

RECORD OF RIDING.

HOW THE SADDLE HAS DEVELOPED FROM EARLY TIMES.

Way in Which It Was Fashioned by Different Nations—Some Saddles Are Very Richly and Curiously Ornamented.

EVERY Nation brings a new saddle to increase our catalogue—the Mameluke, his of crimson velvet; the Tartar, polished wood; the Persian, painted gilt and inlaid with ivory; the Moor, scarlet velvet; the Sicilian, gandy head; the Soudanese, sewn with guzelle sinew and covered with crocodile hide; the Mexican, leather richly decorated; the Bokhara, painted wood interspersed with bone; while from Bombay and the Punjab come those of purple and silver; from the South Sea Islands, saddles decorated with zowrie shells, and Iceland sends a species of chair covered with rousseau brass.

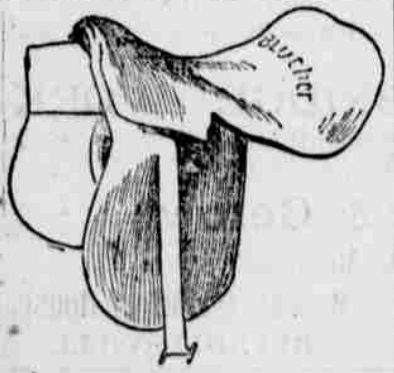
Some idea of the importance of saddlery will be received when it is said that England exports to foreign ports annually an amount of saddlery and harness that is valued at half a million of pounds. None of this comes to this country, where it is believed that American leather is the best in the world. All saddles are made on the McClellan model, used alike for civil and military purposes. This consists of two straps of beachwood, which



THE TILTING SADDLE.

form a skeleton or frame, strengthened by iron braces, and over this a covering of tanned pigskin is stretched, while stirrups hung to the same stout leather complete the structure. The difference between this war saddle and that of the Thirteenth Century portrayed by Viollet le Duc, supplied with a high and pointed cantle, against which the knight was propped, while he held his lance before him in a firm and straight attitude, is as great as the contrast drawn by Sir Walter Scott in "The Talisman" of the two knights that met in the desert—Sir Kenneth, of Scotland, mounted on a massive Norman war horse and the Sultan on his agile Arab steed.

The art of horsemanship dates from remote antiquity, but it is not known when saddles came into existence, and for centuries only a cloth separated the rider from his horse. While plumes rose above horses' heads and bits and bridles were of solid gold, while flowing tassels streamed from the harness, bells made music for the necks and the richest embroidered cloths covered the horses' sides, the Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians and Greeks, despite those elegancies, rode on simple pads or cushions similar to those still used by the Bedouins of Asia. The Scandinavians, however, used the saddle as far back as the Iron Age, and the bronze pommels and stirrups now to be seen in the museum in Copenhagen, prove that their work-



LEUCHER'S SADDLE.

manship of this branch of art was of an elaborate and complex nature.

According to pictorial representations the saddles used by the Anglo-Saxons were of a primitive order—mere shallow cushions or pads. The horseman or rider sat low on the horse's back. The pad was frequently decorated with a fringe of tufts of hair, probably the tails of some animal. The ends of the pad were slightly raised with a foreshadowing of pommel and cantle of a later development. The Normans gave prominence to pommel and cantle, which in their hands rose to a considerable height in a curvilinear form. Some excellent representations of this type are seen in the celebrated Bayeux tapestry, supposed to have been made by Matilda, the wife of the Conqueror. We must recall to mind that to the prominent pommel of his saddle William the Conqueror lost his life, for according to the old historians his horse treading on burning embers of the ruined city of Mantes reared and threw his rider upon the prominent iron pommel of the saddle, which pierced his body and caused his death.

The next change in saddlery occurred about the Thirteenth Century, when jousts and tournaments became popular in England, which method of warfare consisted of combats between

horsemen armed with long lances, whose object was to tumber their antagonists out of the saddle. The "tilting saddle" then became a necessity. This consisted of a plain seat with a raised padded back, extending round



THE TILTING SADDLE.

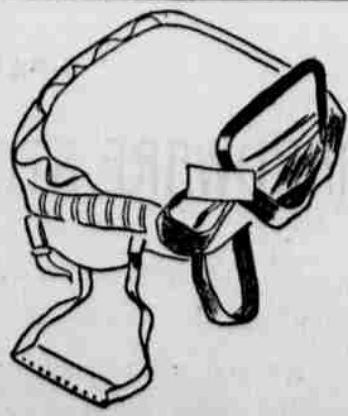
the sides and encompassing the joints of the rider. Many of these have neither saddle bow nor pommel. In the following century a shield was introduced for the protection of the rider's thighs. This extended down the flanks of the horse and was attached to the saddle, forming a part of it. Another curious feature is noticeable for the first time in the saddles of the period. This was for the pommel and cantle to be continued in a circular band or rail which completely surrounded the rider, who must have climbed or dropped into his saddle. A curious specimen of this description is a German "tilting saddle" of the Fifteenth Century, which is preserved in the Tower of London, bought in 1858 from the collection of the Baron de Penker, of Berlin. It is made of wood and covered with hide and canvas, upon which there has been painting. The front measures over three feet and forms a shield for the legs of the knight who, when fairly mounted, would be carried forward in a standing rather than a sitting position.

The tower also owns another German "tilting saddle" of bone dating from the same period. This is carved with ornaments of dragons, foliage, and has its ground and hatchings fitted with color after the manner of enameling. An inscription in the old German is inscribed upon it—"Ich hoff auf Sand Iorgen nam" (I hope the best fortune may attend you. May God assist you in the name of St. George). Four other saddles of a similar kind are in existence, one at the arsenal in Schaffhausen, one in the museum at Ratisbon, a third in the Renne collection in Constance and the last in the Germanic Museum.

The saddler's art in the Middle Ages was brought to a degree of perfection which the present age has never seen and scarcely realizes. The horse cloth, which was introduced about the Twelfth Century, and the coverings for the haunches and neck represented in Norman manuscript are rich with armorial decorations and are often blazoned with numerous quarterings. In the olden times knights and ladies were not content to ride on plain leather seats, and consequently their saddles were covered with thick velvets of splendid color, richly embroidered, gilded, carved, printed, studded with rare gems and precious stones or seeded with pearls. It is not difficult to appreciate the saying that a "knight often wore his castle on his horse's back." The back of the raised cantle was the chosen field for the fanciful offering of a suitable place for the devices that were carved or painted here. Birds and flowers were the favorite subjects for the ladies' saddles, introduced by Queen Anne, the wife of Richard II, who taught her female attendants to ride sideways, while battle scenes were chosen for the men. Previous to this the ladies had ridden behind their knights on a pillion.

The Archdeacon of Bath, alluding to the unmarital manners of some of the knights of his time, says that "they cause to be painted wars and equestrian contests on saddles and shields in order that they may please themselves with an imaginary sight of battles which they dare not actually set upon or see."

From the ordinances of the Saddler's Company, of London, we learn that in the Fourteenth Century three guilds were implicated in the making of saddles—the joiners, who made the saddle tree; the painters, who decorated the saddle, and the saddlers, who were responsible for the important work. Among the directions of the period is a prohibition against painting in gold or gilding the back of a saddle save in laying on of pure gold, yet the maker is allowed to paint the saddle bow in front according to the dictation of his fancy.

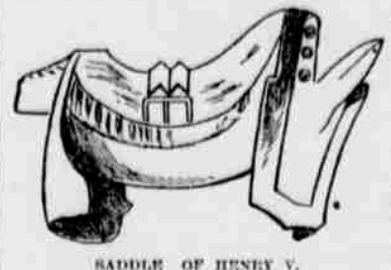


THE PILLION.

The oldest English saddle in existence is that of Henry V., representing the examples in use in the Fifteenth Century. All that remains of this is the saddle tree, which is of oak, and still retains the padding of hay covered with canvas. This historical relic, which is now

over Henry's tomb in Westminster Abbey, was originally resplendent with blue velvet powdered with golden fleur de lys, possibly in memory of Agincourt. The saddle is twenty-seven inches in length. Many magnificent examples of the saddler's skill in the Sixteenth Century still exist. A fine collection in the Royal Museum of Dresden contains one specimen owned by the King of Saxony, the bows of which are ornamented with elaborate representations of battle scenes, griffins, sea monsters and rich foliage, some of these being in repousse, others in intaglio and chasing. There is a splendid collection, too, of these armored saddles in Madrid, made in the same century. Some of these are of velvet, massively embroidered in precious metals, Damascened or chased in gold with designs of spirited and beautiful workmanship.

In the "Calendar of State Papers" for the year 1670 there is a description of a saddle used by Queen Elizabeth, who was especially fond of riding. The



SADDLE OF HENRY V.

record is a warrant to pay the sum of £266 13s. 4d. to David Smyth, the Queen's embroiderer, for a side saddle of black velvet richly embroidered with gold and pearls, and the harness, etc., of silk and gold.

The saddle under the reign of James I. became less elegant, but Charles I, who attempted to revive knightly customs, returned to the sumptuous saddle. His state saddle was a gorgeous affair, being of crimson velvet richly embroidered, while the saddle-cloth, also of crimson velvet, was covered thickly with seed pearls. The head stalls, reins and stirrup-leathers were also luxurious and effective.

Oliver Cromwell used a large, plain-flapped saddle, very heavy and cumbersome, like the ponderous Flemish animal he bestrode. The next century brought the type of saddle which, with various minor changes influenced by military requirements, has survived unto the present day, and which does not seem likely to be superseded in the main lines of its construction.

The saddle rooms at Windsor Castle contain the sumptuous trappings belonging to Tipu Sahib's war horse, of crimson and green velvet, rich with embroidery of gold and silver wire; the magnificent Turkish horse caparison, embroidered with gold on crimson satin, once the property of George III.; a complete set of Indian adornments of red, green, silver and gold, presented to the Queen by the Thakoor of Moiri; a Persian chabraque of crimson silk covered with golden sprigs; the saddles used by the Queen for reviews and public ceremonies, and the two sets of state harness embellished with coats of arms. The Empress Eugenie still preserves the black leather harness, ornamented with the imperial arms, which belonged to Napoleon III., as well as the red velvet saddle, splendid saddle-cloth and golden stirrups used by him in the disastrous campaign of 1870.



TIPU SAHIB'S SADDLE.

While the trappings of the horse have been growing simpler in the western countries, the Oriental taste has remained the same during a score of centuries. From Constantinople to Bagdad, and from Bagdad to Delhi, the traveler becomes familiar with horses proudly caparisoned with panaches, tassels and bells in profusion, richly colored housings and furniture in purple or crimson satin with braid of gold, applique work, and frequently decorated with jewels. Everything gay and glittering, but never out of harmony with the picturesque surroundings.—Washington Star.

An Expensive Egg.

One thousand dollars for an egg is a large sum even for a collector to pay. Yet this appears to be the market price of a perfect specimen of the egg of the gigantic fossil bird Epyornis. The egg is several times as large as that of the ostrich, but is not otherwise beautiful. But then it is rare, which is not surprising, since the Epyornis left off laying some thousands, or perhaps hundreds of thousands, of years ago. M. Hamelin can get them if any man can, and he promises to put one or two on the European market. He is going back to Madagascar, notwithstanding the fact that having unfortunately got a chief, who was his "blood-brother," killed in his service, he has had to take over all the deceased gentleman's family, including his wives. The orchid-seeker sees, and does, strange things.—St. James's Gazette.

SOLDIERS' COLUMN.

GEN. CRAWFORD'S ESCORT
A Comrade Tells About the Taking of Orange Courthouse.



ONE morning Gen. Crawford ordered out a brigade of cavalry for a reconnaissance, and took the road to Orange Courthouse. He had a pleasant day, and the road led through a pretty fair country. The General rode at the head of the column out of the dust, a company of the 5th N. Y. Cav., a hundred yards or so ahead of him for an advance guard, his staff and escort at his heels, a part of the 5th N. Y., behind us, followed by several companies of the 1st Mich. Cav. under Maj. Way; there was another regiment or two, or part of regiments, in rear of them; I am not positive at this date whether it was the 1st Va., 1st Me., 2d N. Y., or all three of them, but this I do remember, we made a very gorgeous military procession, and must have impressed the natives greatly with our clean uniforms, bright arms and proud appearance.

We rode up through the long, single street about two thirds through the town and was about to turn the corner to the left past a good sized brick hotel, around which the advance guard had ridden just a moment previous, when like a clap of thunder from a clear sky came the crash of a volley of musketry, and back from the front came what was left of the advance guard. Around the corner they came like a whirlwind, yelling like Indians, "The rebels are coming! The rebels are coming! Thousands of 'em," and from the continuous firing and yelling of the enemy we hadn't a doubt that they were there.

The General and staff rode their horses right across the sidewalk and smuggled up close to the glass front of the hotel to escape the storm of lead that came flying up the street from the south. The escort followed their illustrious example and found places on the sidewalk, leaving the road clear for the 5th N. Y., who advanced up the road nearly to the corner, headed by their Colonel.

I was in the rear file of our escort that day, and when I rode on the sidewalk to hug the shelter of the house I congratulated myself that the building was large enough to cover us, which it just barely did, and by leaning back in my saddle I could look around the corner of the building into the garden alongside the house and back of it to the woods beyond, out of which the enemy were swarming and advancing to attack our column in flank away back as far as I could see to the rear. Already they were climbing the fence at the back of the hotel, garden; across the shrubbery bullets were flying aimed at our men halted in the main street. I could see horses and men going down. Just then bullets began to come down the main street straight ahead, and then we had it from three sides at once.

How the rebels yelled as they plugged it to us. The General didn't seem very much rattled. He ordered the 5th N. Y. to charge up the road and clear out that rabble.

I ran my eyes over the ranks of the company in front, and was a good deal surprised to discover the material that company was made of—middle-aged Irishmen, with regular Hibernian countenances, they only needed a nod on their shoulders and short, black pipes to make them familiar objects around every large building being erected in any of our large cities. It was unfortunate for the early reputation of that regiment that this particular company happened to be at their head on this occasion, for in answer to their Colonel's repeated orders to charge, they made not the slightest effort to advance, but covered in their saddles under a shower of bullets.

While I was wondering what the upshot of the affair would be I heard the bullets whizzing past my corner from the garden. I leaned back slightly and looked around the corner. There, within 50 feet of me, was a group of rebels hanging away at our men in the street. Out came my revolver from its holster, and by steadying the barrel against the corner of the house I drew a bead on the thickest part of the crowd and banged away.

Our doughty captain sang out promptly: "What the blue blazes are you doing there? You will have them all shooting at us in a minute."

At the same time the General shouted: "That's right, boys; give it to 'em."

These were conflicting orders in a breath, and as the General's orders chimed in with my own views about them, I leaned back and devoted the next few moments to deliberately emptying my revolver into the crowd in the garden. All this had occurred in a few minutes since the attack. My ammunition all expended, I straightened myself in the saddle and looked around for the approval of my General, when what was my amazement to discover that I was all alone! But about a half a block to the rear I caught sight of a crowd of frightened blue coats trying to get through a narrow alley.

I didn't like to try forcing a narrow passage along with that mob, so I ran my eye up along the opposite side of the street for an opening to get through into the fields beyond; but the street was closed with houses and fences on that side, until about a block ahead I

discovered a small alley leading to the right, and by the whisk of a horse's tail as it disappeared around the corner I saw at once how the General and escort had disappeared.

I immediately dashed the spurs into my horse and made a dash for the opening, but before my horse had made five jumps I saw that the road ahead of me was full of mounted rebels advancing toward me.

"Go it, old fellow," I said to my horse, as I bent over his neck to escape the bullets. "I believe we are going to get there first," says I, as I saw several of the rebels ride out ahead of their ranks to head me off when they saw where I was making for.

"Halt you—Yank!—halt! halt!" I could hear from a dozen voices, "Surrender, or we will blow you up."

"Not if I know it!" said I through my clenched teeth, and an instant later I swept around the corner, with a yell, amid a storm of bullets, one of which struck my horse on his shoulder and caused him to make such a leap that he nearly threw me from the saddle, and the sting of it made him fairly angry, and of all the outlandish gates, jumps and jerks I never had such a ride on horseback as I had the next five minutes.

When I again got control of my horse there were no rebels in sight but I had merely caught up to a rabble of blue coats who were just being got in to shape by their officers. As I rode up and took my place in the escort I heard the General say:

"Is this all I have left of all those we started out with this morning?"

A few minutes afterward, while expecting the appearance of the enemy in pursuit, we noticed a solitary blue-coat ride out from the town towards us. Everybody admitted his nerve riding away from the enemy so leisurely. We watched him across the fields until he rode up to the General, made his salute and said: "General, Maj. Way wishes to know how long he shall hold the town?"

"What town?"

"Why, that town over there—Orange Courthouse," replied the man, who, by the way, had "1st Mich. Cav." on his cap.

The General looked rather bewildered for a moment, until the man volunteered the information that after the head of the column had got demoralized and out of the way the rebels had rushed into the town and when Maj. Way, at the head of the 1st Mich. Cav., had charged down the road he took them completely by surprise, and so our folks had captured the town and a lot of prisoners, and were now waiting for orders.

It was worth a small fortune to watch the General's face; he seemed to grow two inches taller and expand in proportion. The wrinkles and worried look departed from his face.

A few rapid orders and we were on the back track toward camp with our heads up, anxious to get back and tell of our victory.—E. M. WATSON, in "National Tribune."

Why Flowers Sleep.

Why should flowers sleep? asks Sir John Lubbock in "The Beauties of Nature and the Wonders of the World We Live in." Why should some flowers do so and not others? Moreover, different flowers keep different hours. The daisy opens at sunrise and closes at sunset, whence its name, "day's eye." The dandelion (Leonodon) is said to open about 7 and to close about 5; Arenaria rubra to be open from 9 to 3; the white water lily (Nymphaea) from about 7 to 4; the common mouse-ear hawkweed (Hieracium) from 8 to 3; the scarlet plumpkin (Anagallis) to waken at 7 and close soon after 2; Aragonopon platensis to open at 4 in the morning and close just before 12, whence its English name, "John go to bed at noon." Farmers' boys in some parts are said to regulate their dinner time by it. Other flowers, on the contrary, open in the evening.

Now it is obvious that flowers which are fertilized by night-flying insects would derive no advantage from being open by day; and on the other hand, that those which are fertilized by bees would gain nothing by being open at night. Nay, it would be a distinct disadvantage, because it would render them liable to be robbed of their honey and pollen by insects which are not capable of fertilizing them. I have ventured to suggest, then, that the closing of the flowers may have reference to the habits of the insects, and it may be observed also in support of this that wind-fertilized flowers do not sleep; and that many of those flowers which attract insects by smell open and emit their scent at particular hours; thus Hesperis matronalis and Lychnis vespertina smell in the evening and Orchis bifolia is particularly sweet at night.

Curiosities of Judgment.

There is a good deal of fun in getting up tests of people's powers of judgment, or, rather of their individual powers of vision. One of these is the familiar one of getting a number of people to give their ideas upon the size of the moon. Some will say it looks as large as a hog-head; others that it is no bigger than a soup plate.

Distance is another thing which people are apt to miscalculate, if they judge by means of their eyesight. City dwellers generally know that a certain number of blocks make a mile, and plod contentedly along on that knowledge without ever looking far enough away to see how the distance appears. When they get into the country the stretches of fields and hills are deceptive. A point five miles away will appear but one when seen across a flat distance and the stranger will start off on a short walk which turns into long one.—Brooklyn Standard Union.

KEYSTONE STATE CULLINGS.

A TERRIFIC HAIL STORM.

A SHOWER OF STONES EIGHT INCHES IN CIRCUMFERENCE BLEND THE "OLDEST INHABITANT."

Mount Pleasant.—About 7:30 o'clock Thursday evening hail stones burst here, and the "oldest inhabitant" hasn't a word to say for hail stones measuring eight inches in circumference were as common as flies in summer. There 's not a whole a y-licht in town while broken windows appear on every hand. Much damage was done.

Kennett Square.—A terrific hail storm passed over here about 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon, breaking window glass throughout the town and cutting fruit trees and vines as if by knives. Some of the hailstones were over an inch thick. It was one of the heaviest at times here for years.

Conestoga.—The most destructive hail and rain storm ever experienced in this locality passed over here about 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon. The ground was covered with hailstones some as large as hen eggs, which fell with terrific force, destroying almost every window pane in town. Much damage was done to corn and fruit.

BURIED IN A MINE.

THREE MEN PERISH NEAR PENNSYLVANIA. PENNSYLVANIA.—Moses Hughes, Aaron Hughes and John Hughes, father and sons, lost their lives in the Berwind-White Coal Company's mine, four miles from here. The mine caught fire and the men were unable to escape. The fire company from this place and one from Altoona put out the flames and the dead bodies of the 3 men have been recovered.

STATE BANKS SOLID.

Harrisburg.—State Superintendent of Banking Krumbhaar says the state banks of Pennsylvania show themselves on examination to be in a sound and satisfactory state. He considers the hardest times now over, and says the banks are feeling much easier.

STANDING OF THE STATE BASE BALL LEAGUE.

W. L. P.	28	19	737
Altoona	19	29	487
York	23	16	599
Seranton	19	29	487
Allentown	21	29	512
Johnston	19	21	475
Harrisburg	21	21	500
Reading	9	31	325

Mrs. BANNING, of Conestogville will bring suit against the Conestoga Mining Company to recover \$40,000 damages. It is alleged that the company has mined most of the coal under her 110 acre tract and coked it.

A Conestoga pensioner who signed a patent medicine testimonial, certifying that he had recovered his health through a use of the preparation finds his pension stopped on the strength of his certificate.

MANY families at Beaver Falls are destitute and starving. The Ladies Aid Society has issued a call asking for money to assist them. Closing of the mills has caused the distress.

[The State is pretty well off for ready cash. When State Treasurer Morrison balanced his books August 31, he had \$2,218,572.23 in the State's money box deposited in various banks.]

Five bugs burned Abram Brown's barn near Walnut Hill, Uniontown, and destroyed 600 bushels of wheat, a large quantity of hay and feed. The loss is \$1,000.

WASHINGTON is without a Burgess, owing to the incumbent being sick and the method taken by councils to fill the place cannot go into effect for ten days yet.

The residence of David Newlinham, Latrobe, was entered and the inmates chloroformed. The thieves got \$54 and some watches and other articles.

CHAMBERS MITCHELL, of Lionport, while threshing Wednesday night, lost an arm by getting caught in the wheels of the threshing machine.

The Morrison & Cass paper mill at Tyrone employing several hundred men fired their boilers and resumed their daily output of 20 tons.

BENK TAUBERICH was shot and seriously wounded Tuesday night by a Slav, whose melon patch he was robbing near Uniontown.

A SHOE button was removed from the nose of the little child of Seth Hulmes of Beaver Falls, after it had been there two years.

JAMES HELLING, of Clarion, stepped off a train while it was on the Joe Run trestle. He fell 90 feet, and crushed his skull.

The American sheet mill at Phillipsburg is idle owing to the puddlers having struck against a reduction of 75 cents a ton.

A 3 YEAR OLD child of Bernard McDonald, of Manowan, drank a quantity of concentrated lye on Saturday and will die.

THIEVING has become so common in Bullskin township, Fayette county, that farmers now camp in their fields at night.

The 5 year old son of John Aligold of Houtzdale got too near a bonfire and was burned almost to a crisp Tuesday.

CHAS. F. SCHADE died on Saturday at Harrisburg from a blood poisoning induced by an insect's sting.

The new \$15,000 Lutheran church at Bellefonte was dedicated on Sunday.

How Gold Rings Are Made.

Gold rings are made from bars nine or fifteen inches long. A bar fifteen inches long, about two inches wide and three-sixteenths of an inch thick, is worth about \$200. It would make three or four hundred four penny-weight rings. A dozen processes and twenty minutes' time are required to change the bar into merchantable rings. A pair of shears cuts the bars into strips. By the turn of a wheel, one, two, three times, the guillotine-like blade of the shears cuts the bar into slices, one, two, or three sixteenths of an inch wide. A rolling machine presses out the strips and makes them flat or grooved. Each strip is then put under the blowpipe and annealed. The oxide of copper comes to the surface and is put into a pickle of sulphuric acid. The bit of gold is stamped with its quality and the name of the maker, and is put through a machine that bends it into the shape of a ring, the same making a ring of any size. The ends are soldered with an alloy of inferior fineness to the quality of the ring. Many people imagine that rings are run in a mold because they can't see where they are soldered. The ring spins through the turning lathe, is rounded and pared, and polished first with tripoli and then with steel filings and rouge.