SHE LOVES A HORSE.

A SOCIETY WOMAN'S STRANGE INFATUATION FOR A FAMOUS PACER

She Writes Him Love Letters And is Broken-Hearted Because They Are Separated and the Horse Reciprocates.

This is the story of the lady and the horse. The lady is refined, and the wife of a wealthy husband, and the horse is a celebrated pacer, with a racing record of 2.11¼. the fastest stallion in New York State. On her part there exists a strange and powerful infatuation for this beautiful animal, which has expressed itself in many endearing manifestations, and has even gone to the length of a love-letter written by the lady and addressed to the horse at his stable.

The lady who loves the horse and who has told of her love in a remarkable interview with a reporter is Mrs. Eugene E. Smith, of Syracuse. The horse is a noble stallion, now in Rochester, and known to the turf as Vitello.

Mrs. Smith's affection for Vitello has been exhibited in many extravagant ways. She has followed him repeatedly to racetracks, visited him at his stable, braided his hair, and was so genuinely heart-broken at the separation that the stablemen, not usually an over-sympathetic lot, shed honest tears.

THE ROMANCE BEGUN.

"It is a most remarkable story," said Charles S. Upton, the millionaire lamp manufacturer and present owner of Vitello "Five years ago, when I conceived the plan of getting together a high-class lot of pacers and trotters for breeding and campaign purposes. I went to Syracuse, which is a great horse centre, and there I heard that Eugene Smith, whom I knew well, had a very handsome young horse by Legal Tender, jr., dam Rushville Maid, which he might sell.

"I was at his drug store one evening when Mrs. Smith drove up with the horse. She had her two children in the rig. The horse was certainly the handsomest animal I had ever seen. Mrs. Smith herself had broken the horse to harness, made a great pet of him about the city. He was very gentle, and had been taught a lot of tricks. I thought that he was a circus horse, and gave up any idea of buying, but later, through the advice of Jack Feek, offered Smith $1,000 and a good roadster for Vitello. He wanted to make a payment on his house at the time, and accepted my offer.

"At the time he said something about his wife being likely to take the loss of the horse very hard, but I supposed he referred only to a passing fancy. I shipped the horse to Rochester. Had I known that I was about to break the heart of a woman and to cause years of trouble for her I would never have offered a dollar for the horse.

THE LOVERS IN THE STABLE.

"It was about this time that Mrs. Smith, knowing that she would never again own the horse, determined to see as much of him as possible. She visited the stable at Rochester, and during the next summer, when Vitello was on the circuit, she appeared at the tracks, and was never so happy as when in his presence. She would pet and fondle him, the stable boys tell me, braid his hair, and talk to him as if he were a human being. And they tell me that he seemed just as fond of her as she was of him.

"I met her several times at racetracks. She would come to me and say, 'Our Vitello will win to-day. I have braided his mane and had a long talk with him. I am his mascot.'

"During the past summer Vitello ran out West—at Cleveland, Detroit and other places—and we lost sight of Mrs. Smith. After the season closed she wrote a letter to the horse, addressed 'Vitello, care Upton's Stables, Rochester,' in which she promised to visit him. The boys up at the stable expect to have her drop in any day."

A reporter went to Rochester and saw Vitello at Mr. Upton's breeding stable. He is a beautiful creature with a coat the exact hue of a high-class sealskin sacque. The stable boys are very proud of him and never tire telling of his exploits. But Mrs Smith's infatuation for him is something they cannot comprehend. "I just can't stand it to see them together," said one of the boys to the reporter. "They meet like a couple of human beings that has been separated for years. I don't know which is the gladdest, him or her. Once when she was here she sat right down on the straw and he lay down beside her, just as gentle as a lamb, and laid his head in her lap while she combed and braided his mane, talking to him all the time as if he were a baby, I tell you what, gentlemen, I just up and cried when I saw them, and I wasn't the only one who cried.

"Why, ever since that visit Vitello seems to be on the lookout for her return If he hears a woman's step or voice in the barn, he just trembles all over, and whinnies, and runs up to the bars of his stall and looks out, and when he sees it isn't her, he shows his disappointment so plain that any one could see it. I believe that if Mrs. Smith had the handling and driving of Vitello, that is, if such a thing were possible for a woman to do, that he would go in two minutes for her, or die on the track."

VITELLO'S BILLET-DOUX.

The love letter which Mrs. Smith wrote to Vitello, addressed in care of Manager Fred Upton read as follows:

Syracuse, April 29, 1894.

My Darling:—I shall leave here 7.25 Wednesday morning, West Shore road, and hope to see you once again. I think of my beautiful darling so often and look at your picture dozens of times a day, and always long for my beauty, but I know my darling Vitello will never forget me. Would you like some sugar, darling?

A kiss for you right on your velvet nose, and love, love as ever. MUZZY

The Smith residence in Syracuse is located at No. 133 South Avenue, which is one of the broadest and handsomest of Syracuse's famous shaded boulevards. It is a handsome house set back from the street.

Mrs. Smith talks unreservedly about Vitello and was extremely glad to see the reporter, especially as he had just come from the Rochester Stable. She inquired earnestly for news of her favorite and said:

"You came from dear Vitello? You have seen the dear old darling? How is the dear old beauty? Step right into the parlor. Any one is welcome who can tell me about the dear old fellow. That is a subject that I will never grow tired of talking about. And now tell me," she went on rapturously, "how is the darling? Isn't he grand? And he is just as good and gentle as he is handsome. Did you ever in your life see a handsomer horse? I envy you your good fortune, for I have not seen him since late in the spring. He He was here in Syracuse, and when he went away to fill his Western engagements you can't imagine how badly I felt. It was just as if some one of the family were going away, perhaps never to return. I know that I had a good cry, and I felt a sad feeling at my heart for days.

"Do you know that sometimes I just feel that I cannot stand it another day without going to see the darling, and I am on the point of taking the train and running over to Rochester and speaking to dear old Don—I still called him Don. Don Juan was his first name, but we found that there was another horse registered by that name, so we changed it to Vitello; but I generally call him Don, or darling. Why, he knows me as well as any of my family, and when he hears my voice he is almost tickled to death. He whinnies with delight and trembles all over, and rubs his dear old face up against mine, and I know he tries to talk.

"One day I visited Mr. Upton's barn at Rochester. It is a great, long place. Don was in a box-stall about midway of the barn. I stopped to speak to Mr. Fred Upton, the stable manager. He did not remember me, and I said: 'Why, don't you recollect Mrs. Smith?' I had not spoken louder than I am talking to you, but the dear old horse heard me, and it was the first time I had been near him for eight months. I heard him whinnying, and an instant later he stuck his dear old head over the stall door and called me just as plainly as a horse could talk. I fairly flew down the barn to meet him. He was as pleased as I was, and he showed his delight in every way that a horse can.

VITELLO'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

"I shall see the dear old fellow before Christmas. I have been working on a Christmas present for him for a long time, and I have almost ruined my eyes over it, so that I had to quit, but I must finish it somehow."

Mrs. Smith crossed the room and from the top of the piano took a long strip of plum-colored cloth upon which had been embroidered a wreath of flowers and the incomplete name of Vitello. This, Mrs. Smith explained, was to be a cover for the footboard, fit for a king of the turf. The footboard is a background, generally under glass, on which are displayed the quarter-boots and other trappings used in races, together with shoes or plates worn in a horse's most celebrated races. The needlework was most elaborate.

"Vitello came to us when he was a year old," Mrs. Smith also said. "I thought him the handsomest horse I had ever set eyes upon, and I loved him from the first. He seemed to take to me, too. I always did like horses, and, if I do say it myself, there is no better driver of my sex in the State. I practically broke Vitello, and I drove him all over Syracuse up to the day that my husband sold him to Mr. Upton

"When the darling was sold I suffered greatly. I begged my husband to let everything else go and keep Vitello. I did not know then that it was a bad stroke of business to part with such a promising horse. Time has proved, however, that such was the case, and Mr. Upton, to-day would be foolish to take $20,000 for him. His best work is yet to be done. When I heard of his pacing five heats at Fleetwood Park, all better than 2.09, I fairly shouted for joy, so glad was I to hear of what a great horse my pet had become.

"Again, when I heard of him going in 2.08 at Cleveland this fall, I was just wild with delight, and in my joy there was no regret that we had lost the cash value of this great horse. I am not so selfish as that. I would rather that Vitello would become king of the turf and I never see him again than that he should be restored to me and end his career.

BRAIDING HIS HAIR.

"I wrote him a letter once," said Mrs Smith, with a merry laugh, "but I did not get to see him as I had promised. Never shall I forget the day, here on the Syracuse track that he won a race in three heats, after he had broken his foot, and in the fastest company of the day. He must have the heart of a lion to do that. I was his mascot that day, for I had gone to his stall and braided blue ribbons into his mane. You should see the dear fellow hold down his head as gentle as a lamb while I braided his mane and talked to him.

"My husband does not look at a horse as I do. He only considers them for their blood and market value. He, too, regrets that we ever sold Vitello, but it is because he misjudged his value and took $1,000 and an inferior horse for one of the great horses of the century. I have given up all hope of ever again owning my pet. I think that the least Mr. Upton could do would be to give me one of Vitello's colts."

Mr. Charles Upton said that he would certainly see that Mrs. Smith was presented with a Vitello colt, although they are high-priced and considered most promising.

HER HOUSE FOR THE HORSE.

Mrs. Smith was asked about her having offered Mr. Upton $6,000 for the horse. She said that it was so. "It was after he had begun his wonderful career," she said, "that, filled with regret for his loss, and believing that he was destined to great work, I did say I would sell the house which is in my name, and give him the proceeds, which would be about $6,000 for the horse. Mr. Upton I do not believe took me seriously—at least, he says he did not, and he refused the offer.

Mrs. Smith is a lady of culture and high connection, moving in the best society of Syracuse. She has two children. Her husband is a popular business man, well known in turf circles as a horse owner and breeder. He was formerly Treasurer of the Central New York Horse Breeders' Association. The display of his wife's deep attachment for Mr. Upton's celebrated horse is a delicate subject with him, and has caused him much vexation and embarrassment.

NAPOLEON'S HORSES.

THE LITTLE EMPEROR LOVED A FINE TURNOUT.

Paris Goes Into a Fit of Disapproval Over the Turnout of Its New President, But it Does Not Begin to Compare with Napoleon's.

But a few weeks ago Paris was mourning behind the funeral car of M. Carnot.

To-day it is scoffing at the gala carriage of President Casimir-Perier.

When the stern and courageous successor of the murdered President came to the Elysee, it was supposed that he would maintain a little better style than the Carnots, who were relatively poor, had been able to do.

But neither the friends nor the enemies of that wing of the Republican party to which M. Casimir-Perier belongs were prepared for the magnificence of the equipage in which he made his appearance at the Autumnal Grand Prix, at Longchamps, the other day. The superb eight-springed laudau, dark blue in color, boat-shaped, lined with costliest satin, and with the letters "R. F."—Republique Francaise—embroidered in gold upon its panels and alternated with escutcheons bearing groups of banners, was decidedly too much for the Radicals. They openly accused the President of imitating the luxury of the fallen Empire and began scornfully to point out many resemblances between the "carriage of Casimir-Perier" and that of Napoleon III. And when the announcement was made that the laudau was one which had belonged to the Imperial stables, and had often been used by Napoleon III. the

INDIGNATION KNEW NO BOUNDS.

The jealous critics who are so busy instituting comparisons between M. Casimir-Perier's equipages and those of the Second Empire have evidently forgotten how great the luxury was under the regime of the "Brummagem" Emperor.

If there was any one picture at his court in which Napoleon III. took especial pride, and which he watched and supervised constantly, it was his stable. He had a veritable passion for fine horses and carriages. His long residence in England had made him an excellent judge of horseflesh, and he was an accomplished cavalier.

Clumsy and ungraceful in fact, he looked imposing on horseback, and nothing pleased him so much as to show himself off before the people at a review in the Bois on a spirited horse.

At no time since the reign of Louis XIV. had so much money been expended on the tables of the sovereign as under Napoleon III. Gen. Fleury, who was in charge, lavished money on Napoleon's equine fancies, and the stable fund was one of the heaviest items in the imperial budget. It was not only the number and the beauty of the horses, but the vast array of carriages harness and liveries and the little army of coachman, hostlers, postillions and footmen which astonished the visitor.

The president occupant of the Elysee has not one horse to Napoleon III.'s three.

THE EMPEROR'S STABLES

were on the Quai d'Orsay, where the fine mansion bearing the number 99 was inhabited by Count Davillier Regnault de Saint Jean d'Angely, chief groom to the Emperor, and by Baron de Pierres, the Empress's chief groom. The drivers, hostlers and other employees had their families installed in the immense buildings; and the plunder and waste so characteristic of the Second Empire went on day and night recklessly and cheerfully.

There were so many "state coachmen" that is, men capable of driving teams of eight horses, with the huge rumbling gilt coaches used on ceremonial days—that when all the sovereigns of the Continent came up to the Exposition of 1867 there were two coachmen apiece for them.

The Emperor and Empress usually went out in a great carriage suspended lightly on eight springs. The bodies and the wheels of these vehicles were painted in green, with vermillion gilding. The imperial crown and monogram interlaced were on the panels. Two footmen in green and gold livery stood on a little platform behind, ready to jump down and lower the steps, which were folded back into the green leather-lined interior.

THE POSTILIONS

of the imperial days were dressed in white breeches and boots of stiff leather, tunics of green velvet, each having three rows of golden buttons, and cords and fringes of gold; caps with bands of gold and capes richly embroidered. These postilions, all boys between fifteen and sixteen years old, underwent a training which enabled them to drive with marvellous skill.

It is a curious fact that whenever the Emperor and Empress went out together their carriage was always followed by another exactly like it, even to the smallest detail. This is supposed to have been a prudential measure, and in case carriage No. 1 had broken down it certainly would have been handy to have the second near by.

THE "IMPERIAL POST"

alone probably cost more than M. and Mme. Casimir-Perier expend for their own account and that of the nation on their stables every year. Whenever the court moved from one palace to another, or whenever it was resident outside of Paris, this old-fashioned post to and from the capital was kept up exactly as in the times before railroads were invented.

One hundred and fifty of the very best post horses were devoted to this service, and all the positilions were richly dressed in jockey caps, with powdered wigs, green leather breeches and tunics embroidered in gold. When the "Third Republic" goes in for extravagance of that kind the Radicals may rage to their hearts' content.

The Emperor Napoleon III. was very fond of driving himself in a phaeton. But towards the close of his reign it became dangerous for him to go out without an escort which would have looked absurd if accompanying

The Empress had a vehicle which she called her "wall-colored carriage." It was a huge laudau, brown in color, and lined with gray English cloth. When she ordered this carriage it was well understood that she was going "incognito," upon a round of charitable visits.

It is said that the first criticisms of the President's unwonted splendor were caused by a departure from the accustomed etiquette in the tribunes at the race-track the other day. Both in going out and coming home there was more of the state which surrounds a king's progress than has been usual in France under the Republic.

The wives of the Cabinet members followed Mme. Casimir-Perier like a kind of suite to her carriage after the races, while other ladies were kept at a distance. Hence rage and some spiteful remarks.

The question of "Casimir's carriage" may yet come before the Chamber of Deputies.

Her Answer to the Bishop.

The late Metropolitan of Canada, the venerable Bishop Medley, never wearied of telling the experiences of his early years of service. In those days the roads were in a very primitive condition and the country sparsely populated, rendering the journey from one backwoods settlement to another an unpleasant not to say dangerous undertaking.

The Bishop, however, made periodical visits to the most outlying parishes of his diocese in all seasons, and in the most inclement weather.

On one occasion, a violent storm being in progress, he was compelled to halt for the night at a log cabin by the roadside.

A rough but hearty welcome was accorded him by the inhabitants, to whom he was unknown. The man of the house at once busied himself with the care of the horses, while the woman set about the preparation of the evening meal. As the Bishop sat comfortably by the fire, his first thoughts were of his mission to that lonely neighborhood.

"My good woman," said he. "are there any Episcopalians in this vicinity?"

"I hardly know, sir," she replied, hesitatingly; "the men did kill something under the barn yesterday, but whether it was one of them things or not I cannot say for certain."

Visiting Niagara Falls.

Speculation is often heard as to the number of visitors to Niagara Falls. Some light is thrown on the subject by the returns of the electric road running along the Canadian bank from Queenstown to Chippewa, through Victoria Park. It appears that the travel for the season up to November reached about 467,000 passengers. This road skirts the river all the way within a few feet of the edge of the bluff, and is operated by the water power of the great Horse Shoe Fall, the generators being driven by turbines which receive water through a canal just above the fall and discharge under the veil of tumbling foam and spray. The plant is of 300 horse-power. It was the first large utilization of the energy of Niagara, and it is now proposed to parallel the road with another in the United States which shall have the peculiar attractiveness of running out on brackets at the foot of the cliff, and will thus put the tourist right over the boiling waves of the Whirlpool Rapids. If 100,000 horse-power is taken from Niagara for all classes of work, it is estimated that the withdrawal of the water from its natural channel will make a difference of but 1 or 2 inches in the thick green sheet falling over the Horseshoe.

Mexico's Mineral Wealth.

The number of mines now being worked in Mexico, according to recent data, is at least 3,600 with others worked only at intervals, and others still whose operations are hardly worthy of mention. If to these are added the large number of abandoned claims, many of which, if reopened, would yield important returns—even greater in some cases than those now in course of development—the total would reach, according to our chief informant, "incredible figures," while new mines are being discovered day by day.

The total amount invested in the silver mines of Mexico is roughtly estimated at £160,000,000, of which not more than one-eighth is American capital, while only an amount equal to one-third of the latter, or 1£6,500,000, is British capital. The annua yield of Mexican silver and gold collectively s set down at about £8,500,000. The output of copper figures at about £500,000, and of coal at £800,000, If we include iron, sulphur, marble clay, mercury, salt, stone, metalloids, the estimated annual total of minining products would amount to not less than £13,400,000.

Meant for The Minister.

A popular minister in Fifeshire, in the good old times, used at Christmas to be inundated with hampers filled with good things. On one occasion an enormous turkey was sent to him by the thoughtful kindness of a neighboring farmer; but as the minister's family had already provided for the Christmas dinner, the bird was sent to the market and sold.

A passer-by, seeing this fine specimen of poultry, said, "What a splendid turkey! Just the thing for the minister's Christmas dinner!" To the minister it was again sent.

The provident wife sent it again to the market, and sold it again for a handsome sum.

Another friend, similarly struck with the splendid proportions of the turkey, purchased it, and sent it to the minister. The good woman, not wishing to fly in the face of Providence, said at last:

"It is clear that the Lord means us to have this turkey," and with the approbation of the family, it formed part of the Christmas dinner.

An apparatus is on trial in Great Britain which, it is claimed, will abate the sewer gas nuisance in large cities.

The Chinese government levies a regular tax on beggars and gives them in return the privilege of begging in a certain district.

A TALE FROM WINNIPEG.

How Two Prominent Citizens of the Prarie Capital Regained Health.

One Suffered from the Effects of Malaria And Indigestion, the Other from Nervous Prostration—Their Story as Told a Tribune Reporter.

From the Winnipeg Tribune.

The modern world is decidedly skeptical, and in the case of cures by advertised medicines, it is sometimes remarked that they occur at long distances. Recently, however, the Tribune was told that a Winnipeg gentleman had passed through an experience as remarkable as any of those published, and inquiry into the matter revealed the fact that several prominent citizens of Winnipeg had been greatly benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. One of these citizens is Mr. W. A. Charlesworth, the well known contractor, who during his residence in Winnipeg has added to the beauty and wealth of the Prairie Capital by erecting some of its finest and most substantial buildings. Naturally what Mr. Charlesworth would say as to the merits of a medical preparation would be read with interest by the many citizens who have met him in business and socially, and a Tribune reporter was detailed to get from him some particulars in the matter. Mr. Charlesworth was seen at his beautiful and cozy home on William street, a few days since, and while unwilling to attract publicity, yet, for the benefit of those suffering as he once was he consented to give a simple statement of his case. About thirteen years ago, while living in the southern part of Illinois, near Cairo, he had several attacks of malarial fever and ague, which left his blood poor and thin, and so deranged his system that for about ten years after he was a sufferer from chronic indigestion. He came north after residing there for some years in order to try and shake off the effects of the malaria, but without much success. He has not had, while in the north, another real attack of ague, but every season he has had incipient attacks, which were only warded off by the prompt use of quinine. Bilious fever also threatened in the same way. He also suffered severely from indigestion. Determining to make a decided effort to get rid of his complication of disorders he began in the fall of 1891 to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the advertisements of which he had read in the newspapers. Mr. Charlseworth began to use the pills in October, and for the first month scarcely felt any improvement. However, from that time on improvement was rapid and the effect marvellous. The cold of the winter of 1891-2, as will be remembered, was intense, and yet so great was the toning up of the system and the enrichment of the blood, that he scarcely felt the cold at all that winter. His indigestion was removed, and since that time he has not had another attack of malaria fever. He continued taking the pills up to about the middle of January. In closing his interview Mr. Charlseworth said:—"However, do not rely upon my authority alone, but see Mr. Fairchild, who has used the pills."

The Mr. Fairchild, it is needless to say, is Mr. Fairchild, the largest dealer in vehicles and farm machinery in western Canada. Mr. Fairchild's name is too well known to readers of the Tribune to need any further introduction. He was also seen and fully confirmed what Mr. Charlesworth said. Some time ago Mr. Fairchild suffered from nervous prostration brought on by overwork, and suffered also from a dull pain in the back of the head. After spending some time at a famous Chicago sanitarium he was advised to take something to build up his blood, the doctors mentioning Pink Pills in their list of things advised. At first he took a fluid preparation, but as he found this unhandy to take with him as he travelled, he decided to try Pink Pills, as Mr. Charlesworth had very strongly recommended them. He found great benefit from their use and continued taking them until restored to health. He has no hesitation in recommending them as a great builder up and purifier of the blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents a box, or six boxes fore $2.50. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Catching Baby Awake.

Mrs. McNulty—"Sure, I hov called ou yure woite a dozin toimes to see thot foine baby, and ivery toime th' little felly has been ashlape."

Mr. O'Finnigan (grimly)—"Call some noight about two o'clock in th' marnin."

Boyhood's Grief.

Mamma—"I have received a letter from your Aunt Matilda, saying she can't come to-day."

Little Johnny—"Boo, hoo, hoo!"

"Dear me! I didn't know you were so fond of your Aunt Matilda."

"I isn't."

"Then what's the matter?"

"I've b-brushed my shoes and wa-washed my neck, all for nothing."

WHENEVER I see Hood's Sarsaparilla now I want to bow and say

'Thank You'

Mrs. Paisley.

I was badly affected with **Eczema** and **Scrofula Sores**, covering almost the whole of one side of my face, nearly to the top of my head. Running sores discharged from both ears. My eyes were very bad, the **eyelids so sore** it was painful opening or closing them. For nearly a year I was deaf. I went to the hospital and had an operation performed for the removal of a cataract from one eye. One day my sister brought me

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which I took, and gradually began to feel better and stronger, and slowly the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now hear and see as well as ever." MRS. AMANDA PAISLEY, 176 Lander Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, jaundice, sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, nausea.