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THIS PAPER may be found on file at this Advertising Bureau (18 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

Farm Intercasts.

At Cobleskill—Horse Breeding.

Mr. C. M. La Monte advocated the breeding, rearing, using and selling of general-purpose horses. He said:

I have no disrespect for those special purpose horses, the draft and the trotting horse. The draft horse can, no doubt, be successfully reared on the great western farms, where grain and room are plenty and cheap. The trotting horse can only be successful reared in the large breeding establishments of our millionaires, and even then, they must be bred with the advantage of experience, and every appliance that wealth can procure. Only one in every one hundred trots in three minutes; one in every two hundred trots in 2:40, and only one in every thousand ever reaches the 2:30 class.

From the days of Flora Temple to Sunol, over thirty years, all the breeders, backed by their millions, by their experience and modern appliances, have been able to reduce the time about ten seconds—a noble triumph for thirty years' patient and persistent endeavor for half a continent! And has it never occurred to any of you thinking men, that in all that time no farmer has ever raised a horse that has equaled the little Phenomenon's Kalamazoo record? If that is true, what has become of all our failures? A trotting horse that cannot trot is as near a failure as anything under the heavens, upon the earth, or in the waters.

We hear a great deal about the dollars of our daddies. I only wish you to return to the horses of your daddies. Along early in the fifties (as some of you older boys will remember), when your railroad was a vision, not a fact, from twenty to forty teams from this county used to assemble in front of Stanwix Hall in Albany every September, to receive a freight of youngsters for our schools; to be returned in the spring filled with learning and hash. What teams they were! Don't you remember them? Don't you wish we had them now? Couldn't we carry off all the ribbons at the fairs?

While we have changed the lumber wagon for the palace car, the cradle for the binder, the scythe for the mowing machine; in the matter of horses have we not set our clocks backward? About this time we were—in the words of our late chief magistrate—"confronted with a condition, not a theory," which condition was a lack of horses to do our heavy work. Away went our buyers to the West, and returned with a lot of round-legged, big-headed, splay-footed animals called horses, and we had to use them for we had nothing else. And now if you will give me one-half the money that has gone to the West and Canada for inferior animals, I will build a new school-house in every school district, and a new courthouse and soldiers' monument at every county seat.

I hold that the farmer should have the best of everything—the freshest eggs, fattest chickens, the finest fruits, the sweetest butter, and last, but not least, the very best horses, not only as a luxury, but as an economy. No one will pretend that he can do as much or as good work with a trifling, third or fourth-rate team as he can with a pair that has the strength, courage and ambition to do it thoroughly and well.

Let me ask you, how many more of our boys would now be contentedly on the farm had they such horses to work day times and then in the evening been permitted to hitch up and give their sisters or other fellows' sisters a ride around the country? Another thing is the independence and solidity which the ownership of such a team gives a man. Ask your merchant or banker which would get quicker credit, the man that drove such a team before their place of business, or the man with a little, attenuated nag, booted from body to hoof, even if he had a pedigree that went back to Mahomet? I hope I may be pardoned if I quote a remark made years ago by one of your brightest business men. It was miles from here, and we were both strangers. He said: "I think it will do to trust him; he has a good team and takes good care of them." A good horse, besides being a symbol of success, is also a great educator. A farmer with a fine horse, or a pair of them, driving into town on business, does not drive under some shed in a back street and then go to the grocery for crackers and cheese and stale beer; but he drives up to the best hotel in the place, puts out his horse, takes his dinner like a gentle-

man, is thrown in contact with the brightest minds, hears the latest news, keeps abreast of the times, and brushes some of the traditional moss off his back.

The farmer's program for raising trotters is something like this: He first pays a service fee, of as much as he can ever reasonably expect the horse to be worth; then, when the colt is two years old, a breaking cart is in order. By the time he is four years old you have him developed so that he cannot draw the cart, and a McCaffry sulky is in order—item \$100. Then a Maseman track harness—item, another hundred dollars. Next your knee boots, only \$15. Then you can get a sweating blanket for \$15 or \$20 more. Then come toe weights, etc. Then some lunatic tells you to get a professional trainer, one of those fellows who are too lazy to work and too cowardly to steal, and now may the Lord have mercy on your soul, for your trainer will have none on your purse. There is hardly a school district in the State but has one or more farms lost directly or indirectly by this vain effort of a farmer to rear a trotter. You cannot do it, brother farmers. It has been tried and has always been a failure; besides the financial wreck, look at the social, moral and physical wrecks caused by this persistent endeavor to raise a trotter. Almost every gin mill has a sample from among our brightest and best.

On the other hand, a horse for general purpose can always be reared, and is a source of pleasure and profit when reared. If you want a trotter, by all means buy him; you can do it much more cheaply and with greater certainty than you can rear him. Prof. Roberts of Cornell tells how many thousand cows there are in this State that are a failure; that it would be money in the pockets of their owners if they were dead. I wish some other gentleman with his opportunities and intelligence would tell us how many horses there are that would cast a lasting benefit on their owners by dying.

The question may be asked, how to breed to get a horse good for all purposes. Breed as our fathers did, by selection. Take from the material on hand that which comes the nearest to what you want; so continue to breed, up not down, remembering that one hundred pounds of horse is worth more than a ton of pedigree. Living as I have, for over twenty years, neighbor to the largest trotting stock farm in the State, I have become quite familiar with its workings, and if I were to give a young farmer advice about raising trotters, I would quote the elder Mr. Weller, when his son counseled with him about marrying a widow; "Samivel, don't." But if any young farmer will get himself the best colt in the country—a pair of them is better—then feed them liberally and not be afraid of the feed, as a plot of ground the size of an ordinary garden will raise carrots enough to winter the pair; educate them thoroughly, not break them, and he will be on the way to success. When old enough to drive, and they strike out to trot, let them go, encourage them in it. You are adding dollars to them fast. When you have them fully matured, some man who has not the time and patience to grow himself a good pair will pay you a price that will tempt you to sell them. Then try again, and right here let me say, do not be in too much of a hurry with the new ones. Remember the old adage, "good things come slow." Do not over-feed; I venture to say, without fear of contradiction, that there are more horses over than under fed. Give them some well balanced ration that will keep them thrifty and solid, muscular, not fat, just fat enough to pad the muscles and cushion the joints. Above all keep them at work. There is nothing so bad for a horse or his owner as idleness. If he gets a little scratch or cut, keep him at work; he will come right ten times as quickly as if left in the stable waiting for inflammation to set in. Yes, keep them at work; better take their exercise drawing stone or manure than kicking their stable down.

Now you have your horses ready for market. Here there is no trouble with this class of horses; no commission or cappers. Some man is quietly watching that team, waiting for them to be for sale; and remember one thing, that it is just as important to increase your reputation as your bank account. Always sell them for just what they are. When you have acquired that reputation you can never have good horses enough, and there is no bantering over price. When your old customers write "enclosed find draft, please fill blank with amount, and send me the best

pair of horses you can find;" you will be prouder of that letter than a nomination to Congress. Now my venerable friend, when your son has got his colt or team, don't you dare to sell them and appropriate the money. If you must steal, rob an express company, a bank, or even your neighbors' hen roosts, rather than rob the boy. Whenever I use the word farmer in this paper, I mean the genuine article—not the land robber who happens to live on a farm and spends a portion of his time in seeing how much he can cheat his land out of and pay nothing back, and the other portion in growling that farming don't pay. A horse with legs the size and shape of a stove pipe is good enough for such a counterfeit farmer; but for the genuine article the best is none too good.

Two Classes of Farmers.

Cor. Country Gentleman.

We hear much about farming as a business, one class urging most emphatically that it does pay, while another class say it does not. Which is right? Wherein lies this difference of opinion? It must certainly be in their method of doing business. I recently attended the Otsego County Dairymen's Association. It was made up of the best class of farmers in the county, men who lubricate their muscles with brains and spread them on freely. They came there and read essays that would do credit to men of college education. Yet they were a discontented lot of farmers. It is the discontented people of the world who make things move. A man that is perfectly contented with his lot never amounts to much; he is like the retired merchant—his capital is locked up in self-support and he adds nothing to the world. These farmers told of successes achieved in the past years and their brains were active for the future, and next winter when they meet again we shall hear of good results from them. The lawyer and doctor would drop in and take part occasionally, but when it came to arguments, they usually got the worst of it. These farmers did not complain of hard times or say farming was a failure. They were looking ahead and planning, hopefully, for next season, and they declared that well directed labor on the farm did pay, and it does. There were no moon men there, no men who put off till tomorrow what should be done now.

Let us look at the other side of the question. There are many farmers' homes throughout the country where you may find an almanac and a fashion book or two on the table, but the agricultural journal, the guiding star in their business, is entirely wanting; "father and grandfather never took such papers, and we don't need any." This following in "grandfather's" footsteps is the reason farming don't pay. A new era has dawned in the agricultural world, new methods and more intelligent men are needed. You ask this man how his crops were last year, and he will tell you that he was away, and the boys planted the "taters" when the moon was wrong, and they failed. When you question him about his methods of fertilizing and tillage, you soon find out where the trouble was. He will tell you that he was converted when the moon was wrong and he backslid; that he reformed again when the moon was right, and he has stuck ever since. The last statement is just as reasonable as the first. This man is contented with his lot and he never will be any different. He does not try to advance, clinging to old notions and whims that have been handed down to him for a generation; "farming don't pay" with him, but he doesn't care—he gets a living, simply exists, and is satisfied.

Brother farmers! You can so unite your brain and muscle as to win the respect of your friends and neighbors—they will look to you as a model in their business—you will be doing much good by your methods, unaware. Or you can take the other course and become the laughing stock of the community. Discontent, united with brains and work, will push you to the top; an empty head combined with old whims and shiftlessness will always keep you at the foot of the ladder. Choose!

A. C. JENKS.

Otsego Co., N. Y.

Answer This Question.

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