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Circulation Guaranteed Greater Than That of Any Other Paper Published in Yamhill County.

THE PEOPLE YOU WANT TO REACH
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SURE RESULTS FOLLOW
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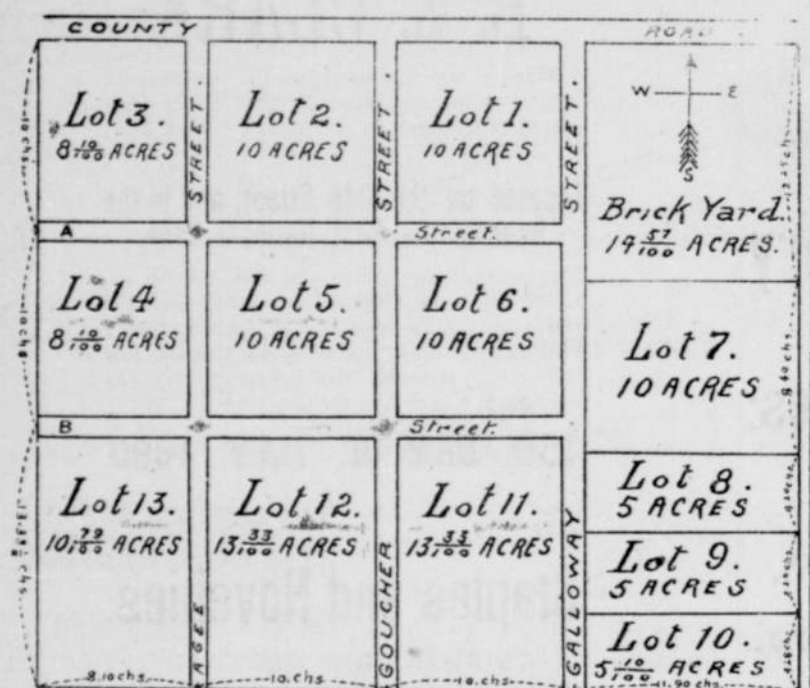
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McMINNVILLE, OREGON, THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1899.

VOL. II. NO. 16.

"FAIRLAWN!" MOST SIGHTLY ADDITION TO McMINNVILLE, OREGON!



This fine tract of land lies just outside the city limits of this city, and is within ten minutes walk of the business center. It is divided into tracts as given above, and is being sold off fast. It is slightly and well drained—a small creek in the rear taking the surplus water away immediately. It is adapted to small fruits of all kinds, market gardening, etc. A large nursery will be started there soon. Nearly one-half the tract is already sold. It is opposite the Yamhill County Fair Association's grounds. Price of land ranges from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars per acre. Several good pieces have not yet been sold, and persons who want a large and commodious building site should call at once and secure some of this land, as it will in the near future be the residence portion of the progressive city of McMinnville. Call upon or address

Galloway, Goucher & Agee,
McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

Lots in the Oak Park ADDITION ARE SELLING FAST! And It Is Building Up.

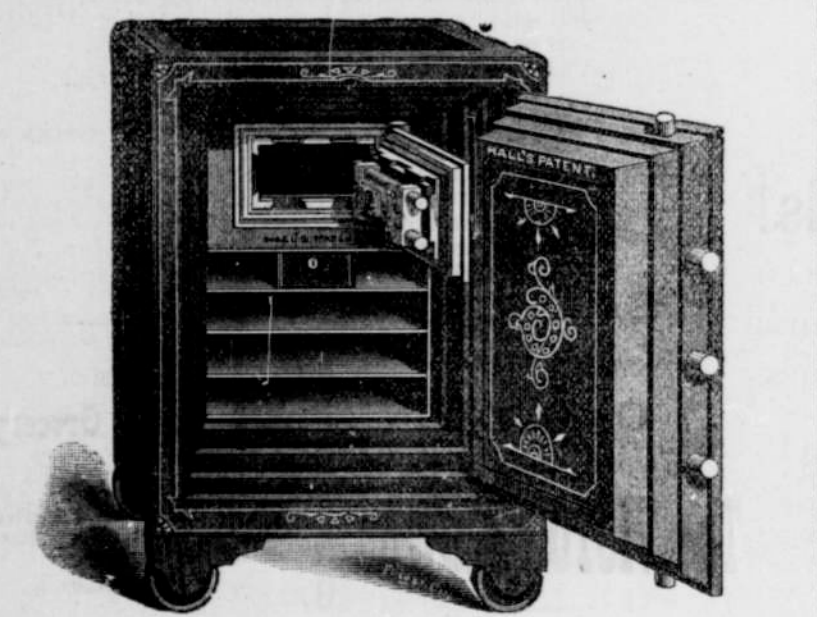
Soon Lots will be scarce and Command a Higher Price.

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Price Ranges \$50 up. For full particulars apply to

J. T. KNIGHT & CO., THE INVESTMENT CO.,
40 Stark St., Portland, Or.
Real Estate Agents, McMinnville F. BARNEOFF & CO.,
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FIRE AND BURGLAR PROOF SAFE.

SECOND HAND SAFES AT A BARGAIN.

Combination Locks Furnished and Repairing a Specialty.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR AND PRICE LIST.

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Never Fail to Protect their Contents against Both Fire and Burglars

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New York City; Portland, Me.; Boston; Philadelphia; Cleveland; Chicago; Louisville; St. Louis; Kansas City; Omaha; Minneapolis; St. Paul; New Orleans; San Francisco; Los Angeles; San Diego; Portland, Ore.; Nashville, Tenn.; Richmond, Va.; Milwaukee, Wis.; Evansville, Ind.; Atlanta, Ga.

THE COMMERCIAL STABLES.

(E Street, near Commercial Hotel, McMinnville, Or.)
GATES & HENRY, Proprietors.



This new stable is now open and ready for business. New turnouts, good horses, everything first-class.

SPECIAL ACCOMMODATIONS FOR COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.

Transient stock will receive personal attention. A share of the public patronage solicited.

Horse Bills Printed at this Office!

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with multi-ple of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powder. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

B. F. RHODES, M. D. L. RHODES, (NOTARY.)

RHODES & RHODES,

Real Estate, Insurance, Collection,
and Loan Brokers.

McMinnville Oregon.
Office over Music Store

The St. Charles Hotel.

Sample rooms in connection.

Is now fitted up in first class order.

Accommodations as good as can be found in the city.

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SURGEON AND HOMEOPATHIC
PHYSICIAN.

Office at B. F. Fuller's drug store. Residence, first house south of Baptist church, McMinnville, Or.

Robt. G. Black, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND ACCOUCHER.

Third Street, McMinnville, Or.

Office and residence on D street. All calls promptly answered day or night.

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McMinnville, Oregon.

(Office over Braly's Bank.)

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Office and residence on D street. All calls promptly answered day or night.

DR. J. C. MICHAUX

Practicing Physician and Surgeon,

LAFAYETTE, OREGON

Jan. 21, '98.

H. BALLINGER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Office in Fletcher building, Third Street, McMinnville, Oregon

WM. HOLL,

Watchmaker

and Jeweler.

Dealer in All Kinds of Watches, Jewelry, Plated Ware, Clocks and Spectacles. McMinnville, Or.

TRIPLITT & BOND,

Proprietors of the

PEOPLE'S MARKET.

The nearest place in the city. Animals carefully selected for killing—insuring the finest meat. Poultry, etc., bought and sold. Highest market price paid for everything.

Eurisko Market,

J. S. HIBBS, Proprietor.

Fresh Meats of all kinds constantly on hand. Highest price paid for Butcher's stock.

THIRD STREET, McMINNVILLE, OR.

McMINNVILLE NATIONAL BANK.

Corner Third and C streets, in Braly block.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON.

Transacts a General Banking Business.

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Cashier..... J. L. STRATTON

Sells sight exchange and telegraphic transfers on Portland, San Francisco and New York.

Collections made on all accessible points. Interest allowed on "time deposits."

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—ON—

Improved Farm Property

On Short or Long Time in Sums to suit.

Lowest Rates and no Commissions.

INSURANCE NEGOTIATED.

Call on or address:

W. T. SHURTLEFF,

At J. L. Knight & Co.'s McMinnville, Or.

THIS PAPER is on file in Philadelphia at the Newspaper Advertising Agency, 15 Broad St., N. Y. AVERA & SON, our authorized agents.

Her Scepter.

He saw her, but she passed and saw him not.
He followed, but she coldly turned aside.
He wooed her, but the secret of her thought
The draperies of her eyelids seemed to hide.

He found no pleasure in the whole wide world
Save in her presence, and with matchless art
He woke the slumbering passions that lay curled
On beds of dreams in her white-entrained heart.

She turned the key and opened wide the door
Upon her pure love's treasure of fine gold
"All these," she said, "are thine forevermore."
Naught do I keep and naught do I withhold.

He kissed her lightly and then turned away
In these fond words the sceptre of her power
Was lost forever; henceforth from that day
He held her as the plaything of an hour.
—Eliza Wheeler Wilson.

BEAUTY ON HORSEBACK.

Washington Girls Who Ride Steeplechases.

The equestriennes of the capital! They are numbered by hundreds. You see them in parties on every country road about Washington, and their fresh young faces glow as they ride across country, leaping hedges, jumping ditches, and following the wild paper chase. The last administration set the fashion for out-of-door sports. Mrs. Whitney and her husband patronized the Country Club and the diplomats joined in with her in the encouragement of long rides about Washington. At one of the paper chases Mrs. President Cleveland distributed prizes of diamond horse-shoe scarf pins and nearly every member of Cleveland's cabinet rode. Secretary Fairchild had a good horse and took a turn in the country daily. Secretary Whitney donned a riding costume every afternoon. And even Justice Lamar who was then secretary of the interior, pattered around Washington on a post-bellied horse. The president mounted a horse now and then, and Mrs. Cleveland took some rides from her country seat. Bayard was an ardent horseman, and his daughter accompanied him in his rides across the country. I remember seeing Kate Bayard dashing around the ring at the race track one season and leaping the hurdles and ditches of the steeplechase. It was a freak done by her merely for amusement, and the crowd on the grand stand cheered again and again as she made the run in the short-time of the day.

The craze started then has since steadily grown, and there are now 500 thoroughbred saddle horses in Washington and fully 200 maidens out riding every week. It seems to me that the girls have better complexions than they have ever had before, and the sallow, doughy, pasty faces of Washington society are fast disappearing. You will find no better complexion in the world than that of Mrs. Senator Davis. Her face is a beautiful one and its skin is as soft and fair as that of a baby and her cheeks shine with the roses of the fairest maidens of Dublin. She has so much color in them that people have charged her with painting, but this is a slander. She uses no rouge, and her only cosmetics are horseback riding, good walking and a love for oatmeal porridge. She is one of the finest looking of the equestriennes of the capital, and her tall, Juno-like form, perfectly rounded, shows to good advantage in her riding costume of black jersey. She has her own ideas about her clothes, and her riding habit is made of a princess, with a double skirt, and it fits her form like a glove. She does not wear riding trousers, like many of the girls of Washington, but she has a costume of her own under this skirt, which ends in high top boots. She is a good rider, and she has a number of sisters among the senators wives who sit their horses well. Mrs. Senator Hawley learned to ride in England. She has ridden about the house and can jump as wide a ditch as any woman in Washington. She is perfectly at home in the saddle and she often rides out with her soldierly husband. Mrs. Senator Spooner is frequently seen in the saddle riding along with the Hon. John C. A horse is no new thing to her for she and Senator Spooner have ridden together for a score of years, and they enjoy their gallops just as much to-day as when they were married. Senator Edmonds frequently rides out with his daughters. He has good horses, and sits erect, whatever be the gait. He wears a slouch hat when he rides, and even his white beard cannot give him the dignity of a horseback rider. He holds in the senate. Senator Sherman rides occasionally, and there are a number of congressmen who get their open air exercise on horseback. Tom Bayne is a good rider, and both Mr. and Mrs. Representative Hitt love the saddle. Mr. Hitt has seven fine thoroughbreds in his stables, and Don Cameron has a number of good horses, and both he and Mrs. Cameron ride them. Mrs. Cameron is a good rider. Her figure is trim and she sits a horse well.

I have not yet seen President Harrison on horseback, and President Cleveland, though he was a member of the riding school, took but few horseback rides. Arthur rode every day, and James Buchanan used to go dashing about Washington on horseback with Harriet Lane. Uncle Jerry Rusk, the secretary of agriculture, has a tall Kentucky horse which he rides almost daily. He makes a fine looking figure and sits his steed like a Centaur. The vice-president's daughters are all fond of horses, and the five girls of the family take their regular riding lessons. They range in age from seven to fifteen but they are all large for their years and every one of them can stick to the saddle. Vice-president Morton frequently rides out with them, and his private secretary now and then accompanies them in a dash along a country road.

side. Secretary Blaine's daughters are good riders, though I doubt whether they can manage their steeds as well as the Bayard girls did. Blaine himself I have not seen on horseback lately and Attorney-General Miller is not a horseback rider. General Tracy rides a tall thoroughbred, and Postmaster-General Wanmaker has a mouse-colored mare upon which he sometimes accompanies his daughters in their rides.

Two of the most daring equestriennes in the capital are Miss Ethel Chase Sprague, the daughter of Kate Chase Sprague, and Miss May McCullough. Both of them sit their horses as though they were a part of them and both can ride faster, jump further, and dare more than any other girls in Washington. Ethel Chase Sprague learned to ride when she was in short clothes. Her father had a number of Shetland ponies at his home at Narragansett, and she was one day discovered sitting on the back of one of these astride and riding it without a bridle after the other ponies in the inclosure. She has had a number of good horses since she has been riding in Washington, and she is not afraid to ride anywhere. Her favorite horse at present is a big horse named Star, which Senator Fair gave her, and which she thinks is one of the best horses in the world. She knows all about a horse and she sometimes takes care of Star herself, even to currying and feeding him. Miss McCullough sits a horse equally well and she rides out daily.

A number of our southern girls are fond of horses. Miss Lullie Eustis, the heiress of the Corean estate, is a splendid rider. She is a blonde with red gold hair and eyes of turquoise blue, and she has ridden over the long steeplechase course at Ivy City, water jump and all. All of the Eustis family are fine riders, and Senator Eustis could if he would, equal many of the young riders of the capital. Both Senator Vance and Senator Beck ride horseback frequently. Senator Butler, though he has but one leg, is a good horseman, and his daughters are noted for their riding. The Butler estate in South Carolina is in the country and the Butler girls spend a great part of their vacation in the saddle. Annie Ayer is a South American girl who has made quite a reputation in Washington as a society rider. She looks well in the saddle and she is perfectly fearless upon horseback. Upon two occasions her horse has fallen with her in jumping a rail fence, but she kept a tight hold on the reins and kept her seat each time.

The little tots of the saddle are more numerous than ever this season. You see some little miss of six or eight years perched on a high horse with a groom in lively riding behind her. There is a score of babies under ten attending the Washington riding school and in addition to the Morton girls, of whom I have spoken, there is little Marion Thurbur, the daughter of Mrs. Jeanette Thurbur, who is fond of riding, and an excellent horsewoman. John Hay's daughter is another good rider and Col. Hay has a boy of 14 who can sit on a horse well. Senator Hale's son, though he is still in short trousers, likes his horseback ride, and there is a little girl of 6 named Folsom, who brings down the applause of the school when she rides. She goes out with her maid and she is perfectly fearless. The Misses Potter, the granddaughters of Bishop Potter of New York, are other good horsewomen, and they frequently take a dash into the country. Henry Cabot Lodge's little daughter rides well, and Telephone Bell has three little girls, all of whom have taken to the saddle. Miss Warder, the millionaire's daughter, is also a rider, and John A. Logan's grandson, Logan Tucker, not long ago challenged Secretary Bayard to a race and beat him.

As I was going down P street, yesterday I saw a little figure descending the steps of the Blaine mansion. She was in charge of a maid and was starting out for riding school. It was little Daisy Lett, the daughter of the millionaire Chicago merchant, who is barely 12 years old, and who is one of the bright baby riders of the capital. She wore a light gray habit, and beneath her jaunty riding skirt, and falling over cute little black boots, she wore daintily tucked trousers at which she peeped with great complaisance. I dropped into the riding school as I went by and saw her whirling around the ring with the instructor at her elbow. She sits in her saddle so well, however, that she does not need any assistance, and as she flew around the tan bark turf her hair streamed out behind her, and she created applause from the spectators. She is a very pretty girl, and she will be one of the lively companions of future paper chases.

Mr. Bancroft has not been riding much this year, and the long rides which he and Librarian Spofford used to take into the country have been discontinued. The old historian has been confined to his house all winter, and though it was only a year ago that he told me he could ride thirty miles without tiring, he has for this year given up riding entirely. Mr. Bancroft sits on a horse very well. Mr. Spofford now rides out with his daughter, and Miss Spofford is a very graceful rider. One of Chief Justice Fuller's daughters is learning to ride, and she promises to be one of the good riders of the capital. Miss Mildred Carlisle, the little sister of Calderon Carlisle, the eminent lawyer, is a dashing rider. She knows her horse well and goes recklessly across the country. She has a petite figure and her face is bright and sunny. Miss Mattie Mitchell who is just learning to ride, now and then takes a turn in the country.

All of the diplomats ride more or less and Alexander Gregor, of the Russian legation, has probably done more to en-

courage horseback riding in Washington than any other man. He is immensely wealthy; he has large estates in Russia and plenty of money to spend in Washington. He has managed a number of the paper chases, and it was he in connection with Mrs. Whitney, who started them. The Chinese legation has no riders this season, but Dr. Yow, of the last legation, was a good rider. He wore his costume of Chinese silk in the saddle, and fastened his cue by pinning it to his coat before he mounted his horse. He would grow wildly excited during a paper hunt and he was more picturesque than any other cavalier who rode with him. The Baron de Struve, the Russian minister, rides a good horse, and Mr. Levery of the Danish legation is often in the saddle.

Colonel Jerome Bonaparte while he was here in Washington, frequently rode with Madame Bonaparte, and the two made a striking picture as they went along the country roads. Jerome Bonaparte looks very much like Louis Napoleon, and he wears high military boots and sits on his horse as erect as a statue. His horse was a dark bay of large build, and his wife galloped along beside him on a similar animal. Mrs. Bonaparte is quite as good a rider as her husband and the two sometimes went along at an almost reckless gait.

Washington has now several riding associations. The Dumbane club is the swell equestrian club of the capital. It has a number of rich members, and among these are Hal Delaney, who rides and drives a great deal. His cousin Rosier Delaney, is also a good horseman and he likes a good jump over the fence. Major Powell frequently rides on horseback, and though he has but one arm he can manage his horse quite as well with that as some other men can with two. It is a curious thing, by the way that there are two one-legged riders in Washington. One of these is Wade Hampton and the other Senator Butler. Both sit their horses well and both frequently ride to the Dumbane club house. This club house is the starting point for the regular dog hunts and paper chases which occur on Tuesdays and Saturdays. A number of the upper ten participate in them and these giddy young girls engage in the paper chases taking the ditches and the fences, and riding neck and neck with the noted riders of the other sex. There are frequently little suppers or luncheons given at the Dumbane club house and the club has become one of the fashionable institutions of the capital.

It costs something to own a horse in Washington, and since riding has become so fashionable it takes a rich man to learn to ride. The rats at the riding school when the thing opened and President Cleveland was a member, were \$100 per season and you furnished your own horse. A good riding horse costs \$200 and upwards and it costs \$25 to board him at the livery stable. If he is a highly bred animal you have to be very careful of him and there is always the danger of killing a horse in paper chasing and hunting. The riding outfit, including the pigskin saddle, an expensive riding costume and other little et ceteras run the bill very close to \$500 for the season's fun and if you are an aristocratic young maiden with a desire to be conventional you can add another \$500 for the expense of keeping a groom to go out with you. In this case you have got to have two horses, and your groom must be clothed in a costly livery.

"They come high, I know," said a millionaire's daughter to me, "but we have to have them." You cannot have much fun in this world without paying for it, and if you get the fun and have the money to spend, it's worth it. Girls who have incomes of \$5000 a year for pin money, can easily afford \$1000 a year for horseback riding. And the chances are that their fathers will be allowed to pay these bills, and so the money will not come out of their own pockets. Some of the Washington girls have enough confidence in their judgment of horses to buy their own steeds, and the Bayard girls can tell the weak and strong points of a horse as well as a jockey. Miss Alice Maury, one of the fashionable girls of Washington, has a mare that Mr. Childs of Philadelphia gave her when it was a colt. She broke this horse and trained it herself, and it was one of the best trained horses in Washington. Miss Maury is posted on horse-flesh and there is no danger of her making a mistake in a purchase. Miss Charlotte French, the daughter of ex-Congressman French, is another good judge of horses. She is a fine rider, and though she is small, she has a good right arm and is not afraid of a tumble. She wears black broadcloth and a silk hat while riding, and her horse is a chestnut thoroughbred named Hunter, and he can get over the road about as fast as any riding horse at the capital.

Miss Grundy, Jr., in the Sunday Oregonian.

A Hindoo Trick.

Kellar, the magician, saw a trick at Calcutta, which he confesses baffled him. He was in a long, vacant room with four friends, and they were allowed to examine it thoroughly. There were four fakirs present. The party took seats on a bench midway of the room; the fakirs lighted a censor, from which exuded a sickly, sweetish smoke, filling the room. The fakirs then began a wild, whirling dance, all the while chanting and beating tom-toms, when suddenly the dancers appeared to increase in number until a full dozen were dancing and whirling about. These then decreased until but one dancer remained, an old man with flowing hair. What became of the other dancers Kellar cannot tell although he tried by searching the room, to discover the secret.

HORSES IN THE ARMY.

Horses For Cavalry Service and Hard Work Generally.

In the American Agriculturalist for May General James S. Brisbine, of the United States Army, pays a high tribute to the Indian pony, and makes suggestions for breeding a horse that shall combine the endurance of the pony with the size and strength of the American horse. The suggestion is as valuable for the farmers as for the army.

The Government of the United States keeps in service ten regiments of cavalry and five regiments of artillery, and yet has no distinctive kind of horse for either cavalry or artillery. It picks up its mounts wherever it can find them, and takes whatever it can get for the money paid. The cavalry regiment consists of 12 troops of 65 men each, a total enlisted strength of 7,870. The artillery has 10 light batteries of 65 men each. There are, perhaps, in use in the whole army of the United States some 7,000 serviceable horses. The price paid by the Government for a cavalry or artillery horse is from \$118 to \$140. Of course good horses, or the best, cannot be had for so small a sum. The officers' horses are little better than those of the enlisted men, for the reason that if not paid for him, or if it does, only the regulation price is allowed, \$125.

Officers generally go poorly mounted and when they take the field, ride a Government horse, leaving Uncle Sam to stand the loss in case the animal dies or is killed in action. A few officers are superbly mounted, but they only use their mounts for reviews, dress parades, and to ride out with the ladies, or for driving. Many efforts have been made to induce the Government to increase the allowance for service-horses, but in vain and I suppose we will go on for a long time yet riding scrubs. One hundred and fifty dollars to \$100, say old army officers, is as cheap as the Government ought to expect to buy its horses for service in the army, and the size of the army horse is about fifteen and one-half hands and the weight 900 to 1,000 pounds. A short-bodied, strong-limbed horse is generally preferred, and long coupled and slim bodied horses are now generally avoided. There was at one time a great fancy for tall long-legged and rangy horses, but this has passed, and the chunky, chubby horse has come to stay in the service. Some of the officers like the Montana and Colorado bronco, and we are now buying some of these for this regiment (First United States Cavalry). I admit their toughness and power of endurance, but I dislike their treachery and unreliability. No bronco is ever so thoroughly broken that you can trust him. He may appear all right and act right for months, but let anything unusual occur, or the stress be great, and he will indignantly fall you just at the moment when you need him most. Suppose a troop of fifty men were dismounted to fight on foot, and should be driven back and were required to mount and get out of a bad place in haste. If they were mounted on broncos, five in every ten would go to bucking and refuse to let the troopers mount at a critical moment. The result would be, the enemy would capture or cut them down. The bronco is the Indian of the horse kind and as treacherous as the red man with which he is associated. I do not believe any bronco was ever yet the friend of the white man, or ever will be. Yet I have seen this beast in his wild state and his powers of endurance have surprised me. Every one knows what the Indian pony is, and his vast and wonderful capabilities. Ugly, rough-coated shaggy, and often a mere walking skeleton, he will go sixty to seventy, and often eighty to eighty-five miles in a day, with a heavy Indian on his back. Then he will be turned out without feed or care to rustle for himself, and be ready for a seventy-five or eighty-mile journey on the morrow. How often have we cursed the toughness of this little beast as day after day we wearily followed the Indians through long campaigns.

I remember, in 1877, following Lame Deer's band, mounted on these ponies, for twenty-two days and nights, and although I had plenty of troops and often headed them off and turned them back still, lighten up and march as hard as I would, I could not overtake them. It was at last merely by accident that I broke them up in their camp, but even then I never got a single Indian pony or buck for their easily rode away from our best cavalry companies.

I can relate some interesting examples of the hardness of Indian ponies. One evening just as the sun was setting and the evening gun had been fired at Fort Sully a Sioux Indian mounted on a pot bellied, scrawny-skinned, spayed, matted-haired, sorry-looking, calico-colored Indian pony rode into the fort bearing a letter from the commanding officer at Fort Hall to the adjutant at Fort Sully. On looking at the date and time the adjutant of Sully was surprised to see the letter had been written that morning. The posts were 104 miles apart, and he could not believe the messenger had come through in one day; on questioning the Indian, however, such proved to be the fact. The Indian said he had left Hall just at the first call for reveille daylight and had ridden through to Sully, 104 miles in thirteen hours. Much of the road was rough, over mountains and through sagebrush, where there was hardly a trail. The officers were greatly surprised, and to this day talk of that ride as the most wonderful ever made in the world. The pony that performed this great feat was not worth over \$40 as Indian ponies go. During the campaigns of General Stanley a scout of his named Corse, who rode an Indian pony, was sent on a mission and traveled over 300 miles in four days. He used only the one pony and went straight across the country over

one of the roughest and most God-forsaken regions in the United States. Often he climbed up steep mountains, swam rivers, plunged through gullies, and fell into gopher holes, but the little best beast rode him over and on to the end of the journey and even then did not seem much used up.

Colonel Richard I. Dodge, one of the oldest and most experienced fliers in our service, said he once saw an Indian pony in the hands of a white man and offered him \$40 for it. The man looked at the colonel for a moment with contempt, and then said the price of the pony was \$600 and not a cent less would buy him. Curious to know how so common a looking beast could be so valuable, he made an inquiry and found out that the owner was an express rider between Chihuahua and El Paso, nearly 300 miles. He used only one pony and made the trip in three days, usually lying by all day and traveling only at night, for fear of Indians. He would start on Monday night and get in Chihuahua on Thursday morning; then he would rest until the next Monday morning, and ride back to El Paso in three nights. For each trip he received \$100, so the little beast was well worth all he asked for him. He had been carrying the mail in this way, he said, on the same pony, for six months and when Colonel Dodge saw him the little horse was in such fine condition and so full of life as to attract the colonel's notice and cause him to wish to buy him.

General Miles, when he wished to use up Sitting Bull, mounted his regiment, the Fifth United States Infantry on captured ponies and from that day Sitting Bull was a doomed man. Go where he might, the fifth Infantry on the very little ponies were after him. They swept the plains, swam rivers, passed through summers heat and winter's cold, proving a Nemesis to Sitting Bull, striking him and his villages when they least expected it, and so worrying him that he had to leave the country and seek refuge in the British possessions. It was on these ponies that Colonel Miles crossed the plains in winter, in 1880-81, striking Sitting Bull on the Missouri. I had some of Miles' Fifth Infantry Companies mounted on ponies, with me in the chase after Lame Deer, and I can testify to their wonderful endurance. I have been at some trouble to trace the origin and history of the Indian pony, so far as it can be found. There is no doubt but that they are descended from the Spanish horse. I think Cortez and his followers brought them over from Spain about 1518. We know that he had horses, and that some of Cortez's followers were mounted on Barbary steeds. There is no trace of the Spaniards ever taking their horses back to Spain, but, on the contrary, Ballantyne says they were turned out on the mountains and allowed to run wild, as the superstitious Mexicans would not touch them. I can find no trace of horses among the Indian tribes of the South and West until 1780. The whites first speak of the m in 1780, and they were first traded to the white men in 1796. These animals were the same Indian ponies as those of to-day and I have no doubt but that they came from the horses brought over by Cortez and his followers.

The bronco was produced by crossing the American stallion with the Indian mare pony. In my opinion this is all wrong. Generally the viciousness is bred with the mother. The Indian mare is the sum total of utter cussedness in horse-flesh, and she naturally imparts her temper and habits to her foal, giving the bronco his ugly disposition. On the other hand, the Indian stallion is not so bad, frequently quite well disposed fellow. If he were bred to the American mare, I think we would get just the horse we want for cavalry purposes, and to export for the armies of Europe. While such a cross would preserve the sires strain of blood for colts and give us the larger and tougher beast we require, he would not impart to his offspring the ugly and vicious temper that seems to afflict the females of his tribe.

Those broncos in the service are Montana bred and cost the government \$117 each. While I do not like the bronco bred from the Indian mare, I am sure he is the coming animal, and, if the breeding is reversed I believe we shall get just the horse we want for riding, driving, for cavalry service, and to export for use in foreign countries, and especially to use in the armies of Europe.

Beautiful Ecuador Women.

The females of Ecuador are proverbial for their beauty, those among the aristocracy being said to have the fairest complexions of any in South America.