

# BELLE MEADE FARM.

## Interesting Glimpses of the Great Belle Meade Horse Farm in Tennessee.

McKenzie, in St. Louis Republic.

"Come out and spend a day at Belle Meade."

It was Gen. W. H. Jackson, the owner of Belle Meade—the grandest horse-breeding establishment in the world—who addressed me.

We were seated on the piazza of the club house at Cumberland Park, Nashville's noted race track, watching the concluding races of the recent fall meeting. I gladly accepted the invitation extended to me, and was further advised to bring a friend and that the General would send a carriage to the hotel for us at 7.30 next morning.

General Jackson bears his 70 odd years lightly. He is the picture of rugged health. The kind of health and coloring which is indicative of much out-door life, plenty of exercise in the saddle, and tramping the country in pursuit of game.

The following morning when we stepped into the well-appointed surrey sent for us we thanked God we were alive. It was the last day of the glorious Indian summer, which makes the late fall in Tennessee a close competitor for the honors generally accorded to an autumn on the Riviera. There was just a suspicion of frost in the morning air, which caused a crisp in the leaves and added extra luster to the glorious autumnal tints.

Belle Meade lies some seven miles west of Nashville, out on the Catherine pike. The road to General Jackson's historic home runs past Vanderbilt University, alongside the Centennial Park and through the best residential portion of the city, until the open country is reached. The vicinity of Nashville is a happy hunting ground for the bicycling enthusiast—the roads are of the billiard table order and the latch-string is ever hanging on the outside.

It was truly an ideal day to visit Belle Meade, and as the sun climbed over the Tennessee hills the picturesquely placed farm probably looked its very best. Just before reaching the entrance gate we were very much taken with the very unique fence which surmounts the stone wall surrounding the 5,300 acres comprised in the estate. The wall is five feet in height, with galvanized iron poles mortised in the stone work and strung together with five strands of wire. The purpose of the added height is to prevent the fallow deer, elk and high-strung thoroughbred stock from breaking bounds. We afterwards learned that the stone structure was in itself a monument to the thrift and enterprise of our host, for every stone used in its construction had been picked off the domain it enclosed. The generally unremunerative toil of clearing the soil had thus been turned to profitable account, but even at that the masonry work for the construction of this magnificent fence cost the General \$64,000.

But this story has to do with the hospitable interior of Belle Meade rather than its fence, its unequalled collection of thoroughbred sires and dams, its elk and fallow deer and its herd of Jersey cattle. Upon arrival at the driveway of his home, General Jackson met us in person and made us welcome. The house is a good example of the old colonial style which is to be seen at its best in Virginia, and has that impelling sense of comfort and homeliness which the modern skyscraper has no use for. The General conducted us into his sanctum—half library and half office—and before we had removed our gloves his head fastened upon a tray carrying examples of the far-famed Tennessee toddy. The appetizer had, scarcely struck the right spot before Mrs. Marks, the General's elder daughter, announced that breakfast was served, and we adjourned to the very handsome dining-room, the walls of which are hung with portraits of the Jackson and Harding families.

General Jackson's immediate family consists of himself, his elder daughter, Mrs. Marks; his younger daughter, Mrs. Ellison, and his only son, Harding Jackson. There was room for 20 people at the spacious table, but only eight sat down that morning to breakfast. In addition to the family, the two sons-in-law, my friend and myself comprised the party. The meal was distinctively Southern, but it was more distinctively home-made. The Jersey cream was supplied by the General's famous herd. The eggs were from his own hennery. The bread was home-made. So was the bacon. The venison cutlets came from the loins of a stag that had first seen the light of day on the hill tops of Belle Meade.

As the General put it, even the well-groomed and sleek darkey who waited on the table and the ancient auntie who cooked the victuals were home-made products. Breakfast lasted nearly an hour, but the time flew rapidly. Anecdotes of

travel and adventure were punctuated with others of elbow-touching with the big and little people of two continents.

General Jackson and Mrs. Marks had but lately returned from a trip to England, where the General was received and recognized as an American gentleman to the manner born. The Duke of Devonshire entertained the master of Belle Meade at Chatsworth Castle, the most magnificent and ornate show place in the old country. The Duke of Westminster made him at home at Eaton Hall, and had his Derby winners trotted out for his inspection. The Prince of Wales hobnobbed with him at the Turf Club at Newmarket, and asked him for an opinion about his great horse, Persimmons, winner of the Derby and St. Leger of 1896.

"I was somewhat disappointed with Persimmons," said the General, when speaking of his introduction to the Prince. "I doubt whether he is really a great race horse, such as Ormonde was. I should class him, rather, as a Lord Lyon or a Galtee Moore than as a Gladiateur."

On Newmarket Heath, where all the great classic English races are decided, the Derby and St. Leger only excepted, General Jackson met Richard Croker, of New York.

"I was more than pleased with Tammany's signal victory in Greater New York, which, of course, was largely due to Mr. Croker's great generalship."

The breakfast was about ended, and General Jackson felt conversational.

"I am particularly glad of the Tammany chieftain's success, for I am a great admirer of Mr. Croker."

"Indeed, I ought to like him, for my business dealings with him during the last few years have certainly been very profitable to me. Mr. Croker came to Belle Meade just as you gentlemen came this morning. He wished to see my establishment and I sent him word to come out. I had had no previous dealings and, indeed, had only a casual acquaintance with him. He was visiting the South on pleasure beat, and when I conducted him over my farm I had no thought that we would ever join in a partnership. As we looked over the stock he would from time to time make inquiry as to the prices obtained at my sale of yearlings. I told him that at one sale in New York 200 of my yearlings had sold for an aggregate of \$203,200. He appeared interested in my statement, but made no comment.

"That evening, when enjoying our post prandial cigar, Mr. Croker said to me:

"General, I would like to purchase a half interest in the thoroughbred product of Belle Meade. Will you name a price?" I answered affirmatively. Mr. Croker inquired, "How much?"

"I reflected for a moment, and then never dreaming my proposition would be accepted, I said I would sell a half interest in the product of my thoroughbred sires and dams for \$250,000. Mr. Croker asked for pen and ink, drew a checkbook from his pocket, filled out a check and handed it to me with the simple statement, 'We are now partners. Kindly send me your acknowledgment to-morrow.' I looked at the check, found it called for \$250,000, and expressed the hope that our partnership might be a mutually profitable one. I sent my receipt to Mr. Croker next morning and he continued his trip South that evening.

"The first year of our partnership we divided \$55,000. Of course, this was a terrible fall from our record made when the yearlings averaged \$1,016 apiece, but the country was entering upon a period of particularly hard times and the horse-breeding industry, perhaps, was the worst one hit. Times continued to grow worse, and when the time for our second partnership sale came along, values of young and old thoroughbred stock were down to bedrock. That year Mr. Croker and myself divided \$53,000. Mr. Croker appreciated the situation and made no complaint of the poor showing.

"When I met Mr. Croker on Newmarket Heath last summer we had quite a lengthy conversation on the future of the American turf. Mr. Croker confessed that he had, in a measure, lost his interest in racing on this side of the water, and stated that it was his ambition to win an English Derby with a foal of his own breeding. 'I have an ideal farm at Wantage, in Berkshire,' said he, 'where I have my old champions, Dobbins, Yorkville Belle and several other naves. If I can raise a colt or filly by Dobbins; out of Yorkville Belle, and win the Derby the height of my racing ambition will be attained. I intend to devote my leisure to this project and as a consequence I should like to be

released from my Belle Meade investment.' Mr. Croker assured me he would not sell his half interest in my farm without my consent, and added that if I could see my way to make him an offer he would be glad to entertain it.

"The horse-breeding business, Mr. Croker," said I, "has received a terrible set-back of late and has been entirely over-done. Your interest is not worth anything like what it was when you joined issue with me, and I am not able to make you an offer commensurate in value with your interest in Belle Meade." Mr. Croker coincided with me in my view of the situation, and again pressed me to make him an offer. 'I dislike to name so low a figure,' was my reply, 'but, really, I could not afford to pay you more than \$85,000 for your half interest.'"

"That price," said Mr. Croker, "is perfectly satisfactory." I gave him my check, and the interest of Mr. Croker in Belle Meade was at an end. The partnership cost Mr. Croker nearly \$100,000, but he accepted the loss without batting an eye or expressing a single word of regret.

"That is why I was glad to hear of Mr. Croker's success in New York."

"That is why I like the man. His plucky way of accepting his loss made a strong impression upon me, and I sincerely hope he will live to attain his ambition and win an English Derby with a seion of the great Dobbins and the equally great Yorkville Belle."

Breakfast was over and the start for the stables made. Our first visit was made to the stallion's paddocks, and our first introduction in the equine line was to Iroquois, the horse that had achieved the very triumph which Mr. Croker hoped one day to accomplish. Yes, Iroquois is the only American-bred horse that ever succeeded in beating the British at their own game by carrying off the blue ribbon of the English turf—the Derby. Sixteen years have passed since Iroquois flashed by the winning post amid the acclaims of hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic turfmen who knew no country nor race distinction, but ungrudgingly welcomed the horse that had come across the ocean to beat the best of his year. Iroquois has retained his youth better than most stallions, and is as sleek and velvety as are all his companions at Belle Meade. Luke Blackburn is another of Gen. Jackson's pets, and well he deserves his master's affection, for he has been as successful as a sire as he was invincible as a race horse. Then we saw Tremont, the black whirlwind; Clarendon and Dandy Dimont, both promising sires. Tithonus and Madison, recent importations, purchased during Gen. Jackson's trip through England, were then shown to us. Both horses are as new to stud honors as they are to this country, but as each has the blood of St. Simon in his veins, great expectations are indulged that they will be worthy successors to Iroquois and Luke Blackburn.

From the paddocks of the sires we were taken to the nurseries of the weanlings. In one great square stable were 51 bred on the purple colts and in another and duplicate stable were 41 aristocratic fillies. Millions of people in this country are not as well housed and cared for as are those baby race horses of high degree, and the sanitary arrangements might well be copied in our best houses. Then we visited the matrons, the great Gipsy, the stately Duchess, dam of the great Clifford, and a hundred other mares of noble ancestry.

We sauntered through the deep park, where 50 elk and over 400 fallow deer are as much at home in their 500 acres of forest as they were in their native haunts.

As a stirrup-cup we visited the cow stables where 200 pure-bred Jerseys and 200 graded cows are milked twice a day. These stables and the adjoining dairy and creamery are of the most up-to-date model. Gen. Jackson's two daughters have entire charge of this department and so well do they manage it that after paying up all the household expenses their joint pin money exceeds the salary of a United States Senator.

Belle Meade, though hidden away in the hills of Tennessee, has for many a year been the most famous thoroughbred farm in the country. Noted men from home and abroad have made a pilgrimage to the home of the great Equivocator. President Cleveland and his bride were guests of Gen. Jackson's, and the then mistress of the White House patted the gallant old horse whose children's successes on the turf he loved so well are ever keeping his memory green. No visitor to Belle Meade ever received more cordial welcome than did Sir Tatton Sykes, England's greatest breeder of race horses. Despite his 70 years, Sir Tatton made the trip from Yorkshire to Tennessee just to see how good and ably managed an establishment Belle Meade was. Gen. Jackson tells with infinite zest how surprised the veteran Englishman was with the discipline, the order, the cleanliness and the thoughtfulness to be found throughout the greatest horse farm in the country—Belle Meade.

### BLACK DIAMOND RAILROAD.

#### Its Prospects and Advantages.

Ripley (Ohio) Dec.

EDITOR OF THE BEV.—I wonder if the thinking, business people of Ripley are aware of the great struggle now going on in the financial world for control of the grain markets of Europe. Tariffs may change, manufactures languish, panics spread ruin and distress, but in spite of all the nation which control the grain markets of Europe will be prosperous and powerful.

Recognizing this fact, Russia has the last three years been building railroads at a tremendous rate to deliver her wheat at seaports. England in recent years has expended millions of dollars on irrigating works and construction of railways for developing her immense wheat fields in India. Millions of British money have been lost in Argentina, South America, and the greatest banking house of London, Baring Bros., swept away in the vain effort to develop the country, establish railroads and make it the greatest and cheapest grain producing area in the world.

The conditions which have brought American wheat to its present price may not occur again in twenty years. Cheap transportation is the only salvation for the farmer, and on the prosperity of the farmer largely depends the prosperity of the business so closely are its business interests intertwined. The average cost of transporting a bushel of wheat by rail from Chicago to the sea is 12 cents. A recent writer in the *North American Review* has demonstrated by facts and figures that with a railroad properly constructed for that purpose—a railroad with low grade, light curvatures, and easy deposits for its locomotives accessible at different points along its lines, wheat can be carried at a profit for three cents per bushel from Chicago to the sea. This means control of the European markets, not only for wheat, but meat, corn, oats and forage.

Business men are awake to the necessity of doing something at once, to meet this pressing necessity, this battle for the markets of the world.

In New York it is proposed to spend \$500,000,000 to widen the Erie canal into a ship canal with 25 feet of water. St. Louis is about building a fleet of steam barges, each to carry 800 tons and draw 15 inches of water. These barges are expected to carry grain down the Mississippi at a cost of three cents a bushel.

What I wish to call to the attention of your readers is the fact that in this struggle for cheap transportation the Black Diamond railway is easily in the front. The plan and construction of the road are exactly on the lines suggested by the writer in the *North American Review*, although the route is different. With its branches to the State capitals of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, its Chicago and Cleveland connections, its short routes, low grades, light curvatures and unlimited coal supplies, the Black Diamond will play a most important part in this international fight for control of the European markets.

Another battle is also being fiercely waged—the battle of the seaports. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent by the general government in improving and deepening the water approaches to our seaports. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk and New Orleans, in fact, all our seaports except Port Royal have been heavy beneficiaries, and all are clamoring for a goodly share of the ocean carrying trade.

Here again the Black Diamond is at the front. To say nothing of the increased distance from Europe of the Gulf seaports, New Orleans is more than one hundred miles from the Gulf up a river difficult of navigation, and like Mobile, Galveston and Port Arthur, troubled with shallowness of water.

Port Royal, the South Carolina terminus of the Black Diamond, is conceded the finest seaport on the South Atlantic coast, and far and away ahead of anything on the gulf coast. The combined navies of the world might find quiet anchorage in its capacious harbor. Around its landlocked waters a great commercial city is destined to spring up whose phenomenal growth will surpass even that of Newport News.

Ripley is fortunate in being located on the line of this great commercial highway of the future, the construction of which is as certain as the coming of the morning. Ripley, with its lovely location, magnificent water front, and facilities for water transportation, its rich agricultural resources behind—it requires no prophet to see that with the coming of the Black Diamond, Ripley will be transformed into a flourishing manufacturing city, its long banished business and trade will return to it, increased a hundred fold. Everybody will be happy, none more so than

Your obedient servant.

Wm. E. ROGERS.

Nov. 27, 1897.

—One Minute Cough Cure cures quickly. That's what you want! Evans Pharmacy.

### Interesting Facts About Spools and Shoe Pegs.

"Oxford County, Maine, turns out nearly all the spools on which the sewing thread of this country is wound," said a wholesale dealer in such articles. "The spools are made from white birch timber, and they are produced in Oxford County. There are many other parts of Western Maine also where the industry is important. There are numerous saw mills in that part of the State which are kept busy all the year round sawing white birch logs into strips four feet long, and from one to two inches wide, and of the same thickness. These strips are sent to the spool factories, where they are quickly worked into spools by the most ingenious labor-saving machinery.

"The strips of white birch are fed into one machine, and they are not touched, in fact, are hardly seen again, until the spools, all finished for market, except polishing, drop out by the bushel from another machine several rods away from where the strips started in. The spools get their gloss by being rapidly revolved in barrels, turned by machinery, the polishing resulting from the contact of the spools in the barrel.

"In the backwoods villages of Oxford County one sees scarcely any other industry but spool-making, and every person in the neighborhood is in some way interested in the business. The factories have been eating into the Maine birch forests for years, but there still seems to be enough of the timber left to feed the machinery for many years to come. Hundreds of thousands of feet of logs are cut and sawed into spool timber annually.

"Shoe-peg factories are also an important branch of business once peculiar to Maine, although it has of late been followed to some extent in other Eastern States, and is spreading to the hardwood forests of Northern Pennsylvania. Maple is used largely in the manufacture of shoe pegs, although white birch is used at some factories. Shoe pegs are sold by the bushel, and are worth all the way from 75 cents to \$1 a bushel, according to quality. More than \$150,000 was received by Maine shoe-peg factories last year for goods.

"A curious and profitable business has grown up in the Maine woods, near the sawmills, in the utilizing of the immense quantities of sawdust by compression. Thousands of tons of this waste material are bought for a mere nothing, and are pressed into compact blocks and bales, and in this form are finding a ready market for kindling and fuel in Eastern cities."

"Why," she finally ventured to falter, "do you look so sad when we are sitting thus?" "Because," he answered, gazing tenderly down into her troubled eyes, "a man always looks sad when he holds a lovely hand." She was somewhat reassured, although she did not quite understand.

## Blood Poison.

Contagious Blood Poison has been appropriately called the curse of mankind. It is the one disease that physicians cannot cure; their mercurial and potash remedies only bottle up the poison in the system, to surely break forth in a more virulent form, resulting in a total wreck of the system.

Mr. Frank B. Martin, a prominent jeweler at 926 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C., says: "I was for a long time under treatment of two of the best physicians of this city, for a severe case of blood poison, but my condition grew worse all the while, notwithstanding the fact that they charged me three hundred dollars. My mouth was filled with eating sores; my tongue was almost eaten away, so that for three months I was unable to taste any solid food. My hair was coming out rapidly, and I was in a horrible fix. I had tried various treatments, and was nearly discouraged, when a friend recommended S.S.S. After I had taken four bottles, I began to get better, and when I had finished eighteen bottles, I was cured sound and well, my skin was without a blemish, and I have had no return of the disease. S.S.S. saved me from a life of misery." S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) will cure any case of blood poison. Books on the disease and its treatment mailed free by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

**SSS**

### NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the late A. S. Stephens, or to the Firm of Reed & Stephens, either by Note or open Account, are hereby notified that they must be settled at once, or they will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection.

PAUL E. STEPHENS, Administrator.

Oct 27, 1897

### NOTICE.

Office of County Board of Commissioners, Anderson, S. C., December 6, 1897.

ALL persons holding claims against the County are hereby notified to file the same in this office on or before the first day of January next.

The annual meeting of the Board will be held on Tuesday, the 4th of January, A. D. 1898. W. P. SNEAD, GROVE, Co. Supervisor, Anderson County. J. N. O. CLARKE, Secretary.

# SANTA CLAUS!

Has passed through and left nearly everything he had with

## JOHN T. BURRISS,

For the Little Folks, such as—

- Dolls, Doll Beds, Iron Trains, Guns, Games of all kinds, Velocipedes, Foot Balls, Tin Stoves, Doll Furniture, and various other things.
- Doll Cradles, Balls, Tin Trains, Pistols, Harps, Express Wagons, Iron Stoves, Tea Sets,

### WE HAVE A CHINA PALACE

In its true sense, well worth your time and trouble to come and get prices, which we take great pleasure in showing and pricing you. When looking for

### WEDDING PRESENTS

Give me a look, as I have a beautiful selection in that line for very little money.

We are strictly up-to-date in style and prices to suit all. We want everybody that wants to see something nice and attractive to give us a call and inspect our Goods. No trouble to show you.

We extend a special invitation to the little children to come and see what dear old Santa has left here for them. This invitation means you and your neighbors and all their kindfolds.

I am now selling the handsomest STEEL RANGE made—the best for the money—and it would make your wife a nice Xmas Present.

A full line of Crocker, Glass, Lamp Goods, Tinware, Cheap Stoves, &c.

JOHN T. BURRISS.



## GREAT BARGAINS AND GREAT GUNS

Latest designs, Tremendous Stock!

### Breech and Muzzle Loading Shot Guns and Rifles.

A superb line—bought right—will be sold right. Now is the time to make your choice.

AMMUNITION, SPORTSMEN'S GOODS, &c., Retailed at wholesale prices.

On these and other classes of Goods in our line we are simply in it to sell.

# Sullivan Hardware Co.

### TREED AT LAST!

ALL successful Possum-hunters have been fooled; so are we this time. Our game in its desperation, puts up the customary nauseating defense, hops from limb to limb, winks one eye to itself, and in tones that bespeak the anguish of its stricken heart, wails to the sighing winds—at Cost! at Cost! at Cost! Now, ain't that a pretty mouth to put up.

People of Anderson County, believe it or not, as you will, the fact remains that never in our experience have we ever had such a large trade as now. We are not complaining about hard times. We are buying our share of the Cotton, and of course we are going to have our share of the trade. We hardly ever do sell out at Cost, and sometimes we don't; therefore, we don't have to do it now, because we have the slightest idea of going out of business—besides our Goods are going out fast enough at a reasonable profit.

When Christmas stops coming once a year, when we can't sell more Dean's Patent Flour than any other grade sold in Anderson County and prove it; when we can't beat the town on Shoes, and when the good people of old Anderson County say to us that we have imposed upon them and duped them, then, and not till then, will you get humble servants throw up the sponge and close out at Cost. Until then you can get what you want—Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Jeans, Flour and other Groceries, and Canned Meats as cheap at our Store as anywhere else, but you'll not get them at Cost.

DEAN & RATLIFF,

Cotton Buyers, Guano Dealers and Bargain Vendors to the Trade.

## Footwear!

A good opportunity to fit up the Family with desirable, well-fitting and good wearing Shoes.

It is our pleasure to announce that we have spared neither pains or money to make our line of FALL GOODS the most desirable and serviceable in the State, and we feel confident that our patrons will appreciate the fact that our Goods are manufactured expressly to suit the taste and fancies of this community. Every detail is carefully carried out with the intention of furnishing the public with a superb line of SHOES. We also carry a good line of

## TRUNKS,

And our prices are right.

Give us a call when in need of anything in our line, and be convinced of what we say.

# The Yates Shoe Co.

Under Masonic Temple, Anderson, S. C.