

HORSES JUMPING FEATS

GREAT PERFORMANCES IN THE LAST 100 YEARS.

Lambert's Great Leap—Chandler's Jump of 39 Feet Unbeaten.

From time immemorial great jumping feats have been performed by horses, and while many recorded are unreliable and open to question, the majority are genuine. One of the former class, around which yet hovers a breath of romanticism, is the oft mentioned leap of Black Bess the tireless steed of the outlaw Dick Turpin. The mare is said to have cleared the Hornsey toll gate on the outskirts of London with Turpin on her back. Whether or not such an event ever happened it is impossible now to determine, but long after Turpin passed away the Hornsey toll gate was pointed out. It was 6 feet 10 inches high, and on the top bar was a cheveaux de frise; but however daring this jump, there are dozens of a much later date and unquestionable which cast Black Bess's completely in the shade. Hunting counties produce great jumpers.

One of the most historic horse leaps known to the Old World is "Lambert's Leap," which took place in 1759, near New-castle-on-Tyne. Cuthbert Lambert's mare took fright, and on reaching a bridge the parapet of which was 3½ feet high, jumped upon and off it, clearing a barn below and covering a distance of 46 feet, the actual height of the drop being 36 feet. The bough of a tree broke the fall; but though the rider was unhurt the mare died, and the shock was so great that all the joints of her back were dislocated.

To commemorate this exploit "Lambert's Leap" was carved on one of the coping stones of the bridge. Curiously enough this stone was knocked away in 1767 by another horse, ridden by a man named Nicholson of Newcastle, which jumped over

THE PRECISE SPOT.

More curious still, there was a third leap at the same spot in 1771, the rider being the servant of Sir John Hussey Delaval. As already mentioned, Lambert escaped unhurt, while in Nicholson's case "the man it was that died," and both Sir John's horse and rider were killed.

There is a substantiated record of a horse having jumped a wall six feet high and one foot wide in the neighborhood of Paisley. The late Gen. Wallace once made a bet with Cunningham of Craigends that a horse belonging to one of the officers of the regiment would jump six feet. The bet was accepted, the horse was named, and he won the money easily for the General. The trial took place over a wall bounding a cottage garden, and before the horse could be pulled up he cleared another wall 4½ feet high. Alongside of these records it seems nothing out of the way to learn that on New Year's Day, 1877, when the Duke of Beaufort's hounds met at Colcat Barn, Major Bayley, riding a pony, 14 hands high, cleared a wall 5 feet 6 inches in height. The merit of the leap is, however, enhanced when it is remembered that it took place with hounds and that the pony was not brought fresh out at the stable.

A still better jump with hounds is that taken by one Perkins, whip of the East Sussex hounds in 1823. After a good run the fox made for Lord Chichester's seat, Stammer Park, near Brighton and scrambled over the wall with the pack at his brush. Perkins was in a good place and evidently carried away by the excitement of the moment rode at and cleared a wall

SEVEN FEET HIGH.

These leaps are not given as anything approaching to an exhaustive list of high jumps, but are merely selected because they are authenticated.

One of the best performances over water is unquestionably that of Alexander Campbell of Menzies in jumping the River Team. In 1856 Baker's hounds were running in the neighborhood of Granborough, when the Leam came in the way. Campbell had no idea he was so near the river, and even when he saw it had but a poor idea of its width. However, seeing that at last there was something to jump he held a tight rein on his gray horse Deceiver and jammed him at the river. The horse just cleared the water, which, on being measured, proved to be 27 feet 7 inches. "Campbell's leap," as it is now called, naturally caused some commotion and eventually a Mr. Gibson backed five of his horses for £50, to jump the Leam at the place crossed by Campbell. The horses, however, were entered to be sold at Tattersalls, so the match was made conditional on their not being sold. One was disposed of and the wager was decided with four horses.

The test came off in May 1856, Mr. Martin of Rugby backing the water. The horses were ridden by a 126-pound man. He first tried a narrower part of the river and all got over with a scramble. Over "Campbell's Leap" the first horse, a gray, fell on landing and thus lost the first £50; the others jumped into the water and Campbell's feat remained unbeaten. Three days later a dinner and a silver cup were given to Campbell in honor of the occasion.

While hunting with the Queen's hounds about eighty years ago Lord Villiers cleared twenty-seven feet over a canal. But in point of distance all these performances are cast in the shade by Chandler's famous

jump at Warwick in 1847. It is stated that the distance cleared was 39 feet, but there is some testimony IN FAVOR OF 37 FEET.

The uncertainty seems to have arisen from two distances mentioned in Bell's Life of that itself the distance is given as 37 feet, but in a paragraph in another part of the paper it was stated to be 39 feet. William Archer, father of the jockey, Fred Archer, saw the jump, however, and in later years testified in favor of the latter distance.

Lord Ingestre's horse Lather once jumped 27 feet 5 inches over damar pit in a run with the Pythchley hounds. A horse named Culverthorne is said to have jumped 39 feet at Whissendene, but there does not appear to be any trustworthy record of the leap. At the close of 1887 Mr. Muntz, M. P., jumped into a chasm 40 feet deep, and one of the "leading cases" in this style of jumping is the famous chalk pit adventure of Paulet St. John, who in 1733 unintentionally jumped into a chalk pit 25 feet deep on Hunsley Down Hants. By a great good luck neither horse nor man was injured; and just a twelvemonth later the same pair won a hunters' race, the horse being entered in the name of "Beware Chalk Pit." On Farley Mount, not far from the scene of St. John's exploit, a monument was erected, the inscription giving the particulars just stated, and saying that the horse was buried underneath.

To a certain extent history repeated itself 114 years later, in March, 1847 when Barton Wallop, hunting with the Hursley hounds, jumped a newly made stake-and-barred fence and landed in a pit, the bottom of which was fifteen feet below the top of the fence. A young gentleman of Lancashire earned a niche in the gallery of notables by jumping on the battlement of Egremont Bridge near Whitehaven and dropping twenty feet into about one foot of water, with no worse consequence than a sprained ankle. Another man while hunting in the year 1790 dropped thirty feet into an old shaft. The horse was killed, but the rider escaped

WITHOUT A SCRATCH.

Foreigners often wonder that Irish horses are such adept jumpers. The reason is plain. In the olden times in Ireland a country stallion was prized not for his good looks, make, conformation or breeding, but for the manner in which he could acquire himself over a country. At the old spring country fairs in Ireland it was no unusual sight sixty or seventy years ago to see a string of about twenty stallions' all ridden by their owners or owners' sons, careering about madly and taking sensational jumps. For it was well known that he that got through the most sensational performance was sure to command the largest share of patronage from the onlookers, and hundreds of intending breeders used to attend such fairs for the purpose of judging for themselves as to the merits of the representative candidates for stud honors.

The fair in the County Waterford, held on May 1, was a great place for showing stallions, and several notable jumps were made. A great many years ago a horse named Skylark, owned by a Mr. Predergast, and ridden by Mergin, a groom, jumped into the pound over a wall 6 feet 1 inch and jumped out of it again. At the fair of Glynn, held in the southern limits of Tipperary, this stallion's jumping was greatly in vogue. On one occasion great competition was being carried on, and two brothers of the name of Walsh from Kilkenny, with their stallions, were in it. Finding they could not best their opponents, one of the Walshes laid flat on the top of a five-bar gate while the other jumped the stallion over him. Lord Waterford, father of the present Lord Charles Beresford, rode a horse over a six-foot wall after a long run with the hounds.

But a jump of real daring was performed in 1870 by John Ryan, oldest brother of the Ryans of Scar-teen, on his mare Steal-a-Way. The deer and hounds had got into Croker's domain at Ballinagar, around which there was a stone wall

TEN FEET HIGH.

All the horsemen started to go around to the entrance gate, but no such un-sportsmanlike tactics for Ryan. He had a man who was carting crushed stones pull his wagon within a few feet of the wall. Then turning the mare around he slapped her on the neck and drove her at it. Knowing what was expected of her, Steal-a-Way, with the agility of a fawn, hopped up on the box of stones and with another bound went over the wall.

A younger brother of the same family, named Clement, rode a hunter over an iron spiked gate 6 feet 6 inches high in a run with the Tipperary hounds in 1882. At the Charleville race in 1875 a chaser named Sailor, owned by Capt. Stamar Gubbins, brother of John Gubbins, owner of Ard Patrick, cleared 33 feet over the water jump with 170 pounds on his back. This horse ran fifth in the Grand National of 1874, with 175 pounds up.

A horse named Cigar, owned by Allen McDonough, jumped 29 feet in a steeplechase in England. W. McDonough, a brother of the same man rode a horse called Perfection over six walls, 6 feet high for a big wager. George Low, owner of the mighty Barcalaine, had a gray horse named Jack Soring that jumped a 6-foot wall at the Dublin horse show of 1873, and repeated the performance at Waterford. Jack Spring

was truly a wonderful horse, but about the most unmanageable brute that ever was bridled—a rushing devil that no one could ride, and yet he could jump 6 feet from a standstill.

ABOUT PEOPLE AND THINGS.

Notes of Interest From all Over the World.

Matrimonial troubles are on the increase in Germany. Last year divorce cases increased from 4,675 to 5,278.

"The Weekly Review for the Adult Blind" will be published next year in Vienna, according to the dispatches. This innovation in journalism is commendable.

A radium industry has developed in Germany and France. Though one gram costs only a little less than \$2,000, the manufacturers are said to have orders for several hundred grams.

The father of lexicographers is not Doctor Johnson, but Griffith Hiraethog, the Herald bard of Wales, who died in the year 1564 A.D. An abbreviated copy of this dictionary is now at Cardiff.

The magnetic pole expedition has sailed for Greenland in the Gjoa. The party will attempt to pass north of the American Continent to Bering Strait. This will take them near the North Pole.

The mortality from tuberculosis is higher among the negroes than among the whites. Consumption causes the death of 435 out of every 100,000 negroes, while only 126 out of 100,000 whites die of this disease.

What is heat lightning? Not the reflections of distant storms, the modern authorities tell us. It is now quite generally regarded as "analogous to the brush or glow discharge of an electrical machine," says Nature.

Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf, is supposed to be the hottest place on the earth. The mean temperature there for the entire year is 99 deg. In summer the thermometer night after night at midnight stands at 100 deg. and by 3 o'clock in the afternoon it is often 140 deg.

Rapid transit is apparently the least dangerous. Trains in Russia are slower than in any other European country, but there are more accidents on the Russia than on any other Continental system. A few so-called fast expresses reach the speed of forty-two miles an hour, the average speed of a passenger train being thirty-six miles. On 29,000 miles of railway last year the number of accidents amounted to 9,890. The chief reason for this enormous number of accidents, is said to be the old and insecure method of using rivets and staples in laying the permanent way.

Poor King Peter of Serbia, ostracized because of his failure to punish the assassins of his predecessor, bears a name that is unlucky among monarchs. England has never had a King Peter. Peter (or Pedro) I. of Brazil was compelled to abdicate, and his son, Pedro II., was driven to Europe by the successful revolution of his people. Pedro the Cruel, of Castile and Leon, was slain in combat by his brother, Peter the Great of Russia perpetrated frightful excesses; his grandson, Peter II., died of smallpox after a reign of only three years; and Peter III. was dethroned and strangled by conspirators. Is there anything in a name?

That the devotees of Golf should give themselves so assiduously to the avocation need not be wondered at, in view of the followed item, recently brought to light, which shows how seriously the game may be regarded. On September 9, 1637, Francis Broune, son to John Broune, wabster in Banff, was convicted by the borrow or justice court of the burgh of breaking into the butthe of Patrick Shand and stealing therefrom "summe golf ballis." and the judges "or dainit the said Francis to be presentlie taken and carrit to the gallows hill of this burgh, and haught on the gallows, thereof to the death, whereof William Wat, dempster of the said assayis, gaive dooma."

THE QUARREL.

Dear little heart,
I did not know
I gave the thorn
That hurt you so.

What can I do,
What can I say,
Dear heart, to wipe
Those tears away?

Why, sweet, I'd give
My all to show
I never meant
To hurt you so.

Tell me that you
Forget the word,
Or, sleeping, that
You never heard.

Dear heart, don't sob,
Don't mind, for, oh,
I never meant
To hurt you so.

"Papa," said the beautiful girl, as she hid her blushing face on her father's shoulder, "would you object to Mr. Hankinson as a son-in-law?" "N-no, I suppose not," said the old gentleman, apathetically; "he might as well be costing me something in groceries as in gas and coal."

The forward look stimulates the forward step.

IT IS A CITY OF ROSES

GHAZIPUR, INDIA, NOTED FOR ITS GARDENS.

Bewildering Mass of Color—Cultivators of the Poorest Class.

Within 500 miles of the mud and steamy moisture of Calcutta there are historical and picturesque spots on both banks of the Ganges, fine, dry townships and meadowlands full of the wealth of old associations. Ghazipur is just such a township. It is 450 miles to the northwest of the metropolis, high on the riverside, built here and there on heaps of brick-red ruins, some of the old walls and structures still remaining intact. It is a Mohammedan town mostly, the name Ghazipur signifying the city of the martyrs. An Islamite fanatic and martyr is a Ghazi, who still flourishes in the frontier provinces of the northwest, rushing occasionally into British territories to kill or to be killed, which means the same thing to him, and to be translated into paradise immediately by an immediate downrush of ferishtas (angels), both male and female. The Ghazi is a very shaggy and fierce individual, with hair, beard, mustache full length, dressed and turbaned, carrying no other weapon but a sharp knife, which never fails of its deadly purpose. He is not to be met with at Ghazipur now, or, indeed, in any settled British province, but he is still extant and held in great reverence by every faithful follower of the Prophet. When the Ghazi founded Ghazipur no one can tell.

The town is sparsely populated, having large fields and pastures, large mosques in every stage of decay, big tanks half dry and gardens ancient and mediaeval, growing wild, but still inclosed in crumbling walls. In the interspaces of the extensive meadows dividing groups of population they cultivate roses and one or two other flowers, the roses always predominating. No less than 1,000 acres are under rose cultivation, yielding daily about 100,000 roses per acre. The cultivators are almost all of them Hindus, men, women, boys, girls, who stir very early in the morning, before the first gleam of sunshine has dried a drop of dew on the petals of the flowers.

CULTIVATORS OF POOR CLASS.

The flowers are not large, nothing like the traditional rose of Sharon, or the product of the gardener's hot-house; they being to the species known as the Rosa Damascena; but the scent is so sharp as to be almost intoxicating, and penetrates the atmosphere, not to speak of the house or the place of manufacture. It is quite a scene to find your way into one of the plantations in twilight in the genial months of March or April. The roses never bloom before or after those Spring months. The loud, piercing notes of the papia, the bird of the Spring, are in the air, besides other minor choir; the morning breeze creeps up from the west; the swaying shouts greet your ears from all sides and as you are in the middle of the fields heaps of crisp, fresh roses are before you in baskets, in swelling waistcloths, or still unplucked on the dark bushes around; the color and perfume almost bewilder you. Remember, no human beings under a civilized government are so crushed with poverty as the Indian cultivator, especially in the western and northwestern provinces. Millions of them never have a full meal in the day, and whenever drought occurs and famine breaks out they are the first victims, dying by thousands. Nearly 150 years of British rule have not improved their lot. And these rose cultivators of Ghazipur belong to that unfortunate class. But the first and most significant thing you find on entering the plantation of a morning is the wonderful good humor and remarkable courtesy of the people. There is no gloom of the fustian on their faces, there is no evil-smelling squalor of pauperism about them. Pleasure and enthusiasm mark their movements. Is it the adaptation that is natural between trade and temperament, or is it the very genius of the Hindus of all classes? Why should the civilization of free and wealthy races teach us wants which they do not care to supply, and which we, hard workers as we are, cannot find the means to remove? Leave us alone with our humble cheerfulness, that is enough. These cultivators strive to explain every detail of their work in their simple, rude patois, and make liberal presents of their rosebuds. The plants stand in long rows in a light, loamy soil; they are not manured, but kept scrupulously clean and plentifully watered from the open wells that lie in their midst. Practically the harvest time is the two Spring months. If the wind steadily blows from the west, the flower unfolds its petals slowly and economically, and yields the right amount of attar (essential oil). But if the east wind makes its unwelcome visit, the flowers open prematurely in large masses, nor is the yield of attar up to the mark. The cultivator has little trouble with the plants which would stand on the ground for years; he has only to keep out the weeds and pump out the water.

MANUFACTURE OF PERFUMES.

My host, one of the first men at Ghazipur, was a manufacturer of

rose water and attar. I was sometimes invited to witness the processes. The distillation, like the gathering in the fields, must commence very early in the morning, before the sun is in the sky, and when everything is in pureness and coolness. The lady of the house really presides over the operation; the gentleman only supervises. She has to dress in well-washed white garments, and seat herself on a low stool before the immense boiling pot, which is plastered up to the neck with a thick coating of clean, finely ground earth. A glowing hot fire of dry, plentiful, fuel, free from smoke or dirt of every kind, burns underneath. On all important occasions, when any responsible work has to begin, the Hindu instinctively assumes a solemn ceremonial mood, as if there is a presence to be propitiated. Roses and religion, in fact flowers of all kinds, have a necessary relation to the Hindu mind, and he hesitated to tread upon—nay, even to touch with his foot—a bright, blooming flower, as if it had a life and a mission! Fully 1,000 roses are crammed and crushed into the boiling pot in an almost sacrificial spirit, while we all silently stand around, and the heavy lid is pressed down and pasted round thickly and firmly. It seems like a massacre of the innocents, but the fragrant steam soon makes its way through the complicated tubes of the still into another huge pot immersed in cold water. All day the distillation goes on; the next day another thousand roses are put in the already distilled water; the day after another thousand and again. After this third distillation is concluded, the real Ghazipur rose water is bottled and sent to the market. If, instead of the rose water, attar, the essential oil of roses, has to be extracted, the thrice-distilled water is exposed over night in shallow, wide-faced basins, and by the morning the cream, in a very thin crust, floats on the surface. At the very break of day it is gathered carefully with a soft downy feather and the scanty, golden semi-fluid is stored in a crystal phial. It is a ghastly sight at the close of day to look at the colorless lump cast out of the boiling pot—that is the only remnant of the thousands of bright, beautiful roses crushed into it. But their beauty, sweetness, life and use are now changed into new, higher, and more ethereal forms for larger and better use. Sacrifice, hard, hot, cruel sacrifice, is the only process by which mortal virtue can ever be perpetuated in immortal life.

A MODEL RAILWAY.

What Our Travelling Representative Says of the G. T. R.

A recent trip to "The States" brought "Truth" in contact, among other things, with the Grand Trunk Railway, and its incomparable dining car service. A brighter, cleaner, more efficient plan of eating while journeying, does not exist on any railway anywhere, and "Truth" has travelled on most of the leading lines of the world, and is therefore in a position to know. The "Club" Breakfasts are an excellent feature, which appeals to many travellers. The attendants are courteous and obliging, and don't appear to be always looking for a "tip."

The fine, heavy double track of rails between Toronto and Suspension Bridge makes it possible to run that distance without delays of any kind, and you are landed at your destination right on time to the minute.

The great improvements on the main line east, between Toronto and Montreal, have been very costly, and have in some cases meant the almost entire reconstruction of the road. The line has been straightened, the grades lessened, and "Truth" is told that very shortly a train will be put on between Toronto and Montreal that will make the distance in very much less time than even The International Limited does now.

"Truth" seldom travels on railway passes; the above statements can therefore be considered perfectly unbiased, and are made purely because of the excellent facilities afforded the general travelling public, and because of the pride "Truth" feels in one of our great national highways.

The Grand Trunk Railway Company certainly made no mistake when they handed over the reins of control to Mr. Charles M. Hays, for a more capable, all-round railway man does not exist to-day.

The Passenger Department is most efficiently directed by G. T. Bell, W. E. Davis and H. G. Elliott in Montreal, Geo. W. Vaux in Chicago, and J. D. McDonald in Toronto.

We bespeak great things for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway on its completion.—Toronto Truth.

They were uttering the tender nonsense that succeeds the great question. "And," said the girl, bravely, "if poverty comes, we will face it together." "Ah, dearest," he replied, "the mere sight of your face would scare the wolf away." And ever since he has wondered why she returned his ring.

To most persons a sense of obligation is insupportable. Beware upon whom you inflict it.

A woman's favorite word is always the last one.