

INCIDENTS IN GRANT'S LIFE.

General Howard's First Meeting with the Always Victorious Commander.

Grant, Sherman, and Thomas at Chattanooga—Interesting Campaign Incidents—The Veto of the Inflation Bill of 1874.

Gen. Howard's Reminiscences.

The first time I met Gen. Grant was the 21st of October, 1863. The Eleventh Corps was then at Bridgeport, a place on the Tennessee where the Nashville Railway crosses the river, and my headquarters were in tents near the bridge. Early that morning, taking a return supply train, I went up to Stevenson, some ten miles distant, to pay an official visit to Gen. Hooker. While there Hooker said that our new military division commander was en route from Nashville to Chattanooga, that he was expected to arrive on the incoming train. Hooker had made preparations to meet the General and have him conducted to his own quarters. Grant was reported as very lame and suffering from the injuries occasioned by the falling of his horse a short time before in the streets of New Orleans. Hooker sent a spring wagon and an officer of his staff to the station, but for some reason he did not go himself.

As I must take the same train south bound, to get back to Bridgeport before dark, its arrival found me there in waiting. I had presumed that General Grant would remain over night with General Hooker, but this presumption was not correct. Several acquaintances among the officers who were in the train met me as I stepped into the forward part of the car, General Grant, sitting near the rear of the car, was pointed out to me, and I passed on at once, as was proper, to pay my respects to him.

Imagine my surprise when I saw him. He had been for some time before the public, the successful commander in important battles; the papers had said much for him, and several virulent sheets much against him, and so, judging by the accounts, I had conceived him to be of large size and rough appearance. The actual man was quite different—not larger than McClellan, at the same time rather thin in flesh and very pale in complexion, and noticeably self-contained and retiring.

Without rising, he extended his hand as I was presented, smiled pleasantly, and signified very briefly that it gave him pleasure to meet me. He then permitted me to continue the conversation.

Gen. Hooker's staff officer came with the tender of the conveyance and the offer of hospitality. The quick reply, made with quiet firmness, at the time astonished me: "If Gen. Hooker wishes to see me, he will find me on this train." I hardly need say that Hooker soon presented himself, and offered his courtesies in person to his new commander.

Hooker was tall, of full build, ruddy, handsome, then in the very prime of his manhood. I wondered at the contrast between the two men, and pondered upon the manner of their meeting. Grant evidently took this first occasion to assert himself. He never left the necessity of gaining a proper ascendancy over subordinate Generals—where it was likely to be questioned—to a second interview. Yet he manifested only a quiet firmness.

Gen. Grant and I shared a common wall tent between us. He had a humorous expression which I noticed as he eyes fell upon a liquor flask hanging against the tent wall. "That flask is not mine," I quickly said. "It was left here by an officer, to be returned to Chattanooga. I never drink." "Neither do I," was the prompt reply. His answer was not in spirit, for he was free from every appearance of drinking, and I was happy indeed to find in his clear eye and his clear face an unmistakable testimonial against the many prevalent falsehoods which envy and rivalry had set in motion after the battle of Shiloh.

The next morning, after a sunrise breakfast, his Chief of Staff, Gen. Rawlins, who in subsequent years became Secretary of War, lifted his General, then "lame and suffering," as it had been but a child, into the saddle. The direct route across the Tennessee was held by a Confederate force, and the river on our side was much exposed to sharpshooters from the other bank, and to Wheeler's spasmodic raids. Yet almost without escort Grant risked the journey along the river, through Jasper, across swollen streams, through deep mud and along roads that were already deemed too wretched and too dangerous for the wagons. This route was strewn with the wrecks of army vehicles and dead mules which our indefatigable Quartermasters had been forced to abandon. It would have been an awful journey for a well man—a journey of more than forty miles. At times it was necessary to take the General from his horse. The soldiers carried him in their arms across the roughest places. Yielding to no weariness or suffering he pushed through to Chattanooga, reaching Gen. Thomas the evening of the 22d of October. It was this remarkable journey which put Grant in rapport with Hooker and Thomas, gave practical shape to all good existing plans, and soon changed an army on the verge of starvation into an active, healthful, well supplied, conquering force.

While with the General during his first visit to my Bridgeport tent we were speaking of officers of rank who were dissatisfied with the size of their commands. He had no sympathy with such grumblers, and as little with the selfishly ambitious. He said, in answer to a remark of mine to the effect that it was hard for an officer to pass from a higher command to a lower, "I do not think so, Howard. A Major-General is entitled to an army division, and no more. Why, I believe I should be flying in the face of Providence to seek a command higher than that entrusted to me." Such was my first instructive lesson in the great leader. He began in me a confidence which years and experience never lessened.

For an interview with Gen. Thomas, then commanding our Army of the Cumberland, I went, the 11th of November, 1863, from Lookout Valley to Chattanooga. In the evening several officers were sitting together in an upper room when Gen. Sherman arrived, having left his marching column back at Bridgeport. He came bounding in after his usual buoyant manner. Gen. Grant, whose bearing toward Sherman differed from that with other officers, being free, affectionate, and good-humored, after the "How are you, Sherman?" and the reply, "Thank you, as well as can be expected," extended the ever welcome cigar. This Sherman proceeded to light, but without stopping his ready flow of hearty words, and not even pausing to sit down. He seemed like an animated boy just in from an exciting outdoor game.

Grant arrested his attention by some apt remark, and then said, "Take the chair of honor, Sherman," indicating a rocker with high back.

"The chair of honor? Oh, no; that belongs to you, General."

Grant, not a whit abashed by this compliment, said: "I don't forget, Sherman, to give proper respect to a superior."

"Well, then, if you put it on that ground, I must accept it."

That night I had the opportunity of hearing the projected campaigns discussed as never before. Sherman spoke quickly, but evinced much previous thought. Grant said Sherman would "bone" (i. e., study hard) his campaigns from morning to night on his horse. Gen. Thomas furnished them the

ammunition of knowledge, positive and abundant, of the surrounding mountainous regions of East Tennessee and Northern Georgia. Gen. Grant appeared to listen with pleased interest, and now and then made a pointed remark. Thomas was like the solid Judge, confident and fixed in his knowledge of law, Sherman, like the brilliant advocate, and Grant, rendering his verdicts, like an intelligent jurist.

The 23d of November following the conference referred to a reconnaissance had been ordered. Gen. Gordon Granger deployed one division of the Fourth army corps into line in front of Fort Wood, and supported it by his other two divisions. The Fourteenth corps, under Palmer, supported the right, and the Eleventh, massed, the left. Generals Grant and Thomas stood by the parapet within the fort, and their staff officers and orderlies were near at hand. I could see both Generals from my point of observation. I was curious to observe them in the approaching action, now so sure to come. At first the movement afforded a bright array of arms. The flags waved, and the bayonets, or the bright barrels of the guns, flashed in the sunlight. Skirmishers sprang to their places with gladness and clarity, and soon the whole front was covered with them, and the buglers sounded the advance, all as if on parade. The Confederates in our front doubtless thinking of Grant's review of troops; many of them stood on their emplacements to behold the fine display. The men seemed to fly over the space intervening to Pitt Knob. Of course resistance soon came. Skirmishers against skirmishers, and the batteries all along the line were at last awakened, and the air was full of missiles. The enemy, however, was this time surprised, and his outer works were taken. All this time, while staff officers became excited and orderlies could not keep quiet, Grant and Thomas stood side by side without exchanging a word. Grant quietly smoked his cigar and Thomas pressed his field-glass now and then against his forehead to get clearer views. At last the Orchard Knob is crowned and Rawlins steps to Grant's side and seems to plead with him. He thought that the men should not return as usual after a reconnoiter, but hold what they had gained. "It will have a bad effect to let them come back and try it over again." When the desired moment had come Grant said quietly, "Intrench them and send in support." It was so done. In this brief combat I could observe the perfect self-possession and imperturbability of our leaders. Grant's equanimity was not marred by danger or by the contagious excitement of the battle.

In Washington, after the war, when President Johnson unexpectedly became lenient in his policy toward the Southern white people, and Mr. Stanton, his Secretary of War, cleaved to Congress, there were for a time great fears of conspiracy and revolution. One night, at the War Department, several officers were assembled, and the air was filled with rumors of coming danger. The capital was said to be full of traitors, parties were conspiring at the principal hotels, some hostiles were believed as dangerous as early in 1861. Espionage was rife, and everybody exhibited a useless apprehension. Grant joined us in the Secretary's office. A guard was ordered for the War Department. Speaking of an officer commanding troops, some one said: "Why, you cannot trust that officer; he is 'copy'!" Gen. Grant turned to the speaker and said, severely: "Sir, you may trust him. If you do not have confidence, you can trust nobody. Trust him, sir, and he will be true." This time the confidence was reposed in the officer referred to. It was not betrayed.—*Christian Union*

A Bit of History.
It can now be said that the first organized meeting of members of the Republican party to nominate Gen. Grant for President was held in this city. The meeting took place in room 11 of the Astor House, in the latter part of 1866. Among those who were present were Thurlow Weed, who presided; Gilbert J. Hunter, a well-known resident of Ninth Ward; William A. Darling, James Kelly, then Postmaster; Abraham Wakenan, Surveyor of the Port; James W. Booth, State Senator of the West Side District; Sheridan Shook, and George Starr. A "Central Grant Club" was established, with headquarters at Broadway and Twenty-third street—now the Blossom Club—and Grant clubs were formed in nearly every ward in the city.

On Nov. 22, 1867, a circular was issued from the Central Club, and directed to prominent Republicans in all parts of the Union, in reference to a concentrated effort of the loyal people in favor of the nomination and election of Gen. Grant to the Presidency. The persons addressed were asked to form Grant clubs in every Assembly district in every State. The circular, among other things, said:

"We believe that public sentiment has already indicated our noble General as the proper man to lead the loyal citizens of the republic to sure victory; but organization, effort, and a proper direction to the general public desire is none the less important. Let us press onward, then, with this one object in view—to promote the interests of our candidate for President, Ulysses S. Grant; avoid all other issues, and concentrate ourselves to make him as candidate for Vice President."

Accompanying this circular was the following pledge:

"We, the undersigned, hereby declare that we are in favor of the nomination and election of Ulysses S. Grant to the office of President of the United States, and that we will use our best efforts to secure that result."

The following are the names of the committee appointed by the Central Grant Club to have charge of the formation of Grant clubs throughout the Union:

Rufus F. Andrews, who in 1872 became an Independent Republican and supported Horace Greeley for President; Hugh Gardner, afterward a Police Commissioner and Police Justice; James W. Farr, a Ninth Warder and school officer; Joseph B. Taylor, a brewer; George H. Sheldon, present First Marshal; John J. Shaw, lawyer. The corresponding committee was made up in the following order: James R. Davies, Chairman, who is known by every politician in the city; Chester A. Arthur, with then, probably, the least thought in the world of his future elevation; D. D. T. Marshall, served a term as Excise Commissioner; Robert Edwards, merchant; E. Delafield Smith, once Corporation Counsel; William T. Black, engineer; Andrew Jackson Plumb, journalist and stump orator. Of those whose names have been mentioned Gilbert J. Hunter, Thurlow Weed, James Kelly, James W. Booth, James W. Parr, Hugh Gardner, Joseph B. Taylor, John J. Shaw, and E. Delafield Smith are dead.—*New York World*.

Opinions of Grant.

Grant was a finisher; a man of action.—*Ingleside*.

The simplest citizen of the republic.—*The Independent*.

The true Gen. Grant lives in the monuments he has left behind him.—*Boston Beacon*.

His fame can never be obscured. Posterity will do him justice.—*Danvers Opinion*.

He had no historical models, but worked out his own course from his own good sense and thoughtfulness.—*Hon. Hamilton Fish*.

The great soldier who transformed the words of Lincoln's proclamation into facts.—*American Art Journal*.

WELCOME from fields where valor fought To feasts where pleasure waits; A nation gives you smiles unbought At all her opening gates!

Forgive us when we press your hand— Your war-worn features scar; God sent you to a bleeding land; Our nation found its man.

—O. W. Holmes, in 1865.

WESTERN GOVERNORS.

Gov. Martin, of Kansas.

John A. Martin was born March 10, 1839, at Brownsville, Fayette County, Pa. While a mere lad he learned the trade of printing in the office of the *Brownsville Clipper*. In the spring of 1857 he went to Pittsburgh and worked at his trade for a short time. In October of the same year he emigrated to Kansas. He located in Atchison, and for a short time set type for the columns of the *Squatter Sovereign*. He purchased the *Squatter Sovereign* in February, 1858, changed its name to *Freedom's Champion*, and on the 20th of the same month commenced his long editorial career in Kansas by the issue of the first number of the paper with which he has since been so honorably identified. Since that time he has been elected to several offices, filling them to the utmost satisfaction of his constituents. He was Secretary of the Wyandotte Constitutional Convention, and was elected State Senator before he was twenty-one. He served as delegate to the Territorial Convention, at Lawrence, of April 11, 1860. During the summer of 1861 he assisted in organizing the Eighth Kansas Infantry, of which he was appointed Lieutenant Colonel. Early in 1862 he was appointed Provost Marshal of Leavenworth, and in March of the same year his regiment was ordered to Corinth, Miss., and thereafter during the whole war it served in the Army of the Cumberland.



Lieut. Col. Martin was promoted to be Colonel on the 1st of November, 1862, and was Provost Marshal of Nashville, Tenn., from December, 1862, to June, 1863. The regiment under his command took part in the battles of Perryville, Ky., and Lancaster, Ky.; the campaign against Tullahoma and Chattanooga; the battle of Chickamauga; the siege of Chattanooga; the storming of Mission Ridge; the campaign in Eastern Tennessee in the winter of 1863-4; the campaign from Chattanooga to Atlanta; and the subsequent pursuit of Hood northward. Col. Martin commanded the Third Brigade during the siege of Chattanooga; and commanded the First Brigade, Third Division, Fourth Army Corps, from August, 1864, until his muster out at Pulaski, Tenn., Nov. 17, 1864. Returning home, he resumed control of the *Atchison Champion* early in January, 1865. He has been Commander-in-chief of the State Encampment, Grand Army of the Republic; a delegate from Kansas to the National Republican Conventions of 1860, 1868, 1872, and 1880; a member of the United States Centennial Commission and one of the Vice Presidents of that body; was elected by the two houses of Congress one of the Board of Managers of the National Soldiers' Homes in 1878, and re-elected in 1882, being Second Vice President of that body until 1884, and was elected Mayor of Atchison in 1865. He was elected Governor of Kansas in 1884, defeating ex-Gov. Glick, the Democratic candidate, by 40,000 majority.

Gov. Dawes, of Nebraska.

James W. Dawes, Governor of Nebraska, was born at McConnellsville, Ohio, on Jan. 8, 1845. Removed from Ohio to Wisconsin in 1856, locating in the town of Newport. Received a common-school education; worked on farm summers, attending school winters. From October, 1854, to October, 1868, clerked for G. J. Hansen & Co., general merchants, at Kilbourn City, Wis. Studied law at Fox Lake, Wis., and was admitted to the bar Jan. 10, 1871. Was married at Fox Lake, May 11, 1871. Located at Crete, Neb., Sept. 5, 1871. Engaged in mercantile business from Sept. 5, 1871, to March, 1877. Was elected State Senator in 1876. Engaged in the practice of law since 1877. Held the position of Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of Nebraska from May, 1876, to September, 1882. Elected delegate to the Republican National Convention at Chicago, June, 1880, and was named by delegation as member of National Republican Committee for Nebraska for term of four years. Trustee and Secretary of Doane College, at Crete, Neb., since 1875. Elected Governor of Nebraska November, 1882, and re-elected November, 1884.



"Oh, missus, I's tarible skeered. Las' night I dreamed mos' all night I wuz a-dyin', an' I's feared I ain't long fer dis world."

"Why, you shouldn't be alarmed; you know dreams won't be the rule of contraries."

"No, missus, I can't see dat, coz night 'fo' last I dreamed I felled down a well, an' shuah I doan' understand how I could fall up one."—*Harper's Bazar*.

SHELLS OF SAND.

Mud-Slinging Batteries of a Partisan Press Without Ammunition.

Remarkable Record of Reforms Made by the Present Administration.

[Washington special to Chicago Times.]

The administration vacation may be deemed to have begun, although most of the Cabinet Ministers are here. It has been in power a little over five months, and it is not too early to begin to ask what kind of an administration it is. The extreme difficulty the New York *Tribune* and the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* are having in keeping up an opposition to it is pretty good evidence that it is not an easy administration to attack. It has made some mistakes, but the most violent of the Republican organs have contented themselves with a ridiculous belittling of the good work of the administration, and an equally absurd exaggeration of those small errors which every finite government must make. It is evident from the Republican papers that they are getting very little campaign ammunition out of this administration.

Take the Treasury Department. It has been the practice for years to excite the cupidity of Congressmen by publishing a statement of our surplus revenues, which while technically correct, was substantially a gross exaggeration. That has been changed, and the real available surplus only is now stated. A man who is not a banker or expert accountant can now find out how much gold and silver the Government owns. Every effort is being made, and with full assurance of success, to prevent the substitution of the silver for the gold standard in the commercial transactions until Congress shall meet, and have a chance to amend legislation. The legal-tender issues have never been so secure as since the department has adopted the policy of setting aside from its assets \$100,000,000 of gold as a fund to protect and redeem them. The pernicious practice of pension agents of keeping on hand, that is in the hands of friends of theirs, vast sums of money for which they had no immediate use, has been stopped. Whatever may be said of Arthur Chenoweth's attitude on the civil-service question, he has done the good service of exposing a most disgraceful state of affairs in the coast survey office which his predecessor might have exposed, but he never did. Auditor Day has been the means of putting a stop to the practice of beating the Government out of large sums of money due it by getting accounts reopened and resettled on ex-parte evidence in the interest of some man who owed the Government money. Custom houses that don't pay expenses, and that were established merely to afford places to political workers, are beginning to disappear. The Bureau of Printing and Engraving has been put in the charge of the man who above all others is best fitted to manage that great workshop. A long stride has been taken toward the destruction of the consignment system in New York, whereby American importers have been unable to compete with the agents of foreign houses.

Take the Interior Department. In the general Land Office a substantial check has been given to the vast fraudulent entry business, and the rights of the settlers in the indemnity lands have been asserted. In the Indian Office the illegal career of the cattle barons in occupying Indian lands and fencing the public domain has been brought to an end. In the Pension Office there are fewer employees spending their time in politics and more of them working for the disabled veterans than ever before. There was never before a time in the history of the office when it worked so rapidly and efficiently as it does now. Custom and Excise officers can say in reply to this that a man whom the President appointed a Pension Agent took the responsibility of employing an ex-Confederate as his chief clerk.

In the War Department there is a feeling that merit instead of influence is to determine promotions of officers, and justice and the public good are to determine details, such as has not prevailed there for many years. Mr. Lincoln was an excellent Secretary, and would have accomplished more in the direction of reform if President Arthur had not had so many friends. President Cleveland has no friends in his mind when the public interest is in any way involved.

In the Department of Justice it is already apparent that there is an Attorney General who devotes his entire mind to protecting the interests of his client—the Government. We have had, however, a Chief Justice who looked out for everybody except the Government.

Take the Postoffice Department—the department that comes closest to the people. Forty or fifty thousand dollars a year was saved on the contracts for official envelopes. About \$30,000 was saved on contracts for printing postage-stamps. Leases of premises for long terms of years at exorbitant rentals, procured evidently for pecuniary or political considerations, have been declared invalid in accordance with an opinion by the Attorney General. What Postmaster General have we had lately who would have sacrificed the opportunity of distributing \$400,000 among the owners of American steamship lines, not to promote the efficiency of the mails, but simply to add to the gains of the owners? Mr. Vilas did that, and the result is that not only are the mails carried as well as ever, but to Cuba and Central and South America the mails are carried more expeditiously than ever before, because, instead of an all-water route, a part rail and part water route has been substituted. Out of nearly five hundred Presidential postmasters who have been appointed, it has been learned that one or two were but appointments, and to the unspeakable disgust of the Republican organs these have been promptly revoked. Out of 2,500 fourth-class postmasters appointed since Mr. Stevenson succeeded Mr. Hay, it is believed necessary to revoke the appointments of five.

So much for the departments: Is there any Republican so hide-bound in his political prejudices that as he looks over this record he will continue to feel alarm lest the Democratic party will ruin the country, bankrupt the Treasury, pay the rebel debt, disgrace itself abroad, reverse the political results of the war, or do any other of the things not only that campaign speakers predicted, but that many simple-minded Republicans really feared a year ago? But take the new class of officials personally. A man who has lived in Washington for the past few years has a good many friends among the outgoing Republican officials, and for this reason he hesitates about making comparisons. But one of the last Republican officials to leave the Treasury said recently to the writer: "My duties bring me in contact with the Secretary of the Treasury, the Law Assistant Secretary, the Solicitor, and the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. There is no question that Mr. Manning, Mr. Fairchild, Judge McCue, and Mr. Miller are able men and much better fitted for their positions than the Republicans they succeeded. Ex-First Comptroller Lawrence is probably as able a lawyer as his successor, Mr. Durham, but he had no executive ability, and his office fell into disorder. Mr. Durham is not only a good lawyer, but he and Mr. Garrison, the new Deputy, are good executive officers." Without being unpleasantly personal, it is unquestionable that some of the auditors are decidedly improved upon their predecessors. Col. Vilas and Mr. Stevenson can afford to allow themselves to be compared with any of their predecessors, and the Postmaster General looms up head and shoulders above some of the able Republicans who preceded Mr. Hutton. The affections of Mr. Atkins for the red men may be warmer than those of Mr. Price, but Mr. Atkins is certainly not second to Mr. Price in the matter of clearness or vigor. Nor will the public lands suffer at all from the substitution of Mr. Sparks for Mr. McPherson. Mr. Whittaker, Mr. Coleman proves to be, and so far as he has had a chance he has justified his appointment as Commissioner of Agriculture, he can not fall to be a more intelligent, efficient, and economical public servant than Mr. Granger B. Leasing.

The sum of the whole matter is this: Five months of Democratic administration have proved that instead of there being only one, there are two parties in this country, either of which is perfectly capable of carrying on the Government. This is gratifying news to people who are Americans first and party men afterward, but who have grown a little uneasy lest the preaching of the Republican politicians was right, and that there was only one political organization that contained enough brains and patriotism to run the Government without running it into the ground.

INDIANA STATE NEWS.

—John C. Brady was murdered in his house at Scottsburg by an unknown burglar.

—An application has been filed for a receiver for G. H. Zschech & Co.'s machine works, of Indianapolis, which owe \$35,000.

—John A. Stein, a prominent member of the Lafayette bar, and former partner of Godlove S. Orth, died in that city last week.

—While Miss Anna Godfrey, daughter of the old Miami Indian Chief, and his niece were out driving in Fort Wayne Wednesday night, their buggy was overturned and both ladies seriously injured.

—When the wife of Charles Jester, of Richmond, was left a widow, a year or so ago, she was unable to support herself and babe, and in giving it to a neighbor relinquished all right to it. Now she is married again, to Ormer Gaudet, and wants the child, and has abducted it.—*Indianapolis News*.

—While crossing a trestle on the Louisville, Evansville and St. Louis Railroad, near Marengo, an old German, name unknown, was run over by the west-bound freight and had his left leg cut off just above the ankle. The engineer sounded the whistle three times, but the old man was deaf and could not hear it.

—An old superstition exists that when a farmer accidentally misses planting a row of corn, wheat, or other grain in a field, a member of his family will be called to the grave within twelve months. A case of this sort was related to a correspondent at Scottsburg, recently, which may prove to the superstitious the truthfulness of the old saying. Last fall, writes the scribe, a farmer living in the northwest part of this county, named Tunis House, discovered that in sowing his wheat he had missed two rows. Immediately he predicted that he and his eldest daughter, a young lady, would be called away, according to the superstition. His predictions proved correct, for on the 21st of last March the daughter died, and on the 26th of the following month Mr. House passed silently to the other shore.

FLORA BELLE.

Antecedents of a Famous Pacer.

[Letter from Vincennes.]

The celebrated Flora Belle, one of the fastest horses in America, is a Vincennes mare, and sporting men here and the citizens generally feel proud of her. She is the property of Mr. Jim McCarthy, of this city. Flora Belle is not on the turf this season, as she is now in Kentucky, being foal by Nutwood. Flora Belle's best records were 2:16, made in Buffalo, and 2:13 in Rochester, N. Y., in 1883. She made better time than that later on at East Saginaw, Mich., where she made it in 2:11, but she got no record for that. Flora Belle was once the property of William H. Neal of the Meredith House, of Washington, Ind. Mr. Neal is very enthusiastic over his favorite. He tells the following interesting and remarkable story of the great pacer:

"I bought Flora Belle from an old farmer near Bedford, in Lawrence County, when she was a colt, paying him three five-dollar bills for the animal. I was buying hogs through Lawrence County, and I had bought a small drove from the man of whom I afterward purchased the colt. I wasn't in the horse business then, but the old fellow insisted on selling me a scrawny-looking, poxy-built colt he had. He said he had paid \$5 cash, and ought to have \$10 more for his trouble in raising the colt. So I paid him his price and drove the colt to Bedford with the parcel of hogs. The next year she began to lengthen and look like she had some speed in her. I broke her to saddle, and she could outkick anything I ever saw. One day I was racking her when she suddenly changed her gait to a pace for the first time and fairly flew along the road. She never got a chance to rack again, for I began to cultivate her for a pacer, and she rapidly improved, but at that time I did not think of going on the turf with her myself, and in the spring of 1880 I offered to sell her for \$125, but did not find a purchaser."

"When was her first race made?" was asked.

"On the Daviess County Fair Ground track, at the Fourth of July races in 1880," was the reply. "I then had two or three other horses, and came here from Bedford to take in the races. I didn't intend to enter Flora, but she showed up so well I saw she could beat anything on the ground, and entered her for second place. John Burke got first place, but Flora could easily have beaten him, only I did not want to give her a record on her first race. Just after that race I sold a half-interest in the mare for \$300 to Dr. Net Wilson."

"How did she get the name of Flora Belle?"

"I didn't call her that at first. Her original name was Sally Black, but a young woman in Lawrence County to whom I once loaned the mare to ride to church objected to the name, and I gave her permission to change it. This she did, embroidering the name Flora Belle on a fancy linen horse-suit. I campaigned with Flora Belle during 1880 and '81, through part of Indiana and Illinois, and the mare steadily gained a reputation. In the spring of 1882 we sold the mare to Jim McCarthy of Vincennes for \$3,000. We parted with her too soon," added Mr. Neal, regretfully.

"If we had kept her three months longer she would have brought \$10,000 at least. Flora Belle is a great horse, and she made Jim McCarthy stacks of money."

"Did Flora Belle come out of good stock?"

"Her sire and dam were of good blood, but neither of them was fast, and Flora Belle was a sort of an accident, as it were. After she sprang into prominence, some fellow hunted up the old stallion, some was working as a dray horse. Several mares were bred to him, among them Flora Belle's dam, but of course the quality of the colts cannot be determined as yet. It is not likely, I think, that any of them will ever begin to rival the Belle."

Mr. McCarthy says he believes she could be forced as low as 2:08. He will put her on the turf again in the fall of 1886, and thinks she will be able to do as good work as ever.