

ST. PAUL NEWS.

AMONG THE HORSES.

[This column will appear in the Globe every Monday morning. Patient correspondence will be thankfully received, and should be addressed to the Editor of the Globe.]

The Wintering Quarters of Commodore Kittson's String of Fast Flyers—The Records of the Past Season—Edwina Thorne and Betsy Trotwood—Various Items of Interest to Turfmen and Horse Breeders.

To Advertisers. Stock advertisements will hereafter be inserted in the Monday issue of the Globe, immediately following the reading matter of the horse department. In no other way can stock be so cheaply or prominently advertised as by taking advantage of this opportunity. Figures will be furnished on application, and advertisements can also occupy a corresponding position in the weekly issue, if desired.

Commodore Kittson's Horses.

A day or two ago Mr. Dan Woodmansee, who superintends Commodore Kittson's string of trotters and pacers, and who, since the trotting season of 1893 closed, has been in Cincinnati with the horses, returned to St. Paul. Mr. Woodmansee is in fine spirits and reports that all the animals belonging to Commodore Kittson are in good health and excellent condition, just as they ought to be at this season. When the string was first sent from Chicago, at the close of the last meeting at that place, it was not definitely settled just what should be done with the animals. It was a matter of discussion with the commodore, Mr. Woodmansee and Mr. Spaul, as to whether the horses should be taken down through Kentucky, Tennessee to New Orleans, and so on through the south or whether they should take them to Cincinnati, and there remain during the winter. About the first of November last they reached Cincinnati when it was finally determined they should there remain till spring and not go further south.

HOW THEY ARE TAKEN CARE OF.

In a brief interview with Mr. Woodmansee it was learned how the animals were cared for. Their shoes have been taken off and they are allowed, on pleasant days, to run out in the paddocks, roll in the dirt and enjoy themselves. When the weather is cold and it rains they are generally kept in and given some exercise by placing a boy on one of them and having him lead around. In this way they are all kept in excellent condition, so that they can be taken up and put into training at any time with the prospects of obtaining the best results. Mr. Woodmansee says the grass down there where the horses are is just as green as it is anywhere in the summer, and that whether they have roots they are of a very light character. The animals are never allowed to go out till the frost is off the ground. They are given exercise of some kind every day.

MAUD S.

This famous mare that put the trotting record down where it has not yet been reached by any other horse is also at Chester park, where the commodore's horses are, in charge of Bair. Mr. Woodmansee says she looks badly, and that horsemen that have seen her express the opinion that she has seen her best days and will never again go under the wire with anything like the speed she has shown. Her left fore leg has been blistered on account of lameness, and the leg seems to have thickened up somewhat. Bair hopes that she will come around right in the spring, but knows nothing about the intentions of Mr. Vanderbilt in regard to her.

THE TIME OF THE HORSES.

Mr. Woodmansee naturally feels a pride in the animals under his charge. There are right of them in all, as follows: Johnston, 2:10; Little Brown Jug, 2:11 1/2; Gem, 2:13 1/2; Fannie Witherston, 2:17; So, 2:17 1/2; Minnie R., 2:19; VonArmin, 2:19 1/2; Silverton, 2:20 1/2. This gives an average of 2:16, and he does not believe there is another stable in the land that can lead out eight horses with an average of 2:16.

JOHNSTON THE PACER.

This animal stands very high in the estimation of Mr. Woodmansee and Mr. Spaul, as well as in the opinion of Commodore Kittson. This estimate of him is based not alone upon what he has done but upon what they all have a belief he can do, and that is to set the record down a good deal lower than it now stands. He is, as all know, a bay gelding, 15 1/2 hands in height, six years old, and weighs 900 pounds. In this respect he is quite different from Little Brown Jug, who is a dun. Mr. Woodmansee represents that Johnston has held matinees almost every day since he has been at Cincinnati. Everybody wants to see the pacer wonder, the horsemen come from all around to inspect him. He is playful and colts all the time, and wholly without an ugly trait. In the enthusiastic language of Mr. Woodmansee "he is the kindest dispositioned horse on earth. Anybody, even a child, can drive him." This horse started in five races, first at Detroit, and passed through the Michigan circuit, winning up at Chicago. He has never lost a heat or a race, and did not in any of his races make but one break, and that was at Detroit in a big field of fifteen or sixteen horses. He went through all of these as though they were pulling for him to go through. From his first race he increased his record, and continued to increase it till he touched 2:10 without trouble, and it is known well enough that he can put the figures still lower. Mr. Woodmansee says that if the judges should think that he was pulled and put another driver up behind him it would make no difference as he would go right along just the same with the new driver. Anybody can drive him. He goes fast because he loves to go that way. He wears light shoes, knee and quarter boots, with nothing behind. The knee and quarter boots are now put on not because they are needed but simply for safety.

The following is the pedigree of this grand animal:

He was sired by Bashaw Goldust, he by Billy Bashaw, he by Greer's Bashaw; Bashaw Goldust's dam was by Champion Goldust, and her dam was thoroughbred; Johnston's dam is by Ned Forrest, her dam by Steel's Kentucky Hunter; Ned Forrest is by Edwin Forrest and his dam by young Sir Henry, a grand colt of Henry.

Edwin Thorne.

Turf, Field and Farm: Mr. Edwin Thorne, who is spending a few days in the city, informs us that the great chestnut, Edwina Thorne, has been running out at

ever will make no difference as he will get special from all the prominent associations in the country, no doubt from the fact that he is now the drawing card, having the fastest record 2:10 to his credit. This horse has never been subjected to a terrible scoring, nor in hardly contested races. Being perfectly sound and young the chances are greatly in his favor to lower the record next season, and if it is done at all, it will be by this already famous gelding.

The Turf, Field and Farm on the 18th of November last, in the course of a lengthy article on the "Pacers and their Development," spoke of him as an animal to whom the suspicion attaches that he is "faint-hearted." This expression, which means a very great deal, was objected to by a writer in the Chicago Breeder's Gazette as not an appropriate one to apply to Johnston. Perhaps it is best to give just what the Turf, Field and Farm did say, which is as follows:

Johnston, who is the fastest harness record, 2:10, is a pacer of the trotting conformation, and the suspicion attaches to him that he is faint-hearted. It may be that his muscles were not keyed up the past summer to the pitch demanded by a three-fast-consecutive mile effort. We hope, for the sake of his new owner, that he will prove a campaign horse. His muscular power is more evenly distributed than that of Little Brown Jug.

In reply to the Gazette the Turf, Field and Farm gave Mr. Woodmansee as an authority for the fact that he is faint-hearted. In his interview with Mr. Woodmansee yesterday the writer took occasion to ask him about the matter. In reply he gave a very rational explanation, the substance of which is as follows: During the trotting season both Mr. Woodmansee and Mr. Spaul were watching out for anything that showed speed at either the trotting or pacing gait, and of course their attention was attracted to Johnston, and in conversation with one of the editors and proprietors of the Turf, Field and Farm, he (Woodmansee) expressed his doubts about the horse being able to maintain the high rate of speed through a number of consecutive heats, that he had at that time shown. In this connection Mr. Woodmansee used the term "faint-hearted." Before the season was over, however, Mr. Woodmansee began to be satisfied that the gelding was capable of maintaining the speed exhibited through a sufficient number of consecutive heats to satisfy any one that he had all the stamina required for a campaign.

As to the general opinion was fully formed by the exhibition made at Chicago, and it was upon these experiences and observations of the horse and the manner in which he paced those three heats in Chicago that determined the purchase. Mr. Woodmansee says that before Pete Johnston drove the horse those three heats that he told him (John ) that the track was heavy and the day bad, and that he did not want to have Johnston make the heat by forcing him. All he wanted was to see three good heats in reasonably fast time. He says he noticed that the horse was not touched with the whip in those three heats except in the last one when the driver touched the gelding very lightly near the wire and the horse responded instantly by increasing his speed, showing clearly that he had more speed at command than needed. This is the substance of his explanation.

LITTLE BROWN JUG.

Little Brown Jug was sent to Mr. Robert Bonner last October, for the purpose of being bred for lameness in one of his front legs and foot, caused by improper shoeing and in the handling. Owing to this improper shoeing the right fore leg and foot were forced out of balance causing an enlargement of the suspensory ligament which incapacitated the famous little gelding from campaigning for the last two seasons. Mr. Woodmansee is now reliably informed that Brown Jug has greatly improved since going to New York and that the chances are largely in favor of his getting around and appearing on the turf next spring. If this should be so the free-for-all class will be at his mercy, with John T. and Red, and both owned by Commodore Kittson. Brown Jug has to his credit the fastest three consecutive heats 2:11 1/2, 2:12 1/2, 2:13 1/2, ever made by either trotter or pacer, showing that he was game as well as fast. Mr. Woodmansee has great faith in the treatment this horse will receive at the hands of Mr. Bonner, and should it prove successful, the Jug will be sent to Cincinnati next spring to be conditioned for the Grand circuit by Spaul.

In this connection it may be stated that a gentleman in New York, who thoroughly understands horses, wrote a letter to Commodore Kittson on the 14th of November last, that he had been out with Mr. Bonner at the stable where the Jug is, on Fifty-third street, New York, and they put a boy on the great pacer and had him jogged. He says, "There was no sign of lameness. The horse, as several gentlemen remarked who saw him, went perfectly sound. After seeing how much the Jug had improved since coming here, I felt confident that Mr. Bonner's treatment will restore him to the turf. If the horse continues to do well the improvement by spring will be decidedly marked."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A good deal of information was obtained in this interview with Mr. Woodmansee which may be set down as follows: Minnie R. will be shod light in front, and handled with a view of trying her at the pacing gait, at which she shows great speed. Always when she breaks she breaks in a stride, and she paces. Mr. Woodmansee thinks that she shows so much speed at that gait, that she ought to be tried. Knapsack McCarthy and Charlie Forth who handled her during her earlier career on the turf say she is very fast at that gait.

Gem (2:13 1/2) came out of her hard contest last summer absolutely sound and as good as ever. In all her turf career, which has been a very active one she has not won a single race. She was in awful fast company though, Richball, Flora Bell, Buffalo Girl, &c., constituted a hard crowd to beat.

It has been determined to hold at Midway annual sales of horses, colts and fillies, commencing next season the same as they do in Kentucky, Tennessee and in the east. These sales Commodore Kittson, C. A. DeGraff, George W. Sherwood and probably others, will put in stock to be sold in the usual way.

Arrangements are being made to bring out of Commodore Kittson's string of horses here during the coming summer to make a grand exhibition of them, and with them will come Jay Eye See and many of the other fast ones.

All the stable will be trotted and paced through the grand circuit next season. Of course he cannot tell when they will go, but they will go through.

There was some talk of changing Johnston's name to Midwa, but the commodore has determined not to make any change at present.

Pilgrim is in first-class shape and is showing up better and better all the time. Spaul thinks everything of him.

MARTYRS TO VANITY.

Self-Sacrifice to Fashion That Would Be Noble if Shown in a Better Cause.

[London Teletype.]

Miranda has the loveliest arms you ever saw. She is delighted that short sleeves are worn, and her gloves are not nearly so long as other people's. Her favorite attitude is sitting, with her right elbow in the palm of her left hand. She waves her hand when she is displayed behind her partner, and if he is tall, or on his shoulders, if he is small. Those beautiful arms have spoiled Miranda. She wears black, though it does not suit her complexion, because her arms look so white against it. She is always directing your attention to those unlucky ones, numerous enough, who have thin arms. Whoever marries her will be to very careful work, under any circumstances, to admire another woman's arm. If he should make a slip in this direction there would, to use a good old phrase, be "wigs on the green."

Did you ever see such dear little feet? Or such perfectly turned ankles? Or more wonderful stockings? Never, indeed. Her pretty feet are Lesbia's specialty. That is why she wears those flowered stockings and those little pointed shoes. That is the reason her skirts are so short. Lesbia is bright and clever. She is a something about everything but best. She is a trying girl to talk to. She will interrupt the most interesting conversation just when you think you are "both beginning to get on so well," to ask if you approve of high heels, or some other such leading question. She is like Mr. Dick with King Charles, and must drag the topic of feet into everything. It is a pity, and yet many prefer her to Nora, who is a good deal more sensible. She has "no style." She talks merrily and pleasantly when you know her well, but is rather quiet with strangers. Not at all the sort of girl to get on. Her voice is not sufficiently loud or imperious. She does not put on with an air as though the world were made for her. She wears pretty gowns, but does not hunch them out nor mince along with a soured-like lip, swaying her gown from side to side. In fact, she is a very nice girl, and never looks anything but a very nice girl, and may be well enough as the presiding spirit of a home. She is hopelessly unfashionable.

Letitia has a waist. It is her great point, and she is very proud of it. Well she may be, for it is the result of patient years of pain. She has laid on the shrine of that little waist many precious things—good health, good temper and good spirits. Having sacrificed the first, the two following are a matter of course. But then it is such a wonderful waist! It cannot measure more than seventeen inches, at the very narrowest. The pressure has made her nose permanently red. Not all the waters of Araby would not make that nose white again, but what matters! Does it not belong to the smallest waist in London? One thing that immediately strikes the beholder. He wonders how so small a waist can possibly be so attractive. Were it two yards around it could not more aggressively insist on being noticed. Draperies are so arranged as to lead the eye down to it, and skirts are of such a fashion as to guide the attention up to it. Letitia walks with her elbows well out from her sides, and her feet are in a pointed way, the fact that your view is scarcely interrupted by her slight and well-distributed figure. As she stands talking to you she puts a hand on either side of this wonderful waist, and appears to be curbing herself in, as it were. She wears the tightest of jockets, and I never is seen in a dolman. She gets terrible colds in the winter, because she will not wear a wrap, and often drops in at 5 o'clock to see her mother. Her waist is a source of grief to her father. Such impudence! She doesn't even ask for it; she demands it. I have not more money than I should have. Any one would think I was a thief the way she writes. I know grandfather (who I am thankful to say, is dead) made all his money keeping a store of some kind over on Sixth avenue. I never ask what kind of a store, because I don't want to know. I think, on reflection, however, I will send that woman the money. I admire her. I admire every one, I think, that isn't awfully polite to me. Like my old music teacher, who boxed my ears twice. It was such a novel sensation that I really enjoyed it.

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"I have six boys here, all sent to me this morning; and I have half a mind to write and tell five of the senders that they might as well save their scanty income. But the sixth, Gussie V—, says, 'How I do wish that man was rich. I certainly would marry him, if he were rich, and as soon as I began to get passed. I've been in love with him for three years already. I have had a great deal of fun.'"

"Count Z— came into our box at the new opera house last night. He is an awfully handsome man, and sometimes I think I should marry him if I was sure he was a real count. But then he reminds me somehow of the Mephistopheles, and I should not expect to be so lucky. He is a very nice fellow, but I don't like to pay a compliment. He told me my eye looked like midnight stars, and as soon as he went away I rushed into the little dressing-room back of my box to see how they did look. Those little ante-rooms are so convenient."

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words, and that such is the case would seem to be indicated by the behavior of males under the stimulus of a professional "sweaver." Who that has heard a western plainsman "sweaver" a male team out of a slough can forget the cumulative effect with which the climax is reached. It is said that on some much-traveled routes there are certain drivers who are sent to cases of troubles simply because they can "peppermint" work out of a mile team (but the combined lashings of all the rest of the team can whip out of them).

THE HEBRESS DIARY.

Peeps at the Jottings of a "Such-Sought Girl on the Avenue." [New York Journal.]

"Oct. 23.—That silly boy I—, who spends most of his time at the Union club, says I have a most intellectually shaped head and a great deal of determination in my brow. I think I know I have not the former, but never have determination enough in my name to accept him, even for the sake of the character. He is a good fellow, but I wonder if I should call it 'fall' when speaking of a girl."

"I have six boys here, all sent to me this morning; and I have half a mind to write and tell five of the senders that they might as well save their scanty income. But the sixth, Gussie V—, says, 'How I do wish that man was rich. I certainly would marry him, if he were rich, and as soon as I began to get passed. I've been in love with him for three years already. I have had a great deal of fun.'"

"Count Z— came into our box at the new opera house last night. He is an awfully handsome man, and sometimes I think I should marry him if I was sure he was a real count. But then he reminds me somehow of the Mephistopheles, and I should not expect to be so lucky. He is a very nice fellow, but I don't like to pay a compliment. He told me my eye looked like midnight stars, and as soon as he went away I rushed into the little dressing-room back of my box to see how they did look. Those little ante-rooms are so convenient."

"Oct. 24.—Chadwick I— is going to take a driving trip this afternoon, without a chaparron. Chadwick is a very nice fellow, and is really very nice to talk to if he didn't want to marry me. I declare I should like to meet some unmarried young man, who positively didn't want to marry me, and would refuse to do it for me."

"I have a letter by me from a woman, who says I have more money than is my right, and she wishes me to open a bank account to take care of her daughter. Such impudence! She doesn't even ask for it; she demands it. I have not more money than I should have. Any one would think I was a thief the way she writes. I know grandfather (who I am thankful to say, is dead) made all his money keeping a store of some kind over on Sixth avenue. I never ask what kind of a store, because I don't want to know. I think, on reflection, however, I will send that woman the money. I admire her. I admire every one, I think, that isn't awfully polite to me. Like my old music teacher, who boxed my ears twice. It was such a novel sensation that I really enjoyed it."

"Oct. 25.—There is a young Philadelphian who writes a great deal. He comes to all our meetings and often drops in at 5 o'clock to see me. As sure as fate, I know that young man will propose to me some time. Yet, at present, he does not pay me any attention whatever. That is his way of wooing. It is really funny to observe how differently some men go about it. They probably think I do not observe their manoeuvres. I haven't lived in New York city all my life for nothing. For how much have I lived?"

Stage Freight Among "Sups." [Philadelphia Times.] "A 'sup' hasn't much to do, you'll say. Well, perhaps not; but do you know he requires more teaching and coaching than an ordinary actor? You may think it is no head-something that at a certain hour he must come out at a certain door and walk to a certain point on the stage. He has nothing to say, of course. He may have to carry a sally with a card on it, and present it gracefully. Do you believe that I actually trained one fellow for three rehearsals to do this act, and when he came on at last he made a bang out of it. The actress he was to walk on had taken a position in another part of the stage from what I had expected, and the idiot went to the spot I had chosen and stopped short. Then he had a stage fright and ran off, and there was a roar of laughter. Such things happen very frequently. In the old days I used to have half a dozen men that could be sent on for such an act. Now I have to train a new one every time."

"Oh, 'sup' ever have stage fright?" "Oh, yes; once in a while a young fellow goes on as confident as a Kentucky mule, and runs off like a scared rabbit. He can't help it to save his life. The manager's captain of the 'supes' has to stand by and see and instruct each 'sup' as he goes on. They never have a day of it. The dress stage—that is, you know, standing in groups, as men do in ordinary life, and not in line. No; their tendency is to get together like a set of nine-pins and gaze stolidly at nothing. It is the most difficult thing in the world to teach them to look like ordinary mortals. The success of a spectacle depends very largely upon the window of the enthusiastic reception of 'Julius Caesar' at the duke of Malmesbury's theatre was due to the perfection of discipline among the minor characters. Here when we have a Roman spectacle it is tough work to make the 'supes' look like Roman citizens."

Just Like Him. [Chicago Tribune.] A new story of Carlyle has found its way into print. He had been away, and his good wife had arranged everything for his return, and he got his dinner ready—that is, his chair in its usual attitude, his pipe and his baccho were all ready to find them. Just as Mrs. Carlyle had sat down to rest with a quiet mind, her husband arrived, and, "after he had just greeted me, what do you think he did? He walked to the window and shook it, and asked: 'Where's the wedge of the window?' and then he found that the blessed wedge nothing was in the window. He said the window would rattle and spill all. That's just Carlyle."

German Wood Pulp Paper. [Scientific American.] There are 40,000 tons of paper for the manufacture of wood pulp, and such a large production has been reached in its manufacture that even for the better qualities of paper it is a complete substitute for rags. Wood pulp constitutes 75 per cent. of the paper stock used in this country.

"Jersey Lightning" takes its name from the Jersey county apple jack, of which about 25,000 gallons are manufactured annually.

MINNEAPOLIS NEWS.

OFFICE—No. 6 Washington Avenue, opposite Nicollet house. Office hours from 8 a. m. to 10 o'clock p. m.

MINNEAPOLIS GLOBULETS.

Prof. Dexter will be at his Minneapolis office to-day.