# SUCCESS WITH TROTTING STOCK

## Fortunate Investments of the Owner of Axtell, Elloree and Allerton.

THE MOST fortunate man known in connection with trotting is probably C. W. Williams of Galesburg, Ills. Indeed, a good many people would say he was so beyond any question. Thirteen years ago Mr. Williams was a telegraph operator in the embryo city since known all over the country as Independence, Ia., a knowledge gained almost entirely, it may be said, through Mr. Williams' connection with the town. At that time he was induced to purchase two trotting bred mares, one named Lou and the other Gussie Wilkes. One of these he bred to Jaybird, a son of George Wilkes, and the other to William, L., also by George Wilkes. Neither of these sires was at all known at that time, so it was exceedingly great fortune or else remarkably sound judgment that prompted Mr. Williams to make the selection, for the colt foal from Gussie Wilkes was Allerton, and the colt from Lou was Axtell.

The colts were early developed by their owner and both gave promise of great sped. Axtell was undoubtedly the earlier developed, for at 3 years of age he trotted to a record of 2:18 and was looked upon as the wonder of the trotting world at that time. Mr. Williams for some time prior to this record breaking achievement had been deluged with offers for Axtell. Among others was the well-known John W. Conley of Chicago, one of the best judges of trotting horses to be found anywhere. At the Washington Park meeting in Chicago in 1889, Mr. Conley saw Axtell for the first time, and when he beat Earl McGregor in 2:14 he remarked to his friends in the stand that Axtell was the fastest horse in the world. One of them asked what he was worth, to which Mr. Conley replied, "A hundred thousand." One of his friends said, "Would you give that for him" "I would," said Mr. Conley, and the prompt response was, "Go and give a hundred thousand for him for you and me." Mr. Conley then took the late George Bradfield with him, and together they went to Mr. Williams, who was quite a stranger to both of them. Mr. Conley asked, "What is the price for Axtell?" Mr. Williams said, "One hundred thousand dollars." Mr. Conley asked, "Will you take one $100,000 for him?" And Mr. Williams replied that he would entertain an offer, but would not commit himself to accepting it. Mr. Conley then gave Mr. Williams his card, and that closed the first interview.

Two months later Mr. Conley went to Terre Haute, Ind., and saw Axtell trot his great heat of 2:12. That evening, as he was about to lave the hotel to take the train for Chicago, he saw Mr. Williams in conversation with Andy Welch of Hartford, and John E. Madden of Lexington, Ky. Probably Mr. Conley had heard that offers were about to be made for Axtell; so he said to Mr. Williams, "I suppose they are trying to buy the horse from you, but don't forget that I will give more for him than any man in the world." "How much?" asked Mr. Williams. "I will give $105,000," promptly responded Mr. Conley. Mr. Williams asked for time to go and see his wife, who was upstairs in the hotel, but Mr. Conley said he could have but two minutes to close the deal, so Mr. Williams accepted the offer, and it was arranged to pay the money the following week at Lexington, Ky.

Before Mr. Conley left for Chicago—for he missed the train he intended to take—he sold three-quarters interest in the horse to Mr. Moran, Mr. Brush and Mr. Ijams, who each paid their one-fourth share of the purchase money. Mr. Williams received $55,000 in cash and accepted a note for $50,000, due one year from date, and bearing interest at 6 per cent, so that actually received $108,000 for Axtell.

Mr. Williams then proceeded to develop Independence. He built a kite-shaped trotting track, then supposed to be the great means of reducing records. Electric lights and trolley cars and other improvements were instituted by Mr. Williams, and mammoth trotting meetings were announced. Then came the final depression, and that, added to the fact that there were not enough people in Independence to support a trotting meeting of any size, brought the whole affair to a collapse, and Independence is now remembered as the place where Mr. Williams used to live.

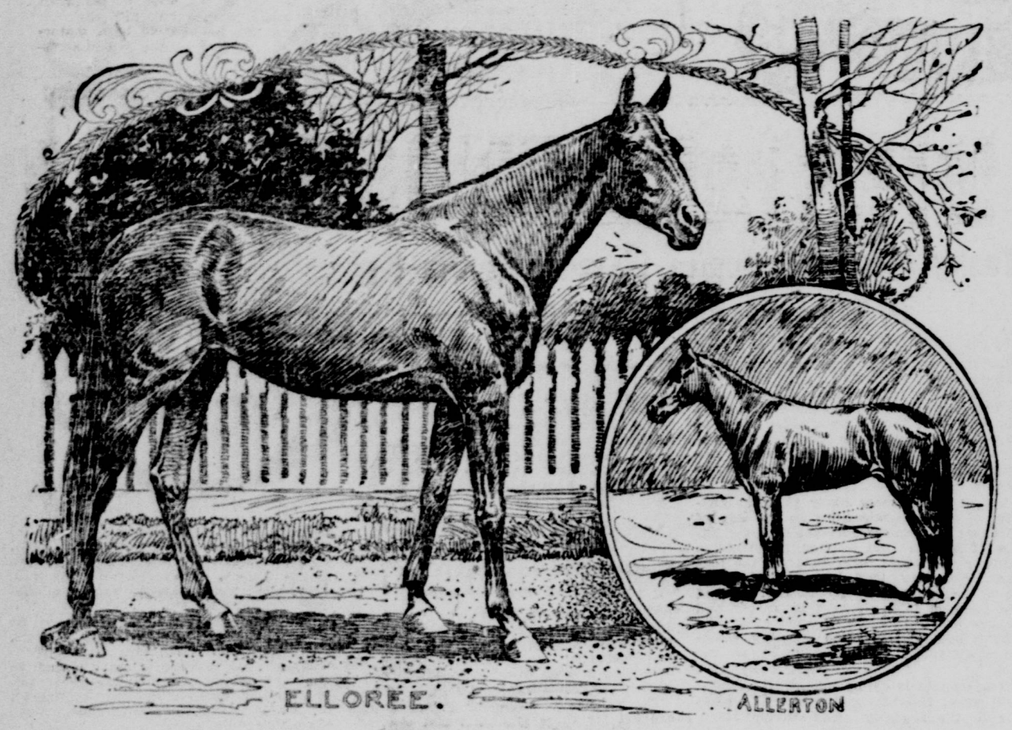
After Axtell had been disposed of, Mr. Williams proceeded with the development of Allerton, and it could not have been very palatable to the Conley syndicate to have Allerton reduce the record to 2:09¼. Not only that, but it was not very long before the young Allertons began to show that they were better trotters than the Axtells; so not only did Mr. Williams keep the faster horse in his stable, but also the better sire. Axtell was retired from the turf as soon as he was sold, while Allerton was continued for some time as a track horse, and at the close of 1896 Axtell was credited with being the sire of 23 trotters and one pacer in the 2:30 list. To that he has last year added five trotters and one pacer. On the other hand, Allerton, beginning later as a sire, had 17 trotters and six pacers to his credit a year ago, and during the season just ended has added 18 trotters and two pacers, five of which have made records of 2:20 or better. Allerton is by this record the best trotting sire of his years that we have ever had in this country, and he is now 11 years of age.

That would seem to be good fortune enough for any man, but the end is not yet, and there is reasonable ground to believe that in his Galesburg stable Mr. Williams has a mare that is as likely as anybody's to beat the world's record for trotters. This is Elloree, who has now a record of 2:09¼ and is but 7 years of age. Elloree was bred by Mr. Williams, who, while he was at Independence, purchased a mare named Flora McGregor, who was a daughter of that wonderfully game horse Robert McGregor, and out of Belle Wilkes by George Wilkes. Such was the indomitable courage of Robert McGregor that he was always referred to as the "monarch of the homestretch," and although his record is but 2:17¼, it was made at a time when that was considered remarkably fast for a stallion.

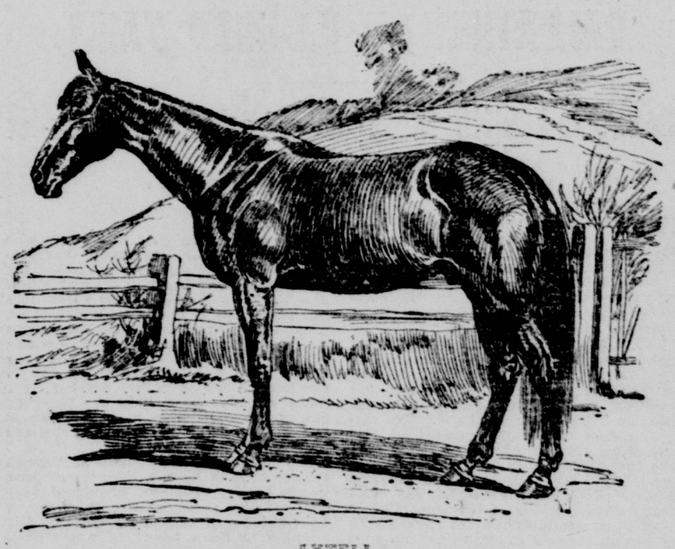
Elloree began her turf career very young, for as a yearling she started for a $5,000 purse at Independence and actually got third money, finishing third and fourth in the two heats that were trotted. She was bred when 2 years of age to Allerton, and was also trotted that summer, starting in five races and obtaining a record of 2:26½. When 3 years of age she was put in training as soon as her foal was weaned and started six times that year, winning first money three times within two weeks, each of the races being split heats. In the last of the three she won the first, third and fifth heats in 2:18½, 2:18 and 2:21½. This was certainly a very remarkable record to make, considering that it was so soon after she had been taken from the foal. Elloree was not raced again until 1896, and meanwhile raised two more Allertons. In 1896 she reduced her record to 2:11½, and this year she reached 2:09¼. In addition to that she also has the credit of a mile to a wagon in 2:10, which is three seconds faster than the best heat ever trotted to wagon by any other than herself, for she had already reduced the record prior to making the 2:10.

Elloree's first race this year was on June 30, at Columbus, O., where she won the second, third and fourth heats, the third in 2:13½, being the fastest. A week later, at Tiffin, O., she won in the same way, after losing the first heat, and lowered her record to 2:11¼ in the first heat, afterward trotting the fifth in 2:12½. Elloree next started at the big Detroit meeting, where she was driven out in 2:09½, 2:09½ and 2:11½. At Cleveland at the end of the month she was third to Grace Hastings and Bouncer, and Mr. Williams then took her to Columbus, where she won a race on August 3, and made her record of 2:09¼, following that up with 2:10¼ and 2:12. She also raced at Fort Wayne, Indianapolis and Terre Haute, Ind., making 2:09¼ in the second heat at the latter place. This hard work seemed to take the edge off her, for when she went to Lexington for the big Kentucky trotting horse breeders' meeting, she failed to come up to expectations and was fairly beaten. It was only a temporary falling off, however, for two weeks later, at Louisville, she trotted in 2:10½, 2:12¼ and 2:09¾.

Not only is Elloree good as a track mare, and as a breeder, for her three foals were sold for large prices at New York a few weeks ago, but she is also a very handsome mare. In size she might be called medium. She is a good chestnut in color, and it would be a very critical judge indeed who would find any fault with her conformation. She wears neither boots nor weights, and it is said that she can be as safely driven by a lady as by the most experienced reinsman. It is very seldom indeed that so many meritorious qualities are combined in one animal.



ELLOREE. ALLERTON



AXTELL.

# CURLING IN THE UNITED STATES

## The History of a Favorite Winter Sport—Golf Links Now Utilized for Curling.

MANY of the best known golf clubs in the United States have taken up curling this winter and play the game when the links are covered with snow, or so frozen that golf playing is not easy. The game should flourish on the links, for on nearly every club ground there is a pond well adapted for the sport.

Curling has long been a favorite sport in Canada, and they have some very skilled players there. Of recent years it has grown in favor in the States, and is now played on many American ponds and rivers, as well as on artificial rinks, every winter.

The oldest curling club on this continent is located in Montreal and was organized in 1807. It is still a thriving organization. The first club formed in the United States was, strange to say, at Pontiac, Mich., about 55 years ago, where some enthusiastic Scots had settled, and played the game with wooden blocks for awhile until better material could be had.

Wooden blocks, by the way, are still used by the Mapleton Curling Club of Minnesota, and they have just as much amusement in the game as if they handled the finest polished Ailsa crabs.

The queen has made herself a patron of the game in Scotland of late years, and on one occasion was present when the fat and amiable Prince of Wales, dressed in tartan and plaids, played the game with some burly Highlanders, who had so little sense of loyalty and so little appreciation of the presence of royalty that they openly scoffed at the prowess of the future king.

In 1867 a national curling organization was formed in the United States, and among the men since that time associated with it have been Mr. Alexander Dalrymple, Rev. John Thomson, D.D., Mr. Robert Gordon and Mr. John L. Hamilton of New York; Mr. David Bell, Mr. George Macnol and Mr. James E. Thomson of Buffalo; Mr. James Stevens of Jersey City; Mr. John Johnson and Mr. Alexander Mitchell of Milwaukee; Rev. Dr. Robert F. Burns of Chicago, and many other men more or less known.

The earliest notice of curling which has been discovered occurred in "Camden's Britannia," in 1607, where Copinshaw, one of the Orkney Islands, is spoken of as famous for "excellent stones for the game of curling." This goes to show that the game was even then in considerable repute, when stones were carried from so great a distance to where the game could be practiced.

The game calls for eight players, four on a side, and may be briefly described as follows: There is a rink about 42 yards long and 8 feet wide, with a tee at each end. The game is played with round, flat stones, weighing from 20 to 45 pounds, and about nine inches in diameter. Strong wooden handles are fastened to the stones to enable the players to hurl them with sufficient force.

A smooth sheet of ice is chosen for the rink. At each end of the rink a number of concrete rings, called "broughs," are drawn, the center of which is the tee. Each player has a pair of curling stones, and a director of the game, called a "skip," is chosen. The players on each side throw alternately. The object is to hurl the stone along the ice to the tee. The interest of the game depends very largely on one side being able to drive their rivals' stones from their positions and getting their own in favorable positions. At a little distance from each of the tees is a line drawn across the ice called the "hog score," and any stone not driven past it counts for nothing and is put aside. The first side scoring a certain number of points wins the game.

When during the progress of the game one, two or three stones have been well planted the supporters of those who placed them are usually directed by their skip rather to guard their winning stones than venture too near them at the risk of injuring their position. On the other hand the tactics of the opposing party will consist in efforts to knock off the guards, dislodge the well planted stones or get their own still better placed, where that is possible.

It sometimes happens that the stone nearest the tee—the winner, as it is called—is so well protected that it cannot be touched, and defies removal unless it be assailed by an ingenious master stroke, technically termed wicking or infringing, whereby a stone is sent in an oblique direction so as, if possible, to hit the winner. And if it not only does that, but becomes the winner in its stead, the man who threw it is sure to be hailed by his exulting comrades as a prince among curlers.

The great interest in curling is due largely to the Grand National Curling Association of America. This organization makes all laws governing the game, decides all disputes, arranges matches for the trophies and gives authority to the sport in this country.

Probably the best known curler in the cast is George Frazier of Yonkers, N. Y., who for many years was champion skip and who is looked upon as being the most powerful curler on the ice in this country. He has three sons, and under his captaincy they have twice won the Mitchell medal, one or two championships on Cortlandt lake, near New York, and any number of rink matches. Indeed the father and sons make up one of the strongest teams known to curlers.

John Johnson of Milwaukee, who is the leading spirit of the Northwestern Association of Curlers, is another strong man with the "besom and stane." He comes from Aberdeenshire, and like most men of his clan, he has succeeded in this country. He is president of the Wisconsin Historical Society at Madison, and is one of the financial heavyweights of the state.

Most all New Yorkers knew Dr. Ormiston and Dr. Taylor, who preached in the Broadway Tabernacle and the old Scotch church, but probably do not know that both men were famous curlers in their day. Dr. Ormiston used, indeed, to preach a sermon annually to the curlers that was replete with the lore of the ancient game.

There are now nearly seventy-five clubs in the United States, and there are some 200 clubs in the United States and Canada.

The Northwestern Curling Association is better off than most of the other curling clubs of the United States in that the clubs composing it can rely on good curling weather for several weeks every season. Every year the association holds a grand bonspiel at one of the cities composing the association, and the meet always attracts curlers from all over the country and Canada. The bonspiel this year took place recently at St. Paul, and was a great success.

The great attraction at this bonspiel is the Walker tankard. This cup must be contested for annually by rinks selected by the Northwestern association and Canadian rinks. All the Canadian rinks play against an equal number of American rinks, the highest aggregate score winning. The rinks composing the winning side then play off for possession of the trophy for the year, three wins by one club giving absolute possession. Other prizes are the George F. Hall diamond medal, valued at $200, and the John Johnston trophy, valued at $500. Curling stones, lapel buttons, scarf pins and medals galore go to make up the rest of the awards, which are worth altogether about $4,000.

Valuable as are the prizes, they are not the chief attraction. What the true curler looks forward to is the keen contest, the reunion of old friends and the festivity that pervades all meetings of the knights of the broom and stone. "We're brithers A'" is the motto of the Northwestern Curling Association, and those who have had the good fortune to attend a bonspiel know how well this sentiment is lived up to.

There are a good many stories told of the excitement of curlers on the ice, and here is one of the best:

A laird of Strathaven, who owned a quarry and was reported to be worth "a gey two three bawbees besides," was playing one day, and his foreman, whose name was Lawrence, was playing with him on the same side. The laird was very anxious that he should take a certain shot, and he cried out to him in this fashion: "Noo, Jock Lawrence, d'ye see whaur my broom is? Lay yer stane doon there, and, as sure as death, I'll gie ye my dochter Jess if ye do it."

Birr went the stone out of Jock's hand and went trinkling along to the very spot where the laird wished it.

"Capital, Jock, capital! Ye couldna have dunt better, and ye can get Jess the morn if ye want her."

"Ye maun gie something else than Jess, laird. I hae got her already. We were married at Gretna Green sax weeks since, and we've been about asking yer blessing ever since, but something aye cam' in the way."

The laird was dumbfounded when he heard the news, but he compromised matters by saying: "Aweel, aweel, Jock, I'll let bygauns be bygauns. A man that can lay doon a pat lid like that is worthy of the best and bonniest lassie in Lanarkshire; keep her and welcome, and ye'll maybe get the matter o' sax hunner pounds wi' her. Keep her, Jock, and 'f ye hae any laddie weens atween ye bring them up in the fear o' the Lord, and be sure that ye dinna neglect to mak' them a' good curlers."

It was a strong assertion, but a true one, made by an old curler a few years ago, when replying to the toast of the chief of the New York Caledonian Club, at one of the curling banquets. "As long as you keep on curling you'll never die." And then he paused, amazed at the addition to curling literature he had just made, and the prospective length of a curler's life.

Copyright, 1898.

Curling on the Golf Links.

### A Telepathic Convert.

Boston Post.

Eight years ago I met Leila, who is now my wife. We had always known of each other, but had never met. And so it happened that we came together at a summer resort.

Shortly after she eluded the chaperon's vigilance, and went for a carriage drive. On the return I asked her, half in jest, half in earnest, if she would marry me. In the same spirit she answered "yes."

The compact was sealed in the orthodox manner, and that kiss of love is still on my lips.

We were mere children, Leila being 17 and myself a year older.

That night we parted, after she had promised to be mine in five years.

A youthful correspondence was carried on for a few months, and then we drifted apart.

A year afterward I became acquainted with Miss Frances Manning, of Charleston. Her immediate male ancestor was a typical Southern Democrat, Col. Madison Manning. He was the proprietor of a leading Southern daily, and took a great interest in me. I was on the staff, and in one year managing editor.

Every one regarded me with favor, and the colonel told me in so many words that if I behaved myself I would have not only the girl, but the outfit as well. I believed myself madly in love with the charming Frances, and I think the feeling was mutual. No formal or otherwise sweet declarations were made, but eyes speak volumes.

Fate ordered otherwise, as whenever I was about to commit myself a strange, unexplainable something restrained me.

I couldn't account for the mysterious agency that directed me, but threw up my post and went away without a good-by. I went to New York, and there met an old friend, Mabel Wade. Her mother had died since our last meeting, and her father, a retired sea captain, had bought a lot of property and was spending his life on Easy street. I was soon a frequent visitor, and the captain showed his appreciation of me by making me his agent. Did my credit expand? Rather. Mabel loved me. She told me so. She even announced our engagement. Shortly before the time set for the ceremony the same old "don't do it, my boy," came to me. I could not silence it, and decided to migrate. Shortly after a little flirtation called down Mabel's wrath, and when I delicately insinuated my objection to being adopted (she was five years my senior), her rage knew no bounds. I departed, and that settled it.

I returned to Boston, and one week after my arrival whom should I meet on Boylston street but Leila.

"Twas years since last we had met, but she appeared the same sweet girl. She blushed, and I must have made myself ridiculous, as passers-by stared at us insolently. I accompanied her home. One evening a week after I blurted out, "Leila, let us get married." She agreed, and asked for a week. I procured a license and the next Sunday evening after church she asked me in the most demure manner if I had the document. My heart jumped. Calling a cab, we drove to the home of a parson college chum and were made one. We drove home and told them what we had done. We started housekeeping at once, and have a happy home.

For some time I was in a continual state of phase. I couldn't understand it. Finally, one day I found her diary. It explained it all. First, let me describe Leila, so that you won't sniff out "nonsense." She was slight, but well formed, medium complexion, with lustrous brown eyes and golden hair. Her face was intellectual and her manner womanly. She was an odd combination of six and sixty, and was simply irresistible. She had admirers, but I have since learned that, like the little girl in Poverty Row, she treated all the same. She was not a flirt, and because of her purity was the more admired. Do you wonder that this bright, interesting, sweet little bit of humanity captured me "dead easy"?

To return to the diary.

After our first parting she went to Nevada City, Cal., and it was there, amid the weird and wildly romantic Sierra Nevada that the diary was written. You could have blown me over with a fan when I read it. From the first to the last there were references to me. At first they were girlish and romantic. As the years rolled by they grew womanly and inexpressibly sweet. Many a sweet and fervent prayer was there written for my worthless self.

It was soon plain. Her spirit had kept watch over me.

Now, I am a staid, matter-of-fact being, who takes no stock whatever in spiritualism and other occult nonsense, but, nevertheless, I firmly pin my faith to the guardian angel of the girl in the world for us all, and nothing can shake my sublime belief in—telepathy.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