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The bold and dashing horsemanship displayed by the Lees and Ashbys, by Jackson, Stewart, Mosby and others who were the leading spirits of the Confederate cavalry service during the late war, excited the wonder and admiration even of their enemies, and developed the fact that the Virginians are by nature the most accomplished and fearless riders on American soil.

Turner Ashby, the flower of the Virginia troopers, who was cut off in the prime of manhood, was perhaps the finest type of courage and manly grace in that branch of the Confederate service, and his name today is a synonym for chivalry in the south. As a people the Virginians are inclined to outdoor life, to whom the graces of physical culture come as easy and as inherent in them as their own charming and warm hearted hospitality. The youth of the Old Dominion who can sit a saddle in a fox chase, couch a true lance in a tournament and take a five rail fence in a steeple race commands the respect of his fellows and holds a prior lien upon the heart of the fairest girl in his neighborhood.

Nowhere in the south today can be seen more splendid exhibitions of the bona fide fox hunt, the old time tournament and cross country riding than are given by the inhabitants of a little town called Warrenton, in Piedmont, Va., situated among the foothills of the Blue Ridge range of mountains in the midst of a beautiful pastoral region, which is chiefly devoted to stock raising and largely inhabited by the F. F. V.'s of the old regime and their descendants, who have recovered from the financial and social distresses occasioned by the loss of their slaves, and are reviving many of those delightful customs and pastimes which formerly prevailed among them and rendered southern life so unique and enjoyable.

A HISTORIC SECTION.
Here it was that Ashby and Mosby were reared and had their homes, and the latter made this romantic country of hill and dale, of stream and woodland, the scenes of those daring raids which so crippled the northern forces when operating in that section of the state, and gained for him the sobriquet of "gnarrella."

The battles of Manassas and Bull Run were fought only twenty miles away, where the gallant boy soldier, Quincy Marr, was the first to lose his life on the Confederate side. McDowell's splendid army, 100,000 strong, camped within the limits of the pretty village and were so touched by the nobility of the women, whose homes had been appropriated and turned into hospitals, that they left its quiet precincts unharmed and its inhabitants unmolested. It is not remarkable then that a people who before the war were fond of the chase and during the four years and more of that bloody conflict literally lived in the saddle should be the riders and marksmen that they are today and have a penchant for the sports of the field.

The summer in that country is the season for tournaments, which are conducted with all the pomp and military snob of a joust in the days of "Merrie England," when chivalry had its seat in the hearts of men and inspired them to deeds of romantic valor.

Young unmarried men only are qualified to enter the lists of these tournaments for the honor of crowning the queen of love and beauty. They assume titles for the occasion which are suggestive of knight hood and are supposed to ride for the woman who reigns over their affections and might be regarded as a possible bride.

A PICTURESQUE SCENE.
The picturesque costumes of the contestants, their gayly caparisoned steeds, the silver tongued orator and his grandiloquent charge to the knights, the inspiration of the fair spectators whose hearts palpitate with expectancy, the bearing off of the victorious ring and the old fashioned coronation ball that follows at night, which opens with the address of the hero of the day and the crowning of the queen and her maids of honor, the dance of the royal set, and the grand finale in which the assembled company, young and old, unite in that jolly dance of the olden time—the Virginia reel—form a picture of social life that recalls the manners and amusements which were common to the south thirty years ago, but were wiped out and forgotten, through the war as well as the men.

The women of Virginia are distinguished for their horsemanship, and many of them ride like centaurs before they get out of short dresses. In the fall of the year they can be seen riding across the country unattended, and frequently participate with their husbands, brothers and beaux in the excitements of the chase. The Virginia girl is generally conceded to be charming under any circumstances, but when she assumes her riding habit and mounts into the saddle she is an outdoor picture of grace and health that has no replica in the gallery of nature!—Chicago Tribune.

BISHOP AND CZAR.

A STALWART PRELATE WHO WOULD NOT OBEY HIS MAJESTY.

The Russian Bishop Ambrose, of Pensa, Gave His Ruler a Terrific Reception on the Occasion of a Distinguished Visit—He Made the Czar Obey.

Bishop Ambrose was an extraordinary man, renowned for the firmness of his character, the depth of his erudition and the narrowness of his views. The son of a simple deacon, he owed his elevation to his oratorical talent, his historical works, and especially his ascetic virtues. He lived in his episcopal palace with the austere habits that had endeared him to the people. He dressed like a simple peasant, lived in a cell in his palace, and his principal diet consisted of cabbage and radishes. In fact he fared like the poorest monk; but for all that he had the strength of a giant. His salary of 8,000 or 10,000 roubles he distributed among the poor, giving right and left, and never refusing charity to the hosts of beggars that always swarmed around him.

In 1891, Alexander I announced that he intended to visit Pensa; but if he knew the reception that was in store for him he would have tried some other town. The governor sent the chief of police to the bishop to request him to clean his palace before the arrival of the czar.

"All right," the bishop said, "I can get the mud in front of the place cleared away, but where can I hide your head and the governor's head? It would be useless to bury them in the ground; the odor of your actions would still permeate the whole place."

Of course the two officials were furious, but there was no help for them; Ambrose was too powerful. When the czar arrived the governor gave orders to the archbishop to come with all his clergy and receive the emperor at the front entrance to the cathedral; but that was just what he would not do. He massed his clergy with all their banners at a side door on the southern side. To the remonstrances of the governor he replied, "I am the archbishop, and I alone give orders here."

YANKING THE CZAR UPSTAIRS.
The civil authorities were grouped at the front entrance. The czar, naturally enough, went to the place where the banners were. There were some rather steep steps in front of the side door and the czar complained that his legs were weak and that he would prefer to enter the church through some other door.

"Nonsense!" the bishop exclaimed. "The weakness of your legs doesn't prevent you from dancing. Come!" Seizing him by the arm the powerful bishop yanked his majesty up the steps. At the threshold the czar bent down to kiss the image that the priest presented to him, but to the utter astonishment of the crowd, the bishop, still holding him by the arm, forced him to bow down almost to the ground. The czar thought that was enough, so he again attempted to kiss the image. "No! three times!" said the bishop. The czar had to obey and bow twice more before he was permitted to kiss the holy image.

That, however, was only the beginning of his troubles. After having heard the Te Deum in the cathedral, the czar retired to the apartments that had been carefully prepared for him by the governor, and was about to enjoy his first nap when all the bells of the churches burst out with a terrific clangor. The archbishop, accompanied by his chapter and an immense crowd, all chanting loud enough to take the roof off, presented himself before the governor's residence and announced his intention to purify the rooms occupied by the czar by sprinkling them with holy water. Alexander I sent his adjutant to the terrible prelate to tell him that his majesty was fatigued and was unable to receive him. "You are the adjutant of the czar of this earth," the bishop said, "but I am the adjutant of the czar of heaven."

SPRINKLING THE CZAR.
The young man refused to admit him, and the mighty bishop grabbed him by the collar, tossed him back thirty feet in the rear and walked majestically into the czar's room.

"I will have you arrested," the governor shouted, in a furious rage. "There is not power enough in the whole world," the bishop responded, "to arrest the cross of God."

Alexander had to submit. His rooms were thoroughly sprinkled, after which he was compelled to listen to an interminable sermon on the evils of self love and the passion for luxury. On leaving the emperor the archbishop proceeded once more to the cathedral for the evening office. At 10 o'clock the bells rang out a second time. Then the czar sent word to the archbishop to stop the ringing of the bells for the third time, which was the old Russian custom; but Ambrose would not yield an inch. He was the adjutant of the czar of heaven, and he would take no orders from a lesser potentate. So an hour later the bells began a dreadful racket for the third time.

The next morning his majesty had to review his troops, and, as he wished to hear mass first, he dispatched his adjutant to the bishop with an order to celebrate mass at 6 o'clock and make the services as brief as possible.

"Tell the czar," Ambrose said to the adjutant, "that service will be at 7 o'clock, as usual, and that it will be neither longer nor shorter than usual, but strictly according to the laws of the church."

He kept his word. The czar and his troops had to wait. Of course his majesty had his revenge. Ambrose was dismissed from his office and retired to a monastery, but that did not trouble him, for he had lived while archbishop like the poorest monk in all Russia.—New York Sun.

American paper is fast supplanting that of English make in Australia, owing to its superior quality and cheapness. One mill in New York state has permanent orders from that country to supply 6,000 tons annually.

NEW TO-DAY.

TO THE PUBLIC.—It having come to our knowledge that a party in The Dalles in selling lime has made the assertion that he charges more for other brands than the "Oregon" because they are better, thereby implying that the "Oregon" is an inferior article, we desire to state that the "Oregon" is the strongest lime on the market; that it will work more plastic and leave the work when set stronger and firmer than any other lime at present manufactured in either Oregon or Washington. Wm. Butler & Co., Agents at The Dalles for the "Oregon" lime, are instructed to furnish, free of charge, any and all Oregon lime, which does not fully come up to the stipulations above set forth. The object of this notice is solely to defend our goods against the false imputations and statements of any person whatsoever. The Or. Marble and Lime Company, by T. F. OSBORN, General Agt. 5-24dwlm

The Dalles, Portland & Astoria Nav. Co.
SCHEDULE.
Until further notice the Regulator will make trips to the Cascades and return on Thursdays and Sundays, leaving The Dalles at 7 a. m. Excursion rates. 50 cents for the round trip. 5-23tf

NOTICE.—I have appointed Mr. C. W. Dietzel my agent, to collect all notes and accounts due and owing to me. All those indebted to me will please settle with him. Mrs. M. J. WINGATE. The Dalles, Or., May 24, 1892. 5.24dw1w

FOR SALE. Or trade, cheap, band of range horses, consisting of yearlings, two-year olds and mares. For information apply to C. F. STEPHENS. 5-3dlm 134 Second St. THE DALLES, OR.

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NOTICE. All Dalles City warrants registered prior to September 1, 1890, will be paid if presented at my office. Interest ceases from and after this date. Dated February 8th, 1892. O. KINERSLEY, Treas. Dalles City.

NOTICE. Parties holding claims against W. S. Cram are notified to present them to him at once, at the Columbia Candy Factory, and all those indebted are requested to settle at the same place, as I have sold out my business and want to close up my accounts. Respectfully, W. S. CRAM.

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