

THE ROAD HORSE.

J. M. Hemingway, of Iowa, read the following excellent paper on "The Road Horse" before a farmers' institute recently:

The American people are a road riding people. There is probably no nation so universally indulged in this country by all classes of people, as pleasure riding behind some description of horse. It is a pastime that grows as wealth and people increase. The signs of the times indicate redoubled growth in the future. The era of reformation in roads is upon us. The agitation has reached every state in the Union and nearly every county in the state. Let me predict that the next generation will see all important points in this country, yes, in this state connected by a system of smooth, broad roads that will afford perfect footing throughout the entire year. The active, intelligent, aggressive energy of this people will not for another full generation tolerate a system of roads which in spring and fall with appalling regularity become beds of bottomless mire which bespots your vehicle, your horse, your clothes; robs you of your time and happiness and disgraces the very face of God's creation. No, the faith in the greatness of the industry, enterprise and intelligence of the people of Iowa and Franklin county in particular to believe that another twenty years will pass by without seeing a very large proportion of our main highways made that they will present to us fine or struts, frost or heat, a clear untruffled face throughout the entire year.

To use and enjoy to the fullest extent the smooth and beautiful roads of our summer and autumn and the road of the whole year round, of the future, a prime requisite is a good road horse.

The ideal road horse should possess strength, endurance, spirit, beauty and breeding.

No one can enjoy driving a horse which does not have the power to move his load easily. While strength does not always accompany size, driving horse to be strong and forcible must have size and weight. The proper size in my judgment is from fifteen and one-half to sixteen hands, with weight varying from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds.

Some horses, which, fresh from the stable, are veritable locomotives, soon become lax and spiritless. They are grand for a short dress parade about the streets of the town, or city, but when put to serious work they become distressingly tired and most uncomfortable driving horses. They have not the enduring quality so essential to a pleasant and enjoyable road horse.

No patron of the roads, no lover of good driving, likes to take the dust at all times of his fellows. A horse may be large, strong and as enduring as the hills, yet if he has no speed he can afford very little satisfaction to the true American reinsman. A good road, a fine country, a safe buggy and a fleet trotter, will bring health to the convalescing invalid, rest and a thrill of enjoyment to the tired, nervous, over-worked man, that surpasses in its effect on the system any tonic from the laboratory of the chemist.

Americans are lovers of good form. As a people we insist on beauty and grace. Dickens, the eminent English novelist, said and repeated upon his visit to this country that the American women were the handsomest on earth. It is so because we will not have them otherwise. This is evidently the land of beauty. Our cities, our parks and our buildings are the handsomest in the world. And so I say it is a part of our nature to demand beauty in our driving horses. We may enjoy the fast and winning dash behind a homey brute, but our pleasure is not unalloyed. It is only when our speed is combined with beauty that we receive the highest enjoyment.

I have purposely placed last in the requirements of a road horse, breeding, because upon it to a large extent all of these other qualities demanded depend. The principles of breeding is founded on the statement that "like produces like or the likeness of some ancestor." In selecting a sire for breeding road horses the practical intelligent man will seek one which has the qualities I have enumerated. You cannot rely upon a sire to transmit what he does not himself possess. You cannot expect that a small, nervous stallion will sire large powerful horses, or that one without endurance will submit that quality to his get. You will also with reasonable certainty expect that in gait and speed capacity the colt will resemble his sire. Neither can you expect an ill-shaped animal to beget a family noted for its beauty.

What I have said in relation to the sire applies with great force to the dam. Upon these rests a responsibility equal with the sire. But the thorough breeder does not limit his investigation to the sire and dam alone. He investigates the history of the sire and dam remote generations. He bears in mind that the offspring may favor, not his immediate sire and dam, but the likeness of some more remote ancestor. This history of ancestors can only be known in these breeds of horses whose history is recorded in the registers kept for that purpose. There is in this country a great class of road horses in which this record has

now been faithfully kept for twenty or more years and also an authentic history of some distinguished ancestors for generations before that time. In this family of standard horses can be found the very best representative road horses, and I might add the very worst road horse. One must make his selections with intelligence in choosing standard bred horses. It is easy to get a standard horse whose breeding does not add one whit to its value. There are lines of pedigrees that are long drawn out failures. But the best pedigrees cannot make a desirable sire or dam out of an individual lacking in the qualities I have named. The time when an animal can pose on the reputation alone of his celebrated brother or sister has gone by. A word in regard to the blood that represents the greatest speed, power and endurance and I am done. Among the sires of 2:20 performers there are nineteen stallions which have each sired eight or more colts with records of 2:20 or better. Every one of these stallions carries the blood of Hambletonian, 10 the founder of the Hambletonian family; eighteen of them are descendants in direct male line from him. Eleven of them carry the blood of the Mambrino family. The most successful combination of Hambletonian, sire; Mambrino Chief, dam. Eight of the nineteen being bred that way. But one of these nineteen sires has a running bred dam and she is not a thoroughbred. Hence if we are to judge by the lessons of experience the best sires will be direct descendants of Hambletonian, 10, and of dams directly descended from Mambrino Chief, 11.

But let not your inquiry cease here. Ascertain the history of his sire and dam his grand sire and grand dam and more remote ancestors if possible, were they good? Were they of good size and form? Did they possess speed and endurance? Have they produced speed, endurance and beauty in their offspring? If these questions are answered in the affirmative you can indeed well believe that you possess a kingly sire, whose fame will be more enduring than a monument of bronze or sculptured marble.

RACING PROGRAM.

Second Spring Meeting of the Oregon Breeding and Speed Association.

- TUESDAY, JULY 4TH. 1. Running—1 mile dash; purse, \$200. 2. Pony Race—400 yards, 2 best in 3, ponies not to exceed 13 hands high; purse \$100. 3. Trotting—2:35 class, 2 in 3; purse, \$250. 4. Trotting—2-year-olds, mile dash; purse, \$150. 5. Pacing—2:25 class, 2 in 3; purse, \$250.

- WEDNESDAY, JULY 5TH. 10. Running—1 mile dash; purse, \$100. 11. Running—mile dash; purse, \$250. 12. Trotting—2:29 class, 2 in 3; \$300. 13. Pacing—2-year-old, mile dash; purse, \$150.

- THURSDAY, JULY 6TH. 14. Running—1 mile dash; purse, \$100. 15. Gentlemen's Roadster Race—Horses without record, owners to drive, 2 in 3; purse, \$100. 16. Pace and Trot—Free for all, 3 in 5; purse, \$500. 17. Novelty Running Race—6 miles; purse, \$200. [This race is for ladies, entrance free; they can change horses as often as they wish.]

FRIDAY, JULY 7TH. In all other races the entrance fee will be 10 per cent of the purse, five to enter and three start; premiums to be 70 per cent to first, 20 to second and 10 to third. Horses to be named by June 10th.

CONDITIONS. Entry blanks can be obtained from the secretary. Each entry must plainly state name, age, color and sex of horse, name of sire and dam, and name of owner and driver or rider. The colors of rider or driver must also be given with the entry, and must be worn upon the track. Except where otherwise indicated, the rules of the National Trotting association as to trotting events, and the rules of the Pacific Coast Blood Horse association as to running events, will govern these races.

Under no circumstances will any conditional entries be received. The association reserves the right to alter, amend or postpone any or all of these races, should the executive committee in their judgment, and for cause, deem it expedient to do so.

In the event of any race not filling, if the association deems proper to start the race, they reserve the right to withhold from the purse the entry of the missing horse or horses.

In all purse races, four or more are required to enter and three to start, except when otherwise provided.

In all purse races the entrance is 10

per cent, except where otherwise provided. All purses will be divided into three moneys, 70, 20 and 10 per cent, except where otherwise provided. Entries close Saturday, June 10, 1893, with secretary, except where otherwise provided.

Parties intending to be present at any of these meetings and desiring stalls for their horses, are requested to write the secretary in advance, stating what horses they have and what stalls they are likely to require.

The secretary will take pleasure in replying to any and all communications with reference to transportation, track facilities, and desired information. Feed can be obtained at the track, at ordinary prices, but the association does not furnish it.

Address, F. N. DERRY, Secretary, Salem, Oregon.

HORSE NOTES.

Some men will never be satisfied until the stakes come down to \$50, with an entrance fee of fifty cents, divided into four payments two months apart. William L., who sired Axfield, 2:12; Lord Russell, who sired Kremlin, 2:57; Electioneer, who sired Palo Alto, 2:08; and Jay Bird, who sired Allerton, 2:09; had no better record than 2:30.

Robert Bonner was asked the other day whether he had used his covered half-mile track at his farm near Tarrytown as yet. He said: "Yes, I drove Maud S., over it on Saturday last and am greatly pleased with it." "How did Maud move? Has she her old-time elasticity?" "I will give you the same answer as I gave to my son Edwin; 'I never saw Maud move with more ease and elasticity.'" Continuing, Mr. Bonner said: "We had quite a time building the track. There were a number of large boulders in our road, and we had no small difficulty in contending with the frozen ground. But everything is now in good shape, and Maud will get her work right along. I shall drive her myself." Mr. Bonner says that the track has a very fine top dressing of a mixture of shavings and horse manure, and that while it looks like tan bark it is much preferable as no dust arises from it.

A Keokuk horse recently distinguished himself in the Emerald Isle. A trotting meeting held at Newtownard, near Belfast, Ireland, the black four-year-old colt, Dark Wilkes, won first money in a free-for-all trot. The race was two-mile heats, best two in three, and Dark Wilkes made them in 6:30 and 6:27. This colt was sired by Wilcar, dam by Buccaneer, warbred and raised by E. P. Denton, of Hancock county, Ill. He is owned by John Ballantine, manager of the Coey & Co., limited port packers of this city, and was shipped to the old country two years ago. He wasn't the most promising colt in the world at that time, but is developing splendidly. There is cause for congratulations all around—of Mr. Ballantine because he owns the horse, of Mr. Denton because he raised him, of several other persons because they have animals of the same blood, and of this community because it has furnished another prize winner.—Gate City.

Nigger Baby, 2:22, owned by John Douvan, Jr., of the famous King Hill Stock Farm, St. Joseph, barely escaped a life of drudgery as a common farm horse. As a three-year-old he did more or less rout-about work with the other horses on the Prather farm near Marysville, Mo. One day a neighbor who was training some gallopers at the Maryville track, was told that he might take his pick out of a bunch in the field near the house and drive to and from the track. He "shoot" the horses about for awhile and selected a brown three-year-old. The colt proved very fast and a good roadster. The man to whom he was loaned drove him every day, and his good way of going finally attracted a lot of attention; John Higert bought and partially developed him and he then passed to Mr. Douvan. He is now twelve years old and can take a buggy and two men down the road as fast as he could when he took his race record of 2:22, two years ago. He will never be trained again.

The other day Monroe Salisbury, in his quest after another Flying Jib, met an enthusiastic owner of a pacer in Leavenworth, and after exchanging greetings, was astonished to hear the gentleman say: "Mr. Salisbury, I've a pacer that can beat Direct or Flying Jib; he's the fastest one on earth!" Mr. Salisbury being a little hard of hearing, placed his hand to his ear and loudly asked: "Eb, what's that you say?" "I say I've a green pacer that can get away with Direct or Flying Jib; they 'won't be in it' with him in a race," replied the owner. Mr. Salisbury plunged his hand into his pocket, drew out a handful of golden eagles, laid them on the desk and covered them with a handful more and said: "I'll bet you all these and a thousand on top of them to a dollar piece that I have a yearling now that I beat your green pacer a mile, and I have never seen your horse." The bonster was so much astonished he felt that he must have been mistaken either in his sidewheeler or Mr. Salisbury, and could not muster up courage to reply to the challenge. On inquiry after

this "astounding" interview was learned that the pacer was by Director 2:17, out of Lily Stanley, 2:17, by Whippleton, and she belongs to Hon. Frank Combs, minister to Japan.—Breeder & Sportsman.

GROWS TO THE RESCUE.

A Mideast Flight, in Which They Tackle a Hungry Hawk.

A white feathered chicken in search of worms strayed from the yard of a Feeding Hills farmer early Sunday afternoon and was soon scratching merrily in the black loam of a swamp near by. A big hen hawk that was sailing lazily along far up in the sky tipped an eye downward and saw the little white chick. The hawk had had no dinner and was very hungry. The big, hungry hawk suddenly shot down like a stone, and before the chick could run or chuck, or even flap her funny little wings, she was in the hawk's cruel claws.

The farmer was in a wagon near the barn and did not see the hawk with flapping wings rise into the air clutching tight the little white chick, frightened and still. But perched upon some trees the other side of the swamp were eight black crows. They had seen it all. Putting their eight heads together these crows consulted hurriedly, and then, with a loud, defiant chorus of "caw, caw, caw," they took wing. The bird of prey had not risen fifty feet into the air before the crows had completely surrounded him.

They pecked at him above, below, in front and behind. They would rise many feet above and shoot downward once after the other at the hawk with the swiftness and celerity of swallows. The hawk, burdened with the breathless chick, could not endure the savage onset and soon sank among the trees. But the crows, crying "caw, caw" more defiantly than before, beat upon him still, and at last the hawk dropped the chick and angrily dashed upward again.

For minutes the battle raged over the tree tops. The hawk was fierce in his defense, but the crows, using the same tactics as before, gradually drove him higher and higher still, until finally, discomfited and thoroughly beaten, the bird of prey sailed off to the south, whither he was followed miles and miles by two of the more pugnacious crows. The others now flew in the opposite direction and disappeared.

Meanwhile, what had become of the little white chick to whose rescue these eight crows had so chivalrously gone? With feathers sadly ruffled and her breast black with the slime of the bog into which she had dropped from the claws of the hawk, the dazed chick was slowly and painfully hopping back through the swamp to the maternal roost. And all this time, like the peasant who, as Zola tells us, solemnly filled his little patch of earth with the battle of Sedan rearing in his ears, this former of Feeding Hills was cutting cornstalks unconscious of the exciting drama of the hawk and the chick and the eight black crows.—Springfield Republican.

Hard to Strike the Line.

Uncle Jimmie, in the forties and fifties, was one of the leading divines of Kentucky—a typical Andrew Jackson in appearance and address. But unfortunately he was incumbered with an almost un-governable appetite for strong drink. He was then a member of a church six miles south of Newport. The reverend gentleman became a member of the Washingtonians, the great temperance society of that day. At the next business-meeting of the church the preacher was surprised to hear charges preferred against him for immoral conduct and to receive from the irate deacons the following explanation: By becoming a member of a secular society as helpful to moral reformation he at once admitted that the help afforded by the society was stronger than that of the church—thus placing a temperance society in advance of the church as a moral force.

The result was that the reverend gentlemen withdrew from the society. A few months later a member was called up for getting drunk at an old-fashioned Kentucky "hog killing." Uncle Jimmie was present at the trial and during his progress said to the court: "You called me to account for joining a temperance society. You are now trying this man for getting drunk. How much ought a man to drink to be a consistent Baptist?" That remark concluded that trial.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Whittier's Resignation.

Here is a beautiful extract of one of Whittier's letters to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps: I have just been reading Canon Farrar's sermons on the "Eternal Hope," and I agree with him in the title of one of them, that "Life is Worth Living," even if one can't sleep the biggest part of it away. Thee and I get more out of it, after all, than these sleek-headed folk who sleep o' night. I quite sympathize with thee in what thou say'st of the "causes." Against all my natural inclinations I have been fighting for them half my life. "Woe is me, my mother!" I can say with the old prophet, "who has borne me, a man of strife and contention." I have suffered dreadfully from coarseness, self seeking, vanity and stupidity among associates, as well as from the coldness, open hostility, and, worst, the ridicule of the outside world; but I now see that it was best, and that I needed it all.—Century.

Falling Memory.

Leech was at his best as an entertainer in his own home. Dean Hole asked him one day, after Leech had given him a delectable dinner at his lodgings in Scarborough, how he made such good champagne "cup." "The ingredients," he replied, "of which this refreshing beverage is composed, and which is highly recommended by the faculty for officers going abroad and all other persons stopping at home, are champagne, ley and served water, but in consequence of advancing years, I always forget the salt."—Essexian.

AFRAID TO RISK IT.

Something That Made a Bride Hesitate to Make a Courtroom Marriage.

Among the applicants for marriage licenses who were before Judge Eller were Fred W. Randall and Bertie Brubaker, who had come up from Beatrice to be joined in matrimony. They were both up to the requisite age, and Mr. Walkup did not hesitate to draw up the preliminary affidavits. When he had dotted the last i and crossed the last t, the young woman, who had apparently been buried in deep thought, remarked:

"I don't believe I care to get married."

"You don't?" cried the startled bridegroom. "No, I guess not," and started out. The young man followed her, and they held brief conversation among the books and papers of the outer office, when Mr. Walkup, with dreams of an elopement in mind, suggested that they might have the inner room for a private discussion if they desired. They entered and were for some time engaged in earnest talk, the bridegroom expectant arguing for all he was worth. Finally the girl gave in and agreed to carry the affair through, and the judge was called from the bench to fix it up before she could again change her mind.

"By thunder! it was mighty lucky, and it was nearly unlucky that you had a judge around handy then," observed the newly married man as he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"What was the matter?" the clerk inquired. "Why, there's some kind of a lawsuit going on in there, isn't there?" indicating the direction of the courtroom, from which the voices of attorneys in dispute were heard. It was a case in which one member of a family living in South Omaha was trying to get money from another, and some vigorous family truths were being told. "Well, she had been listening to the way they were testifying about family troubles, and it had scared her out."

It was true. The dissension bred by marriage in the South Omaha family and wafted over the transom had nearly spoiled the hopes of another couple.—Omaha World-Herald.

The Afghans.

Of all the races with which the English have come in close contact, the Afghans are the most uncivilized in nature and grain. They are fierce, bloodthirsty, fanatical and treacherous; their good qualities are of the elementary, domestic kind, and their highest virtue is courage, which they possess to a conspicuous degree. They are uncivilized in the sense that they are without any national cohesion or responsibility. Each man is independent of his fellows and rejects the authority of even tribal chiefs. No doubt there are in every clan or tribe men of prominence for their wealth or prowess or cunning, who command a certain following.

But their influence is personal and temporary and vanishes as quickly as it has sprung up. In some quiet Utopia, where the individual might be allowed to develop in peace, this intense individuality might be no disadvantage. But it is otherwise in a country like Afghanistan; torn with intestine discord and jealously regarded by powerful neighbors.—Fortnightly Review.

A Big Tree Story.

An Elmer (Or.) paper publishes this remarkable story: "A citizen of this place has just finished working up a fir tree which grew on his place. He received \$19 for the bark; built a frame house 14 by 20, 19 feet high, with shed kitchen 8 feet high, 8 feet wide and 20 feet long; built a woodshed 14 by 20 feet, made 320 rails, made 384 railroad ties and got 12 cords of wood 8 feet long and 4 feet high, all from that one tree, and still has a part of the tree left."

The First Preaching in Maine.

The earliest church permanently established in Maine is said to have been Episcopal. Services were held at Saco in 1637. At what is now Popham services were held frequently in 1607, the first instances of the performance of the rites of the Episcopal church in any part of the United States north of Virginia, and the first Protestant worship and preaching by an ordained minister in any portion of this vast territory.—Bangor (Me.) Commercial.

Electricity and Tumors.

As to the alleged therapeutic value of electricity, physicians are well aware that that agent exercises an important influence upon tumors, both benign and malignant—including cancers—whereby, when accompanied with other assistant treatment, such ailments are removed from the system without the use of the knife or caustics.—New York Tribune.

Keeping Up With the Times.

"Oh, mamma!" said a little girl, "I sang in Sunday school today." "Did you?" said her mamma. "Could you keep up with the others?" "I des I could! I kept ahead of them all the way through!" "That is about the way many of us keep time as we go through life—a little ahead of our fellows or lagging behind.—Boston Commonwealth.

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