

How Highbinder Won His Race

It seemed to me I had reached the end of my resources. Luck was against me. My political opponent had snatched the honors for which I had been striving for months from my hands at the very moment I deemed a lucrative position—contingent thereon—safely within my grasp. Worst of all, this man had been hanging around Alice's home, and her father, who thoroughly understood my suit, had begun to treat me coldly, and recently upon several occasions had asked Scoville to share his box at the opera.

Scoville had several fine horses on the track—one in particular which had shorn the laurels from all competitors, and only two days ago I had seen Alice skimming through the park behind this very trotter and by the side of Bert Scoville.

It was a ridiculous thing to do, but after rising late and a hasty breakfast, I hurried around to the stable, had my horse harnessed up and was at Alice's door before 10 o'clock. Her father would surely be offended by such an early call upon his daughter.

She swept into the room—a beautiful tigress of a woman, in soft cascades of lace and silk and with the flush of the night's sleep still beneath her eyes.

"Gracious me, Ted, so early in the morning! You look worried. How gray those curls are getting each side of your forehead! Come, tell me what it is?" And she pulled the aforesaid curls gently.

"It's no use, Alice, I'm down in luck. And I suppose your father has about become tired of looking for me to do something. You are right to give me the shake and go over to Scoville."

"Now, what nonsense he's talking? I suppose you mean the ride. Father insisted on my going. But I've a plan, Ted, by which we will circumvent them all?" And her great golden brown eyes became almost black as she looked at me meaningly.

"What is it, Alice? For God's sake speak at once!" I cried, my faith restored, as I drew her near to my chair and clasped my arms loosely about her waist.

"You see Highbinder," she said, pointing to where my horse stood hitched to the pavement, at the foot of the sloping lawn. Yes, I did see him. He was a young, large-boned, muscular, homely horse, who was as ugly as Satan in looks and actions, but he displayed an unlimited endurance, which is an essential quality in a racing horse. But while on the race-course his temper was most vicious. He would bite and kick at any one who approached him, excepting myself; and he often tried to run away even while practicing on the turf. Yet I always managed to keep control of him, knowing that if I could ever get him under proper training, he had the endurance and strength to win a race from the best blooded stock in the country.

At that moment Scoville drove slowly past with a light buggy and pair. He looked my horse over in a way that made me long to knock him down, then turned to his companion with some remark which caused both of them to laugh derisively.

"Never mind, Tedums. My plan is for you to train Highbinder and beat Robert Scoville's trotter. You can get big odds. Put up thousands of dollars on your horse?"

"But Alice?" I gasped. "It is so uncertain. And if I should lose, where will the thousands come from?"

She laid her hand on my arm and looking steadfastly in my eyes said, in the low tones peculiar to intense nature:

"Am I worth a risk? Have you no confidence in me?"

I laughed good-humoredly. "Haven't I shown confidence in you? I haven't had a doctor since knowing you?"

"And my knowledge of drugs shall serve us again?" she said significantly. As a request for an explanation rose to my lips, she hurriedly interrupted me.

"You know the only obstacle to gaining my father's consent to our marriage has been the fact that you are not wealthy. We shall obtain wealth. Trust me—do as I tell you and we shall win."

"What could I do but take her in my arms and promise?"

I trained Highbinder on the race course and off of it, day after day, month after month, at first without much prospect of betterment of his betting capacity or of confining his great surplus energy into proper channels. But at last I was able to hold him down to his pace. Alice watched the proceedings with as much interest as I did. Spring and summer wore away, and when the fall racing season opened, we decided to put him to a test.

I had, for the most part, kept Highbinder's training a secret from those with whom I should be likely to compare or make my bets, so that they did not know how well prepared I was to cope with them. They had seen but few of my efforts upon my unweary and vicious animal, and by those they judged me as an "easy mark." I had plenty of "taberns." There was \$10,000 up on the ugly brute. I found the day

on which he was to make or ruin me, possessed alternately by fear and confidence.

It was scarcely more than light when I went around to the stables to look him over. As I approached them I was surprised to see Alice, in a severe black riding habit that showed to advantage the curves of her beautiful form, glide softly through the door as if she did not wish to be seen, and mounting her own nervous pretty mare, ride rapidly away.

"What did the lady want?" I asked of the sleepy groom, who was lazily commencing his morning duties.

"Asked to have a look at your boss, an' you said to always show her every attention when she came. This time she went right inter the ugly critter's stall!"

I turned pale. "My God, man, you shouldn't have let her do that."

"Well, she came out safe enough, didn't she?"

I turned away, at first a little puzzled by her action. But then, Alice was as much of a horse fancier as I was myself, and must of course be

anxious concerning the horse's condition. So I thought no more of the circumstance.

As I stood outside for a few moments looking away over the course, I heard a commotion in the stable and presently the groom came running to me, capless and breathless, with his shirt ripped into rags.

"Say, boss!" he cried excitedly, "the devil's in the horse o' yours. He like t' a killed me! An' he's tearin' away at the boards in his stall and kicking down the partitions!"

I rushed in and found several of the stable men standing near, but not daring to approach my animal, who was acting as crazy as a loon. He had demolished his stall and I saw he would soon break loose from his moorings. But the moment I spoke to him he became suddenly quiet. As I approached I saw by his demeanor that I had complete control of him. But his eyes fairly flamed and his mouth was full of foam.

"Come, Highbinder, mettle is good, but you must be on your best behavior to-day."

I took him out and exercised him with the light sulky, and as I felt the quivering mass of horse-flesh under my hands, I knew that I should win if I lay within old Highbinder's frame to secure the victory.

When the time came for the first heat, fresh trouble arose. No jockey could handle my nettled horse and the moment for the start had almost arrived. As I stood in perplexity I happened to look toward the grand stand. Alice was there in all her magnificence and by her side sat Scoville, leaning down at me in the most contemptuous manner. It was hard to tell what Alice was thinking as her eyes rested upon me, for they were almost curtain-torn by the peculiar droop of the lids, which she affected when she did not wish to be understood.

The bell rang.

"I don't see how you're going in on it—you can't get no one to drive in here," said Scoville's jockey.

I turned suddenly sick and dizzy. Presently I was seized with an idea. "I will find a jockey; hold back for a few minutes."

In a short time I reappeared with a jockey's cap pulled well over my eyes so that no one should know me. My only

fear was in the weight I should put upon my horse.

At the word go, Highbinder took the bit between his ugly teeth and held down to the work. He did his level best, seeming to understand with human intelligence what was at stake on his effort. He easily took the lead, his long, awkward limbs seeming to veritably skim over the ground. Scoville's horse forged ahead of the others, but he was scarcely beyond the three-quarter pole when Highbinder passed under the wire. The shouting multitude was scarcely more surprised than I was. As I with difficulty checked the mad pace of my horse, I heard Scoville roundly abusing his jockey for his handling of his animal.

"You told me to hold him down, sir, in the first heat," responded the jockey in an undertone.

"Very well, then," said Scoville, with a threatening backward glance. "But mind your P's and Q's!"

My eyes sought Alice's face. It was aglow as she turned to say something to her father.

When we were off again, Highbinder as before sped far in advance of the others, followed by Scoville's horse, and the remaining competitors being distanced, gradually dropped out of the race. As we entered the last quarter, Scoville's horse was left far behind, but I feared that Highbinder's magnificent waste of energy would undo him for the heats following. Once more he was the first under the wire.

"Just one more—one more!" I muttered between my teeth, as I endeavored to soothe my restive animal. He was terribly excited, attempting to stand on his hind feet and foaming at the mouth. Something told me that what was to be done must be done quickly.

Spurred into anger and action I set my teeth and gathered up the reins. She should see. We would win or die in the track, even if she were to repudiate the promised reward of my efforts.

The start was not very encouraging. Scoville's outfit had no difficulty in leaving my horse in the rear. But as we progressed, Highbinder seemed to slightly pick up his courage. He had made up a little of the distance as we passed the first quarter. I felt that he was gradually gaining momentum. At the half mile post he had lessened the distance between him and his opponent considerably, although even now the prospects were not reassuring.

Upon entering the last quarter, Highbinder laid back his ears and once more seized the bit between his teeth. I wondered what was coming. He gathered himself up and threw himself forward at a pace that astounded me. He had reached the rear of Scoville's sulky—he had reached the horse's rump—his shoulder, his head—they were neck and neck. The goal was in sight. Within fifty feet of the wire the old fellow made one unearthly effort. The screams of the spectators were deafening, and although I dared not look, I felt the entire multitude rising to his feet. Highbinder gave a sudden plunge and passed under the wire. Scoville's horse was so close upon him that amid the shouts of "Highbinder!" "Highbinder!" a low buzz of dispute arose, and presently Scoville's lowering face loomed up before me.

"You've lost!" he cried, excitedly. "You've lost!"

But my attention was diverted from him by my horse, who, staggering a little to the left, reeled and fell dead. I was on my knees in a moment beside him, oblivious to everything else, until I felt a little hand on my shoulder and a whisper in my ear.

"Ted, the race is yours!"

My only reply was to point at my dead friend.

"But Ted," and her voice trembled, "you don't think more of him than of—"

"No, no, my dear—God bless you!"

"And I have \$10,000 up on the race. We shall have enough—at least to start!"

"I beg your pardon," said her father, approaching with a stern frown on his face; "but I must insist upon my daughter discontinuing this conversation with a jockey—particularly in the presence of Mr. Scoville, her affianced husband, to whom it is distasteful."

Alice wavered uncertainly for a moment with a despairing glance at me, then she stepped resolutely to my side.

"With all due respect to you, sir," I replied, "I believe that I, and not Mr. Scoville, have won this time, and I must insist upon my rights. But what did you do to that horse, Alice, to prod him up to such mettle?" I added in an undertone. She only blushed and would not say—nor has she told me to this day.—The Hearshstone.

HOW SAM JONES WAS FLOORED.

Ready Answer of a Virginia Parson Disconcerted the Evangelist.

"Traveling on the steamer Northumbria, on the Rappahannock River last week," said Rev. E. B. Bagby, of the Ninth Street Christian Church, "I fell in with a group of ministers on the upper deck, and soon we were swapping stories. The eccentricities of the famous evangelist, Sam Jones, proved a prolific topic. Rev. Mr. Butts, a Methodist minister from Gloucester County, said that the only time he had ever known Sam to be disconcerted was at H—, Va., where he had been called to conduct a union revival. The first night of the meeting the pastors of the different churches were on the platform and crowds filled the pews. All were looking for something sensational, and Jones arose, turned to the Methodist preacher and said:

"Brother S., how many members have you in your church?"

"Three hundred," was the answer.

"How many are willing to pray in public?"

"About a dozen."

"What is your salary?"

"Five hundred dollars."

"Then each minister was called in turn and interrogated upon the same points; revealing the fact that the amount of salary received by the minister and the number taking public part in the services was woefully small in comparison with the size of the congregation.

"Well," said Mr. Jones, addressing the ministers, but with a sidelong glance at the audience, "if I had such a mean, meanly lot of people in my church, you know what I would do? I would get them up in a pen and send off and get a bound dog and set him on them and say: 'Sic 'em, Tige; sic 'em, Tige!'"

"Excuse me, Brother Jones," said the Methodist preacher, rising and stepping forward, "but that is just what we have done. We have gathered the people together. Now, 'Sic 'em, Sam; sic 'em, Sam!'"

A curious detail of the Martinique eruption is the provision of disaster which almost all the animals in the island seem to have had. Cattle became so uneasy that they could hardly be managed, dogs howled continually and showed every symptom of fear, the snakes left the vicinity of the volcano, where they abound, and even the birds ceased to sing and left the trees on the mountain side. All this was in April, weeks before the outbreak.

During dull times, you break something every time you turn round.



ONE hundred and twenty-five years ago, the American Congress, in session at Philadelphia resolved "that the flag of the United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; the Union to be thirteen Stars, white, on a blue field, representing a new constellation, the stars to be arranged in a circle."

There are many traditions afloat concerning the origin of this design, but one in which there is undoubtedly the most truth is that which credits the idea of the design to Washington. The general found in the coat-of-arms of his own family a hint from which he drew the design for the flag. The coat-of-arms of the Washington family was two red bars on a white ground, and three gilt stars above the top bar. The American flag, once decided upon, was rushed through in a hurry, for the army was badly in need of a standard.

Betsy Ross, of Philadelphia, enthusiastically undertook the work, and in a few days a beautiful star-spangled banner was ready to be unfurled. She had made one alteration in the design submitted by Washington. The general had made his star six pointed, as they were on his coat-of-arms; Betsy



Flag of the Colonies, Predecessor of the Stars and Stripes. The Rattlesnake Flag.

Ross made her stars with five points—and five points have been used ever since. For several years Mrs. Ross made the flags for the Government.

The first using of the stars, and stripes in military service, it is claimed, was at Fort Stanwix, renamed Fort Schuyler, now Rome, New York, 1777. August 2 of that year the fort was besieged by the British and Indians; the garrison was without a flag, but one was made in the fort. The red stripes were of a petticoat furnished by a woman, the white for stripes and stars was supplied by an officer, who gave his shirt for the purpose, and the blue was a piece of Colonel Peter Gansevoort's military cloak. Three women worked on the flag, and it was raised to victory on the 22d of August, when the redmen and the British were defeated at the fort.

The next record of the using of the Stars and Stripes is on the first anniversary of American Independence, Charleston, S. C., and other places, July 4, 1777. The banner was used at the battle of the Brandywine September 11, 1777; a Germantown, October 4, of the same year, and it also floated over the surrender of Burgoyne.

This flag cheered the revolutionists at Valley Forge the next winter; it waved at Yorktown and shared in the rejoicings at the close of the war.

Some of the first flags were made under difficulties and at great cost, the greatest ingenuity being required on occasions to secure the necessary materials for the banners.

As long as the States remained thirteen in number the original design of the circle of stars was all right, but when, in 1791, Vermont and in 1792,

Massachusetts clung to the pine tree as her symbol for some time. Trumbull, in his celebrated picture of the "Battle of Bunker Hill," which now hangs in the rounds of the Capitol at Washington, represents the red flag, white corner and green pine tree.

Why They Paid Their Bills.

At a debating society some time ago the Irish question was discussed. An English doctor was sustaining the argument that the Irish were naturally a depraved and dishonest race. At Liverpool he said he had 300 Irish patients on his books, and of these only thirty paid him for attendance. "Sorr," said an Irishman who rose with flushed cheek to defend his countrymen—"sorr, there is never an effect without a cause. There is never a phenomenon that does not admit of an explanation. How can we explain the astounding phenomenon to which the doctor has called our attention? He finds an explanation in the natural depravity of Irish nature; I, sorr, have another explanation to offer, and it is this: 'The thirty patients recovered!'"

It is perhaps well to remind that girl whose parents are doing all they can to make her happy, and who is then dissatisfied, that some day her happiest moment in life will be when the baby is asleep.

LIBERTY TREE AN APPEAL TO GOD

Flag used by the Colonists at Bunker Hill, June 17th, 1775. Pine Tree Flag, used on Privateersmen during the Revolution.

representation of a rattlesnake coiled for attack.

Another use for the rattlesnake was upon a ground of thirteen horizontal bars, alternate red and white, the snake extending diagonally across the stripes, and the lower white stripes bearing the motto: "Don't Tread on Me." The snake was always represented as having thirteen rattles. One of the favorite flags also was of white with a pine tree in the centre. The words at the top were: "An Appeal to God," and underneath the snake were the words: "Don't Tread on Me." Several of the companies of minute men adopted a similar flag, giving the name of their company, with the motto, "Liberty or Death."

Massachusetts clung to the pine tree as her symbol for some time. Trumbull, in his celebrated picture of the "Battle of Bunker Hill," which now hangs in the rounds of the Capitol at Washington, represents the red flag, white corner and green pine tree.

Why They Paid Their Bills.

At a debating society some time ago the Irish question was discussed. An English doctor was sustaining the argument that the Irish were naturally a depraved and dishonest race. At Liverpool he said he had 300 Irish patients on his books, and of these only thirty paid him for attendance. "Sorr," said an Irishman who rose with flushed cheek to defend his countrymen—"sorr, there is never an effect without a cause. There is never a phenomenon that does not admit of an explanation. How can we explain the astounding phenomenon to which the doctor has called our attention? He finds an explanation in the natural depravity of Irish nature; I, sorr, have another explanation to offer, and it is this: 'The thirty patients recovered!'"

It is perhaps well to remind that girl whose parents are doing all they can to make her happy, and who is then dissatisfied, that some day her happiest moment in life will be when the baby is asleep.



"TED, THE RACE IS YOURS."