

BROTHER TO "THE BRAVE."

By MARTHA McCULLOUGH-WILLIAMS

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Through the dimness of August showed the course at Loris park showed like an earthen river, dusky and wide, washing pensively about a velvet tufted island of turf...

The boys were as largely white-streaked and shaggy, with even an occasional skewball. Their mien was against an indistinctly imaginable, but unique racers were thrown into high relief.

One was pigeon-blue, with white mane and tail, the other that rarest of all things, a perfect golden chestnut. Both were stallions three years old, and magnificently bred...

So far the vagaries of a peculiar racing season had kept the pair apart. Suleiman had moved down the west, just as the brave had come back to the east...

It was the hope of seeing them that had brought at least half the crowd. Before the race the brave had come back to the west, and he had swelled to nearly 100.

"What's the good thing today, Vaux?" We always know there's something in the wind when we see you and your boss up with the lark.

"You have not now for a year, every time you gave odds against The Brave," the lad said huskily. "I reckoned it all up Sunday—he has lost you over \$20,000."

"The devil's own luck!" Bascom said savagely. "I can't hate him, I can't, but it's in me to love a horse, and he's easily the best of a generation."

The brightening east touched all the gray and green of the course, with softened rays radiance. Sparrows were twittering madly about, flying in huddled flocks around the stable doors, setting their heads aside and quarreling greedily over their fountains of chance oats.

Bascom sprang down a hundred yards from the corner, flung the reins to his companion, saying: "Put them up, 'Drieze, then come to me—but be sure you don't get run over."

He shot across the track, dodging in and out of a moving mass, squeezed himself almost flat against the rail, and in an instant he came to the place he sought.

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Suleiman led by near a hundred yards, the brave had decided it was time for dunning. He stretched himself, lowered his head and struck into an easy sweeping, stealing stride that devoured the course faster than even Suleiman's javelin bounds.

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"It was worth twice the trouble of coming—to say nothing of the tale I shall tell the major. O, but he'll be a proud man—after the Searchlight. His fear had been always that The Brave couldn't stay. All the colt's wins, you know, have been at a mile and under."

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"You've seen him in a race?" the pursy man said, tentatively. "The other man shook his head. 'No, worse luck to me,' he said. 'I'd like to see him in the Searchlight, but that's out of the question. Still, I think if he let him run true this morning I shall be able to pick the Searchlight winner.'"

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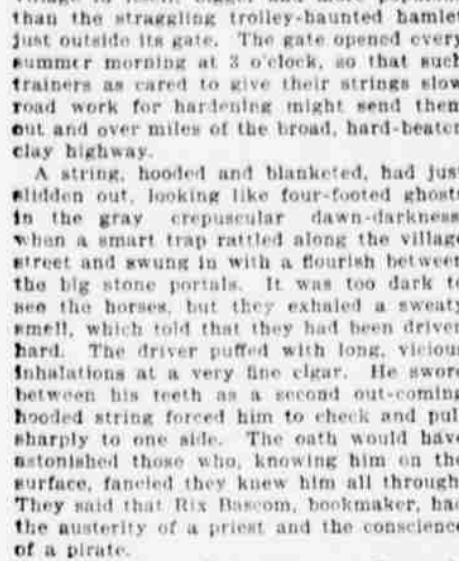
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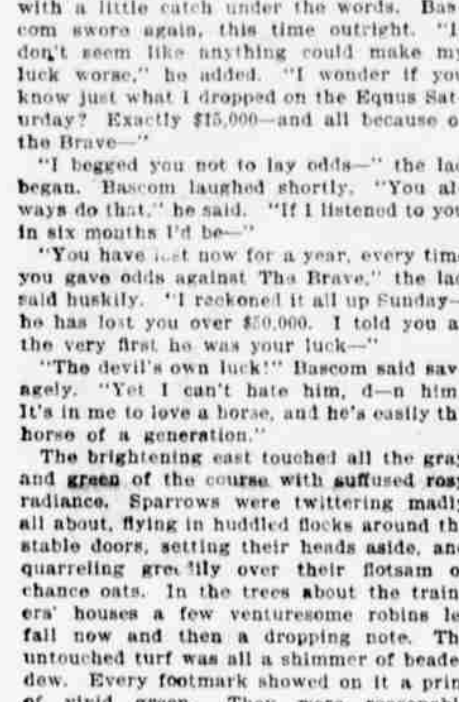
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"HE IS TOO HANDSOME TO HAVE ANYTHING OF THE BULLDOG IN HIM."



"GIVE IT UP, RIX! DO! THINK OF THE RISK!"

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