. White and his wife, brought tears today to the eyes of Justice Hall for the first time in his experience as a Justice of the Peace and secured the release of the lad's parents, who had been arraigned for shoplifting in State-street stores.

The court had just heard the testimony of store detectives and the woman's admission that she and her husband, driven by desperation by the want of food and money, had taken a large amount of jewelry when the child clambered over the rail surrounding the court's desk and made the pathetic plea.

The voice of the child in the courtroom checked the usually noisy rapping of Bailiff John Griffin's hammer, and Clerks Landgraf and Clinton looked up to see Justice Hall for the first time in his career as a Justice of the Peace and secured the release of the lad's parents, who had been arraigned for shoplifting in State-street stores.

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