signature, but Bascom understood, and

marked off fifteen days on it. 'I don't

know whether the time is too long or

too short," he said to himself. "Anyway

certainly going to play the game through."

#### BROTHER TO "THE BRAVE."

By MARTHA McCULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

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the course at Loris park showed like an guishable background two unique racers forged, with still the golden head advance apare this lot of picture for a good white. He has been droop so. Bascom touched his pathy, as he moved away earthen river, dun and wide, washing were thrown into high relief. psinuously about a velvet tufted island of | One was pigeon-blue, with white mane and

country houses all round about. between the kings and queens of the turf to it when he burnt wind down the home The clubhouse was the sum and pattern stretch. of simple yet elegant luxury, the stand a bigh days and holidays packed its board coach tops, in the boxes or scattered about the flower-spangled clubhouse lawn.

There was stable room, free, for 1,000 liberally planned. The course indeed was a Searchlight, Loris Park's richest stake. It than the straggling trolley-baunted hamlet just outside its gate. The gate opened every it full three weeks ahead-much too far for summer morning at 3 o'clock, so that such trainers as cared to give their strings slow trainers of both cracks kept them going road work for hardening might send them out and over miles of the broad, hard-beaten spring, neither could afford a letup, and

A string, hooded and blanketed, had just for a space of semi-retirement. slidden out, looking like four-footed ghosts in the gray crepuscular dawn-darkness, when a smart trap rattled along the village street and swung in with a flourish between the big stone portals. It was too dark to see the horses, but they exhaled a sweaty smell, which told that they had been driven hard. The driver puffed with long, vicious Inhalations at a very fine clgar. He swore between his teeth as a second out-coming hooded string forced him to check and pull sharply to one side. The oath would have astonished those who, knowing him on the surface, fancied they knew him all through. They said that Rix Bascom, bookmaker, had the austerity of a priest and the conscience

A slim, lank lad, sitting at Bascom's elbow, gave a little distressed cry. "You know it's the worst sort of luck-to swear before breakfast," he said, half hesitatingly, with a little catch under the words. Bascom swore again, this time outright. "It don't seem like anything could make my luck worse," he added. "I wonder if you know just what I dropped on the Equus Sat-

began. Bascom laughed shortly, "You alin six months I'd be-"

"You have just now for a year, every time the very first he was your luck-"

"The devil's own luck!" Bascom said savagely. "Yet I can't hate him d-n him! It's in me to love a horse, and he's easily the

horse of a generation. The brightening east touched all the gray and green of the course with suffused rosy radiance. Sparrows were twittering madly went to the chostnut's head and ran his about flying in huddled flocks around the course with suffused rosy went to the chostnut's head and ran his about flying in huddled flocks around the course with suffused rosy went to the chostnut's head and ran his about flying in huddled flocks around the course with suffused rosy were twittering madly went to the chostnut's head and ran his about flying in huddled flocks around the course. Colt's wins, you know, have been at a mid-colt swins, you know, have been at a mid-colt sw stable doors, setting their heads aside, and through he was a hundred yards off, Basquarreling greefily over their flotsam of chance oats. In the trees about the train- He wondered a little at it. The trainer, answered: era' houses a few venturesome robins let Mark Harris, was a genial fellow, commonly little pause, he ran on: fall now and then a dropping note. The dew. Every footmark showed on it a print of vivid green. They were reasonably plenty, and for the most part ran in straight lines toward that high upper corner, where of course, was across it. Only when a straight dash impended was any training He shook his reins and whistled very low. permitted over its elastic, loamy breadth.

Bascom sprang down a hundred yards from to me-but be sure you don't get run over." He shot across the track, dodging in and the rubdown had not been to his mind. out of a moving maze, squeezed himself he came to the place he sought. Already it you, gentlemen, my money goes on the blue had twenty occupants-men, horsey men horse, no matter at what odds." of all sorts and conditions, from the tout to the millionaire. Though the freemasonry tinctions, they were almost silent-too intenf in gazing to waste time in speech.

The course was alive. Six hundred racers walked or cantered or galloped along



"GIVE IT UP, RIX! THE RISK!

it, some swathed in blankets and bandages. nome stripped as if at the bugle call. Every with intense eyes his own particular charges. Now and again one sent a long Now and again also a beckoning hand laugh. uncanny in the space, the silence, the what he could." movement, above all in the files of sheeted to recall that some of the lumps were jockcys, world-famous, with incomes a prince | mile from the start. The pace was quickenmight envy, imperious to all the world out- ing sensibly. Suleiman no longer ran zigelde, yet here almost abject before the slow, zag. He was settling into a long leaping silent men, with hard-lined faces, who stride high and free and open as the day. spoke shortly when they spoke at all, and

the rub-down, stripped and shining like he can't satin, the spectacle brightened. Among the eatin coats there were blacks a-plenty, the man said exultantly. "Talk to me about the exposure which meant ruin. Sharp, until Sueliman swept in view—then it rose metest sprinkles of grays, too many dull your Brave. Look at him now!" the owner, prided himself upon paying so shrill and ear-piercing, with an undernote washy sorrels, and bays and dark chestnuts

(Copyright, 1990, by Martha McCulloch- The bays were as largely white-starred and Williams.) snipped, with even an occasional skewhald. Through the dimness of August dawning Against their mass as against an indistin-

infield. Where the straightaway cut through tail, the other that rarest of all things, a the Island the turf was something worn, perfect golden chestnut. Both were stal-That was the highest point of all the course, lions, 3 years old, and magnificently bred held their breath. No need to took at a yellow envelope lay on his desk. Inside and there folk congregated to watch the Suleiman, the pigeon-blue, was grandson to racers at work. It was a sight so well worth Bend'or, if he did throw back in color to seeing a good few came to look, from the some remote Barb ancestor. He stood sixcity ten miles away, as well as from the teen hands full, a big, slashing, long-strid- Still The Brave came on, moving like a ing beast, upheaded and full of fire, yet shadow in flight. They were half through The whole course indeed was a show place | playful as a kitten. The Brave's coat was the last quarter, The Brave's nose at Sulei-Its setting up had been the pastime of a man no such puzzle of heredity-it came straight who had a great many millions, along with from his sire, St. Blaise, and was further far forward. Neither dared go to the whip the inclination to spend them royally. Next legitimized by his dam's pedigree—on both There was no need of it indeed. Each to his wife and his honor he loved a good sides she was inbred to Lexington. As tall stallion knew he ran against a rival, not horse, so you will understand that he had not be sufficient for the hand lower. Suleiman in action he appeared half a pacemaker, and was mad, with a consummillions in making ready for battles royal The Brave had a fashion of lying very close

Brave had conquered the east. Both were man said. seats, happily unenvious of folk upon the unbeaten, and in the minds of their following unbeatable. In the books outside and at home Bascom had won on Suleiman a few hundred dollars more than he had lost on racers, along with training quarters as The Brave. They were to meet in the village in itself, bigger and more populous would be run upon the very last day of the protracted summer meeting. So that set any thought of final preparation. Still, the cleverly. Both had raced hard since both, it was certain, would be the better

It was the hope of seeing them that had brought at least half the crowd. Before Driese, the lad, had come back it had swelled to nearly 100. 'Driese threaded it shrinkingly, edging around the burly figures which crowded thickest at Bascom's el-As the lad moved a whisper ran behind the backs of hands: "That's Vaux -Andriese Vaux-Bascom's confidential clerk, you know." When nods had answered the whisper another ran back "Wonder if he couldn't give a mighty straight tip for the Searchlight?"

One man, gray and pursy, and apple cheeked, went so far as to pluck at 'Driese's arm and say, in a carefully uncon-

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

Bascom turned, frowning heavily as he caught the words: "Driese, I want you! At once!" he said, reaching to clutch a the lad's shoulder and draw him in front of himself next the rail. There he thrust urday? Exactly \$15,000 and all because of a chronometer into his hand, with a muttered order, only half audible to the rest "I begged you not to lay odds—" the lad Still, it sufficed to set up in them a sharp pricking expectance. ways do that," he said. "If I listened to you his preparation was concerned, they be lieved supremely in Bascom. ' He had been for half an hour watching the course you gave odds against The Brave," the lad and especially the year's equine gladisaid huskily. "I reckoned it all up Sunday- ators-he must be sure something of mohe has lost you over \$50,000. I told you at ment hung in the wind, thus to leave his own eyes free for watching.

from the rub down. Both had been warmed the Searchlight. His fear had been always sunshine. There was barely wind enough up very gradually, walking first, then can- that The Brave couldn't stay. All the to flutter the flags upon their staffs and tering, then set in a brushing gallop, and colt's wins, you know, have been at a mile to ruffle the dusty leaves upon the trees com, through his glass, noted the scowl. in love with himself and life and things. was coming perhaps twenty yards behind. another horse close behind. Instantly The Brave began to move, not in asked. whirlwind fashlon, but with clow, easy had the family temper, and something in had a world beater-until the brute came

"Why, Suley 'll spread-eagle that fellow!"

"Better wait and see the finish," a second man said, good-humoredly. A third, a of sport for the time leveled artificial dis- newcomer, tall and florid and smiling under with a laugh. "That is the proper ending a cavernous slouch hat, nodded assent, for the story, which really has interested ten miles this mornin' a-purpose to see The of hoodoo for me all this season, but I shall Brave. He's a sort of old acquaintance of have to forgive him, after this morning. nine-bred in Kentucky, you know, where I agree with you, he wins on his courage. live. In fact, I know the man who bred him and saw the colt the day after he was foaled. Andriese drove, with hands so tremulous It's as much on account of Major Thompson the horses after a while became skittish.

> nan said, tentatively, question. Still, I think if they let him run -you have an inconvenient amount of contrue this morning I shall be able to pick science still-but there is nobody else I the Searchlight winner."

> "Then you've seen Suleiman run?" from he pursy man. The Kentuckian nodded: science-except for you," he said. sand over him in the Lakeside derby. Great while that man was talking. Give it up. horse-still, unless the other's changed a Rix! Do! Think of the risk!"

strides, but under double wraps, so the pace some far countrywas slow. In spite of the slowness The "Don't," 'Driese said, putting a hand over touched him on the shoulder. "Stand up!" Brave hung still fifty yards back. Now and his eyes. trainer stood, timepiece in hand, watching to his stall-mate a yard behind. Impatient what I am to do." murmurs rose among the watchers:

"Why don't they let 'em at each other? hall at a boy who rode too fast or too slow. the pursy man said. Bascom laughed a hard a huge roll of money. stopped a string short, waved them away world," he said. "The main use of trials once, by the fastest train, and telegraph the over it. Rippling huzzas heralded the adto quarters, a rub down and the test of is to show what a horse can't do. If he was to quarters, a rub down and the test of is to show what a horse can't do. If he was minute you find out anything. Here are vancing racers. Up and down for a full the thermometer. There was something up against the other fellow they might show the names—horse and owner. I only hope quarter of a mile the course was through

"Hold still! You'll see something if you ing. If he has, we must wait—but this is distance upon human heads—and every head figures, each with a semi-human lump wait long enough!" the Kentuckian sang the golden time. We shall never have such was set hard toward the dun earthen river. crouching upon its back. It was amazing out cheerily. The horses were in the straight before the stand, a little more than half a What the trouble is I shall know before to- The Brave ought to have made the field

"Jove! He's fencing all the way." directed affairs in a sort of grotesque panto- man said. Another nodded eagely, "That's trusted employe, had dropped \$10,000 of mineing and prancing on, necks arehed, his way," he said. "I believe he hates the ground. He always runs as far from it as books by an infallible system. Unless he all in fire-new colors as gorgeous as a tulip

"He gets there just the same," the pursy

"He is worth seeing," Bascom said, smilin platoons. Near half the sorrels and ing tranquilly. The Kentuckian laughed chestnuts were white stockings all round aloud. At the third quarter pole, though fault in them. It was certain that if he bets on him-bets made by track commis-

suleiman led by near a bundred yards, the discovered a great one the wrongdoer would that devoured the course faster than even bookles into laying big odds against him. | money on The Brave. yards to the good. Round the turn they fair this week, Mark," he said, 'so I can with no advantage to either of the pair. As ward-we'll talk of balancing accounts they swung and squared away for home with-Sharp and all the rest." locked. The watchers When Bascom got home late that night watches. They knew they were seeing the there was a single line: "Brother in con-

best race ever run on the course, man's throatlach. Both jockeys crouched



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

with eager ears.

there was one overwhelming topic, com-

As a consequence he was nearly swamped

by the rush of layers. He would have

been quite swamped but that he had taken

the precaution from the beginning to lay

"The fellow's mad, quite mad," com-

mented the pursy man, as he pocketed a slip

thought and said the same thing, but as

the supposed madman had the name of

being shrewdly far-sighted, and, further,

had money to burn, they also made their

wagers, and did not make them small.

Bascom smiled at them, as he gave out

the slips. He was not writing himself,

neither was 'Driese. He had half a dozen

clerks-and even then there was waiting.

He stood a little stooped and spoke now and

"No more bets after the call to post. I

mean to see this race-if I never see an-

other," he shouted, as he heard the sad-

dling bell. The mob of bettors answered

'Say, Bascom, you're mighty good all a

nce, throwing away your money to keep

the rest of us from losing. But you

needn't expect us to pass round the hat

for you. If a man goes broke with his

'Driese turned white. "Get away at once

Go outside. Your face tells tales," Bas-

com said, pushing the lad almost roughly

and with hanging head. He was always

pale. Now the pallor was a sort of ivorine

to the lawn's farthest edge and flung him-

self at length upon the grass, pressing both

hands hard over his eyes before he opened

He lay there, outwardly quiet, full of

he said, imperatively. "Watch them go by!

He spoke very low, and ended with a faint

on either side. You might have walked the

smaller, but there was the glorious un-

certainty of the sport to save owners and

The cheering rose and fell irregularly

trainers from being frightened out.

it. It is something-to hear how the

Up and down for a full

tint more ghastly than death.

their dark-fringed lids.

Sometimes." Bascom said, composedly.

'Driese went laggardly, lifeless

eyes open, he deserves what he gets."

with a howl. A fellow bookmaker shouted

then in whispers to young Vaux.

Plenty of others

only on the event of the Searchlight.

made out for \$1,000.

'It was worth twice the trouble of coming as befits August's farewell, but toward own eyes free for watching.

—to say nothing of the tale I shall tell the 3 o'clock a delicate mottled white cloud major. O, but he'll be a proud man—after dimmed without chilling the streaming

"Blood does tell," Bascom said almost The Kentuckian laughed as he affably. "Sometimes." Then, after a

"Yes-sometimes. But there has got to untouched turf was all a shimmer of beaded Bascom had no time to speculate over the be something else. You'll hardly believe scowl. Harris spoke shortly and with em- it, but The Brave has got a blood-brother. phasis to the jockey, who leaned from the just his own age, and as like him as two saddle to hear, held up his hand as though peas in the pod, who can run over anything in warning, then waved the lad on. The as long as he stays in front, but quits like the straightaway came in. The barrier, jockey looked over his shoulder. Suleiman a cur the minute he is collared, or even finds "Are you sure of his breeding?" Bascom

"I ought to le-1 bred him myself. Same the corner, flung the reins to his companion, strides. Suleiman passed him in a rush and sire, and dams full sisters," the Kentuckian saying: "Put them up, 'Driese, then come ran bucking and ramping ahead. Sulelman said with a grimace. "And I thought I years old. Money wouldn't have bought him as a yearling. I was glad to give him to almost flat against the rail, and ran until the pursy man said, complacently. "I tell a fellow who was going up in Ohio. Of course I couldn't let him stay in Kentucky there we have no use for quitters and cowards."

"You should have shot him." Bascom said, 'That's good advice," he said. "I've come me very much. The Brave has been a sort Bascom did not speak on the way home. as myself that I came this morning. He When, for the third time, they began to harged me the last thing before I left, 'Be dance, threatening to upset the trap, Bassure you bring me a true account of that com snatched the reins. Still, he kept silence until he was alone with Andriese in "You've seen him in a race?" the pursy his own apartments. He had sat at his deak for ten minutes, running down the The other man shook his head. "No, columns of the stud book. As he looked up vorse luck to me," he said. "I'd like to see from it he said, with a leaping smile, "I him in the Searchlight, but that's out of the hate sending you on such an errand, 'Driese

dare trust in such a matter. 'Driese got very white. "I have no con-Twice!" he said: "Won a couple o' thou- know that. I saw your plan in your eyes

hoap since I saw him in the pasture, I've a "I live for—risks," Bascom said, shutting notion he's just a bit better." his lips hard. "They are the only things his lips hard. "They are the only things There is comity among trainers. As soon worth living for-almost. Still, I think I as it was seen the big racers were out for a might satisfy my cravings with one big, trial the bulk of the horses drew to the outer overwhelming risk—a risk that has honor half of the course. Thus the inner half and ease and profit on one side-and on was free as for a race. The men at the cor- the other the blackness of darkness. That ner, slowly wheeling glasses to eyes, could is why I am so set on this adventure. Help see all the way round. At first it was tame me carry it through. I give you my word, enough. Suleiman ran like a mad horse, if it is a success, and I don't see how it can fighting for his head, savaging his pace- fail, we shall be able to chuck up the ringmaker and buck-jumping every three and we will. I will take away with me to

"Rix, you don't need to bribe again he turned his head, whickering faintly me, even with promises. Only tell me We must get out of this everything that is

Bascom told, speaking low and rapidly, crowd will cheer for The Brave. and at the end thrusting into 'Driese's hand When it was safely chuckle. "That would never do-never in the stowed away Bascom ran on: "Start at clutched the lawn fence and hung a little another chance. Mark Harris is in trouble. Eleven horses came along it. Suleiman and morrow night.

> It was a trouble common enough and sor- black and bay and gray and chestnut, sorrels did enough. Harris, a rich owner's thrice- in a variety, and even a dappled gray, came money not his own in the effort to heat the | coats shining gliddery-smooth, with jockeys could make good the stable's bank balance bed in April bloom. within the next forinight there would be well the men he paid must remain honest. of defiance. Suleiman had gone back in the Therefore, he was pitiless to the least books to threes. At that there were hig

eyes now did not leave the racers. The first mile was run, and still The Brave hard, but still he ran, his matchless stealgave a great bound at the sight. "God! whispered hollowly in 'Driese's ear.

led gallantly. He had never stridden so strongly, so swiftly, with such ease, might

three horses betwixt him and The Brave. for the folk in the stand and clubhouse. At the pole his jockey stood up, shook his No doubt it was fine to sit there-but not to compare with this perch upon swaying reins, drew his whip and drove home the boughs, where all the happenings of the spurs. Then began a horse race to stir the park were in plain and proper sight. The blood. fine people could see no more than the after The Brave. A little quavering cry, start and the finish. The tree-haunters the rattle of suspended breath told that the watched everything with avid eyes, and heard all the gossip of track and stables. half minute. For as he caught the thunder It was retailed liberally directly underneath them. Trainers' houses are centers of inside turf knowledge. Today jacknife. Suleiman locked him, passed him. mon alike to training quarters, club house, and catgut, but all in vain. There upon paddock, stand and free field-Bascom's foolish laying against The Brave. Nothe showed himself a quitter of the worst. withstanding he was odds-on in all the Nobody believed even their own eyes other books, Bascom wrote him 5 to 4.

Brave had decided it was time for dunning pay the full penalty of the law.

It was the fancy who picked him winner said. The Brave absolutely last. Then, indeed, the atreached himself, lowered his head and 'I-I wanted to pull The Brave-out the popular voice. The talent to a man pandemonium reigned. Yells, cries, curses, struck into an easy sweeping, stealing stride there on the course—so's to foot you planed its hopes and risked its Searchlight hisses rest the air-

yards. Sulciman heard him coming and lay I might a had a chance." Harris wound than he had ever looked, sweet-tempered "The horse was fit to run for a man's life. quarters, through an off day or a duli one, Driese shut his eyes tight a second, and said, with the accent of respectful sym-You take 'em and square things. After. hanging hand and said in a flerce whisper. "I)-n you! Brace up! Don't you, won't

Who would win? Suleiman was tireless. Chicago." There was neither date nor of 1." Become on moving like a chicago." There was neither date nor of 1." Become on moving like a chicago." of it." Bascom retorted, still in a whissmiled. He pulled forward a calendar and per: "You forget, though I was a gentleman-once. It hasn't been pleasant for me-sending my wife about, to crush with the ring." "Hush! For heaven's sake, bush

-1 have got the cards in my hand, and am 'Driese said, gasping faintly, Bascom glued his eye to his glass, watching the start. He saw Mark Harris at The Brave s the first mile, wait through the half, then come home, leading all you can."

There were three breaknways. In each The Brave led. Bascom smiled as he saw it: "The game's working beautifully," he said in 'Driese's ear. 'Driese had a glass, too, and made believe to look. It is a question, though, if the deep-set, darkfringed eyes took any intelligent note of what they saw.

"At last!" Bascom said, dropping his glass with a long, deep breath. It was a ragged start, but fair enough, with Sulerman lying a little back, The Brave in front and the others well bunched toward the middle of the course. Fresh shouts went up as The Brave shot ahead, opening a gap between himself and all contenders. running strong and free, and closer than ever to his mother earth.

"He is the Antaeus of racing," a pedant said to his elbow neighbor watching the golden head flash further and further forward. The neighbor grunted. He was no used to mix mythology with his sport. He had come out for a good time-which meant he was there for the delicious thrill born of seeing a horse come first and knowing that it meant money in the pocket. But Bascom, who overheard the pedant. smiled comprehension, and said over his shoulder: "You ought not to say that, if you have bet on The Brave. Remember Antaeus had his Hercules!"

A cry made him look at 'Driese, whose was in front, going like a whirlwind, and two lengths to the good. Nixon held him ing strides defying vision. Bascom's heart Suppose after all, he is not a coward!" he

He looked again. Still The Brave ran. He was half through the outstretch upon this, the excess distance. He had but to run on for five furlongs more and Bascom would be ruined beyond all hope. Could Nixon be playing false? Could the Kentuckian?-but No man in his senses would have parted with such a beast except for indubitable cause. The man thought he spoke truth. If Bascom had believed him to his own undoing the fault lay wholly with himself.

Only half a mile now, and still The Brave and grace. The hushed throng watched with

Like a lance well hurled Suleiman went forward, collared his horses and leaped course noted. It swelled to a roar, hourse and wild as the rush of icy seas, in the next of Suleiman's hoofs behind The Brave slackened, shortened stride, shut up like a ran clear by two lengths. Nixon plied steel what had promised to be his field of triumph

until Suleiman dashed over the line, with

sioners for mysterious patr as out of town, the best of the ruck in second place and band kisses her and says: away from Bascom, was dazed, his face | Loris park, of course, has torgetten Bas-

"Don't be frightened, Dries I promised you never to go inside Sharp, ten yards mann and I shall keep my word;

Sulciman's Javelin bounds. At the next I know he can win as he pleases-if only sand how they cheered him when he came! white, drawn and aged. "I have no ex- com and most of his works, but if you furlong pole The Brave had made up twenty I could a kept you from knowin' it, too. Last of all, looking finer than silk, fitter cuses to offer," he said to those about him. happen to lounge there about iraining down to it, swinging into a killing dead run. up miscrably. Finscom chewed the end as a lamb, not even snatching on the bit. It is only that he will not stay."

That is what I thought. He is too fell you the other side of this story and As they swung a second time into the deep in his pocket. He drew it out full time to the wildly ringing shouts! Bascom handsome to have anything of the bull- finish with. "And sure as you live, the stretch the blue stallion was not twenty of thousand dollar bills. "Luck's been even drew a hard breath as he listened dog in him: I hald accordingly," Bascom very next morning they found The Brave, poor fellow, dead in his stall. The vet said heart disease, but we all had our opinion. Sharp, he's a hard man, mighty Bascom went to Paris on the strength hard, and he wanted to win that Searchyou see, it's for you I am doing this? I of that thrice lucky stroke. He lives light the very worst way. Funny thing, want to quit-to make an end, and a good there in quiet elegance-only his name is though, is The Brave has got a brother end, to this wretched masquerade of ours." not Bascom now. His wife is slim, with somewhere out west and some of the 'Driese stood up, a flicker of lambant no beauty, but a pair of big, dark eyes, gamest youngsterk in training are his



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