SATURDAY SPEEDING AND SPORTING JOURNAL.
DEVOTED TO THE TURF AND FIELD NEWS AND INTERESTS OF OREGON.

PROFITABLE BREEDING.

Western Horseman: Few horses have produced a sensational trotter or pacer and the many failures to produce speed, or even a good road horse, would exclude them from what might be termed a profitable stock horse or bread winner, for while the owner of the sensational colt is winning fame and money the owners of the next twenty are spending their hard earned shekels trying to develop colts that will never go fast enough to earn anything but disappointments, and will not be good road horses nor sell for half their cost in the markets of today.

Now take an equally well bred sire of commanding size and appearance, with fine action and the power to reproduce himself, but who fails to get a sensational trotter, but gets some good race horses, and all (out of good sized mares) fine roadsters and carriage horses, that do not require training to make them sell at good prices and a better average, at less than half the expense of the first named twenty.

We live in a progressive age and can not go back to the days of Hambeltonian, George Wilkes, Abdallah 15, etc., as that would be like going back to the days of the old flint-lock musket. It is the demand of today we have to deal with. At the time these horses were doing service the trotting horse was little thought of and only patronized by a few, and with poor success. The idea of supplying the world's markets with horses for nearly all purposes never entered the breeders' minds, but as time passes the interest in speed increases and prejudices decrease until it becomes a business sufficiently respectable for men in all stages of life to engage in, and thousands began to turn their attention in that direction, and the few breeders of the trotter at that time were not slow to recognize this fact and the standard fake was launched soon after in their especial interest, and was worked upon the beginners in the breeding business throughout the country with great success, and the machine shops of standard bred colts were kept running to their fullest capacity without any regard to the quality of colts they turned out, and they were left entire without regard to transmissable defects, and distributed all over the country, where they have been extensively patronized at the expense of well bred non standard horses ten times better adapted to procure such horses as the general public demanded.

That sort of breeding has been kept up until the country has been flooded with what is called culls, and these culls are about three-fourths of the whole, and there are about fifty buyers for every first-class roadster, mare and gelding in the country.

This result has been brought about by breeding for speed alone and lack of thought as to the results in case of speed failures, and the failures are so many that few men can stand the losses, and I predict that the mares bred this year will not be over half as many as last year.

When a few rich men were breeding the trotter for speed only it did not make so much difference, but since the American trotter has become so popular that every breeder thinks he must breed to trotting bred horses, and few men keep anything else, the markets of the country have been supplied from the trotting and pacing ranks, which the past style of breeding has completely failed to do and we are now confronted with the question: "Is the trotting bred horse a failure?"

The last winter's sales and the lack of suitable horses to supply the demand would indicate that they are a failure. The results on the tracks for the past two years indicate success, and if speed was the only requirement it would be a great success. But when the trotting horse is required to fill all places other essentials have to be looked after.

A few years ago the handsome horse was not expected to trot, but the idea has exploded, as well as the idea that large horses cannot be race horses. Many of the best horses out last year were good sized horses, and the fact that Nancy Hanks trotted a little faster last year than Martha Wilkes was permitted to trot does not signify that she is a better horse off the turf or as valuable for road use.

The finly bred trotting stallion of good size and commanding appearance, possessing the qualities desired in a horse for light harness or carriage, and for farm work, has an equal chance to produce speed as a small horse of the same blood, and if neither produces speed the small horse is a failure and the large horse a success, and with him you have a double chance of success. A few wealthy breeders may afford to experiment with small horses, but the thousands can not. For instance, a few men could probably afford to breed to a Lumps, a Wilton or a Direct, while any man could afford to chance breeding to an Allerton.

The present cause of low prices does not all arise from breeding to small horses alone, but also from breeding to horses very defective in individuality, and many of the mares are equally so, and we know the results. Now, what is the remedy?

For the large breeder to apply the same prescription they so freely recommend to the small breeders of the country—the knife to every colt that lacks size and individuality, saving nothing that is not first-class. Also use better mares and fewer of them, and in a few years we will be able to supply the market with trotting bred horses at profitable prices, and the speeding qualities will not suffer any from such a course.

A Faithful Dog.

Wesley A. Stevens, of 2928 Ninth avenue, Minneapolis the father of the young man who was almost fatally injured by a runaway team last Wednesday, tells the following:

"When my son was taken home and carried into the barn, unconcious, an Irish setter three year old was a witness of the accident. The dog, receiving no recognition from the young man, appeared greatly agitated and wandered aimlessly from room to room. When my son's blood-stained clothes were removed they were placed in a large clothes basket, but the dog carried them one by one into the back shed and piled them into the corner. Other articles placed in the basket were not touched. The first night the dog remained on watch near the clothes, but on the second and third nights it made its way into the room where its master was sleeping and opened up a piteous howl. The family, seeing its grief, hardly relished harsh measures, but the patient gradually coming to consciousness, it was feared the presence of the dog would be hurtful. and so I chained him in the woodshed. During all this time the dog refused to partake any of food, and hoping to cheer him up, it was taken back to the house to see the young man. The animal remained a short time and permitted itself reluctantly to be led back to the barn. Its grief was apparently not assuaged, as going out on Sunday morning I found the faithful animal lying dead."

Shooting Tournament.

The parties having in charge the Oregon State Sportsmen's association tournament, to be held here June 27th, 28th and 29th, report the work progressing far beyond their expectations. The business men and manufacturers have been exceedingly liberal, and this will be the largest tournament ever held in the Northwest.

Prizes such as guns, rifles, bicycles, fishing rods, revolvers, and in fact a large and varied assortment of all kinds of merchandise has been contributed to the amount of nearly two thousand dollars. As soon as the list of prizes is complete the program will be made up and mailed to the shooters in Oregon, those who do not receive one, address the Salem Rod and Gun Club.

The club has secured new and desirable grounds in Morningside addition on the Salem Motor Railway Co.' line, and within fifteen minutes ride of the business part of the city. These grounds are especially adapted for the purpose, being on a perfect level, and yet behind the shooters an elevation sufficient to make it a natural amphitheater for spectators, this elevation is covered with beautiful shade trees, and well adapted to camping. As some from abroad have signified their intention to bringing their tents and camp will find just the place.

Warm meals will be served on the grounds and everything will be done by the local club to make this, the first tournament of the Association, a success both socially and financially to those who attend. The sportsmen of Oregon will miss a treat if they do not attend this gathering.

Y. M. C. A. ATHLETICS.

Interest still grows in the hand ball contest. It is not an unusual thing for fifty to witness a game at 5 p. m. The score now stands: Olinger 12, Staley 11, Moir 9, Sroat, 7, Jordan, 5, Peck 4, Albert 2, Wilson 1, Girod 1 Tarpley, 0.

The Bicycle club have adopted a constitution and road rules by which they will be governed. Dark Jersey uniforms, with straight collar and square cut coat, has been adopted. The triangle has been adopted as the club badge, and will be worn on the left side, over the heart, on all club rides.

Memberships are steadily increasing the thermometer is now up to 280, many are going to get the benefit of the bicycle club.

As soon as the roads dry the first club run will be called and will be over which ever road is the best.

Basket Ball has been stopped for the winter warm weather interfering and pyramids take its place.

As soon as the rain ceases attention will be turned to outdoor sport.

A NEW DEAL.—A. N. Hales has purchased the R. R. Ryan livery barn, at the rear of the Willamettee hotel. He has put in considerable new stock, in the way of horses, harness, etc. The vehicles have all been put into first-class order, and new ones are being added. R. H. Price, the late popular driver of the Capitol engine team, will manage the business, and take pains to please all patrons. Sat 3 w

THE ANNUAL TOURNAMENT.

Plan on Which Sportsmen Will Be Permitted to Participate.

The tournament to be held here June 27th, 28th, and 29th, is the first annual tournament of the Oregon State Sportsmen's association, and open to members of the association only. It would, therefore, perhaps be well for the benefit of those who expect to attend, to give a few important extracts from the the constitution and by-laws of the association, showing upon what condition they can become members of the association, in order to participate.

ARTICLE EIGHT—MEMBERSHIP.

Sec. 1—Any club of three or more members, residing within the limits of Oregon, may become a member of this association upon being elected thereto; but it must pay the initiation fee, before being admitted to the shooting privileges of the association.

Sec. 2—Individuals may become members of the association in the same manner as clubs.

Sec. 3.—Each club shall be represented by three duly elected representatives, or their proxies; but such proxies, if given, must be given to a member of the club from which the representative has been elected.

INITIATION FEES AND DUES.

Sec. 1—The initation fee for clubs shall be $5 for each club. This club fee stands for the initation of all parties who are now, or hereafter become members of such club.

Sec. 2—Initation for individual members resident within the state shall be $3.

Sec. 3—Each member who participates in the annual tournament, before beidg entitled to shoot, shall pay as dues $1.

Article 7—No person shall be allowed to shoot who is not a member of the association.

By the above it will be seen that the expense of membership is small, and no dues to pay except when attending and taking part in the tournament.

As the expense of an individual to become a member is nearly as great as for a whole club, it is desirable and especially urged that clubs be formed all over the state, and the name together with the list of members in good standing be sent to the secretary of the association thirty days before the tournament.

If interested send for constitution and by-laws by addressing the Salem Rod and Gun Club.

Good Advice on the Subject of Hats.

Some one has said that not one man in a dozen knows how to wear a dress coat, and it is quite as true that a large number of individuals do not have any idea how to wear a hat. One man can wear his hat at the back of his head and look well dressed, while another having his hat in that position would look as though he were recovering from a protracted round of dissipation. It is just the same with the other positions, on the top of the head, on either side or drawn over the forehead. It is knowing how to wear a hat which makes it look well, and the knowledge often enables the poor man to look more dressy in a cheap hat than his richer neighbor in a much more costly one.

The time the knowledge is a saving one is when buying a hat. A good salesman will take care that a customer gets a hat that will fit him when worn in the position which is most becoming to that individual, but unless this is taken care of by either purchaser or salesman there will be little satisfaction from the purchase and the hat will probably blow off at the smallest provocation. A hat that fits and is worn right seldom blows off, no matter how high the wind may be.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Living in Chambers.

Within late years a new style of housekeeping has come in. It is a step further than the "flat." Besides it is much more swell to live in "chambers" than to live in a flat. It is just the thing for young married people. They take a suite of two or three rooms and bath. There is no kitchen. They furnish the rooms to please themselves, and have of course their own latchkey, just as if it were a flat. The house has an office down stairs a good deal like a hotel. Here mail, etc., is received. A reception room is provided down stairs, where guests wait while their cards are brought to you.

The suites are all supplied with bells. A ring brings a boy, as at a hotel. You can get ice water or stationery as at a hotel. You can have them "ring a messenger" or send a telegram. A cafe down stairs supplies meals as you want them. The house supplies chambermaid service if you want it. A more complete way of living who could conceive?—Washington Post.

A Humble Tragedy.

If for anybody, life must be a horrid grind for poor old Peter Bennett of Plymouth, the miser whose $32,800 was spirited away by burglars two or three years ago. Poor old Peter has been in hot water ever since and is now poorer than ever. After his wife died Peter deeded his farm and stock to his stepson on the condition that he (Peter) should have good care and support during the remainder of his life. Now the old man claims that he has been neglected and ill treated and the bargain has been broken. He has gone to the home of relatives for shelter for the present and promises to appeal to the courts. "A Humble Tragedy" might be made of the singular adventure of Peter Bennett, and it would be one of the most peculiar stories ever told.—Lewiston Journal.

PUNISHED.

The lake of Kirknitz, or of Lamentation, is situated in Carniola, Austria.

There is not much beauty in its scenery, but it has the peculiarity of at one time being a sheet of water and at another a field.

The limestone, of which the bed of this curious lake is formed, is perforated with fissures, some of them as deep as fifty feet, into which trunks of trees and fishermen's boats have at times been drawn.

Many years ago a maiden who lived near Lake Kirknitz, poor as a church mouse, but proud as a queen, refused all lovers who sought her hand or companionship.

Lovers, poor, but honorable, sought her far and near, but she dismissed them with a frown and a toss of the head, bidding them seek wives elsewhere.

She had one day met the lord of a neighboring castle while out hunting, and the young and handsome noble had accosted her while she stood on the bank of the lake, and in a few well chosen words had flattered her beauty and vanity.

From that moment she had resolved to become the mistress of the castle and look down with disdain upon her former companions.

She soon saw that the first impression she had made upon him was but an evanescent one, and anger and jealousy now mingled with the love with which his handsome form and gentle speech had imbued her.

One day she met him and his servants upon the spot of their first meeting.

Hilda, for such was the name of the girl, flung herself in his path, and with a smile on her face and a longing look in her eyes bade him good morrow.

The young lord, who was neither so sober nor in so good a temper as when he had before accosted her, ordered her out of his path.

His words and tones were enough to crush the hopes of the aspiring peasant girl, but the loud laughter and insulting jeers of the companions and attendants of the young lord infuriated her, and shaking her clinched hand at the noble she cried:

"My time will come!"

The others laughed in mingled amusement and derision.

"How say you, Carl?" asked one. "Is the peasant wench mad or have you given her cause to fancy that one day she might be the recipient of your favors?"

"I was foolish enough once to notice her, I believe, but what is she to me more than the rest of the horde who till the fields? By my soul, Herbert, it were folly for a noble to look kindly on these low bred hinds, for if you do so they take it for granted that you intend some favor to them, and persistently dog your footsteps."

"Then you have met before?"

"Many times, but I never spoke to the girl but once. 'Twas a foolish thing to do, but I confess that I was so struck with her beauty I could not resist the temptation to address a few words to her."

"And on this concession she has presumed?"

"Yes. Go forth when I will she throws herself in my path."

"She should prove an easy conquest, then," laughed Herbert.

"I never thought of that," said Carl, stroking his mustache.

"She flings herself at your feet,"

"Granted; but"—

"But what, Carl?"

"Such conduct only excites my pity, if not my disgust."

His friend laughed.

"Herbert," said Carl, "you are"—

"Your friend," interrupted the other.

"Say rather my tempter. You put thoughts into my head that never before entered there."

His friend laughed again.

"Well, well, if you love the girl"—

"Nonsense, Herbert; you know that I am affianced to the Lady Gertrude. How then can I love a lowly born maiden?"

Herbert shrugged his shoulders.

"Let us on," said Carl shortly. "The midday meal awaits, and we shall be late if we hurry not back to the castle."

They hastened on, and as they did so a figure rose on the edge of the lake and gazed after them.

It was a strange being, half fisherman, half hunter in attire. He was tall of stature and strong of limb.

"Virtue, villainy and ambition have stood today on the borders of my realm," he said, "and from my cave in the lake's bed I have seen and heard all.

"Ho, ho! there are fresh victims for the Cave King to lure to his caverns under the rolling flood, but one must escape me, for I have no power over firmness and honor."

And diving into the lake he disappeared.

* * * * * *

Night had come. Carl had sunk to sleep on a couch in the hall of his castle and his friend Herbert, heated with wine and troubled with thoughts of the lovely peasant girl, had strolled on to the ramparts, where the moonlight showed the lake beneath him like a silver mirror.

Suddenly a figure stood before him, and the young man, with his hand upon his sword, started back.

"Who are you?" he said.

"One who would serve you."

"How?"

"You are charmed with the beauty of Hilda, the peasant girl, who vainly loves your friend Carl."

"How know you that?"

"I have the power to read men's thoughts and see the workings of a woman's heart."

"You? Who are you then?"

"The Cave King of the Lake of Kirknitz."

"What would you with me?" asked the youth tremulously.

"I come to serve you. A vain, ambitious girl will await one whom she hopes to meet on the bank of the lake, but who cares not for her.

"What pity for such as she! She seeks her doom. Steal from the castle when the bell booms forth the midnight hour and meet her on the spot where today your friend treated her with such contempt."

"But of what avail would be that?"

"Assume the form of your friend and win the love she is so anxious to bestow on one so far above her."

"How can I do that?"

"By my aid."

"And what do you ask in return?"

"Simply that, having impressed the girl with the belief that you are him she so madly loves, you will embark with her on the lake on a boat you will find moored to the shore."

"It is but a simple request, I admit."

"Then take the form of your friend, which I have the power to bestow upon you."

The Cave King touched the shoulder of the young man, and in an instant he was changed not only in features, but in dress as well.

He gazed at himself in wonder and then looked up as if about to speak to the strange visitor.

But the latter was gone, and Herbert stood alone upon the ramparts.

"Am I dreaming?" he asked himself.

A retainer approached and said respectfully:

"My lord, a messenger has just arrived at the castle gate, and he bade me give this missive into your hands unseen by any one."

The young man opened the letter and by the light of the moon read:

"MY LORD—I know that I aspire far beyond my station in presuming to love one so high and noble as yourself, but I feel that I cannot live without you. You can save me from ending my life if you will meet me and speak one word of hope and love to me on the banks of the lake tonight at the spot where we met this morning."

"Very good," said Herbert. "I will wander forth for a short time; I can reenter the castle by the postern."

The man bowed and retired.

"Now for this peasant beauty," muttered the libertine. "Pride must have its fall, and if her fall is a deep one she will have no one but herself to blame for it."

He left the castle by the postern and made his way to the spot where he had seen Hilda in the morning.

The girl stood on the edge of the lake gazing down on the moonlit waters when his footfall struck upon her ears.

She turned and saw him as the boom of the convent bell struck the midnight air.

"Hilda!" he cried, and went toward her with outstretched arms.

"Carl—my lord!" she exclaimed. "Thank heaven that you have come! If my love for you is unmaidenly remember that the workings of my heart are guided by a higher power than mine. From the first moment I gazed upon you I felt that I could love none other and that I must win your love or die."

She threw herself on the bosom of the man she believed to be the one who had enshrined his image in her heart.

"Let us sail out upon the lake," said the supposed Carl. "There in the moonlight, and with none to hear us but the waters that dance so merrily in the silver beams we will talk of that love you have for me and that which I have so long felt for you, but never yet acknowledged."

"You do love me, then, dear Carl?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"I did; but with your arms around me and your eyes shining into mine I can doubt no longer."

He unmoored the boat, and seating her in it followed and pushed out from the shore.

In an instant, without the aid of an oar or sail, the boat dashed madly across the waters, then turned around and around with fearful rapidity.

"What is this?" he gasped.

The girl turned her despairing eyes over the lake.

"Mercy!" she cried; "the waters are sinking—the shores are rising around us like mountains. We are in a whirlpool! We are lost—we are lost!"

As she spoke the boat rose on its end, was spun around and around like a top for a moment, and then disappeared in the whirlpool in which it had been caught.

When the waters of the lake had run out, and the peasants came to plant their wheat upon its bed, they discovered a boat wedged in one of the funnellike holes with which it is perforated, and in it the two dead bodies, and there arose many stories as to how they came there. —Chicago Post.

An Egg Story.

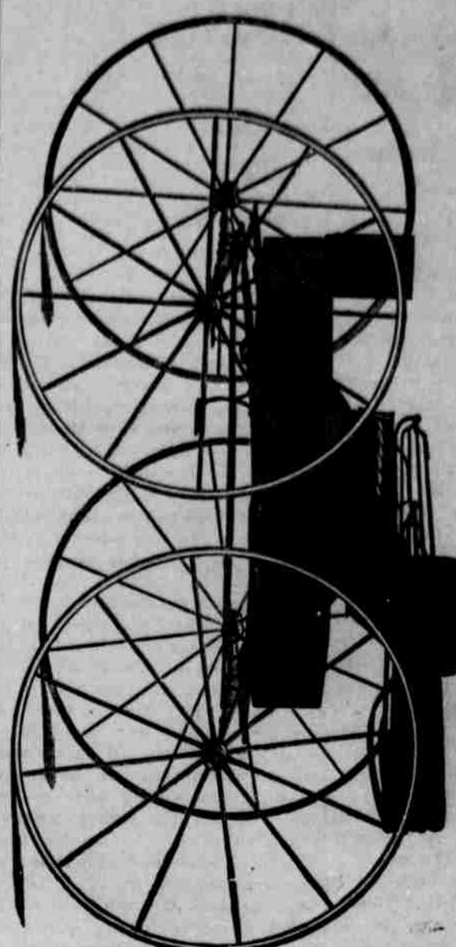
The ancient Finns believed that a mystic bird laid an egg on the lap of Vainainon, who was to hatch it in his bosom. But he let it fall, and it broke, the lower portion of the shell forming the earth, the upper the sky. The liquid white became the moon and the yolk the sun, while the little fragments of broken shell were transformed into stars. — Philadelphia Press.

A Prisoner's Inventions.

Visitors to the World's fair will have an opportunity to judge of the merits of some of the inventions of Tobias Hudson, a prisoner in the Maryland penitentiary. Hudson was convicted of horse stealing in Washington county, and has two years yet to serve. His being crippled makes it impossible for him to do the regular prison work, and he has perfected a number of inventions in his spare time. Three of these—a lock which is used in the prison, an electric lamp and an electric socket—have been patented for Hudson by Mr. Robert S. Wiesenfeld and Warden Weyler.

Mr. Wiesenfeld has secured space at the Columbian exposition for a display of Hudson's electric lamps, which will be entered in competition with the others on exhibition. Hudson says he has twenty-two inventions that he will patent from time to time, and he hopes to derive a revenue from them that will keep him in easy circumstances after his term expires. He asserts that he would not sell his electric socket patent for his liberty and $10,000.—Baltimore Sun.

HERMAN PHOLE, -:- Manufa



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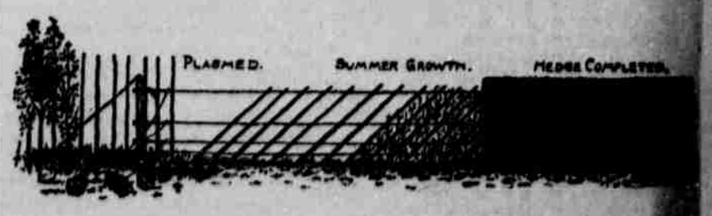

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