

Los Angeles Race Meeting.

The Los Angeles race meeting announced to take place during the La Fiesta celebration promises to be a grand success. Quite a number of the stables at the Bay District Track intend to go south. President Williams has promised to hold stalls for all who take in the meeting. He also intends to visit Los Angeles during the race meet. The stakes offered for the Los Angeles meeting are unusually liberal and all horsemen should assist in making the meeting a big success by entering their horses. Entries for the stake events close next Saturday with Secretary Benjamin. Entry blanks can be obtained at this office.

A Royally-Bred Stallion.

There can be no complaint on the part of owners of well-bred mares that the stallions in California do not compare in bloodlines with those to be found east of the Rocky Mountains. While the breeders here have been sending many of their choicest ones to the East, they have also been willing to pay the very highest prices for broodmares and stallions there. Some of these broodmares were in foal to the choicest stallions in the East, and among the very best bred ones brought here is the handsome, blood-like looking Dictator mare now at Willard Stimpson's stock farm, Los Angeles. She is called Miss Lollie, and her dam was Gold Pen, by Mambrino Abdallah, one of the greatest sons of Mambrino Patchen. Miss Lollie was purchased from W. C. France, of Lexington, Kentucky, and was in foal to the premier stallion belonging to this gentleman, the great Red Wilkes, when she was shipped on the cars for Los Angeles. The foal that came was a colt known to all horsemen as Dictatus. He had very limited opportunities on the track last season, but proved in the few times he was on the track to be one of the gamest ever seen. He is double-gaited, so Mr. Day, his owner, set him to pacing and at this gait he showed his ability by pacing the last half of a race he was in (being separately timed) in 1:03, last quarter 30 1/2 seconds. This year, after a limited season in the stud, he will be placed in the hands of a competent trainer and no doubt will set a mark that will be difficult to approach even in this age of extreme speed. As a sire he cannot help being a grand success. His first crop of colts and fillies are grandly made, large boned, well muscled and highly finished, and all of them without any exception, are phenomenally fast. There are several at the Belmont Stock Farm which would be creditable to any sire in the world.

H. W. Crabb, of Oakville, has the fastest colt he ever saw for its age, and W. Bowers, of Sacramento, is just as enthusiastic over his Dictatus. There are several other owners who are going to return mares to the horse because they say they never believed these matrons could produce such fast ones and are willing to give Dictatus all the credit. His advertisement appears in our columns and breeders who wish to see the horse should at once communicate with Mr. Day to that effect and then they can judge for themselves.

The Petaluma Fair.

Not only the Sonoma and Marin agricultural district stockholders, but every citizen of Petaluma and vicinity was more than delighted on Thursday afternoon when the news had been confirmed that the Assembly had accepted the recommendation of the Senate in regard to the fair appropriations, and that the bill providing for such had passed.

The despatch read as follows: "Two items recommended by the Senate, which raised the general appropriation bill \$234,000 were accepted by the Assembly this afternoon. They were the appropriations for the State Fair and the district fairs which were voted down when the bill was considered in the Assembly. The vote to give the State Fair \$40,000, 41 to 30. For the district fairs there were 44 in the affirmative and only 26 in the negative."

Sonoma County's vote it seems was divided on this subject. Price voting for the appropriation and Staley against it.

The glad news soon spread, and our fair was considerably talked over on the streets to-day, and for awhile local politics were forgotten.

Great preparations are even now in progress for the fair, and it will be even on a larger scale than usual; while the recent period of doubt has awakened a feeling of interest among the citizens never before manifested in the matter.

Petaluma is all right, and so is her district fair.—Courier.

ON MONDAY Mr. Salisbury went to Sacramento to look over the Sanders string with a view of getting two or three to add to his grand circuit string. Sanders brought three out and speeded them; they are a grand lot and are going fast. Salisbury was pleased with them, and may arrange for some of them later on. Sanders has a grand lot of speed horses, and they promise to be the best lot of track horses ever taken East. When horses can show eighths in 16 seconds this time of the year they will do to go down the line later on.

The first and second horses in the Rancho del Paso Stakes yesterday have, like Ormonde, the Macaroni blood in their veins. Crescendo's dam is by Macgregor, son of Macaroni. The Leda filly's sire, Brutus, is by McGregor, while Ormonde's dam is Lilly Agnes, by Macaroni. Good is Macaroni—in more ways than one.

H. W. MEEK, of Haywards, reports the advent of two foals by Direct, 2:05 1/2—one, a brown filly, is out of Beauty, dam of Fallacy, 2:17 1/2; the other is a bay colt out of Patti, dam of Lustre, 2:22. It is more than probable that both the mares will be booked to Direct this year for these newcomers are beauties, and perfect in every way.

WM. MURRAY, owner of Diablo, 2:09 1/2, has recently been receiving letters from owners of broodmares who bred them to Diablo last year. The foals that are making their appearance are such beauties and are so fine-looking that they are enthusiastic over them.

SAN MATEO STOCK FARM.

Home of the Mighty Guy Wilkes and His Famous Family—A Model Horse-Breeding Establishment.

This is the time of the year to visit stock farms, when the new crop of foals can be inspected, and when the colts and fillies are being prepared for the exciting campaign. Hills and valleys are covered with their summer garb of emerald green, the brooks are flowing in the pebble-covered water courses, wildflowers are blooming, the air is clear, and all nature seems smiling.

In the paddocks on the stock farms the matron-looking broodmares are quietly nipping the succulent plants, alfalfa and young blades of grass; their coats shine in the sunlight, and their sleek appearance indicates that they are enjoying good health.

About eighteen miles from San Francisco the train stops at the picturesque depot of Burlingame. This depot is directly opposite the far-famed San Mateo Stock Farm, owned by William Corbitt. It is only a short walk to the big barns and paddocks wherein the great representatives of the Wilkes family are fed and cared for. To the lover of good horses we know of no place where so much pleasure can be found than on this famous farm. When the proprietor purchased this land it was a vast wheat field without a tree or shrub to embellish the landscape. As soon as he moved into the cottage he had the place surveyed, fences built, track laid out, trees planted, stables, barns and sheds built, wells bored and pipes laid. So well did this master mind have everything prepared that little or no changes from the original plans were found necessary. At that time, the trotting horse industry was in its infancy, we might say, and in the establishment of this stock farm Mr. Corbitt demonstrated that he was one of those far-seeing men of business who have always in the past and are bound to in the future succeed where less venturesome and thoughtful men fail. Having had his place fitted up to suit him, he set about stocking it with broodmares that he thought, from their individuality, and from his ideas as to the qualities of their breeding ought to produce horses that would be famous not only on the race track, but on the road. In early life in Canada he was noted for his judgment in the selection of good stock, for the first \$1,500 he saved from his hard earnings he invested in a trotter, and after keeping that horse for a time sold him at an advance and bought another. Being a natural horseman, and having during his long and eventful career, as a wide-awake business man, looked forward with pleasure to the time when he could retire from the cares and troubles of active business life and carry out his ideas in regard to breeding, is it any wonder that in the consummation of those schemes that he has proved to be one of the most successful horsemen in the United States? He visited Kentucky and purchased two stallions, Irvington and Arthurton. Although they were fine-looking and well-bred, still he felt that there must be better ones there, so he started back in 1882 and purchased the three-year-old stallion Guy Wilkes and the yearling Le Grande. The performances on the track of the former has become part of the history of the turf in California, and his descendants are carving names for themselves in the temple of equine fame. Le Grande was royally bred, and if it were not for a serious injury, would have borne out the reputation he had as a colt in Lexington, and that was "the finest-looking, best-gaited and fastest ever foaled in the blue grass region." His colts and fillies are carrying on the good work, and are making his name a household word.

Guy Wilkes was bred to mares which Mr. Corbitt selected and bred. Some of the youngest were by Arthurton, others by Le Grande; these were from the original stock which Mr. Corbitt purchased in this State. He knew the value of the Moor blood better than any breeder with the exception, perhaps, of L. J. Rose, and quickly saw that the daughters of this half thoroughbred would prove to be valuable as broodmares. He used the same care and discrimination in selecting them as matrons as he had in purchasing the others. He did not take every one offered him, but had the courage to say: "No! that mare will not suit," whenever an inferior animal was shown; for Mr. Corbitt has decided opinions on certain questions, and on breeding and individuality he stands higher than the majority of breeders. His decisiveness is one of the principal factors which have contributed to his success. We have never seen a truly successful man who was deficient in this quality.

While Guy Wilkes, piloted by John A. Goldsmith, was winning fame for the San Mateo farm, his colts and fillies were enjoying all the comforts of a good home with kind attention and beautiful climate added. They grew to be of good size and it was not long before they demonstrated their ability to be among the very greatest trotters in America. Sable Wilkes, one of his sons, captured the three-year-old record, 2:18, and astonished the friends of the light-harness horse. Regal Wilkes got the champion stallion two-year-old mark, 2:20 1/2, then he came out as a three-year-old and got a mark of 2:17 1/2. Upon this farm the crown must also be placed of having produced the first baby yearling trotter to get a mark below 2:30, and that was the bay colt Freedom. To enumerate the long list of great ones that have browsed in these paddocks or have been carefully cared for in the splendidly-ventilated stalls would be taking up too much space. We will just mention a few that we have seen as yearlings come out year after year and win fame on this coast and then were taken East by Mr. Goldsmith, and among the very choicest of the tens of thousands of great ones from all parts of the United States, have won first money in fields of all sizes and over tracks of all kinds. Having to become acclimated to be on a par with their Eastern-bred opponents they demonstrated their gameness and recuperative powers in a manner that caused every horse breeder in the East to flock to the salesring to get representatives from this splendid stock farm. Out of these gates have been led: Muta Wilkes, 2:11; Oro Wilkes, 2:11; Hazel Wilkes, 2:11; Lesa Wilkes, 2:11; Rupee (p), 2:11; Alannah (p), 2:11; Regal Wilkes, 2:11; Mary Best, 2:12; Venta Wilkes, 2:13; Siva, 2:13; Una Wilkes, 2:15; Raven Wilkes, 2:17; Vida Wilkes, 2:18; Sabledale, 2:18; Double Cross,

2:18; Lou Wilkes, 2:19, and at least two score of other trotters and pacers. Their qualities have been tested in severe trials in the face of all kinds of opposition, and they have triumphed.

Writing of what has been done has caused us to digress from the subject which we started, and that was a recent visit to this stock farm. As it is a well-known axiom, "we judge the future by the past," we, no doubt, will be pardoned for our reference to what has been done. Knowing that with the limited opportunities these money winners have had, we realize that in the future the youngsters we saw will have far more and better advantages.

In the stallion barn, from the porch of which the three-quarter mile track can be plainly seen, are the great stallions Guy Wilkes, 2:15 1/2, his son, Sable Wilkes, 2:18, and his grandson, Oro Wilkes, 2:11. Guy Wilkes does not show many signs of age, in fact he looks as well as when he retired from the track. His eye is spright, his coat is glossy and his step is as elastic as when at Santa Rosa on that memorable August afternoon in 1886, John Goldsmith stepped from the high-wheeled sulky and gazed at the mark, 2:15 1/2, which this stallion made in the fourth heat of that memorable race. The excitement of that race had hardly subsided and the gamest entire son of Geo. Wilkes was fresher and stronger than any of his competitors. That he has been well-cared for since, no one can deny. As a foal getter he is very sure and if nothing happens he is good for many years more in the stud. What a noble looking animal he is, as his careful attendant, Chris Lang, leads him around for our inspection. A head and neck like an Arab's, strong shoulders, short back, heavy quarters, round barrel, all supported on legs and feet of steel. Individuality, style, color, and all the other qualities so essential in the true type of a sire, combined with the choicest of breeding, are centered in him.

Sable Wilkes is now led out; black as midnight, his coat shining like polished ebony; his head small and clean looking, neck strong, with considerable crest; he is compactly built, yet so evenly made, that no fault can be found; his limbs perfect and well set under him. He combines all the best qualities of the Wilkes and Moor cross. As a sire he holds an enviable position on the American turf to-day. Like his sire his progeny trot early, fast and gamely. There are no quitters among them, and when it comes to giving colts and fillies iron constitutions, good dispositions, perfect limbs and stamina, where in all the trotting world are there two that have demonstrated their worth more plainly than these two lords of the harem?

How the black stallion Oro Wilkes, 2:11, has grown since last we saw him? His splendid conformation has been so often praised by the leading turf writers that it would be useless to repeat their language now. His dark hazel eye seems to reflect the intelligence which he is known to possess; his small, quick, active ears add life to the most beautiful head and neck ever seen on a horse; his sharp, clean withers, sloping shoulders, heavy loins, well-placed muscles, clean, hard, flinty legs which have neither a pimple, puff nor hlemish after the hardest campaigning that a colt of his age ever had establishes the fact that he is an ideal of what a perfectly-formed trotting horse should be, and we do not know where he can be improved. His sire, Sable Wilkes 2:18, needs no praise. His dam, Ellen Mayhew, 2:22, is one of the gamest, as well as one of the best-formed daughters of the great Director, 2:17, and his second dam was by Speculation, by Hambletonian 10, third dam Lady Hibbard (dam of Lou Whipple, 2:26 1/2).

In the paddocks and fields were many broodmares that are famous, and with Mr. Corbitt to tell of the races they had won and the performances of their produce it is a most enjoyable treat to look at them.

Around the track John Dickerson was busy working out the trotters he was preparing for the Eastern circuit. It is needless to add that this famous driver was delighted with the way the youngsters were moving, and at the same time was anxious to see how many among those to be taken East will equal the records their near relatives have made.

To select any one in particular as being superior to his or her companions in the long row of box stalls would be a difficult undertaking for a novice. The ones that by this time are considered good enough to have their names sent on for the great events to be trotted in the East this season have been selected, and before their departure will be described in these columns. To say that every year the prospects for the San Mateo Stock Farm horses grow brighter is not an idle assertion. The descendants of Guy Wilkes and his sons, Sable Wilkes, Regal Wilkes, Rupee and Calahar, are being handled wherever they are owned from the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboard. Of course, there are some in the broodmare ranks; others are in service that will not be trained this year, but looking over the lists of entries to the races that have already closed we notice the names of many that have never appeared in public before.

The stock on the San Mateo Farm have wintered finely. No sickness has broken out among the youngsters. Green feed has been plenty, and notwithstanding the fact that there are more horses on this farm all winter than were ever there before, everyone looks as if it had the special care of a groom and had no companions near it. The systematic manner in which everything about this splendid stock farm is conducted reflects great credit on the management. Cleanliness, order and quietness are the three things observable. To the seeker after performers to go on the circuit, the man of wealth who desires a first-class, well-trained, stylish roadster, and the breeder who is in need of a first-class stallion or broodmare, we unhesitatingly recommend a visit to this farm, knowing that such inquirers will get just what they want at low prices.

To the Ormonde-Fairy Rose Filly.

Proud daughter of a noble line,
With future bright as e'er did shine
O'er princes born of royal birth,
Midst joy and gladness, song and mirth,
Teach those who criticize your sex
That you may yet surpass a "rex."
For oft have queens upheld their sway
Where kings have fallen in dismay.
So, like them, may you yet be seen
Exalted in rank—the equine queen.
No shame is yours at being a filly,
Think of it—how absurd, how silly!
For if you had been born a colt,
'Twould have been said by many a dolt
That you'd prove grander than your sire,
Which surely would have raised his ire;
But if you grow up like your mother,
Why, nobody is going to bother,
For what is there that sweeter grows
Than perfumed flowers of Fairy Rose;
And like them may your future be
Wreathed in sunshine till eternity.