

In those early days of stage and horse-back travel it was a common thing for the women to ride, and grandmother was a very good horse-woman. She was never afraid of any horse, and could ride as firmly as a boy. She even caught her horse in the field, put on the bridle herself, and leading him to the fence mount him there and ride bare-back. She even raced with the young men at times, and for all this was never thrown once. I have often heard her express an admiration of a good saddle horse on the street, even in her eightieth year, and invariably it would be a spirited animal, one that was strong and graceful.

Her uncle Samuel, was a doctor, and of course rode his rounds on horseback when the weather permitted. He had a particularly spirited colt, Pete, a beautiful iron grey animal that her mother had often cautioned her not to ride, and had even told her uncle to refuse her permission to ride the colt. But one day the uncle, no doubt lenient to his niece, led the colt up to the fence and told her to get on. She did and the animal behaved beautifully. One day he was going to have a big wood-saw sharpened at the smithy. On the way back, he had grandmother get up behind him. When she went to alight, she reached around to throw her skirt out of the way, and in doing so, ran her hand across the fresh-sharpened saw teeth. They cut deep gashes in her fingers, about a dozen scars, which remained till the time she told me of the story. When she got off the horse, her hand was dripping with blood. Her grandmother had a pan of wood ashes set aside for lye, and had her stick her hand down in them to draw out the poison and stop bleeding. Then they tied up the fingers with more ashes, and she rode home with her uncle. When she arrived, her mother was scared at seeing her hand bandaged up that way, and scolded her for riding the colt, as if that had been the cause!

#### GRANDFATHER.

And now I will leave grandmother for a while to write of grandfather and his family. Grandfather was born in Germany, in Bavaria, near Ober Müshel and Unter Müshel, which as far as I can ascertain, is the name of a small town, of two sections, the upper and lower, as the name would indicate. Grandfather was born June 10, 1826. His parents were Von Schneiders, claiming descent from a noble family. They were small land owners and farmed. In Bavaria, they belonged to the Lutheran church, as they did also in this country for a long time. Grandfather's uncle Charles, was a dealer in grain, and was fairly prosperous at one time before he came over to this country. He had a boy, Philip, "Cousin Philip", as we know him, of whom I will write later. Grandfather had one brother, Carl, when they came to America, he being nine years old at the time, and Carl, six.