

KREMLIN 2:07 3/4.

(By H. O. VAN BOKKEL.)

A history of some of the great horses of the past and present ought to be of interest to the readers of the Saturday issues of the EVENING JOURNAL, and, believing this, I will occasionally give what I have been able to gather by research or by personal knowledge of some of the greatest trotting and pacing horses that this world has seen. I take for my intiality, "Kremlin 2:07 3/4," acknowledged by all to be the greatest of all living stallions; although Stamboul 2:07 1/2 is of a second ahead; his record was made on a kite track, whereas Kremlin's effort was made on an oval or regulation, and it is conceded by most all that the kite track is from one to two seconds faster than the regulation. Kremlin is the youngest horse that ever yet wore the stallion crown, and although, it does not rest on his head at present, he is the most probable contestant for this high honor in the future.

Kremlin was foaled at the celebrated Woodburn Farm on the 8th day of April 1887, and was therefore but a 5-year-old horse. He was sired by Lord Russell, brother to Maud S, 2:08 1/2. His dam is Eventide (dam of Erin 2:12 1/2 and Evermont 2:28, and three sons of speed), by Woodford Mambrino, second dam. Vasa, (dam of Vatica 2:29 1/2), by Hambletonian 10, and third dam Venus (grand dam of Six Sires) by American Star 14.

On the side of the sire and the dam Kremlin is bred in Imperial lines. Harold, his paternal grandsire is a son of Hambletonian 10, and has a long list of trotters to his credit but his crowning glory has heretofore been that he gave the trotting turf the mare that for six years held the championship of the world—the mare that in the prime of her powers never had an equal runner less a superior. Miss Russell the paternal grand dam of Kremlin was unquestionably one of the greatest brood-mares. She is the dam of Maud S 2:08 1/2—Nutwood 2:18, Cors Belmont 2:24 and Russia 2:28. Through her son Nutwood alone she has 168 standard performers; through Lord Russell the son of Kremlin she has fourteen more and through other sources a considerable additional number. No other mare has ever lived to see as many of her descendants on the trotting list or two such descendants as Kremlin 2:07 3/4 and Maud S 2:08 1/2; one in the first and the other in the second generation. Miss Russell's sire was Pilot Jr a horse that gave great vigor, vitality and stamina together. No cross ever added more blood horses of quality to the Hambletonian blood than did Pilot Jr. It seems to supply precisely the element needed to the Hambletonian disposition, and, in the case of Miss Russell was backed up with the blood of a remarkable game family of thoroughbreds. Woodford Mambrino, the sire of Eventide, Kremlin's dam, was the best race horse son of Mambrino Chief, 11, and his record of 2:21 1/2 was, with the exception of Lady Thorne's 2:18, the lowest of any of her get. At the time Woodford Mambrino made his record, some fifteen years ago, it was considered a very sensational one for a trotting stallion. This mark, with his well earned reputation as a campaigner, made him a very distinguished horse and he proved to be the best son among the sons of Mambrino Chief, 11, with the exception of Mambrino Patchen. In fact he got two faster performers than Mambrino Patchen ever sired. His daughters have proved to be great brood mares and among their produce is Lakewood Prince, 2:16 1/2, Superior, 2:17 1/2, and Mekagan, 2:19. It is superfluous to speak of Hambletonian, 10, the son of Vasa, Kremlin's second dam. The world knows his history thoroughly. Vatica, 2:29 1/2, by Belmont out of Vasa, is the sire of Belle Vasa, the great mare that as a yearling defeated a great field at Lexington, Ky., in 2:38, then the yearling race record, that as a 3-year-old reduced her record to 2:22 1/2 and as 5-year-old to 2:08 1/2. He is also the sire of Brown Velvet, (3) 2:20 1/2, Vassar, (3) 2:21 1/2, and other good ones. Vasa, by Harold out of Vassar, daughter of Venus, is the sire of Valiana, (3) 2:19, the game campaigning filly, that beat Dr. Sparks at Lexington in 1890. It will be seen from the foregoing analysis that Kremlin is bred to be not only a very fast horse, but he should also make a great campaigner, his pedigree being full of race horse blood and blood that produces speed. Kremlin was sold as a two-year-old to Mr. William Russell Allen of Pittsfield, Mass. He had been broken to harness and was regarded as a promising colt. After arriving at his new home Mr. Allen had him worked out in July in his three-year-old form he showed a mile in 2:27. He started at Chicago as a 3-year-old in the 2:32 class. There were seven starters in this Kremlin's first race, all older than he. It was a very heat race and was finally won by Navidad. Kremlin, however, won the fifth and sixth heats in 2:22 and 2:23. These were the fastest fifth and sixth heats ever won by a three-year-old in a race and gave promise of very great success in the future. Later in the season he trotted two miles timed by Mr. Bradhead and others in 2:21 and

2:18. In 1891 he was confined exclusively to stud duties but received daily exercise and continued to improve in form and muscular development.

In 1892 he was kept in the shed till June 16th. June 22 he with the other string of trotters was shipped to Meadville Pa. where he was put in training. His fastest mile at Meadville was made in 2:37 but he finished the last eight in 15 seconds and this was his only fast work since 1890.

From September 17 to October 10, 1892 Kremlin's career was a triumphal march from victory to victory. The brilliancy of this 24 days campaign has no parallel in trotting-horse history. The story is best told in the subjoined summaries:

Mystic park, Boston Mass., Sept. 17, purse \$500, 2:16 class.
Kremlin.....4 1 5 1 1
Illinois Ebert.....2 6 1 2 2
Virginia Evans.....1 4 6 6 6
Abbie V.....3 2 2 4 3
Booth.....3 2 2 4 3
Joe Hansom.....2 17 5 3 5
Diamond.....2 15 dis

Time—2:15 1/2, 2:13 1/2, 2:19, 2:21 1/2.
Narragansett Park, Providence, R. I., September 22. Subscription stake \$1,000.

Kremlin.....2 1 1 1
Consoline.....2 12 1 2 2
Virginia Evans.....2 15 6 6 6
Soudan.....2 18 3 5 4
Illinois Ebert.....2 16 4 3 5
Sappho.....2 17 5 4 3
Time—2:12 1/2, 2:13, 2:13 1/2, 2:11 1/2.

Nayshe Park Providence, R. I., Sept. 30th, New England Breeders' Meeting. Stake, for stallions, eligible to 2:20 class: 17 subscriptions; value \$3700.

Kremlin.....2 1 1 1
Constantine.....2 12 1 2 2
Time, 2:16 1/2, 2:13, 2:18, 2:14 1/2.

Lexington, Ky., Oct. 10th, transylvania stake, for 2:18 Trotters, \$5000; closed June 15th, with 21 subscriptions.
Kremlin(5).....1 1 1
Nightingale(7).....2 10 2 2
Little Albert.....2 10 2 2
Greenleaf(6).....2 10 2 2
Daniel(5).....2 18 3 3 10
Hazel Wilkes(7).....2 14 8 6 4
Florida(3).....2 18 9 4 9
Walter(5).....2 14 5 5 7
Nightingale(8).....2 12 7 11 6
Major(4).....2 14 6 10 11
St. Vincent(8).....2 13 12 7 8
New York Central(6).....2 12 11 9 12
Sally B(6).....2 20 13 dis

Time, 2:11, 2:13, 2:13 1/2.
The summary of these four races show what a great horse is "Kremlin" and these alone prove him to be a great campaigner, and upon adding to this his time record of 2:07 3/4, it shows the wisdom of securing at all times the very best blood, as well as the best individual, when considering the advisability of raising a colt from your favorite mare.

NOTES OF THE SEASON.

The new game laws have so far admirably protected the sportsmen. It is lawful to take trout now in Oregon streams. The thing is to do it!

J. C. Booth's Inauguration mare Madge, dropped a pacing filly on April 20th, by Rosemount. Mr. Booth is not ashamed to show her by the side of any other standard bred colt.

A deck of cards made from human skin will be on exhibit at the world's fair. It is not stated whether this is entered as a natural product or a sample industry of the state.

A man in Seattle went to sleep with \$6,000 under his pillow and when he awoke there was not a cent there. There is a moral to this, but few there be who need to find it, as the habit of reposing the ear on \$6,000 wads is not dangerously prevalent.

When it comes to blue rock shooting the Froman family of Albany can be heard. Six brothers, Frank, Horace, Grant, Dave, George and James are up for family proposals. In a recent shot the lowest score made by one of the six was 19 out of 25. George holds the gold medal.

The stage proprietor, who carries mail between this city and the Sands, had one of his horses drop dead in his harness a day or two since. It seems the driver left Graham for Pleasant Home on his usual time and on reaching a bad part of the road the horse, having been overworked, was driven to his death. At this season of the year, when the roads are so bad, the horses should be changed more often, thereby giving them a chance for life.—Portland Dispatch.

An Albany paper says it is understood that Warden H. D. McGuire will go up to Niagara, on the front of the Oregon Pacific, in a few days to examine the so-called fish-ladder over the artificial falls in the Santiam river at that place, with a view to having it put in condition so that fish can ascend. Salmon cannot get over the fall, and trout are growing scarcer each year, and it would seem that something should be done to enable the fish to get above.

An Albany sportsman, who was out snipe shooting yesterday, states that he found several Chinese pheasants' nests, containing from half a dozen to a dozen eggs. His dog found a female pheasant that had been shot by a hunter and crippled so that it could not fly. The shooting of these birds at nesting time is contrary to law and is not right. The game protector is here now, and will appoint a deputy to

look after the violation of the game laws. Hunters should take warning.—Albany Herald.

H. D. McGuire, the game protector, went to Niagara this afternoon with blood in his eye. Recently the Lumberman gave the names of some men who killed an elk, which was copied in valley papers, and McGuire is after them. It is also said that the protector will be given an exhibition of how fish do not go up the stream past the dam. A remedy is wanted and Mr. McGuire will be asked to use his influence in the matter.—Democrat.

THE TROTTING HORSE MARKET.

A Washington, D. C. Man on the Cause of the Depressions.

American Sportman: "What is the matter with the trotting horse market?" This pertinent question was put to J. C. Sibley, at the Shoreham. "To enter into all of the causes that have led the present depression in the trotting market would take more time than I can spare at present," said Mr. Sibley. "In a general way the fault lies mainly at the door of horsemen and horse breeders, which I will illustrate as I progress in my diagnosis. The public must understand that there are at the present time hundreds of men breeding horses, some for profit and a few for the pleasure they find in the occupation. However, out of the hundreds engaged in the business only a small percentage breed intelligently. Too many breeders are ignorant and of indifferent blood lines and the science of blending them, the result being that the market is glutted now-a-days with trotters that cannot trot; with horses that ought to be drawing plows and lumber wagons. Then, again, the 'standard' craze has transgressed all reasonable limits. Individuality has too frequently been sacrificed to pedigree that had no other merit but blood to sustain it. With the sacrifice of individuality there have been foaled a large number of scrubby, misshapen, under-sized and oftentimes blemished animals, which in turn have been sent out to the auction mart. Nine times out of ten they have been too slow for the track or road driving, too light for draught or general purposes, and too small and homely for the carriage."

"Another cause for the present depression in the trotting horse market is by bidding at auction sales. There are auctioneers, that are honest with sellers and buyers, but I am sorry to say they are largely in the minority. It is with in my own observation when I state that I know of horses sent to the auction blocks by their owners with the distinct understanding that if they did not bring a certain price they were to be bid in, while at the same time it was given out in advance by the auctioneer that the sale was to be positive and without reserve. Would-be purchasers have learned these things, have become suspicious, lost confidence, and, as a rule, are staying away from auction sales or not bidding if they do attend them. Let, but not least, the trotting horse industry is suffering from dishonest racing associations and unfair and dishonest judges in the stand. When a racing association will permit wealthy breeders and owners to enter with the distinct understanding that if their horses do not win races in their class no entry fee is to be demanded of them, while others are compelled to pay according to the rules to the last cent, such discrimination is injurious to the breeding industry and distorts honest men who breed horses, but these things deter gentlemen who would be willing to invest large sums of money in a breeding stud, tend to cripple the sale of stock and by implication the breeding business in general. In addition to this, more horse papers are published than there is a healthy demand for, the consequence being that the rottenness which I have illustrated is either defended or ignored.

Only a few are honest and outspoken enough to openly expose and denounce the things spoken of. Until we purify racing associations and the entire turf paraphernalia and return to honest and open-and-above-board methods, until every breeder erects a high standard of breeding and breeds up to it, the slump in the trotting horse breeding business will continue."

THE SILENT FLYING WHEEL.

Wm. G. Obensauer has opened out his Imperial bicycle headquarters at 317 Commercial street, next to first National Bank.

There are now at least one hundred and fifty wheels in use at Salem. The JOURNAL would like items and contributions each week from wheelmen.

The coming season will see more new wheels in use at Salem than for five years past. There are now five firms handling wheels at Salem.

The Imperial wheel donated to the State Sportsmen's association a "Model F" is now on exhibition at Obensauer's rooms. It is the first premium offered at the state tournament and will cause some hard shooting to be done to get it.

Next Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock there will be a meeting of wheel people

at the Armory building to organize a club, probably to be known as the Salem Wheel Club. The city of Salem will probably be able to boast of the largest wheel club in Oregon, as it is the intention to take in all no matter what wheel they use.

A NEW DEAL.—A. N. Hales has purchased the R. R. Ryan livery barn, at the rear of the Wilanette hotel. He has put in considerable new stock, in the way of horses, harness, etc. The vehicles have all been put into first-class order, and new ones are being added. R. H. Price, the late popular driver of the Capitol engine team, will manage the business, and take pains to please all patrons. Sat 3 w.

TURF TOPICS.

There is talk of a match between Alvin, 2:13 1/2, and Geneva, 2:14.

Maria Legacy, 2:24, by Legacy, has been sold to G. A. Litchfield, New Braintree, Mass.

It will cost not less than \$500 and not less than six months' imprisonment to ring a horse in North Carolina.

George E. Lloyd, owner of Nellie Lloyd, 2:24; Harry Jones, 2:18, and Dolly Brown, 2:18, died at Chicago.

Mrs. Cluke (dam of Black Cloud, 2:17), by Pilot Walker, died recently at Ashland Stock farm, Clark county, Ky.

Rowley, the gelding that recently lowered the English trotting record, is a son of Clear Grit and said to be out of a thoroughbred dam.

M. B. Ring, of Norwich, Conn., has a 6-year-old mare that roamed nine miles, two men to a sleigh, the past winter in 37 minutes over a hilly route.

Royal Wilkes, 2:25, by Lumps, dam Lucy (dam of Billy Bell, 2:24), by Royal George, has been sold to George Van Dyke, Stewartstown, N. H.

Rowley, a horse belonging to Mr. Curtis, broke the English trotting record March 21 at Aintree course, Liverpool, by doing a mile in 2:24. The previous record was 2:25.

The Sioux Falls Breeders' and Turf association was organized at Sioux Falls, S. D., March 28. It will hold three meetings during the coming season, the first meeting to be in July.

Value of the Atmosphere.

Careful experiments have shown that the rate per second at which bodies acquire velocity in falling through the air is 33 feet per second at the end of the first second from starting. At the end of the next second it is going at the rate of 64 feet per second, and so on through the whole time of falling. Where the velocity is known the space through which the body has fallen may be ascertained by multiplying the velocity at that period by the number of seconds during which it has been falling and dividing the result by two. This rule applies, however, only to bodies falling through a vacuum.

The resistance of our atmosphere materially retards raindrops, hailstones, aerolites and all other bodies which fall through it, and were it not for the resistance it presents every rainstorm would be disastrous to the human race, as each drop would fall with a velocity great enough to penetrate the full length of a full grown man's body.—London Nature.

Shakespeare's Eyebrow.

Miss Sarah W. Gillette of Evanston, Ill., rejoices in the possession of what she believes to be Shakespeare's eyebrow.

Miss G.'s father, the late Dr. H. C. Gillette, bought the relic from R. G. Oaks of England. In 1891 Oaks was deputed to carve an olive wreath to encircle a bust of Shakespeare. At that time the Duke of Devonshire owned the Kesselstadt death mask of Shakespeare.

This death mask had been discovered in a pawnbroker's shop in Kesselstadt and pronounced to be a Shakespearean mask. Oaks was permitted to use the mask in making the laurel wreath. He says: "In my examination for the pores in the plaster, to decide whether the cast was original or not, I found two hairs of the eyebrow sticking in the cast. I extracted one entire; the other broke.

These are the fragments that are in possession of the Evanston lady.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

The New Brakeman.

Among the employees of the Consolidated railroad is a recent acquisition whose ultimate ambition is the ticket punch and rebate check, but who at present officiates as an auxiliary to the airpump in the engine, which retards the progress of the train when a stop is desired. On his first trip a few days ago the conductor proposed to initiate him into another phase of the brakeman's duties—the announcing of stations.

The instructions of the conductor were couched as follows: "When I say the name of a station from one end of the car, you say the same at the other end. The brakeman intimated that he was 'head on to the act,' or words to that effect.

The train was Providence bound, and as it reached the ambitious city of pole and politics the conductor and brakeman stationed themselves at either end of a car. "Pawtucket! Pawtucket!" ejaculated the conductor. Scarcely were the words uttered when "Same at this end! Same at this end!" came in stentorian tones from the brakeman at the other door.—Providence Journal.

NOT SO EASILY CAUGHT.

Mr. Cowdry Friced Himself on His Memory, and It Didn't Go Back on Him.

Eliphalet Cowdry was known for miles around as a "master good carpenter" and was in great demand, even when he had grown to be an old man and had to turn over some of the "topplin ladder work" to the young man whom he had taught the trade. The thing on which he prided himself, next to his ability to "kerry kout as far a job as any carpenter in the county, all things being even in a gingerbread work thrown in," was his memory.

"I ain't got no forbearance," he often said, "w'th folks whose minds is so passin easy overburdened 't they can't recollect any leetle extrys 't happen 't be give to 'em. My wife allus said 'I was a better hand 't do arants th'n any man sh'd ever come across. I was her third companion, an I've allus heard tell 't th' other two wasn't over'n above forgetful."

Liphlet had not an enemy in the village. Every one liked him. But there was one young neighbor who used to try now and then to tease him a little.

This was a young man from "down b'low," who spent his summers in the little village with an old aunt and employed his time in sketching all the picturesque spots in the vicinity. He often said to Liphlet:

"Now, it stands to reason, Mr. Cowdry, you'll forget something some time, and I'm going to see if I can't catch you at it."

"Try 'f yer like," said the carpenter, with a good natured laugh, and evidently with no fear of the result of the trial.

One day the young man hailed Liphlet as he was starting off for a day's job in a neighboring town and asked him if he would make a certain purchase for him, as he could not get the desired article in the village.

"I'll see what I ken do fr ye," said Liphlet, and he drove off, adding, "I've got a sight o' arants 't do fer my darter, an I ain't took no list nuther."

He returned at night and drove past the young man, who was sauntering along the village road. "Good evenin to ye," said Liphlet, but he made no reference to the commission with which he had been charged.

"I declare, he's actually forgotten it," said the young artist in high feather. And the next evening when he met Liphlet in the postoffice, had a long conversation with him and then walked home in his company, and still nothing was said about the package, he was confirmed in his opinion.

At the end of a week he loitered into Liphlet's shop and said quietly, "You didn't happen to think of that little commission of mine when you were over in Denby the other day, did you?"

"Why, yes," answered Liphlet, "I happened 't recollect it one o' the first things. Ye know I loved 't I'd see what I could do for ye, an I jest found 't th'er wasn't nothin 't I could do. I set out 't make mention o' my lack o' success when I met w'th ye that evenin'; but, thinks I, 'Ef 't'll be any pleasure 't him 't think he's got ahead o' me fer a few days, I won't 'grudge it to him."

"An I won't deny 't it's been some amusin 't me 't see ye eying of me in 't store, kinder's ef 't faculties was gettin loose, an ye'd been 't 'tust 't get wind on 't. I don't call 't," concluded Liphlet, looking up at his visitor while his mouth twitched with enjoyment, "I don't call 't 't I've lived all these years an done women's arants 't be whiffled clean off'n my beard's b' anythin a young feller like you ken think up!"—Youth's Companion.

A Senseless Suicide.
There is a story of a Parisian woman who was a noted beauty and belle. She was happily married, enormously wealthy, envied and worshiped, but one day at the height of her triumph she committed suicide.

And the reason for her mad, incomprehensible act, as discovered from a note she left, was that she had found a wrinkle in her peerless face, a gray lock in her soft hair, and so she perferred to die rather than to become old and ugly. Of course the senselessness and absurdity of her act completely forces aside any pity for the woman, but there is a pathos about it after all. Every woman has that feeling in a degree, but in her it was intensified.—Chicago News.

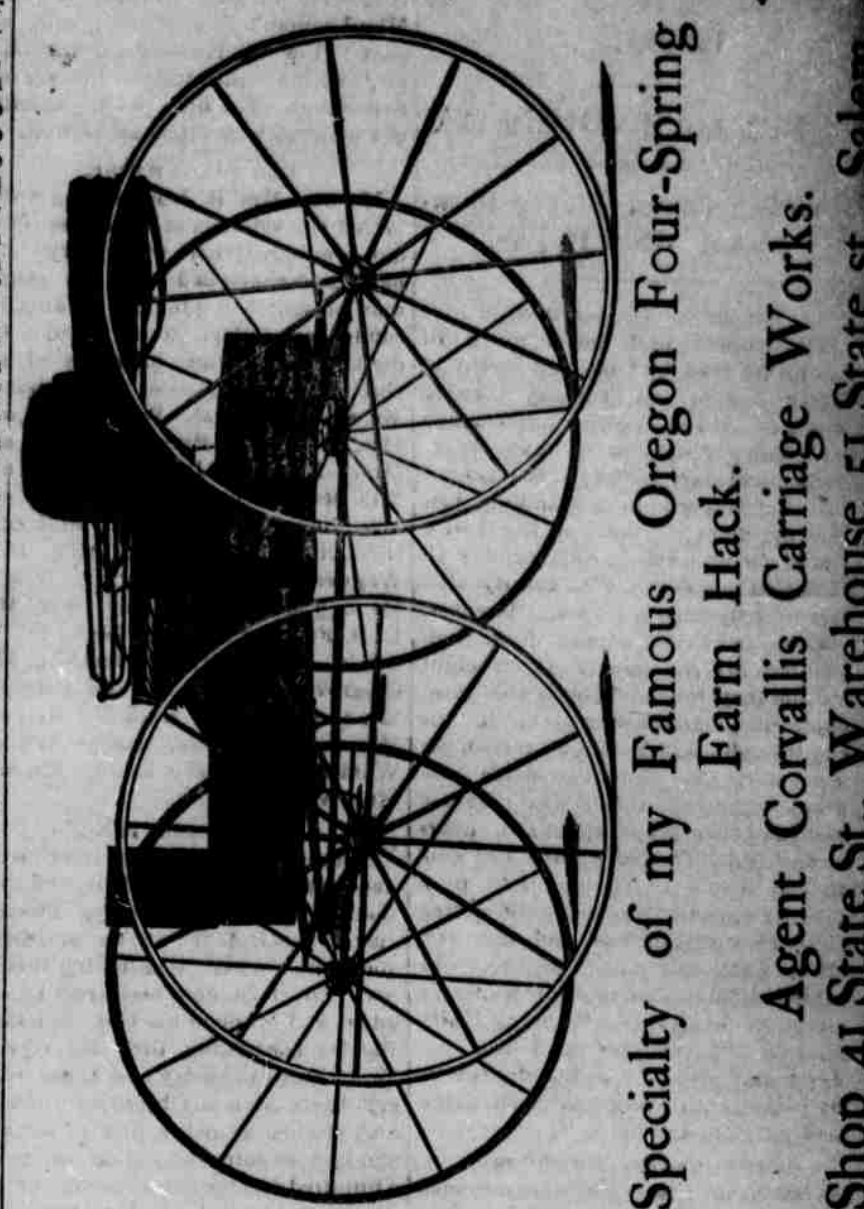
How Some Indians Count.

In Labrador the word "five" means also "hand," while the word for "twenty" means "the hands and feet together." The Zamuca and Muysuca Indians for "five" say "one hand finished," for "six" they say "one on the other hand," for "ten" "two hands finished," or simply "foot." For "eleven" they say "foot one for 'twelve' "foot two" and for "twenty" they say "feet finished," or "one man," meaning "as many fingers and toes as a man has."—Chicago Mail.

"Hairless Paper."

Regarding the pathetic scientific inquiry of your reporter, I find after careful research at least one species of paper that may satisfy his search for "hairless paper." He will find it in Wall street and its vicinity, used in financial paper warehouses and known to the trade as "shaved notes."—Cor. New York Tribune.

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| 3 Bad to Best. | 89 The Middlesex. |
| 4 Master of the Mine. | 90 Adam Rids. |
| 5 Love's Martyr. | 91 The Queen's Token. |
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| 10 The Duke and A Star. | 96 Mademoiselle Solange. |
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| 12 A House Party. | 98 Three Years. |
| 13 The Gray and the Blue. | 99 The Leading Lady. |
| 14 The Detectives Eye, and Cecil's Fortune. | 100 The Girl from Maine. |
| 15 A Steel Necklace. | 101 Cleopatra. |
| 16 Jewel. | 102 The Tent of Shem. |
| 17 Rha. | 103 Crooked Path. |
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| 21 The One Thing Needful. | 107 Dr. Wilbur's Note Book. |
| 22 The Evil Genius. | 108 Roland Oliver. |
| 23 Federal; or The Tragedy in the Rue de la Paix. | 109 Rhos; or The Case of Dr. Piemen. |
| 24 Life of Henry Ward Beecher. | 110 Mrs. Annie Green. |
| 25 Allan Quatermain. | 111 For Love's Sake. |
| 26 A Farmer's Daughter. | 112 The Leading Lady. |
| 27 West of the Missouri. | 113 Lady Clanshaw; or, Wedded and Wood. |
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| 30 For Her Daily Bread. | 116 Blind Love. |
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| 34 Texas's Revenge; or, North against South. | 120 Cloister Wanderings. |
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| 37 Maria, the Gypsy Bride. | 123 From Darkness to Light. |
| 38 The Great Healer. | 124 Hairs of Hand. |
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