

A DOUBLE WINNER.

Edward L. Kaps 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 the town.

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, Buddie, Grubum and Larker of Carlisle, and Quills, Redwood, Canter and Brache of the service.

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 en masse and all most lovely and loved surely be on hand. It was to be a hurdie 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 barrels.

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 indignant as to do so in the presence of Colonel Martingale. But this hero, a rigid disciplinarian and a cynic, partly attributable to cognac, silenced the young man forever on the subject, by saying:

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

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 Grubum as did Miss Nettleton, the dashing daughter of a retired army officer of the town, with Quills and Canter. And though all of the riders were epris in certain directions, yet it was truthfully predicted that interest would center in the above named four.

Mr. Quills had sustained his reputation for previsions 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 apparent, for this combination was strongly identified with her.

Miss Larker, who, though a beauty, was popular with men largely because of her ability to discuss any subject with either a spark or a dash, had the remedy for spook—with perfect ease and astonishing information. She had many admirers, but it was generally acknowledged that among her local admirers Mr. Quills and Mr. Grubum 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.

II.

It was the day previous to the race. Everything had been arranged satisfactorily. 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 exercised and they had personally seen the great care, and every attention had been given them.

Jack, who had expressed no opinion from the beginning, had seen several rivals in Quills and Watty; while on the other hand Grubum 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 far 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 "daps," the adjutant sought Colonel Martingale, and reported Lieutenant Canter absent from afternoon stables, and from "treat" and tallies recalled.

"Place him at once in close arrest, Mr. Quills," was the reply of the adjutant, 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 his bidding. A few moments later he knocked on the door of Lieutenant Canter's quarters and entered. There he found Jack, with Shadle, Cinch, Watty and Larker engaged in the development of a jackpot.

"Lieutenant Canter, I have to place you in close arrest by order of the commanding officer," he said.

"Open it for a stack," observed Jack to his companions, shoving the collateral into the center of the table; and then turning to Quills, for whom he had a great dislike, added: "But on your sabers if you wish to address me officially, Mr. Adjutant."

Mortified beyond measure, and the smothered titer of the others being distinctly 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 performed his duty and immediately withdrew.

"What's up?" "What's the matter, Jack?" "Ding the luck!" and various other queries and expressions were made by the friends of the unfortunate lieutenant. 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 persuade your father to ask Colonel Martingale and Lieutenant Quills to dine at your house tomorrow. 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 addressed this he roused his "boy," who, in point of years, was greatly his senior, and directed him to deliver it as ordered. Then he returned to his friends and the play went on.

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 any action he had done lately to merit such action on the part of the commanding officer. Notwithstanding this, he was fully conscious of the awkwardness of his position; and, optimistic 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 ride!"

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 slumberer may be engaged.

The news of Jack's mishap spread rapidly, and very general were the expressions of sorrow.

"Surely the old stickler will let up on him for the race," remarked young Berkeley in the presence of the adjutant.

"I doubt it," replied the latter; "you know several times lately the colonel has given warning in respect to neglecting his duties, and he is now intending 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 bucked him on many occasions. "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.

III.

The race was set for 5 o'clock, yet as early as 3 o'clock began to arrive and take positions behind the ropes. Pedestrians, 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 the quarterstretcher 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 one-horse shay of our grandfather's time to the stylish "trap" of later years, wheeled about the grounds with fair women and their escorts. All the ladies of Carlisle and vicinity were there.

The barracks had sent a full complement, Colonel Martingale, who had left the post rather late in the company with his adjutant, to dine at General Nettleton'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 the race, consequently he accepted the situation complacently.

The band from the barracks was pealing forth inspiring strains and everyone was at the pitch of expectancy when the hour drew near to the great event, 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, quivered with the same colors, and the handle of his whip was decorated with a bow of blue and pink ribbon. No doubt could exist as to his colors.

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

"But I have nothing blue or pink about me!" She was plainly clad in a snug-fitting gown of dark green cloth.

"But they are your colors, yet now, 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 horse."

"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," pointing 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 is an utter impossibility."

"Why, how unfortunate! I confess I am sincerely sorry! Does any one ride in his place?" asked Nellie carelessly.

"She instinctively felt that Quills was in some way connected with her husband's confinement and determined that he should not know the real state of her feelings.

"I believe not; and now I must go. Remember Gray Eagle wins all I laid on him!"

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

"Poor, dear old Jack!" she said mentally. "I wonder what he has been up to now?"

as they near the formidable structure conceived by the absent rider.

The judges' stand is comfortably filled and the grand attack. The starter is at his post when—yes, here comes another jockey!

Clothed in a dark blue, tightly-fitting jacket, white corset and top boots, with a 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 fayed if it isn't Canter!" From Cinch and Berkeley, respectively, came Miss Nettleton to look up, and while she quickly raises a yellow spun umbrella, 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. Quills. 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 call himself of the prerogative of his office. G-nding 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 ever, if on parades 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 shouting and pling 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 the aid of Miss Nettleton, who, nearing the first obstacle and as Gray Eagle clears it first she is conscious of a disagreeable 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 snort upon the side of the speaker 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 does not pass the 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 in grateful recognition.

Quills knows the sound of those hoofs clattering behind him, and muttering a silent prayer, supplemented by a curse, as he sees Larker at the side of the whip. And now Larker's large roan and Grubum's sleek sorrel mare, touched to the quick at the restraint they had suffered, with magnificent leaps upon the leaders. 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 mutters inwardly as he presses his legs closer to the strained flanks.

A side glance reveals to him the white tapered nose of Grubum's sorrel, and lapping under the whip, is plunging on. Larker's sleek roan is just behind him, 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 rider.

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 hurridly reaches the goal.

Neck and neck with Gray Eagle. Together they rise, so evenly, so gracefully it almost seems as if their action is mechanical. Over in the rear Grubum! Watty's bay just clears him as he rolls over and out of the way. Larker, Buddie, and Brache have escaped injury and are now giving an exhibition of equestrianism, as they sweep down upon those in advance and neck and neck with Gray Eagle. Together they rise, so evenly, so gracefully it almost seems as if their action is mechanical. Over in the rear Grubum! Watty's bay just clears him as he rolls over and out of the way. Larker, Buddie, and Brache have escaped injury and are now giving an exhibition of equestrianism, as they sweep down upon those in advance and neck and neck with Gray Eagle. Together they rise, so evenly, so gracefully it almost seems as if their action is mechanical. Over in the rear Grubum! Watty's bay just clears him as he rolls over and out of the way. 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