

TRAINING RACE HORSES.

IT IS A TASK REQUIRING SKILL AND PATIENCE.

It is a Hard Thing to Bring a Horse to Just the Condition Required—The Idea that "Anybody Can Train a Horse" is False—Intelligent Doctoring.

Of the thousands of persons who attend any of the race courses on any of the days when a great stake is down for decision, there are few who know anything of the worry and labor, the great amount of skill and patience, it requires to bring the candidates for such an event to the post in perfect condition. The average spectator sees nothing but the shining coat of the horse, the gay jackets of silk and satin which adorn the jockey, and the thousands of pleasure seekers who, like himself, take an outing on such occasions. It is only the trained eye of the horseman, backed by years of experience which ripen the judgment and make it sound, that absorbs at a glance all the work that represents months of careful preparation on the part of the trainer.

It is in some quarters held that anybody can train race horses, but this idea is most fallacious, and those who advance it have nothing more sound on which to base their claims than the fact that one or two phenomenal horses made reputations for men who had in their employ helpers who afterward came to the front and made reputations for themselves as horsemen. It stands to reason that to become a trainer of the highest grade requires no uncommon amount of skill, a thorough knowledge of horses as individuals, and the ability to discriminate. What would be sufficient work for one horse would kill another, and it is this ability to make fine distinctions that has been characteristic of most, if not indeed of all, the men who have taken foremost rank as trainers of thoroughbreds in this country and abroad. Some horses require as much work as others, and they will not show in their best form unless they get it. A horse that is capable of eating with a relish fourteen quarts of oats each day, will stand, and even demand, twice as much drilling as a poor feeder whose daily ration is only eight quarts. The gross, vigorous stallions and colts and the weak, weedy mares and fillies are treated alike by some men, but a trainer that prepares all of his horses by the same formula wins few races, and there are none of this stamp to be found at the top of the ladder in their profession.

It is with many doubts and misgivings that a man takes a dozen or fifteen horses in the fall to winter them and prepare them for the campaign of the following year. The labors during the winter are comparatively light, but there is always something to do, something calling for the exercise of care and judgment. A colt may have a bunch on one of his ankles, or there may be a suspicion of a splint or a ringbone that will demand attention, or one of the older divisions may have an ailing tendon or a diseased foot. The necessity of blistering or firing may arise, and the best thing under the circumstances must be done, as delays may only aggravate the trouble and render it incurable.

Again his charges may be put away for the night as sound and well as at any time since he took them under his care, and in the morning one of the best of the youngsters may be lame in the shoulder or in the stifle. He may have wrenched himself while at play, or perhaps, as is often the case when stalls are not properly made, he may have become "cast" in rolling, and in striving to get out of the trouble strained one of the muscles of shoulder or quarter. This all means labor and the closest study on the part of the trainer. There is always the regular amount of work under cover of the sheds, on the tanbark, or straw ride to be done in order that the flesh accumulated during the winter months may be hard and compact, for when the real work outside on the track comes the flesh must not melt away like snow before a July sun.

With the coming of the robins—if there are no early engagements, no races to be got ready for—the real trials of the trainer begins, for while he may have carefully nursed some speedy cripple through the winter, it is when the actual work of preparing to get the money begins that the turfman is face to face with doubt and anxiety every day. The work at first up on the track must necessarily be slow, as nobody but a sportsman would dream of asking his horses for anything approaching their best speed until the muscles and the lungs have been prepared to withstand the strain upon them. Slow work at the trot and canter is then the watchword for the first two or three weeks, and even a month, and then the paces only a few weeks away, with the races like racing in the speedy brushes of the two-year-olds through the stretch, or the longer gallop of the older horses.

Out of bed at 3 or 4 o'clock, in the mornings are not too cold for his horses—the trainer must not consider himself or his comforts, for it is a life of sacrifice—the first thing is trotting and cantering shortly after the break of day. This is especially true of some trainers in the summer time, as the one endeavor is then to escape the glare and heat of the sun, which is too wasting to thoroughbreds. The two-year-olds are marshalled in line and trotted and cantered before being prepared for the faster work in pairs. The exercising lads receive their instructions, and, watch in hand, the trainer stands to take their time when they break away from a point designated. If the pace is too fast he must caution them by holding up his hat or his hand; if too slow a waving of the hand sends the two-year-olds bounding more swiftly than before over the soft, loose surface, and when the trial is over the helpers must receive their instructions as to bandaging,

cooling out, and the half-dozen other mysteries of the art. Perhaps one of the youngsters pulls up lame, and in nine cases out of ten it will surely be the best one in the string. The seat of the trouble must be located, and it is not unlikely a small stone picked up at flying speed and pressed into the tender portion of the frog is responsible for the soreness. The rest are carefully washed out, and the crevices of the frog cleaned by the foot hook. It may be something more serious, however; a stone may have been trodden upon in that fast gallop and the ankle may have been wrenched. The owner of that colt may have had aspirations of winning the Futurity or some other great prize with him, and the trainer, having the best interests of his employer at heart, was undoubtedly bending every energy to get the two-year-old in the best possible condition for his engagements, taking care to have him right, but not overdone, trained to the hour without a chance of staleness. Now came days or weeks, and perhaps months, of the nursing wherein skill is demonstrated and when the fallacy of anybody being able to train race horses is unmistakable. The skeptic may say: "Why not call in a veterinarian and hold him responsible for the future condition of the horse?" Any veterinarian who knows his business will tell you that more than half the success of any treatment is in the application and care of the patient and the injured parts. It may happen that half a dozen of the horses in the same string are ailing or lame. Some were on the point of breaking down the previous autumn, but they hobbled into winter quarters, and the trainer is expected to get them ready for a race in the spring. Perhaps the horse may be pointed for one special event where the value of the stake would repay a thousand-fold for the care and expense of preparation or perhaps the returns from an expected raid on the betting ring in case of success, would be far more than enough to reimburse owner and trainer for anything they might do to get the horse to the post. There are instances on record where horses spent the greater portion of their time for weeks before a race in the soaking tub, the sore tendons being laved with warm water to keep down inflammation, or treated to a douch of cold water to tighten the ligaments that had been injured and gave the poor brute such torture when they were strained by racing at speed. Horses have had their tendons and ankles frozen by applications of ice piled round about their legs as they stood in the tubs, and it was this treatment which kept the speedy old gelding Walcott on the turf and capable of winning good races for more than two years. Salt water is a famous cure for the gouty and ailing legs of thoroughbreds, and any day the casual visitor to Coney Island may see a score or more of horses standing contentedly in the surf, with the waves breaking over their legs and dashing high upon the beach. Thousands of horses have been brought to the post by this and the other means at the command of men of intelligence.

WOKE UP IN THE MORNING

And Found Themselves at the Summit of Fame's Ladder.

This is an age of sudden successes. In the last few years, many men—and women—have experienced Byron's delicious sensation of waking up one morning to find themselves famous.

By one striking event, notable achievement, or daring deed they have stormed the Temple of Fame, astonishing rivals and friends.

Mr. Du Maurier, Punch's dainty delineator of society manners, is a typical instance of this. Formerly he confined himself to artistic work; but recently he burst on the world with that curiously interesting work "Trilby," which caused some English critics to hail him as a new Thackeray, and created a perfect furor throughout America. People talked of little else, the subject prevailed the entire press, sales attained vast figures, and the "boom" extended from New York to San Francisco. Mr. Du Maurier's literary fortune was made.

The late General Boulanger was a striking example of sudden popularity attained in the political world. Whilst Minister of War he was fortunate enough to touch the French patriotic chord by his bold attitude towards Germany. Immediately his popularity assumed such proportions that he became a danger to the Government. Those who had set up this idol immediately pulled it down again. Boulanger was relegated to a provincial command. He had arrived in Paris almost in disgrace. But his departure was the signal for the most formidable, disquieting, popular demonstrations witnessed in that city since the 1870 war. Placed on the retired list by a jealous cabinet, he entered political life as a danger to the Government.

His popularity increased tenfold. For fifty years he was the central figure of French politics, the idol of the people, the hope of the aristocracy, who rallied to his standard. It was confidently expected that he would ultimately overthrow the Government and obtain supreme control of the nation's destinies—especially after his triumphant election as Deputy for Paris. But unfortunate infatuation for a beautiful woman led to his flight from France and subsequent downfall. His tragic death terminated one of the most remarkable careers of modern times.

Mascagni, the composer, was a young man who seemed destined to wage a bitter war against poverty, and to have work was upward step by step. But every body knows how, by the composition of his "Cavalleria Rusticana," he suddenly achieved a popularity that was accorded to such eminent composers as Massenet, Berlioz, and others after a protracted struggle with poverty, neglect, and opposition.

Alexandre Dumas the younger was wasting his golden youth in pursuit of pleasure; but, finding himself saddled with a debt of £2,000, he went to his father for advice.

"Work, and earn the money," promptly responded the author of "Monte Cristo." Renouncing his idle life, young Dumas plunged into literature, wrote "La Dame aux Camélias," and contracted for other novels. But he made no substantial progress. Then the idea of dramatizing "La Dame aux Camélias" was suggested to him by Beraud.

After an attempted collaboration, Dumas resolved to write the piece alone. His

father strongly advised him against this step; but when the young man proceeded to read his piece to the veteran dramatist, the latter was greatly affected, fell on his neck, shed tears of joy, and predicted a brilliant success.

The drama was produced after endless difficulties, and placed young Dumas in the front rank of dramatic authors. He has since fully maintained the reputation of an honored name, proving that the son is sometimes worthy of his sire. These are only a few cases that will serve to suggest others: Colonel North, of nitrate fame; Mr. Rudyard Kipling, of nitrate fame; and others in literature: Stanley as a traveler; Edison as an inventor; Archibald Forbes as a war correspondent.

Rapid fortunes have been made by such pieces as "The New Boy" and "Charlie's Aunt." The serpentine dance craze, "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay," and other productions that have hit the popular taste have brought instant fame and fortune to their lucky originators. Perhaps the most striking and instructive feature about these sudden successes is the comparative youth of the majority of those who have achieved them.

Formerly, ambitious men and women had to serve an apprenticeship before they could hope to penetrate the charmed circle of consecrated celebrity. But nowadays

PROGRESS' Great Offer.



PROGRESS will give to every yearly subscriber a beautiful **CRAYON PORTRAIT**, enclosed in a 26 x 30 Gilt and oak frame. The engraving given above is a fac simile of our **SAMPLE PORTRAITS**, that will be shown you by our Agents. We would draw special attention to the fact that every Portrait will be enclosed in a **FRAME** that sells in this city for **Five to Seven Dollars**. There have been several offers, in the way of enlarging Pictures, but we stand prepared to give you the best yet offered, and guarantee **First Class Work** and prompt attention. The artists in charge of our work have been selected from the foremost in their line in Boston.

We want your name on our subscription list, and will make you the following offer:

"Progress," for one year, with **LIFE-SIZED PORTRAIT AND FRAME** when he takes your order and when the Picture is delivered **\$3.00**. We will have "Progress" delivered to you by our carriers, or by mail free of charge.

Mr. D. L. ASPINWALL having charge of this department, will secure all orders, and any communication addressed to him, care of PROGRESS, will receive prompt attention. Send in your Photographs at once, accompanied by \$1.00, sent either by Post Office or Express Money Order.

talent matures young, and, by dint of sheer pluck and ability, rapidly conquers its place amongst the veterans, who are frequently bewildered by such astonishing precocity.

THE KENT CASE.

Physicians Universally Admit the Diagnosis to have been Correct.

OTTAWA, April 22.—The diagnosis in the case of Mr. G. H. Kent, of this city, whose recovery from Bright's disease by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills has been so extensively chronicled, appears to have been a very correct one. The swelling of the body and extremities to an abnormal size, the fearful convulsions and consequent insensibility, the racking pains, the formation of the bare ridges across the pit of the stomach and the great loss of albumen are all symptoms of this terrible disease, and it is universally admitted by all who have been approached on the subject that the case was unmistakable in its character. This also is universally admitted, that he owes his restored health to the above mentioned remedy.

Scenery In The Behring Sea.

Sailing southeasterly along the shore of that haunt of the walrus and polar bear—

St. Matthew's Island, in the Behring sea," said a navigator of those waters, "one is impressed by the mingling of the grotesque and the terrible in the character of the scenery. The northwest point of the island is split up into a collection of large rocks of most fantastic shapes. Houses, spires, cathedrals and figures of men and beasts are some of the forms assumed by these volcanic fragments, which, rising above the white seething foam of the sea that breaks against their base, give a weird aspect to the grim and desolate region. One rock resembling a large saddle suggested to me the thought that some antediluvian giant might in his time astraddle it, and, perhaps, fished for reptilians over the beetling cliffs which it surmounts.

DANGEROUS CONSOLATION.

All right in a day or two. But the Day Never Came.

"All right in a day or two" is the thought that consoles every one who is suffering from any indisposition that does not prostrate him. In the case of a person bedridden for months with disease of the Kidneys being asked, "Did you not have any warning of this condition you are now in?" "Yes, I was bothered at first with back-

ache, with occasional head-aches, but did not consider myself sick or the necessity of medicine further than a plaster on my back or rubbing with my favorite liniment. It was months before I began to realize that it was useless to further force myself to ignore my condition. The back-ache had become a pain in the back and sides; weak and tired feeling, high-colored urine with obstructions and stoppage, pain in the bladder, palpitation of the heart, poor appetite, indigestion, and a dull, languid feeling, with entire lack of energy." Had the first signal of distress from the Kidneys—Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the after state of misery and suffering would have been avoided. A few doses dispel first symptoms; delay results in liver, heart and stomach becoming affected. It is useless to expect to overcome this complication without a persistent and regular use of Chase's K-L Pills.

Given Away.

Wiggs: "And who gave the bride away?" Wiggs: "Her little brother. Because they wouldn't let him eat all the wedding-cake he wanted, he told the groom that she was ten years older than he'd ever thought she was."