

THE EVENING NEWS.

MONDAY, JANUARY 26, 1872.

WOMEN RIDING MAN FASHION.

What a wonderful deal of talk they raise about women, don't they? and the most of it is done by the sex themselves. They know best how well it is deserved. The latest is an article in the San Francisco "Advertiser" about the way we ride, and the idea is that we should ride astride.

Now, I have been used to horses and horse-back riding ever since I can remember, and have ridden in almost every conceivable manner, even to standing up in a gunny sack filled with straw to make it easier to get out. I would infinitely prefer the side-saddle as a matter of ease and grace.

It is all very fine to talk about it being more graceful and more comfortable, until you have been a woman and tried both ways, and until you have seen a woman who has perfectly astride a horse, looking for all the world like a skinned bull-frog. Why, a woman cannot sit on a side saddle as easy as on a chair—that is, if she knows how to ride at all; and if she doesn't she has no business on a horse.

While on one of the man's saddles she is wretched, utterly wretched and miserable, for fear that she is making a ridiculous object of herself in some way, and she is incessantly leaning to one side or the other to see if her ankles don't show, or her boots are not unlaced, or something else, and while deeply absorbed in these observations her back is bent into unnatural positions, her bobbing up and down, and herself with it, and her left hand holding tight to the pommel. No difference she could make in dress would rid a woman of the idea that she made a spectacle of herself, and consequently a ride would become a torture.

These few women have pretty feet, and do you suppose any man is going deliberately to work to exhibit those feet to an admiring multitude? In the language of Solomon, not much!

Now, for instance, said article in the "Examiner" quotes Grace Greenwood to prove the beauties of his theory. If he had been, as I was, at Yosemite, and had ridden the Greenwood mount and ride "Bloomer fashion," he would have refrained from the quotations. She came out on the verandah and the old horse was backed up till all she had to do was to sit down with one foot each side the horse. Then the train started, and she, letting the reins fall loosely over the horse's neck, employed both hands in holding on, while with every motion she rolled ridiculously to one side after the other. Ever and anon she would make a noble dash for the bridge, only to give a weak squeal and clasp the pommel again, and step off the horse from one rock to another, just to render her position insecure. Indeed she rode much as children ride astride a long plank which they call "feeter," holding on with both hands, her shoulders rounded and her feet hanging limp and useless by the horse's side. She rode so, and no other way, and recollecting it is a figure cut, wants us all to do too bad mistakes that we were born for the express purpose of riding astride, otherwise we would have been born mermaids and done with it.

Now, I'll tell you a secret—one that I have guarded closely as the grave. I rode that way myself when I went into the valley. I'll never do it again. When I was a child I could hop on the back of the wildest mustang, and, with a rope around my nose by way of bridle, dash away but dashed, the wind sweeping by my brows, the rain like the gale, blowing my hair back, and flushing my cheeks fiery red. I could not have ridden so astride, but when I heard so many fearful tales of the strangers of Yosemite trail, I gave up to the advice of an old lady and rode "Bloomer fashion," as they politely term it up there. I immediately felt that I had made a mistake, for if I were out of my sphere and I knew that the ankles showed—my feet, too (and they were number sevens); and I knew, or thought I knew, that the gentlemen who were behind us were passing unfavorable comparisons between me and a galvanized pollywog, while with every downward step of my horse I felt as if I would surely go over his head, for I scorned the idea that besides it was an American style, and that it was not worth speaking of. To get at the exact way a woman feels on a man's saddle, take a piano stool, screw it up to the highest notch, put it in one of these sandhill stamp-carts, and sit on the top of the stool with your feet dangling down each side, and let the cart be driven over uneven ground, how it feels.

Grace Greenwood has a perverted taste if she likes to ride in that fashion; but, on the whole, she furnished fun for a hundred people, and so it was a benefit, and not one of us ever thought of comparing her to a mermaid, not even when she was flopping in a mud bath at Calistoga, for which she should be duly thankful. We all know that she is not furnished with a fishy tail, only fit for riding sideways, for we had pretty substantial figures ourselves originally; but I don't say but what I think she might look better in that change.

I don't say all this out of feminine spite against the lady, for personally, I admire her for a true woman, and think she is a good writer and all that; but when she wants us to make guys of ourselves, it is too much.—Oliver Harper in "St. Louis Globe."

Gilmer & Salisbury's

DAILY STAGE LINES

THROUGH

Utah, South-east Ne-

vada and Montana,

Leaving Salt Lake City Daily, running

South to

Tropic, American Fork, Mount Nebo, Sevier,

St. George, Utah, and Pioche, Nevada;

Passing through

Povo, Springville, Spanish Fork, Payson,

Salt Creek, Chicken Creek, B. and Valley,

Fillmore, Corn Creek, Sevier, Miners-

ville, and

All the principal towns and Mining Camps in Southern Utah and South-east Nevada.

Also leave Corinne, Utah, Daily running

North to

Virginia City, Helena, Fort Benton, Deer

Lodge, Cedar Creek, and passing

through all the principal Towns and

Mining Camps in Montana.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,

Wells Fargo & Co. Building,

SALT LAKE CITY.

WILLIAM CALTON.

HAVING HAD NINE YEARS EXPERI-

ENCE in Well Railing in this City, is

now prepared to

DO THE WORK.

ON THE PRETTEST NOTICE.

Residence 1st Ward, Salt Lake City.

MURPHY GRANT & CO.

Importers of American and European

STAPLE AND FANCY

DRY GOODS

San Francisco, California,

Call the attention of the Trade to their large

and complete stock of

FALL & WINTER

DRESS GOODS.

Which they are now receiving direct from

European Manufacturers, comprising in part:

French, Mariano.

White Goods.

Woolen, French and German.

Irish and French Peplins.

Empress Cloth.

Tamie, black and colored.

Velveteen.

Alpacas, black and colored.

Silks, Velvet, Ribbon.

Also

CLOTHES.

Kid, Buck, Berlin, Ladies, Misses, Girls.

GENS' UNDERWEAR,

And all kinds of

GENERAL FURNISHING GOODS.

Household complete in all its branches

White Goods.

Household Linens,

Shirting Linens,

Quilts, colored and colored

Towels, Hand, Diaper, Turkish,

Hankies and Bedding,

etc., etc., etc.

Z. C. M. I.

SHOE FACTORY

DEPARTMENT.

99 East Temple Street,

SIGN OF THE

Big Boot.

GENTS' BOOTS,

LADIES' BOOTS,

CHILDREN'S BOOTS,

Gents' Shoes,

Ladies' Shoes,

Children's Shoes,

GENTS' SLIPPERS,

LADIES' SLIPPERS,

CHILDREN'S SLIPPERS,

For Fine Weather or Stormy Weather;

for Walking, Dancing, Working,

Sparkling, Climbing, Riding, Fishing,

Mining, etc., etc.

A large and choice assortment of the above,

our own make and imported, at the most reasonable prices.

OLD BOOTS & SHOES

Made as good as new—simon.

SELLING OFF

OUR OLD STOCK

BELOW COST.

SOLE LEATHER,

UPPER LEATHER

HARNESS LEATHER

IMPORTED CALF SKIN

AMERICAN CALF SKIN

MOROCCO AND MID SKIN

SHOE FINDINGS AND "KIT" OF

ALL KINDS.

HORSE COLLARS!

HORSE COLLARS!

All at

LOWEST PRICES.

Wholesale and Retail.

Orders by Mail receive special and prompt

attention.

HIDES AND WOOL BOUGHT

H. B. CLAWSON, Sup't.

LUMBER YARD.

All Kinds of Lumber,

Doors,

Windows,

Blinds,

Mouldings,

Shingles,

Lath,

Etc., Etc.

T. R. JONES,

Ward Street Mouth U. S. Depot.

NOTICE

IS MARKET GIVEN THAT the Maj. pub-

lisher of the "Daily Stage Lines" to

which I have sold my right, title and

interest in the publication received

from the Maj. pub-

lisher of the "Daily Stage Lines" to

which I have sold my right, title and

interest in the publication received

from the Maj. pub-

lisher of the "Daily Stage Lines" to

which I have sold my right, title and

interest in the publication received

from the Maj. pub-

lisher of the "Daily Stage Lines" to

which I have sold my right, title and

interest in the publication received

from the Maj. pub-

lisher of the "Daily Stage Lines" to

which I have sold my right, title and

interest in the publication received

from the Maj. pub-

lisher of the "Daily Stage Lines" to

which I have sold my right, title and

interest in the publication received

from the Maj. pub-

lisher of the "Daily Stage Lines" to

which I have sold my right, title and

interest in the publication received

from the Maj. pub-

lisher of the "Daily Stage Lines" to

which I have sold my right, title and

interest in the publication received

from the Maj.