

fine horses on this ranch. There are 383 which were brought here in special cars from the Palo Alto ranch, and there is a race track here of a mile in length for the training of them. The kindergarten is a little pen containing a circular track, perhaps a quarter of a mile in length, and the trainer stands in the center of this with a whip and cracks this at the colts as they run about it. Senator Stanford told me one day his theory as to this mode of training. Said he:

"I believe there are certain muscles which the horse uses while he is going fast that are never called into play when he is making his ordinary gait. The horse which is never speeded does not call into play these muscles. He may have the germs of them, but they lay dormant and flabby. I believe by the cultivation of these muscles by speeding the colts that they grow and become stronger from year to year and the colt thus acquires his perfection. The chief thing is to prevent them overdoing. You can ruin the training of years in an hour, and the greatest trouble is in getting good trainers. My idea is to excite the colts to do their best without over exertion, and this done from day to day with any of the great horses of the day taken when they were young would have, I believe, made them do to better work than they are now doing."

I am told here at Vina that the czar has offered to send Senator Stanford anything he wants in his stables in return for a couple of good horses from Palo Alto for breeding purposes. It is not known positively what horses will be sent to Russia, but the trainers here think that among those picked out will be the stallion "Good Gift." "Good Gift" is by Electioneer out of a thoroughbred mare. He has a good record and is beautifully formed. Senator Stanford thinks that the Orloff breed would, if it could be introduced into this country, become a very popular coach horse for the rich people of our cities. The Orloff horses are large and showy. The most of them are black. They possess great endurance and are noted for their fine action and their high spirit. They make good time and they would bring big prices in the United States. The Senator has two magnificent coach horses at Washington which are as black as jet, and which are made very much after the style of the Orloffs. I do not know as to their breed, but they are one of the most valuable coach teams in the United States. Senator Stanford believes that no greater thing can be done for the farming interests of the United States than in the improvement of the breed of our horses. He once told me that he thought the kind of horses he is raising here would make far superior farm horses to the heavier variety, such as the Normans and the Percherons. He thinks they have more endurance, cost less to keep and that they will do more work in a given time than the heavier variety. His horses here as well as those at Palo Alto will be given to the university estate if he should die, and it is, I think, his idea that his breeding establishment will be continued. His horses, I am told, are a paying investment, and of a hundred colts which he has every year it is rare to find one which will not bring \$500 at birth.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A new ice boat will be built for the traffic across the sound next winter.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS

LONDON, May 22, 1893. There is nowhere in the entire range of sociological study and observation so grotesque and yet so genuine a thing as Gipsy royalty. To be "king" or "queen" of a tatterdemalion crew of wanderers seems to us who are utterly removed from Gipsy thought, feeling and conditions so trifling and outlandish a thing that we can scarcely contemplate the regal status and its odd dignities without a feeling of ridicule and contempt.

The first Gipsy I ever saw was a princess; afterwards a queen. That was just forty years ago. She was a mite of a thing, and a great storm of early winter had separated her from the rest of her band as it was hastening to summer climes, and driven her, desperately near death from the severity of the elements, to the door of our ample and ancient farm house. It was Thanksgiving day. A crowd of relatives and friends was being entertained after the good old New England fashion. The hundreds of cattle, horses and sheep had all been comfortably housed from the bewildering storm. Three or four tablefuls of countryside guests had been served, everything possessing a keener relish for the shuddering night and its blinding snow. While the good old place was ringing with laughter and jollity and my mother, with the manner of a severe commander, was giving an eye to preparations for the "hired men's" repast, the storm clutched and shook the old farm house savagely. In the rattle and clatter of it all there was swept into the wide, low-ceilinged room a sacred, trembling, tawny girl of perhaps fourteen years of age.

The snow was beaten into her glossy, black hair, which was matted wildly about her shivering form. My mother locked the "hired men" out for a bit; brought the girl to the capacious fireplace and dried and warmed her; and then with a genuine court-martial air, and still with a brusque yet certain touch of the waif's immediate needs which had real humanity in it, set her at the table and fed her until she could hold no more.

Then taking both of us—myself "rising five," as the farmers say, and this plump, glowing-eyed heathen—she marched us up stairs, away into the garret, and put us, still together, into the snugest of trundle-beds beside the huge, roaring chimney, where, cuddling me in her warm arms as if for human companionship, and muttering words of an unknown tongue which surely held the modulation and accent of prayer, this lost heathen princess sobbed herself asleep.

It would be a long and even a romantic story, how this Gipsy girl was found at our home by a Gipsy lad the next morning; how lad and lass disappeared hand in hand like ragged silhouettes over the snow capped hills about our valley farm; how when a boy soldier I came upon the two, then man and wife, ground between the teeth of war as Hood was making his brave but fateful winter march upon Nashville, just ten years after the stormy Thanksgiving time, and at a then dreadful risk set them on their way to Gipsy friends in the North; how but a few years later still I again found them, this time in a great Gipsy camp where the annual May-day meetings and partings were

going on, and where, for what little I and mine had done, this same Gipsy-girl, now queen of her tribe, made my merits, through her gratitude, so great to her people and race, that in all lands and places since three magic words have unlocked house, tent and heart of all Gipsydom; but it has brought me to see and feel almost with Gipsy eyes and mind, and to know that there is truly an impressive reality even in Gipsy royalty in rags.

The accepted notion about Gipsy "kings" and "queens" is that of the stage and story-book Gipsy carrying a witch-crook, striding great strides, dressed in gaudy finery, wearing a tin crown and bedecked with Brummagen beads and rings, who endlessly speaks in a voice of suppressed basso and who "Thees!" "Thous!" "Hos!" "Has!" and "Avaunts!" trembling subjects until their joints are loose in their sockets and the camp-fire pots rattle and clink in the crooks of the iron kettle-sticks. Perhaps something of this sort was in vogue a few hundred years ago. The history of Gipsy tribes in Continental Europe shows that Gipsy "kings," "princes," "earls," "dukes" and those of lesser title roamed about, under license of potentates, with retinues and cavalcades that would have done honor to truly titled folk of the time. But all this sort of thing is now alone found in the shilling-shocker and penny-dreadful wilds of literature. There was up to the last century some genuine royal Gipsy pageantry among the larger wandering British tribes. This was characteristic of Scottish more than of English Gipsies. The record of the royal doings of the latter is indeed luminous and unique.

In the early part of the 16th century, Anthonius Gawino, earl of Little Egypt, was so consummately shrewd in carrying out his assumption of pilgrimage and of being under commands of the pope to wander seven years without sleeping in a bed, that he actually secured the countenance, if not the favor, of James IV. This Anthonius Gawino seemed to be a diplomat by nature. He inveigled King James into giving him a very strong and sympathetic letter to his uncle, the king of Denmark, in which the Gipsy chief and his vagabond followers are spoken of as "Anthonius Gawino, earl of Little Egypt, and the other afflicted and lamentable tribe of his retinue, whilst, through a desire of traveling and by command of the pope, pilgriming over the Christian world," etc, which shows that their imposition upon the melancholy Scottish king was complete, whether or not his testimonial ever benefited them in Denmark.

Until nearly a half-century after this, although the Gipsies had already become troublesome, their true character had not been discovered. James V., shortly before his death in 1540 entered into a league with "John Faw, lord and earl of Little Egypt," directing all in authority in his realm to compel the return to Faw's submission all those Egyptians who had rebelled against him, and that all officers should assist in detaining and punishing those people "in conformity with his laws," so that, as the edict read, "the said John have no cause for complaint thereupon in time coming." This edict further charged all officers of the realm to command masters of all ships at ports and havens where the said John and his company