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**RIDING ON PILLIONS.**

IT USED TO BE THE FASHION AND IS NOW A CURRENT FAD.

Hyde Park, London, Has for Some Time Witnessed Pillion Riding, and Ward McAllister Has Tried It in Central Park. How Soon Will It Become General?

(Copyright by American Press Association.)  
As we approach the end of the century we revert in fashionable things to the styles of one hundred years ago. To be sure we call these fashions by another name—fads, but they are none the less revivals of bygone ways.



PILLION RIDING IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS. In London the exquisite is trying as fast as he dare to put on again the graceful shoe buckle. He wears on his feet a pair of brilliant "patent pumps" which are tied with a black ribbon in a broad bow, and he arranges his trousers with a view to display this introduction of the silver buckle. In sport and outdoor exercise the same spirit of revival prevails in England and along the eastern coast of these United States.

One form of this, and perhaps the most romantic form, is the incipient craze for "pillion riding." Already in Hyde park mounted couples are to be seen going up and down Rotten row at a gentle canter, the gentleman trying to do two different things at once—manage his cob in the crowded carriage and fascinate the gentle creature behind him. She, seated as easily and gracefully as if she were in a rocking chair or a plush lined victoria, displays to the full the elegance of her costume, and both seem to enjoy the attention they naturally attract. In fact the pillion has put the tricycle out of joint, so to speak, and the ladies who once awake envy by their graceful management of the wheels are forced to frequent bypaths.

"Pillion riding" cannot be said to be demodé yet in New York's Central park, but wait—and you will not have to wait long. Already in the country clubs the guests ride "double," and what meets with favor out of town is sure to be taken up in ville.

But what is a pillion? somebody asks. It is a thick, firm, well stuffed, wide and level cushion, extending quite across the broadest part of the horse, with two deep flaps,



one on either side. It is covered on the outside with fine drab kerseymere to save the lady's dress, and this cover is generally quilted or embroidered, and bound with ornamental braid. At the back of the pillion is a strong leather handle, which can be put up or down, working with a hinge. There is, besides, a comfortable footstool or long, narrow stirrup suspended by leather straps in such a fashion as to afford support even should the lady wish to rise to adjust her dress or the seat.

It will be seen that the lady has a firm support for her feet and a rest like the arm of a chair, but in addition to these safeguards there is another on which she may or may not insist—a leather girdle worn around the waist of her companion in front, which she may clutch at times of danger or when the horse is changing his gait. Particularly at the latter moment the pillion loses a portion of its vaunted comfort, and if there be no leather girdle to cling to, what is left but the waist of her escort? It is as well before adopting the pillion definitely to consider all its points—those unfavorably as well as those which recommend themselves.

It sounds heretical, but the real defect of the pillion is the indispensability of a man. In this joint partnership a man must ride first, unless a woman friend will consent to ride astride, and what horse would stand two sets of drapings? And in the present age woman has gone pretty far toward declaring that man is absolutely necessary on but few occasions. Graceful and comfortable as the pillion is it belongs to an age when women were demure, slope shouldered and clinging. It is a question then at the very start if the new fad can be of long duration, for our girls are athletic, broad shouldered and independent. There may be some shrinking maid afraid to ride alone who will be delighted to ride



THE HORSE OBJECTS.  
for miles in the parks and country under the safe and close protection of the man she likes best in the world, and with every opportunity to "breathe her affection down his back," but the greatest aid to the pillion will not be the style of the girl, but the style of the horse.

Everybody knows that "cols" are now in fashion—strong, square backed animals, capable of carrying two or even more for long distances without much fatigue. One girl, or even one man, on these large wide backed creatures looks rather isolated and forlorn, and as this age is without argument utilitarian, the statement advanced above is proved. High bred, narrow shaped horses will be relegated with the fad

andures to the race track; the Arabian courser to poetry, and animals like those in Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair"—horses with broad backs, the flatter toward the tail the better—will have everything their own way in Central park.

And now as to the pace required to insure comfort and safety. It has already been stated that the pleasure of the pillion is dependent on circumstances—the first of which is the pace of the animal the pair ride upon. He must not go with a long, launching gait, or the poor woman would roll like a boat in a rough sea. A quiet, regular jog trot, never lifting the feet high above the ground, is the gait the horse must travel. This trot is just the next degree in swiftness to a walk, a pace into which horses naturally fall, and which, when their spirits are not too high, they seem to prefer to any other.

Provided these conditions are preserved, also that the horse is strong enough for the weight of two persons, both animal and rider can travel in this jog trot way for an immense distance without actually suffering from fatigue. Pushed beyond this pace, spurred into a brisk trot, or, worse, into a gallop, both horse and riders present a spectacle as grotesque as Tam and his gray mare Meg, with the witches behind them. The woman on the pillion has no power whatever to accommodate herself to such extraordinary circumstances. Off falls her hat. Down streams her hair. She screams and clasps her escort around the neck, and both no doubt end by heartily wishing the pillion relegated to the oblivion of the rest of the antique trappings of the last century.

How to mount the pillion? There must be an "upping stone." You will see these still standing at the gates of some of the churches and in front of some doors in the old towns of New York and Massachusetts. But if you have no "upping stone" a chair or stepladder will serve the purpose, although it is hardly orthodox.

A sight that may be termed picturesque, and which turned the imaginations of the park policemen—if they have any—back to 1800, might have been witnessed as early as 6 o'clock one fine October morning. There were three actors in this pretty drama, one furtive and yet determined—a jaunty looking man under any circumstances—in truth, Mr. Ward McAllister, who "found" society; the second a very pretty young lady, perhaps a relative, who thoroughly enjoyed the situation, and the last a horse, big enough almost to be of the Percheron breed, who took part against his will. Time, as said, 6 in the morning; place, the drinking fountain in Central park just back of the General Grant bridge. From the edge of this fountain the young lady climbed to her place, while Mr. McAllister buckled even tighter his belt. No sooner was she in place and smoothing down her plumage than the horse began to plunge and kick. A policeman ran to assist, but the horseman wared him off and sawed on the reins, while he cautioned his partner to hold tight to the handles. She obeyed, and after a few circles around the fountain the animal quieted down, and the couple rode northward, out of sight. This was the rehearsal, conducted as secretly as possible. When will the public representation occur? FRANCIS LIVINGSTON.

IN MEMORY OF COLUMBUS.

Design for a Monument to Be Erected at Chicago.

Monuments to the great discoverer are now in order. A tablet on a little old stone house in Valladolid, Spain, reads, "Here died Columbus." His birthplace, Genoa, honors him with a bust and a collection of autograph letters displayed in the hall of the town council. A Spanish sculptor, Sunal, has designed a splendid statue to be set up in Central park, New York. The Chicago World's fair committee will consider a project to establish a permanent memorial in honor of the great celebration of 1892.

A sketch has already been prepared by Artist Julius Geleit, and The Chicago Herald says of the proposal: "It is hoped that the directors will deem it necessary to recognize in some such way the object of the great exposition and so honor the memory of the discoverer. We owe a monument to this man who opened a continent to us, who worked and prayed and battled with terrible dangers that he might



A COLUMBUS MONUMENT.

achieve stupendous results." The design of Mr. Geleit is for a monument seventy-five feet in height. The base is to be of granite and sustain four groups and a statue. The groups are to consist of figures twelve feet high, and the statue of the discoverer is to be twenty-one feet high. The figure of Columbus will wear a loose blouse, and a Spanish cloak blown from the form by the wind, and he will be represented as standing on the deck of a vessel whose prow and stern will be hewn from the granite base of the structure. The feet of the navigator will stand apart as though the figure supported by them were swaying with the ship's motion, and the whole attitude of the figure will suggest the daring voyager in action, glass in hand, watching and expecting developments ahead.

The groups at the corners of the base are to represent Peace and Brotherhood, the latter symbolized by the white and black races clasping hands; Enlightenment, the education of the masses; Science, with the muse Urania bearing up the starry hemisphere for Astronomy and Geography to study, and the Fine Arts, with Apollo and his lyre and Sculpture and Painting on either hand.

THE INDIANS.

Officials of the Indian bureau, missionaries and others surprise us with the statement that the "rapid extinction of the aborigines," so often mentioned, is a myth. At any rate, several tribes of Indians have actually increased in the last ten or twenty years. Though their former decrease may have been as great as alleged, the tide has turned; at any rate, it is stationary. The number of Indians in the United States has remained remarkably constant for several years, in the neighborhood of 280,000. Perhaps we may yet have a real aboriginal state in the Union—a true Oklahoma.

Young lovers, after having a dime split in half, each take a portion and get their jewelry to mount it in any peculiar manner that appeals to their fancy. Many curious settings and bracelet bangles are the result.

**WILD STRAWBERRIES.**  
WALTZ.

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By CECIL RAY.



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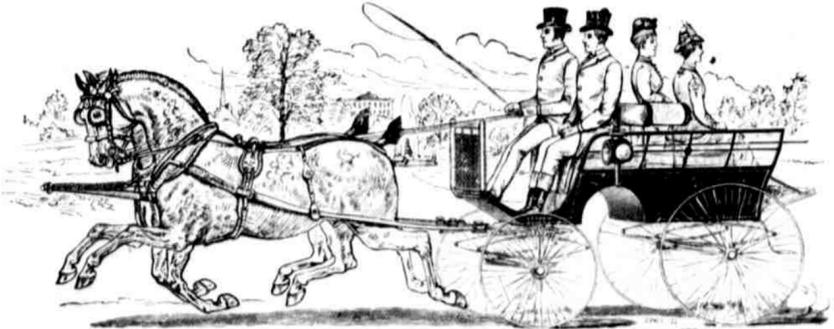
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