TORTURING THE HORSE.

A FEW WORDS CONCERNING CHECK-REIN BARBARITY.

It Is an Unaccountable Mistake in Harness Invention and Ought to Be Abolished Forever—Its Growing Unpopularity—Condemned by Veterinary Surgeons.

IN this age of civilization and land of the Christian religion, in this and other cities claiming advanced intelligence, daily and hourly, in the most crowded and most fashionable thoroughfares, can be seen exhibitions of cruelty to animals that would shock the most savage Indian of our plains, or the wildest Arab of the desert.

I refer to that infernal instrument of torture, the check-rein for horses. I say infernal—it is the only word admissible that is sufficiently expressive. The use of the check-rein is a standing arraignment of those who permit its attachment to the harness of the animals they own, as it is also an evidence of their thoughtlessness, cruelty, or ignorance; if they are not ignorant on the subject their crime is the more atrocious. Hour after hour, day after day, they inflict upon noble animals a torture, the like of which, applied to themselves, would render them howling maniacs in ten minutes' time. And this is done for the sake of "style," because it is "the fashion."

UNTRAMMELED BY CHECK-REIN AND FREE FROM BLINDERS THE HORSE IS BRAVE.

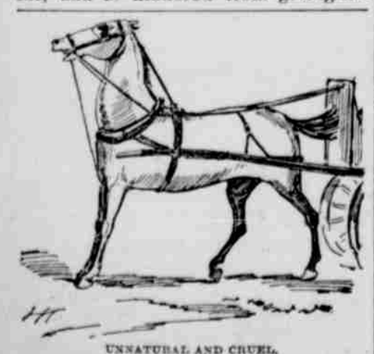
The poor and ignorant, the "lower classes," are not the gross offenders in this outrage; the guilty ones are the "ton," the "quality." Their well-fed, well-groomed steeds stand before church-doors, suffering in silent misery, only by impatient pawings and champing of the bit telling of their agony, while the owner kneels on padded stool (mindful of self comfort even when praying), to worship Him who taught that "the merciful man is merciful to his beast." They are conveyed in cushioned carriages to philanthropic meetings for the alleviation of distress of every character, the conversion of heathen who do not want to be converted, the suppression of all kinds of outrages; and leave at the doors of the hall the outward and visible animated evidences of their own lack of common humanity. This is strong language; were I to say what I think on this subject, 'twould batter the type—this paper would refuse to publish it.

NATURAL AND BEAUTIFUL.

A tightened rein is useful; it is a steady support to the animal's head from a distinct and intelligent source—the driver. That abomination of abominations, the check-rein, is an unyielding, agonizing fastener of the animal's head to his shoulders, bearing hardest on the most delicate, sensitive portion of the horse—his mouth. The horse raised and driven or ridden by a humane man can be guided, through pressure on the mouth, with a piece of strong thread.

Humanity aside, the use of the check-rein is productive of disease. It leads to distortion of the windpipe to such a degree as to impede the respiration ever afterwards, to excoriation of the mouth and lips, and perhaps of the muscles of the face.

If a horse in pulling a load, light or heavy, has his head held up and in, he cannot throw his weight into the collar, and is hindered from giving his body that position which is the most natural and effective. He has to pull by the strength of his muscles only; the weight of the body is lost, and so much pulling force is thrown away. What remains is exerted at a great expenditure of the horse's power and health, to say nothing of his comfort. The consequence is that his limbs and muscles become strained and distorted; his knees are bowed forward and his hocks backward. If a man pulls a load by a strap across his shoulders, he bends his head and chest forward, and relieves his legs; he pulls with his weight. A horse does the same—when he can, and ought always.



UNNATURAL AND CRUEL.

The confinement of the head in an unnatural, constrained position, while the heart and lungs are excited by action or work, hinders the breathing and the circulation of the blood in the head, makes the horse miserable and irritable, his head aches, he becomes restless or violent, and the fool or brute of a driver punishes him. The muscles of the neck are on a constant strain, to relieve this he must rest the weight of his head on the rein, thereby his mouth is violently stretched and he exchanges one agony for another.

TORTURED BY THE CHECK.

This is the testimony of Dr. Kitching, an eminent English writer on horses, and about five hundred veterinary surgeons of Great Britain have indorsed his opinion by signing a paper condemning in strongest terms the use of tight check-reins.

Whether the horse has work to do, weight to draw or carry, or is galloping or running of his own free will, nature tells him not to throw his head up and backward towards his tail, but forward and down, so as to give the force of his weight to what he has to do. Nature never intended a large and heavy animal like the horse to perform his work by the strain of muscle only, or chiefly, but by the power of weight as a rule, assisted by the strength of muscle as the exception, when extra resistance is to be overcome.

Women are much to blame in this matter, women who admire a horse because "he carries his head so stylishly." I hope that they are ignorant of the torture with which that "style" is purchased. I hope they will learn better and inaugurate a crusade having for its object the abolishment, the extinction of the check-rein. I would have every policeman in the land instructed, authorized, ordered to cut the tight check-rein on every unfortunate horse tortured by the barbarism, the owner of the animal severely punished, be he a moneyed king of the earth or some thoughtless human donkey aping the "style" of those he considers his betters. The preacher could occasionally, to advantage, drop doctrinal discussions and appeals for foreign missions and discourse most feelingly, if they studied the subject of the check-rein, on that sound text: "The merciful man is merciful to his beast," to the edification, possibly to the conversion and reform, of their wealthy, "enlightened, and tender-hearted" pew-holders.

COMFORTABLE—NO CHECK.

An eminent authority, the "London Horse-Book," in discussing the check-rein atrocity, uses the following language:

"The horse is often prevented from throwing his weight into the collar by a tight check-rein—a useless and painful incumbrance, introduced by vanity, and retained by thoughtlessness amounting to cruelty. Few of the London cab-drivers use check-reins, knowing them to be inconsistent with proper work: and when one is observed, it will invariably be found to be on some poor animal, whose wearied and haggard appearance is attempted to be disguised by this instrument of torture.

"The check-rein is, in nearly every case, painful to the animal and useless to the driver. Because, it fastens the head in an unnatural posture; and, as the horse's shoulder and head fall together, cannot be of any real support in case of stumbling.

"When, from some defect in the animal, or other cause, the check-rein is used, it must be slackened. Because, in addition to the easier position of the neck, a greater portion of weight can be thrown into the collar, especially going up hill, thus saving a great and unnecessary expenditure of muscular power.

"There is an important difference between a tight check-rein and a tight-eped rein, although not generally understood. The first is injurious, and cannot help the horse, while the latter is often useful. Because, the latter is a steady support to the animal's head from a distinct and intelligent source—the driver; whereas, the former is only the horse's head fastened to his own shoulders. That the check-rein is inconsistent with the action of the horse's head is clearly shown by the fact that, when a horse falls, it is always broken. ALEX. DUKE BAILIE.

CHICAGO, Ill.

Nature's Disguises.

Nature is a stern mother, so inflexible in her decrees that she never forgives an infraction of the simplest rule; she punishes an offender with celerity and severity. But nature is also kind; she fits every creature for its surrounding. With the rarest exceptions Nature provides every animal with an outward covering that acts as a disguise and protection adapted to its habitation and the prevailing climate.

In Arctic regions white is the color that best protects, by making an animal of the same hue as the landscape. Accordingly we find the polar bear white, the only bear that is white. The Alpine hare, the ermine and the Arctic fox turn white in the snowy season.

Among birds, the ptarmigan in winter loses its summer plumage, which harmonizes so well with the lichen-covered stones among which it hides, and turns white, so very white that one may tramp through a flock lying on the snow without perceiving a single bird.

The Siberian sable does not change color in winter, because its habits are such that it does not need to become white. It often lives on berries at this season, and is so nimble on the trees that it easily catches small birds. The woodchuck of Canada also stays brown in winter: but it then burrows in river banks and subsists on fish.

The lion has a sandy-colored coat and thus easily conceals itself by crouching on the desert, while the stripes of the tiger assimilate well with the vertical stems of the bamboo and tall s iff grass of the jungle.

Almost all other animals of the cat tribe frequent trees, and these have often spotted skins, which help to blend them with the background of foliage.

A marked exception is the puma, whose ashy-brown fur, the color of the bark, and its habits of clinging very closely to a limb as it waits for its prey to pass underneath, make it uncommonly hard to distinguish.

It might be thought that the conspicuous stripes of the zebra, in a country abounding with lions and leopards, would be a danger to it. But zebras go in herds, and are so wary and swift that in the daytime they have little to fear. It is at dusk, when they go to drink, that they are most exposed, and travelers say that in the twilight the zebras' black and white stripes blend so well into a grayish tint that it can hardly be seen at a short distance.

Even an animal as big as a giraffe is said by travelers to be admirably concealed by its form and color, when standing perfectly still among the dead trees often found on the outskirts of the groves where it feeds. Its spots, its long neck, the peculiar shape of its head and horns appear altogether so like broken branches, that even the natives have been known to mistake a tree for a giraffe and a giraffe for a tree.

A Good Reporter.

A good reporter, then, must, first, be a man of quick intelligence, great perseverance, good manners, courtesy and tact. In the second place, he must be able to write good English, and to do it anywhere, at any time and at a high speed. Then he must have a good local knowledge of the city in which he works. He must be able to "look up" a subject quickly and at a moment's notice. A good general reporter should know something about everything, but that being out of the question, should come as near to it as possible, says a writer in the *Epoch*. He may be sent, without any preliminary preparation, to interview an Irish member of Parliament, an astronomer just returned from an eclipse expedition, a ward politician, a doctor of divinity or a pawnbroker. He may be called upon to report a Methodist conference or a political convention, or to trace a murderer whom the police are slow about finding. It is true that newspaper work is now so specialized that men are detailed to many departments permanently. There is the "horse" reporter, a base-ball reporter, a boating reporter, a reporter for local politics (generally called the "city hall reporter"), a reporter for general politics, to interview visiting statesmen and the like, a weather reporter, and so on; but nevertheless a good general reporter needs to be well enough acquainted with these and other departments of human knowledge to get an interview or work up a "story" in any of them. Last, and by no means least, the reporter must read newspapers and know what is going on. In his own department, if he has one, he should be a walking cyclopædia with a daily automatic supplement.

An Awful Load.

An enterprising merchant placed a number of brass plates, cut in the form of human tracks, in the stone sidewalk leading toward his door. He moved away shortly afterward, and, desiring to use the brass plates at his new establishment, gouged them out, of course leaving the foot-forms imbedded in the stone.

One day an old fellow from the country, accompanied by his son, came along, and seeing the tracks in the stone, stopped, and after a long exclamation of astonishment, said:

"Bill, fur mussy sakes jest look here. Gracious alive! what a load that feller must a had when he came along here. Sunk right down in this here solid rock. I'll bet he was either a totin' a yoke of steers or had filled up on that drug store licker."

HOW IS IT EXPLAINED?

PAUL JOHNSTONE'S PERILOUS MIND-READING FEAT.

He Drives Blindfolded Through Crowded Streets in Chicago and Picks Out a Name on a Hotel Register—His Dream of a Collision Comes Partly True.

[SPECIAL CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE.]

P. A. JOHNSTONE.

THE performances of the late Washington Irving Bishop pale before the accomplishments of a new psychological wonder. The feat of mind-reading, in the attempt of which Bishop lost his life in New York a year and a half ago, has been successfully accomplished in Chicago by Paul Alexander Johnstone. Mind-reader Johnstone drove blindfolded through the crowded streets of the city from the Auditorium to the Grand Pacific Hotel, and, still with a handkerchief tightly bandaged over his eyes, picked out of an old register a name that had been selected for the test by a committee of disinterested citizens. It was a similar feat which killed Bishop and it nearly killed Johnstone. A doctor worked over him for three hours to drag him out of an attack of congestion of the brain into which he had been thrown by his adventure. The doctor saved him, but he will never attempt the feat again. He has had enough.

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon a score of people comprising representatives of the press and a special committee sat in the south parlor of the Auditorium Hotel and watched with considerable interest the nervous antics of a pale-faced young man in a closely buttoned Prince Albert coat, who was about to undertake what is conceded the most difficult accomplishment in mind-reading.

The committee selected to supervise the undertaking and see that it did not partake of the appearance of a "fake" consisted of Dr. G. F. Butler, B. A. Johnson, editor of the *Lumber Trade Journal*, Charles Lederer, the artist, W. C. Wright, and Thaddeus Dean. These gentlemen sat together in one end of the room and listened with some incredulity to the announcement of what Mr. Johnstone proposed to do.

LEAVING THE AUDITORIUM.

"A portion of the committee will leave here in a carriage and drive by some circuitous route to the Grand Pacific Hotel," said the restless and excited young man. "There you will select a hotel register and mutually agree upon a name therein, fixing in your minds the appearance of the signature and the date of the same. Then you will return here, and after I have blindfolded myself and covered my head with a cloak, I will drive over the same route to the hotel and pick out the name in the register and write it. Keep the exact particulars of the drive in your mind, as I must depend on your recollection of what happens to guide me. Don't drive too far, as I fear that it will require all my strength to complete the difficult test at the hotel."

An open carriage was waiting at the Michigan avenue entrance of the hotel. W. C. Wright was to remain with Mr. Johnstone, and the other five gentlemen of the committee went down and took their places in the vehicle, with Mr. Dean at the reins. It was arranged that he should do all of the driving and not leave the seat during the test. The committee drove north on Michigan avenue to Monroe street, west on Monroe street to Wabash avenue, south on Wabash avenue to Adams, west on Adams to State, south on State to Jackson, west on Jackson to Clark, and then north on Clark to the entrance of the Grand Pacific Hotel. Leaving Mr. Dean at the reins, the other committee-men went to the desk and were given a register full of names. The book was taken out to the carriage, and, after some discussion, the committee decided on the name of J. G. Butler, Jr., Youngstown, Ohio, the date being Aug. 25, 1890. Leaving Mr. Lederer to guard the register, and see that no one touched it in the meantime, the committee drove back to the point of starting.

DRIVING BLINDFOLDED THROUGH CROWDED STREETS.

During their absence Johnstone paced the floor like a caged tiger. Dr. Butler and Mr. Johnson were selected to take charge of him in preparation for the drive. They blindfolded him and then placed over his head the velvet cloak. Then Dr. Butler traced on the wall with his finger the route they had driven, indicating the turns made and the number of blocks in each direction. When he concluded the young man clutched his hand and rushed down the stairway two steps at a time to the carriage. He was assisted to the seat beside Mr. Dean, given the lines, and in a moment was guiding the spirited team along Michigan avenue, while a dozen cabs and carriages filled with students of psychical phenomena rattled along behind. When the cloaked driver swung his team west on Adams street, instead of Monroe, it looked as though he had failed at the very start. It was the only mistake he made. He drove west on Adams one block to Wabash, then south to Jackson, west to State, south to Van Buren, and west to Dearborn. Here he seemed to lose his bearings or realize that a mistake had been made. The drive up to this point had been attended with several difficulties and delays. The streets were filled with vehicles and a crowd of 500 curious people followed the carriage. At the corner of Adams and Dearborn streets the tongue of the carriage ran into the wheel of an express wagon and the consequent stop and excitement probably assisted in diverting the mind of the driver.

At the corner of Dearborn and Van Buren streets Johnstone alighted and led a member of the committee to the middle of the street. After standing a moment he appeared to recover his bearings, for he hurried back to the carriage and drove without further hesitation to Clark street, where he drew up in front of Gore's Hotel, just one block south of the Grand Pacific, thus proving that the only error he had made was in turning from Michigan avenue to Adams instead of Monroe. When informed of his mistake he asked Mr. Dean to fix his mind on the proper direction to take. Mr. Dean apparently selected the right direction, for a moment later the venerable gentleman was being violently pulled along the pavement toward the Grand Pacific. A jostling crowd fell in behind. Turning into the entrance, the mind-reader hurried to the exact spot where Mr. Lederer had been left with the register. Here his strength appeared to desert him, and he would have fainted had not a glass of liquor been put to his lips. He was allowed a few moments' rest in a private room and then was led behind the desk in the rotunda, with the book before him and the members of the committee standing about. Taking Mr. Lederer by the hand, the blindfolded man began rapidly turning the leaves. When he reached the proper place he exclaimed:

AT THE HOTEL REGISTER.

"That's it, Aug. 25! Is that right? Tell me, quick, is that right?"

"Yes, that is the right page," said Dr. Butler. At this point the young man again came very near going into a nervous collapse, and it was several minutes before he could proceed.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "think intently of the appearance of this signature."

He leaned over the page, beat it with his hands, passed his palms nervously across the foreheads of those about him, and then asked that a coat be thrown over his head. This was done, and after further lightning maneuvers suddenly called out: "A paper and pencil, quick." They were handed him, and leaning on the book he wrote an almost correct facsimile of the signature before him, "J. G. Butler, Jr." As if doubting the correctness of this, he again called for a pencil and wrote the name a second time.

THE NAME ON THE REGISTER.

"Am I right?" nervously shouted Johnstone.

"You are," shouted the committee, and the big crowd cheered the accomplishment of a wonderful effort.

Johnstone burst into tears when he heard the shout, and he was carried away sobbing. His temperature and pulse were remarkably high, and his heart-beat was as rapid as the thumping of car-wheels on the joints of a short-railed track. Nearly everybody else who saw the torture he endured while he was trying to find the name felt about as bad, and the committee looked like ghosts in plug hats. When Johnstone came down from his room he reeled between his attendants. He was driven home and there he had the attack which nearly ended him. He fell over onto a lounge, his face became purple, his jaw dropped, and his eyes lost all their natural light and seemed about to pop from his head.

"This ends him," said his manager, but there was life in the boy when DR. J. H. Law came. The Doctor labored over him and brought him to consciousness.

"I will never try it again," he muttered, and then became delirious. In his ravings he went over the afternoon's adventures and three men fought hard to keep him from jumping through a window. The Doctor said the strain had produced congestion of the brain.

But he had successfully accomplished the marvelous feat, and not one of the committee was in any doubt as to the exhibition being a genuine case of mind-reading, self-induced hypnotism, or something else just as wonderful.

Woman Vowed to Wear Trousers.

Mrs. Kreiger has lived on a ranch on the San Pablo, Cal., road for over fifteen years, and during that time she has not worn the ordinary apparel of woman. So accustomed have the people of that vicinity become to her and her strange dress that they no longer notice it.

Up to fifteen years ago Mr. Kreiger wore skirts and dresses like any other of her sex. Indeed, it appears that she had more of them, and that they were of more varied forms, textures and colors than are usually possessed by farmers' wives.

It was shortly before the change in her manner of dressing that she married William Kreiger, a thrifty German farmer and a widower, and went to live on the ranch.

For a time they got along well, but when he charged her with extravagance in dress, she hung up her pretty gowns and donned male attire.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

AN INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

Reflections of an Elevating Character—Wholesome Food for Thought—Studying the Scriptural Lesson Intelligently and Profitably.

The lesson for Sunday, Sept. 21, may be found in Luke 19: 37-48.

INTRODUCTORY.

This lesson is prepared, so to speak, "on the wing," and without our usual facilities for research. But here is our New Testament, in Greek and English, and the general bearing of the Scripture presented, it is not difficult to discern. And how significant it is! Our Lord has come at last to the time of his formal declaration as the Lord of the new kingdom, the gracious Son of God. We read very carelessly, if we do not see here a marked crisis in that wonderful life. That face, "steadfastly set to go to Jerusalem," has, at length, reached the long-predestined goal. The King, the King has come! speak it, disciple; shout it, ye people! Whatever men may say,

"Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

Come nigh. Better, drawing nigh. Present participle in its progressive sense.——Descent. Just where the hills began to slope and the city burst upon the view.——Whole multitudes of the disciples. Not necessarily loyal believers, as the Pharisees among them (v. 39) would seem to imply.——Began to rejoice. It seems to have been a spontaneous and almost involuntary burst of exclamation.——Mighty works. Or miracles. Their pent-up wonder and admiration here broke forth into speech. They could not help it.

Saying. The Holy Spirit doubtless gave them their theme.——The King. A wonderful declaration.——In the name of the Lord. Not in Cæsar's name.——Peace in heaven. See the angel's song (Luke 2: 14).——In the highest. Susceptible of various interpretations; its basal meaning, supreme worthiness.

From among. Better, from. The Pharisees were doubtless a part of the multitude impressed by his mighty deeds. They simply objected to the natural inference of the popular acclaim.——Rebuke thy disciples, i. e., remonstrate with them, as saying a dangerous thing, or going a little too far. There was the prætorian court rising on their view. It was not safe to speak of any other king than Cæsar.

Hold their peace. Literally, keep silent, i. e., regarding his Messianic kinship, so impressively manifest to them at this moment. The stones. It was a time when praise must perforce find voice. Wordsworth quaintly says that "the stones did cry out when one stone was not left upon another."

When he was come near. Rather, as he was come near.——He beheld. The "and" that follows should be transferred to this point, rendering the passage more after the literal graphicness of the Greek.——And as he was come near and beheld the city, he wept over it. The very sight of it, as it burst upon his view, brought the tears to his eyes.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Even now at the descent. He has reached the furthermost edge, the ultimate range of his Messianic career on earth. From now on there is a sheer descent to the final catastrophe, if such we might call it, near by to the slope of Olives' brow, his sad Gethsemane. Yonder he can sight the towers of Pilate's court, where cruel taunts and throngs await. Away yonder outside the gate is Golgotha's dismal eminence. Yea, blessed Lord, thou art even now at the descent. And lo, thou shrinkest not. O, if thou hadst!

The disciples began to rejoice. To them it was but a triumphal procession, full of glad cheer and strong exultation. "Hail him, hail him!" And they look into each other's faces and their eyes shine as they catch the answering light of hope and joy. "Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." We have had the sweet experience, all of us, to a greater or less extent. The easy downhill path gleams out before us leading to our city of beauty beyond. Already it seems to wave signals of acceptance beyond. Ah, well for us that we do not always know the steeps and storms that lie between. But well, yea, well for us that Another does, the meek-faced Master riding there, sober and serene. Just because he knows, we may still rejoice.

Peace in heaven and glory in the highest. It is earth's answering voice. The angels said, "Peace on earth." Now man responds "Peace in heaven." Peace, peace, everywhere, through Christ the Son. It has been a long time coming. Thirty years and more this echo has been gathering. But now at last heaven's refrain, at the dawn of a better day, has been caught up and thrown back by earth's glad multitude. "Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord." A prophecy is it not, of what future ages will do? Not yet has heaven's glad acclaims received, save in this meager anticipation at Jerusalem's gates, its due response from earth. But the time is approaching. The coming day is coming and he shall be hailed as King, whose right it is.

The stones would immediately cry out. They have cried out in their way. "No speech nor language—their voice is not heard: but their line is gone out through all the world, and their words to the end of the world." Do we render the passage incorrectly? Look in the 19th Psalm and see, throwing out, if you will, the useless, and worse than useless, verbiage of the translators. But there is another and a higher sort of praise for mortals to render. The tongue of man must speak, where nature is mute. To him is reserved the high privilege of the voice of praise for him who "cometh in the name of the Lord." Alas, how many of us have been letting the stones at our feet outvoice our tribute of praise. Have a care lest we be found crying unto them to come between us and the Throne at the last.

He beheld the city and wept over it. Christ hath tears for it still; he beholds the city and weeps over it. Much as was old Jerusalem the concentration and epitome of all that was to be hoped and feared for of old, so stands the great metropolis to-day. The city of the land holds the destiny of all. As goes the city so goes the country. Look upon these great centers of life and activity to-day. Do you wonder that infinite love yearns over them, and that indefinite pity weeps? And what do we? O, that the city might move the church of Christ as that elder city on the hills moved the heart of the Christ.

Because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation! God gives still his times of gracious visitation. He is always seeking to save; we can find no other satisfactory explanation of his works and ways. But undoubtedly there are times when he draws especially near to the community—to the individual heart. It may be so in many a church and Sunday-school just now. We have seen it solemnly so in certain quiet neighborhoods where days of summer rest have been spent. God has chosen them for days of peculiar and blessed visitation. Perhaps, dear soul, it is with you to-day as you peruse this lesson. O, that thou mightst know it, in this thy day.

Next Lesson—Review.

PAPA (who used a bad word when he tore his trousers)—I forgot myself, Sammy. It was wrong of me to say such a word. Sammy—Oh, you need not apologize, papa! I often use it myself.

WOMEN should not be too clamorous for the ballot. They have their hands full, and more too, in raising American wives for the foreign market.

IF the young man knew, if the old man could, there is nothing but would be done.