

**HAVE STRANGE GIFT**

**QUEER POWER EXERCISED BY "HORSE WHISPERERS."**

**Authentic Cases on Record Have the Most Unusually Beats Have Been Made Tractable by a Few Words.**

The horse whisperers might be an unknown quantity in England and Ireland to-day, but there are not a few men who exercise a wonderful control with their voices over horses which have long dominated the imagination of the people apt to literally kick over the traces, says a writer in the London Stock Journal. In the thoroughbred races of England and Ireland there are not a few stablemen and jockeys who succeed in holding in demagogical terms horses which cannot tolerate the presence of the grooms or attendants.

The horse whisperer of to-day avoids all gestures and trusts entirely to a combination of sounds or words. There is no bullying done, and his horse can face a mad horse apparently at the mere of the beat that has to come under the charm of the steady, level, remount horse in the stable. The South African war that has employed by the yemen, who sail in a ring of head-to-heads, has been a success in its results and riveting the ears of the ordinary sprawling and bumpy animal.

One of the first whisperers to acquire the power was Sam Sullivan, who migrated in his youth from Scotland, where he could trace his genealogy back to a long list of forefathers and became almost exclusively employed by Lord Donerale.

One day he was called to a stable and a man who had a horse that was a little unmanageable and who had acquired over the most savage brute that his parish priest, who had excommunicated him for not believing him a saint, denounced him as a scoundrel. The whisper of this man made an indelible impression upon any horse, bringing the spirit into a degree of docility unattainable in the ordinary course of discipline.

The race horse King Peppin, a famous racer, was reputed to have killed two grooms at the Curragh, once came under his charge. He was wanted to win a race at Malpas, but when saddling the horse he found him in one of his unmanageable moods. He reared, plunged and funged fore and aft until he completely broke down and locked. It was only this crisis that some one recommended that he should be "whispered." As he was the only chance left of taming him in time for the start, he was glad to avail himself of it, though warned that horses were sometimes led into a state of stupor by the process.

Sullivan was soon found, and he was delighted with the opportunity of "whispering" before so much "quorum" of all parts. "Said I will soon take him manly," he said, and he went to the horse. Within the circle—and a wide one it was—in which King Peppin was playing his antics, he walked up to him, approaching the horse until he was within a few feet of his head. He then spoke words as he walked, which, though not quite audible, were as unintelligible as a sermon in the unknown tongue, but which had the effect of making the horse, for he stood stock still. Sullivan then passed him on the neck, and he uttered a word or two in his ear, whereupon King Peppin stood on his knees and incontinently lay down.

The whisperer then stretched himself on him at full length, foot upon a pouch containing a pipe and tobacco, flint and steel, struck a light and lit the pipe, and he brought the stomach of the horse into contact with as much copiousness as if he were seated on a beach in his favorite part of the country. The horse puffed his nose, beckoned the whisperer, and he saddled him and walked off to the starting post, the horse following and obeying him like a dog. He won the race in a cinch.

**Your Second Best.**

It is said that so many of us are content with our second best. We have always going to do better. We have a house as good as the best, but we will do, but that is as far as we get.

Before you go to bed tonight think of the fact that you are going to live over again would you spend it just as you have done?

Most of us would not. Well, we should not. No matter how well you do anything, try to do it better. Don't be satisfied with anything but the very best that you are capable of.

Remember that this is your chance. Don't lose your golden opportunity.

speaking to him be a kind one, else why should Hag Fale, who had been at the steering wheel of his life-car during the last five years, carry him safely through the ordeal, and be sure death? Without slackening speed a jot we swung around the corner of Fourth into Fifth avenue. The road was clear to Forty-second, there dense jam of cars, teams and carriages blocked the crossing. Bob must have seen the solid wall of I heard his motor chatter the engine and I could not see the car in front. I could not see the car in front. I could not see the car in front. I could not see the car in front.

The great machine leaped through the crowd. "Is the name of Christ, Bob, be careful!" I yelled, as he hurled the iron monster through the throng, scattering it to the right and left as the motor scattered the masses in the wheat fields. Some were crushed beneath its wheels. Bob Browley heard not our screams, heard not the curses of the people who escaped. He was on his feet, his body crunched low over the steering wheel, which he grasped in his vice-like hands. His hatless head was thrust far out as though it strove to get to Beulah Sands ahead of his body. His teeth were clenched as he jumped into the machine I had noted that his eyes were those of a maniac, who sawantly just ahead if he could get to it in time! His ears were deaf not only to the hissing of the engine and the curses of the teamsters who frantically pulled their horses to the curb, but to our warnings as well. He swung the machine around the corner at New street and into Wall as though it had been the broadest boulevard in the park. He took Wall street at a bound I was sure would land us through the fence into Trinity's churchyard. But no. Again he turned the corner, throwing the juggernaut

upon my tortured senses. I did not seek to seek its direction. With a bound I was in the throng of Beulah Sands-Browley's office. In that brief time I closed my eyes, for the very atmosphere of that hall mounded me to death. I opened them. Yes, I knew it. There at the desk was the beautiful gray-eyed figure of five years ago. There the two arms resting on the desk. There the two beautiful hands holding the open paper, but the eyes, those marvellous gray-blue doors were closed. His wife's head and shoulders were visible as he turned to his wife. His clasped hands had dropped and his wife's head and shoulders were visible as he turned to his wife. His clasped hands had dropped and his wife's head and shoulders were visible as he turned to his wife.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Men of Wall street, it is impossible to prevent the repetition of those acts which in five years I have witnessed a billion dollars, impossible so long as a short sale or a purchase and resale, is allowed. While short sales, and repurchases and resales, are made impossible, stock speculation is dead. When stock speculation is dead, the people who no longer are robbed by the "System." In leaving you, the exchange, and stock-gambling, however, as I shall when I leave this platform, I will say from the heart of a heart that has been broken, from the profundity of a soul that has been shattered by the "System" of today, a full sense of my responsibility to my fellow-man and to my God, that I advise every one of you to do what I have done and to do it quickly before the doing of it by others shall have made it impossible. Before the doing of it by others shall have blown up the stock-gambling structure. In accepting my advice you can quiet your conscience, those of you who have been with this argument: "If I start, I am ready for my punishment. I am here, I have a billion dollars. With this billion dollars I have even though after I have bought the full a hundred dollars a share. Here I fall a hundred dollars to prevent your ruin, my chance to receive your ruin, your chance to secure revenge upon me, the one who has robbed you."

Men of Wall street—"his voice was now deep and solemn—"to show that Robert Browley knew what was fitting for the last day of his life, he has revealed to you the trick—and more.

Again his eyes swept the crowd. Then he slowly raised his right hand with flat clenched, as though about to say a word.

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CHAPTER X.

The instant after the good sound Bob Browley was alone on the floor at the foot of the machine's deck. His form was swaying like a reed on the edge of the cyclone's path. I jumped to his side. His brother, who had during Bob's harangue been vainly endeavoring to beat his through the crowd, was there first. For God's sake, Bob, hear me. Word came from your house half an hour ago of my miracle. Bob, hear me. Word came from your house half an hour ago of my miracle. Bob, hear me. Word came from your house half an hour ago of my miracle.

Across the square at last and on Fourth avenue to Twenty-sixth street. There a dizzying whirl into Madison. Was he going to keep to it until he got to Forty-second street and to me? He was going to keep to it until he got to Forty-second street and to me? He was going to keep to it until he got to Forty-second street and to me?

**Cause and Effect.**

"Plump fingers," said the woman who was in the fashion, "are going out of style."

"Nonsense!" answered her husband. "Fingers are never expensive. But the fashion isn't as bad as that."

**Studying Esperanto.**

The French Marshal Lord Roberts is studying Esperanto and has joined the British Esperanto association. This announcement was received with enthusiasm at the delegates to the Esperanto congress at Cambridge, England.

**The "Mound City"**

St. Louis, Mo., has a sobriquet of Mound City from the fact that the original settlers found there many mounds which it is supposed were relics of a race of people who dwelt in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys and are known to modern times only as the Mound Builders. No satisfactory explanation has yet been found of their strange mode of leaving memorials of their existence. The city of St. Louis stands upon a solid foundation for the business buildings.

**Hold Up.**

"Stop!" shouted the man on the country road, holding up a warning card. Muttering something about rural police and amateur officers, the man turned around and came back to town with me, said the stranger. You were going at least 35 miles an hour. "You're a constable, I suppose," said the automobilist, with a covert sneer, which had reached the village.

"Me?" replied the passenger. "No, I'm a farmer and had to come into town when all the teams was busy. Nice growing weather? Thanks. Good-by."

Knowing comment is purposely omitted.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

**Belling a Rat.**

You have probably read or heard that the best way to rid a house of rats is to catch one and fasten a bell about its neck. A boy in Delaware tried the experiment two months ago. He was very busy in making the bell fast, but he turned the rat loose and expected the tinkling of that bell would drive great results. It did have the desired effect, however, who were in the country on the move all night, and the tinkling bell kept the family in the most of the sounds.

**Smokers Follow Fashions in the Use of Tobacco.**

"Make me up a package of tobacco called 'The Formula' and I'll give you my 'Booth,'" said the man with southern accent. "That is the third man who has asked for that kind of tobacco," said the dealer. "It is strange that people from remote parts of the country as well as New Yorkers make a fad of buying the one called 'The Formula' and I'll give you my 'Booth,'" said the man with southern accent.

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**"BOON"**

Shouts a Spanked Baby.

**WHEN A "HUNCH" HELD GOOD.**

Chinese Laundry Ticket Suggested a Bet on "Wing Ting."

Spence, a well-known horseman of the city, Mo., won \$1,000 at the Louisville, Ky. meeting last short time ago as the result of a "hunch." Mr. Spence has a large breeding establishment near Lexington, and attends all the big racing events in the country. Not long since he was in Louisville and entered the betting ring. He saw what odds were offered on the various entries. He found that Joquin was the favorite and he bet on Joquin. He was disappointed, and pulled his wallet from his pocket intending to bet on that horse. His attention was attracted by something that fell from the ground and he picked it up. It was a Chinese laundry ticket. He looked at the "books" again and found that there was an entry with a Chinese name, Wing Ting, at ten to one. That settled it, for he considered he had received a "hunch" that could not be overlooked. He bet on Wing Ting. Needless to say, those who backed the favorite considered Spence the seventh son from the seventh son.—Kansas City Star.

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