A DOUBLE WINNER.

Edward L. Keye in Philadelphia Press.

All was bustle at the Carlisle barracks. A horse race for gentlemen riders was to come off in eight days, and not even the preliminaries had been attended to. The affair had originated the night before in the mess hall, which at quite a late hour had as its occupants a number of officers and some of the society men of

It had been decided that there should be but eight entries: four from the barracks and four from without. This restriction left the field: Watty, Buddle, Gruhum and Larker of Carlisle, and Quills, Redwood, Canter and Brache of

The latter four are now occupied in looking over their respective mounts and wondering who will be the lucky dog. For it was to be a gala day and the town and the neighboring counties would turn out enmasse and all most lovely and loved surely be on hand. It was to be a hurdle race, each hurdle of different height and formation. The last was to be built of common sawbucks piled upon one another and braced from the further side by a tier of whisky

This barrier was conceived by Jack Canter, a typical daredevil, and the beau sabreur of the barracks, who proudly saw his architectural design constructed. To all it did not present quite so pleasing a countenance. The civilians entered no objection whatsoever. In fact, Mr. Larker had been heard to remark, while viewing it, that if his horse "took it, it would be the first time in his life he had felt above

whisky." The cavalrymen, with one exception, naturally found no fault with the device. They spoke of it as "the Rubicon," and the "Bridge of Sighs," and joked about Canter's whisky making several vacancies in the corps. But Mr. Quills, the post adjutant, freely expressed his disapproval, not on the ground of the liquor, but on the existing partnership of sawbucks. He thought either, alone, would be quite sufficient. In fact, on several occasions he showed his disapprobation, which appeared to be strongly flavored with timidity, and once he was so undiplomatic as to do so in the presence of Colonel Martingale. But this hero, a rigid disciplinarian and a cynic, partly attributable to cognac gout, silenced the young man forever on the subject, by

saying:
"Mr. Quills, when I was your age a whole distillery would not have funked me!" which statement, it may be remarked, was true in more than one

A coincident of the projected affair was that Miss Larker, sister of one of the civilian riders, stood in the same position toward Watty and Gruhum as did Miss Nettleton, the dashing daughter of a retired army officer in the town, with Quills and Canter. And though all of the riders were epris in certain direc-tions, yet it was truthfully predicted that interest would center in the above

Mr. Quills had sustained his reputation for previousness by stating publicly that his colors were to be blue and pink. Had he said Miss Nettleton's, it is doubtful if his purpose would have been more ap-parent, for this combination was strong-

ly identified with her.

Miss Larker, who, though a beauty, was popular with men largely because of her ability to discuss any subject whether the book of Job, or the latest remedy for spavin-with perfect ease and astonishing information. She had many admirers, but it was generally acknowledged that among her local knights Mr. Watty and Mr. Gruhum were the most favored.

In the bosom of each of the amateur jockeys there pulsed the hope that he would be the winner in the race, which was simply for the glory of the thing, and the love of fair women.

It was the day previous to the race. Everything had been arranged satis-The sun was streaming down upon as perfect a track as had ever been seen in that section. The faces of even those who passed in the street seemed to betray a look of joyful expectancy. All was couleur de rose. The track was a mile course and oval in shape, and on each side, at proper intervals, stanch posts had been erected, and strong ropes, three in number, run through, making a substantial fence.

During the past few days the gentlemen who were to ride had not been idle. Their animals had been duly exercised and they had personally seen the great est care, and every attention had been given them. Jack, who had expressed no opinion

from the beginning, saw dangerous rivals in Quilis and Watty; while on the other hand Gruhum and Larker feared Jack. Quills feared none; he felt confident of success, at the same time heartily wishing Jack out of the way. However, he backed his mount against the field. His horse was known to be an awkward antagonist, possessing staying powers few of the others could boast of; but his own deficiency in riding was a point not overlooked by several of the contestants.

It is not my province to comment upon the motive which may have prompted him to do so, but it is my duty to record that just before "Taps," the adjutan tsought Colonel Martingale, and reported Lieutenant Canter absent from afternoon stables, and from "retreat" and tattoo rollcall,"

"Place him at once in close arrest, Mr. Quills," was the teply of the martinet. who, even had he been interested in the race, would not have permitted any such digression to interfere with existing regulations and orders.

And the obedient adjutant, not in the least indisposed, went off to do bis bidding. A few moments later he knocked the door of Lieutenant Canter's quarters and entered. There he found ack, with Snaffle, Cinch, Watty and Larker engaged in the development of a

"Lieutenant Canter, I have to placeyou in close arrest, by order of the com-manding officer," he said.

"I open it for a stack," observed Jack to his companions, shoving the collat-eral into the center of the table; and then turning to Quilla, for whom he had a great distike, added: "Put on your saber if you wish to address me officially, Mr. Adjutant."

Mortified beyond measure, and smothered titter of the others being distinetly audible, the executive of the commanding officer withdrew, and proceeded to obey instructions given him by his subordinate in date of commission. He then returned, properly per-

formed his duty and immediately with-What's up?" "What's the matter, "Hang the luck!" and various other queries and expressions were made friends of the unfortunate leutenant. Making no reply, he asked

to be excused from the game, and prom-

ising to return shortly went to his bedroom, where he wrote the following letter

Dear Miss Nettleton: If he might, without any inconvenience, do so, please persunde your father to ask Colonei Martingale and Lieutenant Quills to diae at your house to-morrow. Remember — tomorrow! And please do not let the dinner hour conflict with that set for the race. I will explain when I see you. As ever, J. C.

Having properly inclosed and ad-dressed this he roused his "boy," who, in point of years, was greatly his senior, and directed him to deliver it at once. Then he returned to his friends and the

The game continued until an early hour, and Jack, as usual, found himself a "little out." But such trifles never annoyed him; in fact, he was noted for the grace with which he lost, What did provoke and disturb him no little was his present situation. Here it was almost the day of the race, and he in close arrest! And for what? For the first time he asked himself this question, which had not before occurred to him. He was unable to recall anything he had done lately to merit such action on the part of the commandant Notwithstanding this, he was fully conscious of the awkwardness of his position; and, optimist though he was, he could take nothing but a gloomy view of his surroundings.

He unlocked his bureau drawer and

took out a likeness encased in blue and pink plush. This he looked at for a few moments fondly, tenderly and reverently; then, holding it to his lips, whispered: "I will

Though insomnia and Jack were not even acquaintances, the first call for reveille was ringing out upon the crisp morning air and sleep had not visited him. "This will not do at all," he said fretfully; "I must get a cat nap somehow." Soon he was resting quietly, as the physicians say, though utterly ignorant of the conflict in which the slum-

berer may be engaged.
The news of Jack's mishap spread The news of Jack's mishap spread rapidly, and very general were the expressions of sorrow.
"Surely the old Sticker will let up on him for the race," remarked young Berkeley in the presence of the adjuster.

tant.
"I doubt it," replied the latter; "you know several times lately the colonel has given warning in respect to neglect of duty, and it is my belief he intends to make an example of him. Hard luck,

I confess. "Curse luck, I say," exclaimed Cinch, who was a true friend of the prisoner, and had backed him heavily. "Jack

would have won beyond doubt. "Does money or chin say that, captain?" inquired Quills with a provoking smile and much swagger.

"Both, Mr. Quills, to any amount and to any extent. But, as poor Canter is out of the race, I'll go you fifty that his horse wins if he runs.' "I'll take that," answered the adjutant, drawing the money from his

pocket. And with this Captain Cinch crosses the parade and enters Jack's quarters.

The race was set for 5 o'clock, yet as early as 3 carriages began to arrive and take positions behind the ropes. Pedes-trians, too, of all ages and conditions were seen thronging in one direction and eagerly conversing as they went. Groups of men were congregated about the judges' stand, and many of those allowed the privilege of quarterstretch were already there, disporting themselves and expressing, unasked, their opinion, which you were assured might be relied upon. As the hour drew nearer greater became the stream of carriages. Vehicles of every style and description, from the onehorse shay of our grandfather's time to the stylish "trap" of later days, wheeled into line, burdened with fair women and their escorts. All the ladies of Carlisle and vicinity were there.

The barracks had sent a full comple ment. Colonel Martingale, who had left the post rather early, in company with his adjutant, to dine at General Nettleson's, had turned over the command to Major Snaffle. This gentleman, recognized as the best poker player and the worst "drill" in the army, took no interest in races, consequently he ac cepted the situation complacently.

The band from the barracks was pealing forth inspiring strains and everyone was at the pitch of expectancy when Mr. Quills drew near to the dog cart whereon, as pretty as a vision, perched Miss Nettleton.

His shirt was of silk, half blue and half pink; his cap of the regulation jockey pattern, quartered with the same colors and the handle of his whip was decorated with a bow of blue and pinl ribbon. No doubt could exist as to his

"I am wearing your colors, Miss Net-tleton," he said, lifting his cap and placing one foot on the step of her cart. Will you not wish mesuccess?"

"But I have nothing blue or pink about me." She was plainly clad in a snugly-fitting gown of dark green cloth. "But they are your colors, you know, and I wish them to win," he continued. Leaving me out of the question, if you are going to bet you may rely on my

"But all of you have confidence in your mounts. "Possibly," was the reply, "but I feel perfectly safe now that Canter is cut out of it: and I have backed-'

"Mr. Canter cut out of it!" she exclaimed, showing far too much concern than was agreeable to her listener. "Why! what can you mean? I know several who have backed him; and here," referring to her program, "is his name in the list of entries.

"All of which is unquestionably true." remarked the adjutant in a patronizing way. "But Mr. Canter is under arrest at the barracks, and his presence here s an utter impossibility.

"Why, how unfortunate! I confess am sincerely sorry! Does any one ride in his place?" asked Nellie caretessly. She instinctively felt that Quills was in some way connected with her friend's confinement and determined that he should not know the real state of her feelings.

*T believe not; and now I must go. Remember Gray Eagle wins all laid on him!" and he was off.

The information just imparted to her was quite sufficient to rob Miss Nettleton of all the pleasure the race prom-

"Poor, dear old Jack!" she said men-"I wonder what he has been up tally.

And at this moment Mr. Quills, mounted on his supero iron gray, at whose headstall were rosettes of "her colors," trotted by.

Watty and Gruhum, both tastefully dressed and displaying one or more evidences of the modest heliotrope, lope slowly by and Miss Larker looks justifiably happy. Redwood and Brache then appear, the former with purple as his color and the latter somewhat neath his crimson cap. Buddle looks unusually well in his familiar black and white horness, and that he is a favorite with many is shown by the applause with which he is greeted, which may, however, be partly intended for Larker who follows close behind, the bright green of his cap being the only distin-guishing color. And around the track they go chaffing each other pleasantly

onceived by the absent rider. The judges' stand is comfortably filled

and the grand stand packed. starter is at his post when-yes, here comes another jockey! Clothed in a dark blue, tightly-fitting acket, white cords and top boots, with yellow silk handkerchief wound into a turban about his head, he springs lightly into the saddle of the magnificent black animal, which, in the same bright colors of the corps, is impatiently pawing the air

"Jack, as I'm a sinner!" "I'll be flayed if it isn't Canter!"from Cinch and Berkeley, respectively, cause Miss Nettleton to look up, and while she quickly raises a yellow spun umbrelia, with flowing streamers of the same shade, a prolonged yell of satisfaction, principally from those aware of the situation, bursts upon the air as Jack trots briskly by to join the others-by all of whom save one he is sincerely congratulated. It seems needless to add that the exception is Mr. Quiris. Not a word passes between Jack and the adjutant, and it is too late for the latter to seek the commandant for special orders suited to the occasion, and he dare not avail himself of the prerogative of his office. Grinding an imprecation between his teeth he presses his horse into position and, at a signal from the stand, away they go.

And in line as even as if on parade are five of them as they pass the starting point and are set off—Brache, Watty and Larker a trifle to the rear, laying low. The stirring strains of the band are almost lost amid the shouts that ring out upon the air; then all is still. Every eye in that vast assemblage is bent upon the flying steeds and their hopeful riders as they bend to their work. Easily may each be distinguished without the

aid of glass. Miss Nettleton sees them nearing the first obstacle and as Gray Eagle clears it first she is conscious of a disagrecable sensation in her throat. Jack and Watty take the barrier almost simultaneously and in their wake steadily, swiftly follow the others.

Gray Eagle still leads, and, not wishing to lessen his distance, his rider applies the whip with the blue and pink trimming. The indignant brute makes a sudden side spring, almost unseating Watty, who is now lapping the iron gray. But it is no time for apologies or compliments. Gray Eagle takes the second hurdle almost at the same instant as Watty. Jack's yellow dressed black beauty clears it prettily and then the perfect little head which has been held as if in a vise is conscious of partial freedom. The small pointed nose is reached out on a line level with his withers, and the horse spreads himself

n grateful recognition. Quills knows the sound of those hoofs clattering behind him, and muttering a silent prayer, supplemented by a curse, as he sees Lancelot's black nose at his side, he again resorts to the whip. And now Larker's large roan and Gruhum's sleek sorrel mare, touched to the quick at the restraint they had suffered, with magnificent leaps close up upon the As Watty's plucky bay slips over the third hurdle, leading the field, a triumphant shout from the excited

crowd is borne to his ears. "Bless your sweet life, old girl," he mutteres inwardly as he presses his legs

closer to the strained flanks, A side glance reveals to him the white tapered nose of Gruhum's sorrel, and apping on his left is Gray Eagle who, maddened under the whip, is plunging on. Lancelot's ears are laid back; his thin, pink and transparent nostrils quiver as the white foam shoots from his mouth in bursts of temper flecking his broad chest and the dark jacket of his

Jack leans a trifle more forward and whispers almost in his ears: "Win any way! Never mind me." Fully conscious of the slackened rein, and as if sensible of the words spoken, the noble animal bounds forward and before the other barricade is reached has passed Watty and is running neckand-neck with Gray Eagle. Together they rise, so evenly, so gracefully it almost seems as if their action is mechanical. Over in a heap goes poor Gruhum! Watty's bay just clears him as he rolls over and out of the way. Larker, Buddle, and Brache have es caped injury and are now giving an exhibition of splendid horsemanship, as they sweep down upon those in advance. Neck and neck go the gray and black and shouts of "Gray Eagle wins!" "Any part of a hundred on Gray Eagle!" "Two to one on Lancelot" reach the

ears of Miss Nettleton. The excitement is intense! Bets of nundreds are laid on each by their different backers. On they plunge with the awkward barrier before them; behind them thunder the others, straining every nerve in mad endeavor to win.

Snap! goes poor Larker's saddle girth, and he instinctively checks his horse with a sudden jerk. But, horrors! What is that? Not twenty yards from the flying horses a toddling child slips through the ropes and is upon the track. Thousands hold their breaths; thousands of hearts for

an instant cease beating; thousands of prayers are muttered as shouts of men and shricks of women fill the air. On plunge the gray and black neck and Jack on the outside and the innocent little one quite unconscious of all danger immediately in his front. He throws himself well over to the left and slightly forward; then, with almost superhuman pressure, clings with his office to the maddened beauty that is bearing him on. It is a moment of suppressed suffering-of unspeakable an guish. Not a sound is heard save the clatter of the horses' feet. Every eye in that vast throng is riveted upon vellow-turbaned horseman and his black Jack is conscious of a numbness steal-

ing over him as lightly, swiftly, gracefully, like a swallow, he sweeps down, grasps something, and then dashes on with a soft, fluffy lump of humanity pressed close to his beating breast! A yell like that sent up from Flodden Field rends the air. Hats are flung up Women wild, frenzied with excitement. tear off their bonnets and fling them high. While on they dash, rapidly nearing the last hurdle. For one in stant he reflects! It is a moment of peril! He grasps his little burden and his fingers tighten like withes of steel in its garmouts; another movement of the arm and it is swung outward to the side as if it were a parcel, almost hit-ting the nose of Gray Eagle, who snorts angrily. Another shudder of horror passes over the crowd. Other prayers are sent upward, as—prepared for the worst, but hoping for the best— Jack touches "Lancelot" with the spur, makes an almost imperceptible motio of his left wrist and-the Rubicon is passed in safety. Instantly the little one is again gathered to his heart, as confident of safety and success, he whis-"You brought me luck, my little

Watty and Brache, Quills, Buddle and Redwood are now rising to the ugly barrier. Watty's brute balks and refuses Buddle is over and so is to take it. Brache, but he is on his back on the ground and his riderless steed sweeps down the track. Redwood makes a handsome leap-but what is the matter with Gray Engle? He rises gracefully and then, apparently forced to do so, fails back upon his haunches.

Hotly pursued, but distancing all, Jack, with his warm, crowing prize in his arms, amid piercing yells, sweeps by

the crowd and the judges' stand-a win-"After that I'd release him if he mu-tinied, hang me it I wouldn't," ex-claimed Colonel Martingale, as, carried

away with enthusiasm, he turned to General Nettletoh.
"In my div he'd have got a brevet, just as surely as that coward on Gray Eagle would a thrashing," was the em-And then the hero of the hour ex-

perienced the severest trial of the day-

shaking hands with and receiving con-gratulations from hosts of both friends and strangers.

"But even the weariest river winds somewhere safe tosen," and Jack wound his way to Miss Nettleton's dogeart, where a moment later she whispered a word in his car far sweeter, far more intoxicating and inspiring than the deafening cheers of triumph still rending the air. He and won the race and

the woman he loved. Later investigation showed that Jack was in a position to receive the apology of the colonel rather than to accept clemency from him. For he easily proved that Licutenant Berkeley had promised to perform the military duties ne was supposed to have neglected, and as soon as Major Snaffle was in command, thanks to the impromptu dinner party of General Nettleton, Jack ap-plied for absence from the post until 10 p. m. We have seen his request was granted.

CHICAGO AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

World's Fair Souvenir, Illustrated, being r complete and concise history of the principal world's fairs from the Crystal Palace, London, 1851, to the World's Columbian Ex-position in Chicago, 1893. With explanatory tables and maps. Published by The An abogue Publishing company, Chicago, bound

It rarely falls to the lot of the reviewer o notice so exhaustive a work as the World's Fair Souvenir," which has been compiled with so much care by a former resident of Omaha, John D. Jones. For purposes of reference, o comparison and for general information the work is a magnificent reflex of the push and energy of a city that is the wonder of the world.

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all lines of art, literature and commerce. As Mr. Jones says in the introduction to the work: "As an educator this event will leave its impress upon succeeding generations and bear fruit in all realms of human thought, ingenuity and progress."

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May 4, 1892.
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grade, taking into consideration special benefits, if any.

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