

HOW TO RIDE A HORSE.

WHAT MUST BE DONE TO HAVE A CORRECT SEAT AND SADDLE.

Reasons Why Many People Who Ride Have So Much Trouble with Their Stirrups—A Riding Master Gives Some Excellent Rules and Suggestions.

A saddle is constructed right if it gives the rider the greatest possible comfort and the most secure seat, with almost total absence of exertion of muscles of his legs in order to maintain his balance.

Much has been said and written about "how you should sit on the horse." Perhaps you have been told to grasp the saddle or the horse firmly with thighs or knees, to have your toes higher than your heels, to keep the heels away from the horse, to bend your back to be springy or to straighten yourself to sit firmly, etc.

If you are not experienced, and your horse trots roughly, you are in discomfort and in danger of losing your seat. If your horse is nervous and not well broken to the touch of the heel the flapping of the stirrups against his flanks renders him uneasy and prolongs the task of "getting your foot in the stirrup."

Examine your saddle; it seems nice, soft and comfortable; the stirrups are heavy as should be—even their tread covered with leather or rubber to prevent slipping from your foot; but slip they will. Why? Look at the shape of your saddle, at the positions which the saddler has assigned for your seat, thighs, knees and feet, and see where he has attached the bars for the stirrup leathers on the saddle tree.

What is the result? As soon as your foot loses the stirrup the latter, according to the law of gravity, returns to the lowest position which the length of stirrup leather allows far behind your foot. Then your foot, too, having lost its support, and with nothing to bear against, together with your leg, according to the law of gravity, tries to slip back in order to hang as near as possible to the center of gravity; and then your legs will hang far back the knee puffs, perhaps on the bare horse almost behind the saddle skirts.

To avoid this by muscular exertion you try to force your legs up and front into a position very tiresome to maintain. But if you, according to the law of gravity, have the lowest point of the saddle in its center; if you have this center as close as possible to the horse's back by reducing the thickness of the saddle to a minimum; if you drop yourself into this lowest point of the saddle to stay there; if you drop your legs to where they will stay by their own weight instead of holding them forward and raising them by muscular exertion; if you have the stirrup leather bars attached far enough back to be in a line with that place where your feet meet the stirrups, with stirrup leathers so long as to raise your toes high enough to give you an elastic tread on the stirrup without cramping the muscles of your thighs and knees, then your body, legs, feet and stirrups will maintain their positions by their own weights according to the law of gravity; after each displacement resulting from the movement of the horse your body will fall back into the lowest part of the saddle; your thighs, knees and feet will not become tired because you are not using muscular exertion to hold them in their places.

By the law of gravity they always fall back into them. Your stirrups and feet, even if disengaged from each other, will, as it were, meet unintentionally at their places. If turning your toes slightly toward the horse the stirrup will by its own weight try to find its place and slip on your foot. The displacements from their positions of your body, thighs, knees, feet and stirrups will be followed by their involuntary movements according to the law of gravity to fall back into the places which their weights assign to them.

Have your saddle built so that no muscular exertion be required to keep you in its lowest (center) part; that your legs, thighs, knees, feet and stirrups retain their positions by their own weight, and you will enjoy that comfort which you can never find in a flat saddle with the lowest point back at the cantle, with the knee puffs too far from the saddle pad raising you several inches above the horse and with leather and straining, etc., built up high between your legs. Have the tree open longitudinally in the center from the front to the middle, allowing circulation of air between you and the horse and you will have more ease to yourself and less sore backs for your horses.—C. Brosmann in Philadelphia Times.

A VERSATILE FREAK.

Signor Carlo, Sometimes of Gotham, Gives Away Professional Secrets. A copper colored, long haired, smooth faced young man walked into the Central police station and asked for lodging.

"You're welcome to all we have," said Lieut. Burns, "but if you'll tell us whether you're black, white, brown or red, I shall see that you have the best bed in the house."

"The applicant scratched his head and stood first on one foot and then the other. Finally he drawled out, "My grandfather and grandmother on my mother's side were Indians. My father's father was a Spaniard, and his mother a Mexican. I don't know what I am."

"What's your business?" asked Lieut. Burns.

"I've been in Barnum's band of brave, bold, but bad Bedouins. I've played Zulu, Kaffir, Malay, Indian and 'Greaser,' swallowed the sword for six months, eat fire, licked hot poker with my tongue, danced on hot coals, chewed hot steel, breathed out fire from my nose, walked over razors, broke glass with my feet and played the human ostrich."

"Well, what is your occupation?" asked Lieut. Burns.

"I'm a museum freak, a fakir, a sport and a bum," said the copper colored man.

"If you'll tell us how you work the fakes you shall have a feather bed," unblushingly promised Patrolman O'Donnell.

"There ain't no fake in the human ostrich," said the freak. "The ostrich eats glass, swallows knife blades, stones, pieces of iron and everything else he can get hold of. There ain't no fake in that. 'Cause why? 'Cause you don't get a chance to make a fake out of it. If you could we'd fake it. It ain't a trick to eat a glass sandwich. Just put a thin piece of glass between a couple of pieces of bread and when the bread goes down, down goes the glass, too. People think it's hard on the stomach, but that's only imagination. I saw a fellow do it, and I did it ten minutes afterward. There ain't any trick in stepping on glass. You watch the fellows that do it. First they stir the glass up with a stick to make you think they're trying to get the sharp pieces on top. They're just turning the sharp points down. But a fellow must have real dry feet or he can't do that. If his feet sweat or are damp he'll get cut."

"The fire eating fake is nothing. If you soak your hands and feet in borax water three or four hours a day for a couple of weeks you'll be able to stand a pretty hot piece of iron. We don't run any risks, but mix a little paste and lots of borax. We put a coat of this on our hands, and when we pull a hot poker across it there's lots of smoke, a sizzle and a bad smell. We don't hold the poker very tight or very long, but people think they smell burning flesh. We cover the bottoms of our feet the same way, and dance around on hot coals and iron for a few seconds. But if the paste is wet your feet stick and you get burned. You can fill your mouth with borax, lay lots of it on your tongue and lick a red hot poker. It makes a little flame, and when people see it they think you're breathing out fire."

"But doesn't the glass you eat hurt your stomach?"

"Not mine. The only trouble is that you're liable to cut your tongue, and you've got to be careful."

The freak was turned over to Turnkey Enstace, who was instructed to give him a good bed.

"Where did you come from?" asked Enstace.

"From New York," said the freak.

"Foot or rail?"

"Both."

"Where are you going from here?"

"I'm going to get a job as soon as I can, and when I have a couple of dollars I'll skin out."

"What's your name?"

"Signor Carlo."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty."—Cleveland Leader.

Not to Be Trusted.

The ignorance of some American born citizens of foreign descent in regard to the precise meaning of some English words is sometimes rather astonishing. An instance of this was met with the other day by a reporter who had called at the house of a German on Second avenue in the ordinary course of his business. The man, who it was afterward learned was 30 years old, had been born in this city, and for at least ten years had been in business, was not at first inclined to be communicative. Finally he stepped a little closer to the reporter—they were standing in the hall—and said, "Are you a confidence man?"

The reporter was indignant, naturally, and in forcible language he declared he was no "confidence man." "Ach, well," said the man as he opened the door, "I think perhaps if I told you dose things my names you would not write, but if you no confidence man I tell you nodings."—New York Times.

Imagination in Life.

It seems probable that a little imagination is very much better as a possession than a great deal. A little is, to the daily incidents and events of life, what salt is to meat. The relish it bestows upon them is just as good as a pleasure. If you are in a sorry plight you can see help coming by its aid, though, on the other hand, you are not tormented by grievous relapses of impatience and despair upon the delay of the arrival of such help, as you would surely be if you were as imaginative as a poet. And in like manner, when you are in the thick of prosperity, under its gentle, judicious suggestion you are able to look ahead, foresee the inevitable squalls which shall follow such a spell of fine weather, and be prepared for them. In fact, a certain amount of imagination is like ballast to a ship, whereas too much acts like a storm upon the same ship, catching it with all sails set.—All the Year Round.

He Saw.

Writer (hoping for a quarter)—Er—sometimes gentlemen guba me a tip, sah. Broker—Bny C, C, and I, C. Tee. Writer (dejectedly)—I see.—Good News.

FARM, FIELD, GARDEN.

SUBJECTS OF INTEREST TO COUNTRY AND SUBURBAN READERS.

A Portable Smoke House Which May Be Placed in Any Convenient Shed or Building and Operated with Comparative Comfort and Small Labor.

A Pennsylvania correspondent, writing to Country Gentleman, says:

My preference is for the plain, unadorned smoked ham, and I will describe my plan for a cheap and handy smoke house: Not believing a permanent smoke house an ornament as an outbuilding I dispensed with it and have made a portable one, which may be placed in any convenient shed or building and kept smudging away without danger from fire and without compelling the operator to expose himself to wintry storms. I used light basewood boards, and made a box about 7 feet long, 3 feet wide and 18 inches deep. When in use the box stands on end. The upper end has numerous hooks on which to hang hams or bacon. The box is three boards wide, and the cracks in back of box are closely battened on the inside. The middle board in front is not nailed, but the cracks are battened by nailing the battens to the permanent boards on each side of the middle movable board. There is a strip fastened across the front of the box between the two permanent boards two feet from the lower end. The movable board is here cut in two, so that the lower piece may be removed without disturbing the upper piece.

After hanging the hams the upper movable board is put in place and held there by wooden buttons. It is not to be disturbed till we wish to examine the meat. The lower piece is also held in place by wooden buttons, so that it may be easily removed and replaced as occasion requires. Some iron vessel is placed in the box back of the short, movable board, a few coals put in and corn cobs to fill the vessel. As the box is nearly air tight, the coals will smolder without blazing and furnish smoke for many hours. The board may then be removed, the vessel again filled with coals and the board replaced. When we have finished the smoking process and are ready to make some disposition of our smoked meat the empty box is easily thrown upon some loft, there to remain till again needed.

A Successful Unknown Book.

I was talking with a subscription publisher, and in the course of our conversation he reached in his library and pulled out a book the title of which I never heard. It was called "God, Home and Heaven," a book as pretentious in size as in title. "What is there peculiar about the book? Well, I will tell you. Of that work there have been sold over one million copies," said the publisher, "and yet I'll wager that there are salesmen in the biggest New York stores who never heard of the book, and will tell you there is no such work printed."

This struck me as rather odd and I determined to make the test. I went into six of the largest book stores in New York that day and asked for a copy of "God, Home and Heaven." It proved exactly as my friend predicted. I encountered only one man who ever heard of the book, and he said he had no idea where I could get a copy. "Doubtless out of print for years," he added. And yet within two blocks of that man's store there was at that time printing an edition of 50,000 copies of the book on the presses.—Edwin W. Bok's Letter.

A new magneto telephone gives promise or being largely used in England. The invention consists of an arrangement for combining a telephone for domestic purposes with a crank bell pull, such as is ordinarily met with in houses; and the special merit in it lies in the fact that it may be fitted without disturbing any of the existing arrangements or requiring a skilled workman to be sent to fix it. Indeed, any man of ordinary intelligence may fit it for himself without trouble. A similar telephone being fitted, say in the kitchen, a bell is used in the usual way to call the servant's attention, and upon her taking up the telephone the order is transmitted without rendering it necessary for her to enter the room. The telephones being magnetic instruments no battery is required at all, and the possibility of future trouble and cost of maintenance is avoided.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Mary Anderson's Photographs.

The reason that actresses are so successfully photographed is that they understand the laws of photography and conform to them. They usually assume the direction of the performance for themselves, and the photographer is willing to let them. Mary Anderson always superintends every detail of the operation that puts her features upon paper. Her London photographer says no picture of her face, except in direct profile, was ever made without having the negative changed so as to make the outline of the cheek a little flatter than it naturally is. Miss Anderson thinks the contour of her full face is not oval enough, and so she is careful that any photograph of her shall remedy the imperfection.—New York Evening Sun.

The First Bank.

The Bank of England was established in 1694, and is older than any of the institutions of the class in any other of the great nations. It was not the first of the important financial houses, however. The Bank of Venice was created in 1101, that of Genoa in 1407, that of Hamburg in 1619 and that of Rotterdam in 1635. In 1803 the Bank of France was established.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Barnes' Chivalry.

George—I'm surprised that Barnes struck Homer on the nose after he was down.

Henry—Oh, Barnes is chivalrous. He always prefers to do a thing to a man's face rather than to his back.—Kate Field's Washington.

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