

SOCIETY'S ADIEU TO THE HORSES

Brilliant Finale of the Equine Show in the Pavilion.

Sweldom T. rongs the Seats to See and Be Seen Around the Ring

As a Social Event the Exhibition Was a Pronounced Success and the Steeds Were Good.

When the show opened in the morning there was a fair attendance of spectators, though most of those present were in some way interested in horses or rigs.

The first class to be judged was 14 on the catalogue—horses three years old and over and shown to walk or harness. The entries were: E. W. A. Waterhouse's chestnut stallion Quicksilver Junior, J. P. Dunn's bay gelding Hailstorm, John Parrott's gray mare, Twilight, Melville Schweitzer's bay gelding Aleck, Herbert Levy's brown mare Hernia, Frank Gorman's chestnut gelding Colonial, J. C. Kirkpatrick's black mare Azalia, Charles F. Hanlon's bay gelding Fred, Frank H. Burke's gray mare Edie, A. B. Spreckels' chestnut gelding A. B. Wilkes, Agnew stock farm's chestnut gelding Tommy Down, Andrew McDowell's gray gelding Carlie, W. S. Hobart's chestnut mare Hazel Wilkes and black mare Mattie Merrill, W. H. Viogret's brown stallion Will Nutting, H. E. Wise's bay mare Madera and A. B. Spreckels' bay gelding Grove A.

The next events were judging one coaching stallion and two coaching stallions in class 30 and 31, in which George B. Sperry's inn, Young Adonis with two colts and one filly won a first prize. In the next class the same horse got another blue ribbon. Nonpareil, exhibited by J. S. McCue, won second prize.

Two pony tandems competed in class 54 A for prizes. They were limited to 14 hands 2 inches, and W. S. Hobart won first prize against Mrs. C. H. Leadbetter Jr.'s team that got the second prize.

George A. Pope's handsome chestnut horse Arlington was taken sick and had to be scratched in all the classes in which he was entered, so he was out of class 47 for the best high-stepper 15 hands 2 inches and over. The considerations in this class were style, conformation and action, and the horses had to be shown before appropriate two-wheeled vehicles. It proved to be the event of the morning, Walter Hobart had Peacock, Paragon, Madison Square, Monarch and The Car in against Pope's solitary Sweetheart. Hobart's horses in this contest won many prizes, and it was generally believed that the crack horse Madison Square would carry off the blue ribbon. But the judges, who knew their business, thought differently, for Pope took the blue ribbon with Sweetheart. The Car got second prize, Monarch third and Paragon was highly commended.

The performances of professional coachmen driving pairs of horses closed the morning's programme. Only three coaches entered out of the many in and near San Francisco: Joseph Dyer, driver for C. A. Baldwin; Peter McKenna, coachman for G. A. Pope, and John Carroll, coachman for Henry J. Crocker. Dyer was an ideal in the box, stiff and haughty and



Equus Rex Abdicates in a Blaze of Glory.

The correct thing, don't you know—eyes ahead, a rod down his back and arms in hidden splints. At least it looked like that arrangement, and he won the prize.

McKenna won the second prize and Carroll the third. W. S. Hobart's head man, Fred Rockett, turned up his nose at the performance.

"McKenna's head man" the lead coachman for Mr. Pope: He's lonely the driver for Mrs. Pope. Fred explained with an air of ennui, "Really, you know, H. could've entered against 'im. 'Ad Mr. Pope's lead man gone in, H'd be in, too."

Etiquette is everything nowadays, and the head coachman, who won't take the lines until he pulls up his gloves, is up to date on ethics.

The third annual horse show closed last night in the usual "blaze of glory." Henry Crocker, the president, was all smiles, which incidentally led another officer of the association to remark that so much smiling gave him a cold. Everybody connected with the management was delighted, and especially so because the end was the most brilliant part of the show.

gowns, and behind were the boxes, every one of them packed with fashionable people.

Still further back were the tiers of seats crowded with a select shair of the local population. There, too, evening dress and elegant costumes were in order, and everywhere an air of superiority was apparent.

The ring itself—well, it was the ring in the horse show. Otherwise it was not startling, except when some novelties were introduced. It was simply a show by a few men, with an occasional outsider by way of variety. Still society sealed it with the seal of approval and the horse show was the thing.

The rain and the murky atmosphere did not deter the ladies from attending the show in the afternoon, and of course such considerations never entered into the minds of the sterner sex that for the last few days divided its admiration in unknown proportions at the Pavilion. The boxes were mostly occupied, and the little ones with overweening ambitions to possess ponies, or at least a pony like Tadpole, crowded every available spot round the ring. And as for the rows of reserved seats in the rear, they were comfortably filled and even the galleries had a fair share of spectators. This was interesting to note while the rain rattled mightily on the roof.

Promptly on time four horses in harness were judged in class 35. Half of the entries were scratched. This class was for mares or geldings 15 hands 1 inch and under 15 hands 3 inches, suitable for road work in gig or dog cart. W. S. Hobart's Peacock won the blue ribbon, George A. Pope's Arsenal got the second prize, Hobart's Huntress the third.

The exhibition of bucking broncos two daring riders set the horse wild with excitement. Their horses "bucked" and twisted, but did not throw the riders, one of whom, William Leivere, a vaquero living at 220 Ninth avenue, Richmond, Md., with a bad accident was slain quietly on his horse beside the fence. The horse took fright and "bucked" over the railing among the spectators and fell upon Leivere.

The crowd grabbed the horse and others extricated the rider, who was carried to the Receiving Hospital. Leivere's collarbone was broken and he received severe contusions.

A last event of the year was jumping by horsemen entered in class 82. There were eleven competitors and they took the hurdles cleverly.

Hobart's Huntress was given the first prize, his gray horse Royalty the second and the chestnut gelding Peacock the third prize. A horse from Portland, Or., Blairheart, owned by Mrs. Thomas Fitzgibbon of that city, was highly commended, while its performance was applauded by the audience.

It was then close to midnight, and to the strains of an inspiring air by the orchestra the fashionable gathering dispersed and the horse show of 1896 was over.

Baldwin was scratched. A Bill of \$53 Caused Much Trouble Behind the Scenes. There was a little sideshow not on the programme yesterday afternoon at the Mechanics' Pavilion, and it caused consternation behind the scenes among grooms, coachmen and others. The central figure was C. A. Baldwin of Santa Clara County, the swell exhibitor. The other figure was a Deputy Sheriff.

Mr. Baldwin was served with an attachment for \$53, balance of a bill due a horse-trainer named James Garland since last April.

Attorney C. W. Stoffers, with a Deputy Sheriff, entered the stables while Baldwin was driving his coach and four-in-hand in the ring.

They immediately went to Baldwin's section and attached his prize pony Tristan, then ready to enter the ring hitched to a buggy. Tristan had two top-prize ribbons and one third-prize rosette tied to his bridle, and it really was a shame to touch him, he looked so proud.

As Baldwin's head man, Dyer, was about to drive the pony into the ring the Deputy Sheriff caught the lines.

"Hold on, there; you can't go in," he said.

"That's all right," replied Dyer, whose face was as white as a sheet.

"No, it is not all right."

around with more or less ribbons tied to the bridles. Before they all got out of the ring the prize-winners in classes for horses in harness and carriage horses entered and showed themselves to an admiring throng.

The best park amateur drivers were judged in class 58 for four-in-hand before drags. The horses counted 60 per cent, and appointments 40 per cent. W. S. Hobart carried off the blue ribbon with his team: Caesar, Stan, Danmoch and Seidl. Henry J. Crocker got second prize with Edwin, Edgar, Prince and Dorothy.

The spectators were treated to a novel exhibition of Walter Morosco's six-in-hand drivers, taken from the new National park of jet black, highly spirited animals and the carriage a gorgeous combination phaeton. And the way that Foster drove was enough to arouse the envy of the swell coachmen.

The next spectacular event was an exhibition of W. S. Hobart's thoroughly appointed road coach with four in hand, a footman in flaming scarlet livery, who could blow any tune on his long horn, and a cookhorse with a liveried boy riding away in front.

The park policeman, William Wallace and Joel A. Harlan, competed in throwing the lasso. Harlan, never missed in his throws and was awarded first prize, Wallace was second and Park Robinson and Arellanes third. Officer Arellanes never missed, and what is more he called each throw. The decision, however, rested with the judges.

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CAME ON THE FIRST WAGON TRAIN

Strang Career of J. D. Applegate, Commissioner of the Klamaths.

The Veteran Indian Fighter on the Resurvey of the Reservation.

The Red Men Will Probably Get Pay for 500,000 Acres—Resident of Oregon 54 Years.

Registered at the Grand Hotel is a tall man, with bushy gray hair and rather stern features, who walks with a quick step and who would be marked as a man of strong self-reliance and individuality. He is J. D. Applegate of Klamath Falls, Or., who came to the Webfoot State fifty-four years ago. He came on the first wagon-train that ever rolled down into Oregon from Fort Hall. With him on the train was Peter H. Burnett, who afterward became the first Governor of California.

Mr. Applegate is from Missouri and of the famous family of Applegates, who

didn't pay to raise large quantities of grain and other vegetables and products for shipment. We have to devote our attention to raising something that we can drive out, and for this reason raising cattle and other stock has been the most profitable business that our people could engage in. We need a railroad, I suppose we will have one some day, and when we get it will open up the country very rapidly.

Then one great thing we have up there is Crater Lake, the new National park of Oregon. That is in our county. It takes about two days to get there, but Klamath Falls is the point from which you start. Crater Lake always will be a wonderful attraction, not only for Oregon people, but for vast numbers of tourists.

Mr. Applegate and his associates will probably be engaged a week yet on their report.

Next to the eastern shore, the western mountains are the most interesting portion of Maryland. There is always something going on. Directly the snake season closes in Washington County the hawk season begins in Allegany. This past season was one of the best snake years in the history of Washington County. Each day there was a snake story, until people got to expect them in the morning paper and feel sorry when by some chance they did not appear. The closing of the series appeared the other day. A snake along the canal had ruined its digestion by swallowing an enormous ear of Washington County corn, with the shuck on, in the same raw condition as were the stories people had to swallow.

But as we have said, that story ends the series, and the hawk season has promptly opened in Allegany, the adjoining county. Last night the Sun received the following dispatch from a correspondent in Cumberland:

"Farmers from the lower section of Allegany County report the passage in a

westwesterly direction of a flock of hawks that was two miles wide and was fully three hours in crossing the valley. The sun was obscured for a while by the moving black clouds. One farmer not satisfied as to the species of the birds, fired into the flock and brought down six. They were found to belong to the bird and not chickenhawk species."

Some people may think that this story is exaggerated, and not quite such a multitude, but still a multitude. It may have lacked some little of that width.

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HAWKS OBSOURED THE SUN

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EXAMINED BY THE X-RAY

Dr. Cook, the Great Specialist, Admits a Reporter to His Laboratory.

A Marvelous System of Treatment With Different Kinds of Electrical Current.

Among the many subjects of keen public interest to-day there is none that claims more attention than that of the application of the great X-ray discovery of Dr. Roentgen, and especially is this true when its use by medical men is considered.

The demand for X-ray instruments has been enormous, so the makers of scientific instruments say, and the medical fraternity generally is much stirred up over the matter. It is eminently gratifying to know, however, that one of the finest, and probably the very finest, apparatus of this nature which has ever been constructed in the world was secured by Dr. Cook, the eminent specialist of 865 Market street. That fact is not surprising, as it is well known in scientific circles that Dr. Cook is invariably the first physician to pour out his money on any improvement in medical or surgical apparatus, no matter in what quarter of the globe the discoveries are made. Cost what they may, this learned specialist buys them all, and after submitting them to most careful experiments keeps what he finds to be unquestionably good. Ever since the installation of his great X-ray apparatus, it has been the custom to beg from him an opportunity to see a patient examined by it, so that a full account might be given of it, but as all his patients' affairs are kept very strictly confidential, he will tell a couple of days ago that some one was found who was willing to have a reporter present when the doctor "looked through him," as he called it.

After a wait of a few minutes the party proceeded to the specially arranged department where the wonderful instruments are, and not a moment was lost in preliminaries. The patient stood up, held by two assistants, the electrical apparatus was started in motion with a queer buzzing sound, and the doctor, with steady hand and eye ablaze with interest, placed the observing screen at the patient's chest. All was silent as death, except for the whir of the dynamo and the steady clicking of the apparatus from point to point over the entire front of the body, and this completed the patient was turned round and an examination of the back was begun in the same way. Evidently he had become much interested. For minutes he never moved his glance from the screen. Then the onward march was taken up again, and at length the examination was completed. Notes having been made the reporter was allowed to look through the screen just as where the X-ray had shown the seat of disease to be. It was simply marvelous. There plainly, even to an unskilled eye, was a distinct enlargement of the liver, the contour and form of which was as plainly visible as if the man had been dissected then and there.

"I shall first of all treat him with Faradic electrical current," said the doctor as the party left the X-ray department, and consent being again given an adjournment was made to the medical electrical department. Here there is a grand combination of devices, probably the best in existence for imparting the electrical current directly to any part of the system. On one side are arranged the connections for giving galvanic electrical energy, and from the other the Faradic current issues. A large switchboard, which controls the distribution of the force from three distinct sets of storage batteries, is on one side of the room, and there is also an operating-table and a cabinet of medical and surgical appointments. Before treating him," said Dr. Cook, "I will examine his throat and allow you to do the same, but in advance I may tell you that it will certainly be found to be a little ulcerated." He then inserted a very tiny

electric light into the back of the man's mouth, and he bowed and looked at the reporter; he was both amazed and a little bit terrified.

The little electric light showed the construction of the throat most vividly, and a mass of ulceration it was. So bright was the light that the reporter could see it clearly through the sides of the mouth. As the reporter was about to retire in order that the treatment might commence, calling the doctor to one side he asked if such a case as this could be cured by any means. "Oh, yes," was the reply. "We have had cases a good deal worse than that. His is principally neglected of a bad case of blood disorder, but we shall pull him through. In fact I don't believe that there is a case of this sort nowadays that is altogether incurable."

It may be stated in closing that a single inspection of Dr. Cook's wonderful equipment will demonstrate to the greatest of doctors the reason the success of these cases has been made in medical electricity in this age, but it is very plain too that Dr. Cook is altogether entitled to the place which he has long since held, namely that of the most progressive as well as the most competent specialist on the coast.

ELYS CREAM BALM

Opens and cleans the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals and Protects the Membranes from Cold, Restores the Sensibility of Taste and Smell. Is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. 50 cents at Druggists, or by mail; samples 10c by mail.

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ELYS'S CREAM BALM COLD IN HEAD

J. D. APPLEGATE, Who Came in the First Wagon Train to Oregon.

[Sketched from life by a "Call" artist.]

were the first settlers of Oregon and long prominent in the affairs of that State. Lindsay Applegate was his father, and Elisha Applegate, once Surveyor-General of Oregon and known for many years as the Sage of Yoncalla, was his uncle.

Mr. Applegate, who is now here, is a veteran Indian fighter. He has been in the most famous wars with the Snakes, the Klamaths, the Modocs and other Indians. Probably no man in Oregon has more intimate knowledge of the wild and unfrequented parts of that State than Mr. Applegate. He is now here finishing up now to state, except that for one thing—none of the settlers in any of the country bordering the reservation will be interfered with. I would like to have you know so that they may be entirely relieved of anxiety on that score. The Indians have all along claimed that their reservation fell short of what it should be by some 500,000 or 600,000 acres. They claim that a large part of the fertile valley lying east of the reservation should have been included in it, and also that a considerable lot of land to the north ought to have been in it.

"When the boundaries of the reservation were taken away back in 1864, the crests of different mountains were made the landmarks, and the description of the land was taken down very briefly by aid of an interpreter. The Indian names of the mountains and other places were designated and those names became speedily unknown, so that now when one hears these names, or at least when a majority do, they have no conception of what the meaning is. It was with the aid in view of straightening out the whole matter that the commission was appointed. We had some pretty rough work. We had a lot of survey outfits and we climbed mountains, some of them as much as 8000 feet high.

"The land that the Indians will get will be lieu lands, that is land outside of the reservation in some other place where there are no settlers to be disturbed, or the value of the land at the time the treaty was made. Probably the latter way will be the way that it will be settled.

"Now a word about Klamath Falls. Probably you would like to know a little something about that and the country we have there. It's a big country, a great deal of it very fertile, and with water power, the like of which it is hard to find anywhere in the country. The little town of Klamath Falls is a busy place and an important trading point. It has electricity in all the houses for lighting purposes, has a water system, too, which delivers water in all the residences.

"The great business up there is stock-raising. Being away from the railroad,

westwesterly direction of a flock of hawks that was two miles wide and was fully three hours in crossing the valley. The sun was obscured for a while by the moving black clouds. One farmer not satisfied as to the species of the birds, fired into the flock and brought down six. They were found to belong to the bird and not chickenhawk species."

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Advertisement for Dr. Cook's X-ray laboratory, including text about the specialist, his laboratory, and various medical products like Elys's Cream Balm and Dr. Guy's Flowering Kidney.