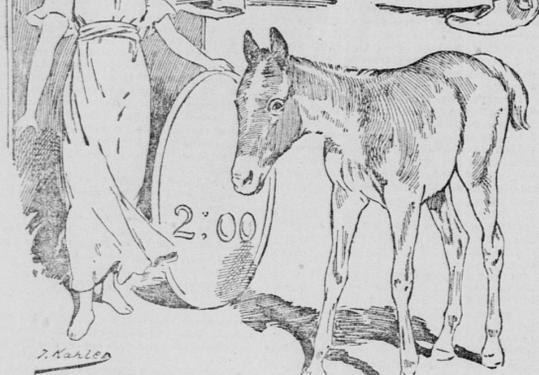


# The Two Minute Trotter.



## WHAT HE MUST DO.

There is a school of pseudo-scientists in Germany, one of whose tenets is that acquired traits are not hereditary; that only those characteristics are transmitted from ancestor to descendant that in their nature were inherent in the ancestor.

There are many known facts in the world that prove, it would seem conclusively, the absurdity of this doctrine, but none more absolutely than the facts regarding the development of the trotting horse.

Every horse can trot, but not all can trot at speed. The horse in his natural state does not trot at all or trots but rarely. When grazing about his fields, if anything alarms him, or he is in a hurry to go from one place to another, he trots. If not hurried, a band of horses walks when migrating in search of food or water. A wild colt, as a rule, has no notion of trotting. He jumps along beside his dam, but if several generations of trotting ancestors have preceded him we will often see a foal strike a trot from the first day he begins to get about, and horsemen consider that they have reached the apex of praise when they say: "Why he's a natural trotter!"

The trotting horse, as the phrase is understood to-day, is a purely artificial creature. The horse who trots at speed is pre-eminently an American institution.

The racehorse proper, which is the thoroughbred, belongs to England. He is a runner always, although one or two have been known to trot a mile in 2:30. The trotting horse, on the contrary, is rarely a fast runner.

We have to-day several distinct families of trotters, all more or less famous, all speedy, each with characteristic distinctions, but that which makes them all alike is the fact that they distinguish them from all other highly-bred horses, is purely an acquired trait—the trotting instinct.

The trotter is, in distinction from the thoroughbred, a "cool-headed" horse. He is added to the generous impulse of all good horses to put forth his strength in speed, and the spirit of emulation that prompts him to excel, if possible, his fellows, a certain self-control which prevents him from breaking that is, going from a trot to a run in a desire to get ahead. This acquired self-control of the ancestor has been inherited by the descendant, together with the certain conformation which, in the former, came from the use of certain muscles of locomotion to the extension of others, and in the latter is heritage. The muscles thus developed by use in trotting dam or sire, naturally tended, in the foal, to induce to the trotting gait. The fiery spirit of a running ancestor prompting the youngster to speed, modified by the restraining influence of cooler blood in early foetuses, and the acquired muscular preoccupation to move at the trot, of some intervening generation, all unite to form the fast trotter, possessing in marked degree what, for want of a better name, we call the "trotting instinct."

The trotter, as we see him to-day, is the most remarkable instance known of man's power to mold and shape circumstances and conditions to suit his own purposes. We have not even reached any other creature to such a state of perfection, although we have tried our hand with success, in the improvement of every race of useful creatures—except the human. If, now, we would begin to use the same intelligence, wisdom and practical sense in the advancement of mankind that we have exercised in developing the horse, we might, in time, succeed in evolving a race of beings fit to be the masters of this magnificent creature that we have virtually created.

But that is another matter.

Will a horse ever trot a mile in two minutes? There are a great many people who believe he will. There are others who do not consider that such speed is within the possibility of equine achievement.

There are a great many points to be considered in discussing the question. I recorded trotting race ever held in the United States took place, "Boston Blue," a famous gray gelding of that time, was watched to trot faster than three minutes. This was deemed a feat impossible for a horse to accomplish, but Boston Blue did it, and from that time the interest in the development of this gait grew. From three minutes the record went down the scale of speed, until it reached the mark of 2:20, made by Edwin Forrest. Then came the great old mare Lady Suffolk, who trotted under the saddle, as they all did then, in 2:26.

Then Flora Temple (colt 2:20), which the mark was finally lowered, and second by second the record has been reduced from 2:20 to 2:15, to 2:12, then 2:10, and finally Maud S, trotting her sulky around the Cleveland track in 2:08.24, set the mark for the whole trotting world, and was the queen of the turf.

Strictly speaking, it cannot be said that Maud S broke this record. The game little Californian made a splendid showing, but the feat of Maud S on a regulation circuit could that of the younger mare on the Cleveland track. Why Maud S could do no other trotter seemed able to accomplish, and it began to look as though Mr. Bonner's great mare would go down to her grave leaving the championship, when without any warning Nancy Hanks trotted the horse-loving world by trotting a mile in 2:00.74. Hardly had she excited untold raptures over her triumph when Nancy was again trotting from this time on the Cleveland track.

It would probably be impossible for any one who did not take an interest in the trotter to understand the great wave of enthusiasm that swept over the country when this news was wired from East to West. Horsemen stolidly went wild, and I have a vivid recollection of one who, with tears in his eyes, stood and swooned roundly in sheer admiration of the wonderful little creature who had done so nobly.

To hear the comments that were in the air circles one might have imagined that the fate of the nation had hung upon Nancy's flying hoofs as she made that great mile.

"Why should such a fuss be made?" some one

asked me at the time, "over a paltry gain of less than five seconds?"

To illustrate the question sounds reasonable, but in order to do so, it is difficult in this apparently trifling gain one must translate time into distance and see what each mare actually accomplished.

Maud S, trotting her great mile in 2:08.24, went over the course at the rate of 41,000 feet per second, or a little more than the average distance covered by a passenger train on the southern Pacific Railroad in the same time. In making her mile in 2:04 Nancy Hanks traveled at the rate of 42,588 feet per second. Had the two animals made their record in a race around the Cleveland track, Nancy Hanks would have won by a distance of 1,588 feet, that is, she would have traveled 1,588 feet in advance of the daughter of Harold. In other words, Nancy's record of 2:04 represents a gain over Maud S of 1,588 feet in distance over the 2:08.24 of Maud S.

The horse that trots a mile in two minutes must travel 44 feet per second. Whether this can be done is a matter not merely of speed, courage and endurance of the animal, but of the nature of the ground and the driver, but of applied mechanics. The gain to be made in distance is only 176 feet, but that, in reality, represents a greater performance by the trotter, whose speed is than the 201 feet gained by Nancy Hanks over Maud S, just as that gain represents a greater achievement than does the gain of 548 feet by which Maud S beat the record of game old Lady Suffolk.

Of course the horse who travels by any horse with perfect evenness, and whose speed of distance was not made at a uniform rate of speed. The first quarter is rarely done in as good time as the last. The animal naturally slows down in the middle of the mile, and then attempts to make up for the loss of time in the last quarter of her great mile Nancy Hanks traveled for a few seconds at a two-minute gait. The two-minute trotter, however, must be a very evenly paced animal. He must be at least eight as well as Nancy went her best. To go much faster than 44 feet per second is simply a mechanical impossibility for an animal like the horse. Therefore his mile must be done at a pretty uniform rate of speed. He must have a stride of 22 feet and be able to complete one stride every half-second throughout the mile. It will take a pretty good horse to do this, and it is not every horse who has great endurance, level head and high courage.

No one who has watched the wonderful progress made during the last few years in breeding the trotter can venture to pronounce the two-minute horse an impossibility. Still, in a close stud of the subject will hardly believe that he is even yet as near to him as some seem to think. With pneumatic tires, improved tracks, aluminum shoes and skillful trainers we have achieved some remarkable records, but all our improvements are insufficient much further to augment the mechanical possibilities of the horse's legs. Flesh and bone have their limitations, and so far as equine flesh and bone are concerned, as if we have nearly reached the ultimate of their achievement.

In the matter of vehicles, too, while there may be some improvements in the minor details of construction, ball bearings and the pneumatic tire have about reached their limit, and draught to a minimum. If trotting tests are to be made in harness at all.

It might be of interest, could the trotter be brought to that degree of training, to let him trot free, as the colts do in the kindergarten, without harness, vehicle or driver, with only a mounted marshal or two to accompany the horse around the track and keep them up to their work. No one who has ever watched colts in the kindergarten and noted how quickly the little creatures come to understand what is wanted of them—how if one "breaks" a track of the whip will bring him back to a crack and a word will halt or turn him—can doubt the possibility of training the horse to the same perfect understanding of what is wanted of him. The creature knows as much as the average man—more than the average horse jockey—and he cannot be taught to lie or cheat, to "pull his own head off" at the instance of the post-boys, or to go lame at the instance of the post-boys. There would be no more disputes over differences between scribes, harness or mistakes of drivers—and speed less could then be absolute. Could we have the trained intelligence of the contesting animals, the element of sport might again appear on the racecourse, from which it was long since driven by the ignorant dishonesty and bad management that have so long prevailed here. It might again become "the sport of kings" instead of the mainstay and hope of gamblers and stable boys. As an experiment the horse would be worth trying by those who want the most rapid, from his own knowledge of horses I believe the thing entirely feasible, and under this system the two-minute trotter may yet swing to the wire.

Some contend that the proper way to produce a trotter is to cross running into trotting blood. This is the dominant idea at Palo Alto, but there have been hundreds of colts and fillies foaled at the great farm, bred upon this principle, who have never been heard from as trotters, while the success of the exceptional few has been widely exploited as the direct result of Senator Stanford's pet idea in breeding, Sunol, Palo Alto, Arion, Rowena, etc., as much to the strong trotting blood of Eleetioneer as to the warmer strains received through thoroughbred dams, and regarding the many un-headed animals that have been sold from Palo Alto who shall say why the uncounted "thoroughbred infusions" failed of its potency?

Another breeder, from Kentucky, contends, in print, that inbreeding is what is going to produce the fastest trotter. He argues that having purchased, for instance, a Nutwood mare because of the speed qualities represented by the Nutwood blood, the would-be owner of a fast colt proceeds to dilute that blood by the admixture of some other strain by crossing. The proper thing to do, he contends, would be to breed the mare back to Nutwood, thus maintaining the desired strain. I once knew a Californian breeder who had acted upon a similar theory. He had in his possession as unique a collection of swag-back, double-legged, double-jointed animals of high breeding as one could desire to see.

There is no denying that fast trotters have resulted from crossing thoroughbreds upon trotting stock, nor that there have been inbred horses of splendid qualities, but these are no exceptions that prove the rule, and the fact remains that the great trotters, with both speed and staying powers, who have "stayed on," and proved useful dams and sires, have been of strong trotting stock on both sides. It stands to reason that this should be so. Trotting conformation, the trotting instinct, the trotting habit, go with trotting blood. In horse-breeding, as in everything else, the man who rides a hobby will not win the race. The two-minute trotter, when he comes, will not be the result of any theory of breeding, but of a careful

Spanish discoverer. They had been long absent from home, but this was their native land, and they throve accordingly. This, too, accounts, as no other hypothesis can do, for the superiority of the high-bred horses of the Pacific Slope over those of the other side of the great divide. Taking time and opportunity in consideration this average of superiority is very marked. The animal finds here the natural conditions necessary to his best development, and he thrives accordingly. It is not so much that ours is "the wonderful California climate" as that it is the horse's native climate that has caused the animal out here to go so far ahead of his fellows elsewhere.

## III. A TWENTIETH CENTURY TROT.

It was a beautiful May afternoon in the year 1935. The city of San Francisco was in a state of great excitement. All the stores on Market street, that great main artery of the city's commercial system, were closed; the sidewalks pavements were swept clean, and the sidewalks were thronged with what was evidently a holiday-making concourse of people. Near the junction of Market, Kearny and Teany streets a great crowd was assembled, waiting for the electric motor cars that pass there over the depressed road every half minute. Train after train had come and gone, each accommodating 100 people, but still the throng swelled. Along the elevated way set aside for their use, the bicycle travelers were spinning rapidly and silently, all going in one direction. The air was dotted above the houses with aeroplanes of various sorts, whose occupants, too, all seemed to have but one destination. A few electric carriages were passing through the street below, but only a few. These vehicles, now nearly obsolete, were then passing out of use. When first invented, and immediately after the decline in the general use of horses, the electric carriage had quite a run of popularity, but the people

Mr. Farbaek, from Africa. Mr. Farbaek is an enthusiastic horseman, who has seen a great many races in his own country, and will be deeply interested in this match. Unfortunately I do not know as much about horses as about some other things, so I shall ask you to take charge of him, Miss Maud, and know you will be able to tell him all he wants to know about horses and racing in California.

Expressing her pleasure to be of service, Maud led the way into the stand, and seating good seats the party were soon engaged in active discussion of the coming event.

"I hardly believe," said Mr. Farbaek, "that two minutes can be beaten. No horse can move rapidly enough to do it, I fear. We have several horses at home, who, since the introduction among us of the pneumatic tire, go very handsly in 2:01, or even 2, in some instances, but until some further improvement in sukkies I do not think that time can be exceeded."

"Do you use sukkies in Africa," Maud asked in some surprise.

"Certainly, what do you use here, wagons?" The horses were now quite ready, and all eyes were turned to the start.

"Why," said Maud, "we do not use any vehicle."

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Farbaek. "You do not use the saddle in this country?"

"Oh, no."

"I don't understand you."

"You will in a moment," smiled Maud.

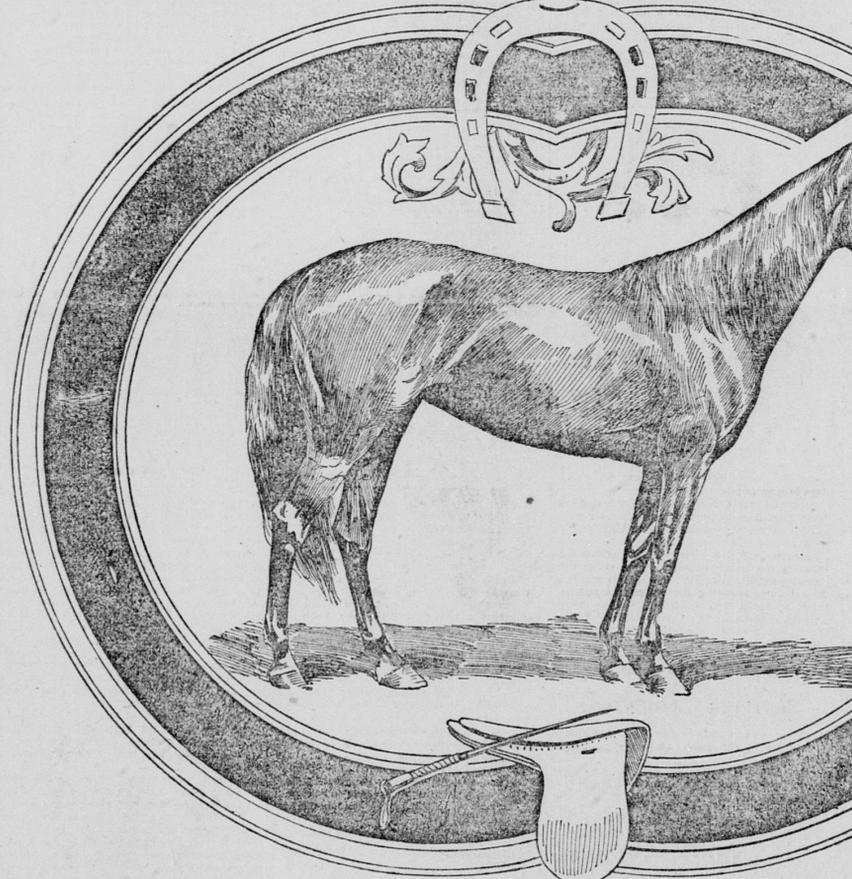
"Here come the horses, now!"

Just then a gate opened from the stable yards upon the track, and five splendid specimens of the genus equus walked in. Not a stray broke the general lines of one of them, as unfettered and free they came forward and took to staidous action of each other, racing a light bar that stretched across the track near the starter's stand.

"What is coming?" asked Mr. Farbaek.

"The match," was Maud's reply. "See, they are putting on the numbers and colors."

Sure enough, an attendant, while all three of the judges took a view, was adjusting upon each



exult over—to take pride in—to be heartily useful end such a creature would serve in the world. The mind of the whole breeding world would at once be concentrated upon the mighty problem of how to beat two minutes, and the equine race would really be no better off than before.

The horse-to-day is at the height of his usefulness. In a few years the species will begin to degenerate. I do not mean that they will lose all their faculties, but that they will be more easily kept clean, the curbs will no longer be lined with wailing animals, tied to posts, nor our thoroughbreds blockaded by retarded vehicles, restless horses and impatient drivers. There will be no terrible accidents from runaways, no dodging among teams and cross streets, and no more the shocking spectacles of dumb brutes suffering at the hands of thoughtless, cruel or hinc drivers that no one, to-day, can walk the streets without witnessing.

The horse will be relegated to country use and to pleasure riding and driving outside our cities. We may even come to use him merely as a companion and not our servant to have a little horse sense in our dealings with him. We will learn that speed is not his only quality, and that his intelligence, his wonderful intelligence can be made useful to us in many ways we do not dream of, and who who have the creatures shall live among them in terms of intelligent sympathy and mutual helpfulness such as we now know nothing of.

How will the two-minute trotter be helped? There are about as many ideas on this subject as there are horsemen. Nearly every breeder

study of the characteristics of different families in their relations to each other, and their probable modifying effects upon each other in the foal. There are certain lines, the Hambletonian and the Clay, for instance, that, to use a horseman's phrase, "pick well," and the equine race would really be no better off than before.

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found, after some years of experience with them, that they were a great deal of trouble, compelling foot passengers to be constantly on their guard in crossing the streets, lest they should be run over. Indeed, the electric carriages made the streets almost as dangerous as they had been in the days of horses and carriages, cable and horse cars, great trucks and electric roads on a level with the street, and gradually the popular sentiment against them increased until they were abolished. Some time before that all surface roads were done away with, and only conduit roads, with depressed tracks, were allowed in the city. This was a great improvement rendered possible by the abandonment of horse-power vehicles, and the introduction of pneumatic tires and underground ways for the transportation of goods. Our ancestors must have been a remarkably forbearable people to have endured so long the noise, confusion, dirt and danger to life and limb that characterized city transportation, even as late as the year 1900. We read that they were very nervous, irascible people, and that is hardly to be wondered at, considering what a nerve-exhausting existence was theirs.

On this bright May afternoon the great event that was drawing the people in one direction was the much-talked-of and never-to-be-forgotten trotting match in which the great filly Maud S, trotting her record of 1:59.94, which has never been beaten.

The match was set for half-past two, but by 2 o'clock the city was deserted, the waiting crowds had all been accommodated with transportation, and the grand stand at the track of the Pacific Coast Trotting-horse Breeders' Association was filled with people.

There was room for every one, however, for the association well understands the requirements of a grand stand in these sporting days, and when the old Bay-District track was equipped into bull-dozing lots for business blocks, they moved out into San Mateo County, they build wisely and well for generations to come.

As Maud and Alice Gray awaited from their swiftly spinning electric motor, pneumatic-tired tandem safety at the race-track that afternoon, they were met at the entrance to the grand stand by Harold Gresham, who, had in hand, greeted them cordially.

"I was waiting for you, Miss Maud," he said, pleasantly. "Allow me to introduce my friend,

horse's back a light saddle-cloth bearing a number in large, easily discerned black figures on a white ground.

The saddle-cloths themselves were of different colors—each being that of the stable to which the horse belonged.

"Do you mean to tell me," asked the African, "that those horses are expected to trot in that shape?"

"Why, yes," said Maud. "How would you have them do?"

"They never will trot that way in this world."

"We have no other system," said Maud.

"Surely," exclaimed Farbaek, "I have read of that fact, but I cannot I do not credit it."

"How is the betting going?" asked Farbaek.

"I knew the horses better I'd live to take a shot."

"Betting? I don't understand you."

"Why, the pooling—the betting as to which horse will win."

"Oh, we don't have anything of that sort. How can we tell which horse will win?"

"One can't; there's where the sport comes in."

"But oh, might lose?"

"Certainly. Nothing venture, nothing have. There's always the chance of winning to keep up the excitement."

"But I should think that would be bad for the people. That is not a legitimate commercial transaction, you know—some one must always lose. That is a sort of gambling, isn't it?"

"The Government did away with that long ago."

"Oh! Does your Government take upon itself to cut off the people's pleasure at will?"

"I don't understand you—why the Government is the people. How can it do otherwise than the people wish—ah, see?"

At a word the magnificent trained steeds had wheeled and come to a halt, all abreast, about six yards back of the bar.

"Are they not going to check up their heads?" asked Farbaek, forgetting the pooling question in his interest in the unbelievable sight before him.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "That would interfere with their freedom of motion."

"But suppose one should choke."

"No danger. It used to be supposed that race-horses must have their heads held up lest they choke, but as scientific knowledge in-

creased it was seen that the use of the check-rein had produced this very tendency it had come to be considered necessary to counteract. We abandoned it years ago, and by scientific selection in breeding have secured a race of horses that hold up their heads without checkers. Their windpipes are healthy and natural, and there is no manner of choking now, even when they race for a minute. Why, we consider it almost as disgraceful for a horse not to carry his head well as it would be for a man to be round-shouldered or hang his head. Such deformity would be the constant reflection upon the intelligence and knowledge of the people."

"But how," said Farbaek, full of interest, "did any one first imagine that horses could be taught to trot thus. Intelligent as I know them to be, I should have thought it impossible for their understanding to be developed to such a degree."

"Oh," Maud explained, "California may take credit to herself the credit of that, but not the idea. Doubtless you may see the kindergarten in training colts in your country, do you not?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, our system is merely an extension of the kindergarten method. We found rational methods of education, once they were understood, worked so well with human beings that we finally became wise enough to apply them to horses, and colts are taken in the kindergarten as they can be at all and put into the kindergarten. It does not take one of them very long to understand that his sole business in life is to trot, and to trot just as fast as lies in his power. Why, the constant cheering reflecting upon the intelligence and knowledge of the people."

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The word was given and a whip cracked. Instantly the expectant animals flashed forward. The impeding bar rose to let them through, but just opposite the stand Aerolite swerved out of line and rushed ahead. The moment the judges' bell sounded, and "Back!" came the word. One or two of the horses stopped and wheeled, another slowed up—the other two kept on. Then Farbaek noticed a second bar, some distance ahead, which had not been raised. The two determined ones, Aerolite and Morning, stopped at last on reaching this and reluctantly turned back. On their return to the starting point the starter spoke freely to each, and seeing that they realized their fault they meekly took their places in line.

"Lady Mine was once ruled out of a race for bad conduct at the start," whispered Maud, "she has never met her match since." Again the word was given. This time the score was perfect. The horses passed the wire abreast, the second bar shot up and they were fairly gone away, Aerolite leading in a broad level trot, Lady Mine second, Abou Keer and Fleetfoot neck and neck behind her and Morning's nose just at Fleetfoot's flank.

"Ah, ah, ah-ah," was Farbaek's long-drawn, admiring exclamation, as the leads fairly in his eyes, he was cheered breathlessly, the wonderful sight. Every animal was trotting square, heads up, noses thrust forward, manes and tails streaming in the wind as they rushed to the quarter post. Here, with a magnificent stride, Lady Mine led Aerolite by a neck, stealing up to the inside with almost human intelligence, before the chestnut fairly knew she was there. About Keer had fallen back and Fleetfoot pressed on with a wailing still at his flank. Up the back of Aerolite's neck every horse seized its best, the marshals following at a dead run, but having nothing to do to keep the field in order. Every one of the flying creatures knew exactly what the thousands of spectators expected him to do, every one was there with a spirit of emulation, and every energy of his five magnificent bodies, controlled by a fine-trained intelligence, was being put forth in the effort to win.

"Beautiful! Wonderful!" murmured the African, as, glass at eye, he followed the field as they swept past the half and tore up the backstretch. Lady Mine was leading, Aerolite still fighting manfully, every eye was fixed upon Morning and Fleetfoot were shoulder to shoulder now, with Abou Keer creeping up again, his fine gray head outlined against the black mare's side. On they sped, coming around to the three quarters "more swiftly than the lightning," and the excitement was at white heat. Great Jove, how they come! That quarter was done in 29, some one shouts, and Farbaek feels the perspiration starting on his forehead.

"See, see, there comes Abou Keer," and sure enough the Sleek has forged ahead, passing Fleetfoot and Morning and is offering battle with Aerolite, whom he has succeeded in bounding, then with Lady Mine, who has gained on the latter by a length.

"One or other of them must win," Farbaek mutters. "Not a horse in the field can gain a pace on them now."

But even as he speaks, a flying streak of red, her slim legs working like the driving-rods of a locomotive engine, her nostrils wide open, gleaming blood on her face, she comes, with such a burst of speed as human eyes have never witnessed before. The thousands in the grand stand roar as one man to their feet. The marshals raised their horses and, spellbound, gaze on the magnificent creature who has done it. About Keer, or Abou Keer, as she is called, is passed like a shot—now Lady Mine and nose between the two—the magnificent gray putting forth all her powers as the rushing steeds turn into the home stretch. "Lady Mine will beat Lady Mine, the Lady has it," yells one. "No, no, it's Morning. Come along, come along, dear, Oh, Lady Mine, hurry, hurry!"

Farbaek's heart was beating time with the flying hoofs of the three horses. He was nearly fainting with excitement. The second and the gray are still trotting together. Which one has the strength left for the final effort that shall carry her first under the wire? It looks as though it would be a dead heat when, suddenly, like an arrow the filly flies forward, a single stride carrying her a neck ahead. Another, and half her length has passed the gray's restrained nose, and trotting like a machine, her hoofs every now and then striking the flying line, just clearing the ground in her flying line, Morning glides under the wire, winner by more than half a length. Lady Mine finishing a second later, with Abou Keer a good third.

A mighty yell goes up from the grand stand. The powerful impetus of their motion carries the lioness on, nearly to the further bar, when she was again fouled by the chestnut, who struck a ball. Up the attendants with blankets and buckets of water. The horses' mouths are sponged out and Morning is led back to the stable. As she comes up before the judges' stand, she is met by a cheering throng. "Excited crowd greets it with a deafening shout."

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"One ninety-nine and a half," gasps Farbaek, glancing at the time display at the end of the stop-watch, used almost unconsciously, continued. And when a race, California may well claim to lead the world!"

"Lady Mine was once ruled out of a race for bad conduct at the start," whispered Maud, "she has never met her match since." Again the word was given. This time the score was perfect. The horses passed the wire abreast, the second bar shot up and they were fairly gone away, Aerolite leading in a broad level trot, Lady Mine second, Abou Keer and Fleetfoot neck and neck behind her and Morning's nose just at Fleetfoot's flank.

"Ah, ah, ah-ah," was Farbaek's long-drawn, admiring exclamation, as the leads fairly in his eyes, he was cheered breathlessly, the wonderful sight. Every animal was trotting square, heads up, noses thrust forward, manes and tails streaming in the wind as they rushed to the quarter post. Here, with a magnificent stride, Lady Mine led Aerolite by a neck, stealing up to the inside with almost human intelligence, before the chestnut fairly knew she was there. About Keer had fallen back and Fleetfoot pressed on with a wailing still at his flank. Up the back of Aerolite's neck every horse seized its best, the marshals following at a dead run, but having nothing to do to keep the field in order. Every one of the flying creatures knew exactly what the thousands of spectators expected him to do, every one was there with a spirit of emulation, and every energy of his five magnificent bodies, controlled by a fine-trained intelligence, was being put forth in the effort to win.

"Beautiful! Wonderful!" murmured the African, as, glass at eye, he followed the field as they swept past the half and tore up the backstretch. Lady Mine was leading, Aerolite still fighting manfully, every eye was fixed upon Morning and Fleetfoot were shoulder to shoulder now, with Abou Keer creeping up again, his fine gray head outlined against the black mare's side. On they sped, coming around to the three quarters "more swiftly than the lightning," and the excitement was at white heat. Great Jove, how they come! That quarter was done in 29, some one shouts, and Farbaek feels the perspiration starting on his forehead.

"See, see, there comes Abou Keer," and sure enough the Sleek has forged ahead, passing Fleetfoot and Morning and is offering battle with Aerolite, whom he has succeeded in bounding, then with Lady Mine, who has gained on the latter by a length.

"One or other of them must win," Farbaek mutters. "Not a horse in the field can gain a pace on them now."

But even as he speaks, a flying streak of red, her slim legs working like the driving-rods of a locomotive engine, her nostrils wide open, gleaming blood on her face, she comes, with such a burst of speed as human eyes have never witnessed before. The thousands in the grand stand roar as one man to their feet. The marshals raised their horses and, spellbound, gaze on the magnificent creature who has done it. About Keer, or Abou Keer, as she is called, is passed like a shot—now Lady Mine and nose between the two—the magnificent gray putting forth all her powers as the rushing steeds turn into the home stretch. "Lady Mine will beat Lady Mine, the Lady has it," yells one. "No, no, it's Morning. Come along, come along, dear, Oh, Lady Mine, hurry, hurry!"

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