

HORSES IN TRAINING AT VALLEJO.

Several Good Prospects for the Coming Campaign on the California Circuit.

There is one of the best tracks in California up at Vallejo, the navy yard town where reside two or three thousand of Uncle Sam's employes. Situate at the north end of the bay of San Francisco, 27 miles from this city, it can be reached by train or boat and the trip is a short and pleasant one. No healthier place for horses in training is on the map, and now that the race track property there has been cleared of debt and is in the hands of an energetic Board of Directors, next year should see the stalls filled with horses in training for the circuit.

Vallejo has a population of nearly ten thousand souls at the present time, and Uncle Sam's pay days, which occur twice a month, make it a lively burg. The race track is located about a mile directly east from the business centre of the town. While the buildings and stalls are of rough lumber, untouched by whitewash or paint brush, they are clean and comfortable and offer good accommodations for men and horses. The track is built on a tract of yellow clay, the best of all soils for that purpose, and is kept in good condition at very little expense. It never cups when watered at all, and can be fitted at any time for record breaking miles with a few days' notice.

Three Jo's comprise all the trainers at the track, viz.: Jo Edge, Jo Cuicello and Jo Smith. Mr. Edge is one of the oldest trainers in California, but only in years, as he does not look or act a day older than he did twenty years ago. He has but two horses at work, one a big, bay gelding named Hank that is a great prospect. Hank was foaled at Senator

Fair's Sonoma farm five years ago and is by Vasto 2:16½. He resembles his sire very much in size, color and conformation, but is a square trotter, while Vasto got his mark at the lateral gait. Hank has a regular Hambletonian head, has the very best of dispositions and knows nothing but trot, which he does in a manner that leads one to think he is one of the best green horses in California. His dam was by Wyoming Chief; second dam by George Wilkes; third dam by American Star. If Hank is as good as his looks, breeding and trials would indicate he should cut considerable of a figure when he starts in the races. The other horse in

Mr. Edge's string is a bay gelding by Eastwood, first dam by Almont; second dam by Green's Bashaw. This is a pacer, and although he has had scarcely any work he has shown his ability to go fast.

Joe Smith, the son of the veteran horseman Thos. Smith, has six horses in his string and all look well and are doing well. The handsome mare Dollican 2:15½, so well known on the California circuit, is in the very pink of condition and in fact never looked better or showed as much speed as now. She worked a very handy mile in 2:14 one day last week and can go faster. She will be campaigned all through the California circuit this year.

Another fast one in Mr. Smith's charge is Gaff Topsail, by Diable. This fellow is very speedy, but unless he acts better than he did last year he will not be often in the money. He had a way of holting for all the places that looked like openings in the fence and they called him the crazy horse. He is doing lots better in his work this year and may come to the races with improved manners. If he does Jo Smith will be entitled to a lot of credit and will certainly get a share of the purses. Gaff Topsail started in about fifteen races last year, got no mark but won second money twice.

A very handsome filly is Clara Washington, three years old, by Geo. Washington, out of Sarah Althes, by Dexter Prince. Clara is a beauty and can trot fast enough to be considered one of the good ones in the string.

All those who attended the harness meetings last year will remember Joe Selby, a big 17 hand gelding by Don L. that Jos Smith had in his stable. Jos Selby had speed, but failed to win a heat. Smith has a full brother to this fellow that is as unlike him as any brother could be. He is not 15 hands high, is short, thick set, with a neck like a hackney,

and as handsome a mane and tail as a horse ever carried. They say he shows speed. He is called Donnybrook.

A promising mare Ruby by Wilson, dam Economy by Echo, and a two-year-old by McKinney out of Daisy S. by McDonald Chief complete this string. This last mentioned youngster will be heard from later on when the summaries of the colt races are published.

Jo Cuicello is the other Jo at the track. He has a string of eight and showed the BREEDER AND SPORTSMAN'S representatives that he had speed on tap, even though it was Sunday when we called on him. He took out the handsome mare Maud owned by Chas. Newman, proprietor of the Richelieu Cafe of this city, and after warming her up worked her a mile in 2:25 in a gale of wind and pulled her up the last quarter to allow her owner who was driving his horse Butcher Boy to catch up with the procession, the Butcher having been carried to a break around the last turn. Maud repeated in 2:26 without being driven out, and the bursts of speed she showed whenever Cuicello urged her proved conclusively that this daughter of Anteeo Jr. is fast this year. It will be remembered that Maud won a race at the Ingleside track last September at the Golden Gate Park Driving Club's races, and got a mark of 2:28. She is a wonderfully intelligent animal and at her owner's bidding will do all the acts of a trick pony. Last year she was a bad puller when driven at speed, but Cuicello has broken her of that bad habit and she drives very nicely.

After Butcher Boy had performed the act of pace maker for Maud a couple of heats, he was given a faster mile, pacing it handily in 2:21½. He is in good shape and will be a starter at the Driving Association's races at Oakland on the 4th of July.

There are two youngsters bred on Corbett's San Mateo

Teachout's Gray Ghost.

In the summer of 1864 Sheridan's command laid along the Oxquan, in the far-famed Shenandoah valley. Confronting him was the army commanded by John Early. Commanding the cavalry was Gen. Wesley Merritt. His brigade commanders were such gallant spirits as Custer, Talbert, Gregg and Buford. Sheridan, through these able cavalry officers had succeeded in bringing the horses of his army to a high state of efficiency. It was ride all night and fight all day.

Along in August of the year mentioned a fresh consignment of horses was allotted the several cavalry commands. Among the number was a lithe, high strung, well bred gray gelding. He was at least three-quarters bred. The gelding caught the critical eye of Major Oscar L. Teachout as soon as he reached the horse camp, and he took possession of him on the spot. As luck would have it, a few days after the event narrated, Sheridan ordered the cavalry corps to make a reconnoissance up the valley toward Strasburg for the purpose of ascertaining what Early was up to, and what was the location of his troops, etc. Now, it so chanced that the Confederate cavalry, under the command of that most excellent soldier, Major General L. L. Lomax, now of the War Department, was seized with a desire to find out what Sheridan and his men were about.

And so it came to pass that the respective bodies of horse encountered each other a few miles west of Winchester, and there was a fight. All of the several combatants were on their mettle. It was charge and counter-charge, saber cut responding to saber cut, revolver shots to revolver shots, while the light artillery sang deep bass to the refrain of bullets and the clash of cutlery. For some little space of time the battle ran with an even flow. Neither side could gain a decided advantage. Finally, Merritt ordered up Custer's brigade of Michigan men. Over to the right he saw that the flank of Fitz Lee's brigade offered an easy mark. Giving the yellow-haired Michigan his instructions, Custer placed himself at the head of his men. "Forward!" shouted Custer. With sabers drawn they trotted forward. Saber sheaths rattled merrily, while the nerves of each man, as they neared the enemy, were keyed up to concert pitch. "Charge!" sounded the bugle, and straight and as swift as an arrow sped the brave and hardy riders toward the foe.

Lee saw what was coming, in due time. Wheeling his brigade into line, he quickly set his men in motion toward the foe. Heaven! but it was a superb sight. Suddenly a gray ghost shot out from Custer's ranks, bearing

Man and horse were prisoners at last, and when the Confederates fell back, utterly routed, Major Teachout was, perforce, carried with the ruck. But from what he now knew of his mount he felt that some day he would reap a sweet revenge. A few days later Sheridan crossed muskets with Early's infantry. It was a short, sharp, fierce fight, but Sheridan and his men won the day, and Early had to retreat up the valley.

The scene now shifts to Cedar Creek, thirty miles up the valley. Sheridan and Early again confront each other.

Early one morning in October the Confederate horse made an irruption on Sheridan's right flank. There is scurrying to and fro in the Federal camp, and Custer again is at the head of his men. The fight is hot, for revenge is sweet, and Lomax is a man who does not lie down under defeat. There is charging to and fro; there are cries of anguish and shouts of triumph commingled. Cannon bells and shells tear huge gaps through the ranks of friend and foe. Scores of horses run about wildly and riderless. Others, with empty saddles, respond to the bugle calls and charge in ranks against the enemy. Over and above all is smoke and confusion, and in the midst of all is death. There is a recoil, then a fresh onset, when out of the dense masses of Confederate gray darts a gray ghost, bearing on his back a man. Straight toward the Federal lines he flies like a bird and as true.

The "boys" see him coming, and break into shouts and laughter. They shriek, "Come home, old gray, come home!" He hears their cries and heads them. With nostrils extended, with eyes flashing, and with hoofs flashing fire from the flinty sod, on he comes, and, as he catches sight of the guerdon of his company, he makes straight for it and halts. From his back alights a much-chagrined officer amid tumultuous cheers. The gallant gray had pawed a major for a colonel.—L. D. Sale in Horse Review.



CHAS. NEWMAN'S ROAN MARE "MAUD" BY ANTEEO JR.

Stock Farm, under Mr. Cuicello's care. Ous is a brown gelding called Puerto Rico. He is a three-year-old by Sahle Wilkes, dam Mamie Kohl, by Steinway. The other is a two-year-old and a filly. She has been named Manilla, and is also by Sahle Wilkes, while her dam is Tabbie Rosenbaum, by Nutwood. This filly is Jo's pride and he thinks she will be a great trotter. She is getting very easy work and as she has plenty of natural speed will not be crowded.

A three-year-old son of Direct, out of a mare by Nutwood, is also in this string and is considered one of the prospects of the year.

Mr. Newman showed us the yearling by McKinney that he purchased at the Crabbs sale at Napa recently. The little iron gray fellow was very lame when sold and it was said he had been injured on the hock. Newman thought a McKinney colt was worth taking a chance on even though he was lame, and the colt went to his hid. On looking him over after purchase Cuicello discovered a wire nail about two inches long in the foot of the lame leg, pulled it out and treated the wound, which was evidently of several days' standing. It was a wonder the colt did not die of lockjaw, but he didn't and is now nearly well.

Mattie Menlo, a good looking mare by Menlo, is being worked so that she can be given a record, and Cuicello thinks 2:25 is within her reach though her feet are not in good shape. She is to be put to heading.

It is worth while to take the trip up to Vallejo on any work out day and we can assure those who do so that they will see speed worth holding a watch on. With the low price of hay, good climate and splendid facilities of the Vallejo track it should have five times the number of horses in training that are now there.