

Putting One Past the Post

By JOHN IRVING DAY

Garnering the Gold by a Special Process Originated Within the Confines of the High Rollers' Club

DOCK FLOYD, Jack Cleland and Col. Powley of the High Rollers' club set out from Reno, Nev., for San Francisco. They became acquainted with a George Hopkins, interested in Raw Hide mining properties.

Doc Floyd sat in the marble-finished rotunda of San Francisco's best hotel the morning after his arrival. He had finished with his newspaper and was gazing out upon the little park across the street filled with palms and beds of brightly hued flowers. Neither Col. Powley nor Jack Cleland had appeared, and he was rather glad when the young mining man he had met on the train came upon him, and he was roused from his self-absorption by a cheery greeting. Looking up, he saw that young Hopkins no longer wore corduroys and heavy hunting boots, but was blue-serged, green-hatted and patent-leathered, and altogether sporty looking enough to belong to his own set.

"All alone, I see," remarked Hopkins as he touched Floyd upon the shoulder. "If you've not been to breakfast, I'd like to have you join me."

"I'd be pleased to," assented Floyd, who had grown hungry waiting for his friends. "Those fellows who came with me must be taking an extra portion of sleep this morning. I'll not wait any longer for them."

Down in the grillroom a breakfast was served, the equal of which is not to be had in any other city in the United States, excepting, perhaps, New Orleans. By the time Floyd and Hopkins had lit their cigarettes they were conversing as old friends.

"Oh, look who's arrived!" burst out Tony the Tout, upon catching sight of Floyd and his party. "If it isn't the Big Doctor, and I haven't seen him since Hamburg was a two-year-old."

"And say," whispered Tony, in confidential tones, "find out to-night what business that young man who was with you this afternoon has with old Tom Camp. They were off in a corner for a long time and if your friend ain't some wise fish he's apt to be bit."

That night after dinner Floyd, in conversation with young Hopkins, cautiously led the talk up to Tom Camp, and then asked the flat-footed question as to whether Hopkins had entered or was about to enter into any deal.

"Well, I'm rather ashamed of it, because it does look like a crooked deal," returned Hopkins; "but I'm a lot loser on the game, first and last, and it looks like a chance to get even, so I was going to take it. If you know anything about Camp, you know he has some of the best horses on the track. He says he's been in hard luck this winter and lost several thousand dollars bucking the faro bank. His proposition is for me to put in \$5,000 to help back a book. He will put in \$5,000 of his own money, making a good strong bank roll. The books are all making money now, and besides the even break we would get in on the regular play; Camp says he can fix a race or two so we can win some sure money. He is certain that we can pull out \$25,000 each in a week."

"That all listens well," broke in Floyd.

"What's the matter with it?" questioned Hopkins. "I don't know why I'm telling you all this, anyway. You might queer my game for all I know."

"No, I'll do nothing of the kind," answered Floyd. "But I'll bet you five hundred now that if I don't save you, Camp will trim you for whatever you put in. If it's such a sure thing, what does he want with a partner to share the profits? Any time a man offers you something for nothing, lock up your bank roll and keep your hand on your jewelry. Do you follow me?"

"Yes, he said I could do that," assented Hopkins; "but you see he needs \$10,000 to make the book safe, and he only has about \$5,000 in ready money that he can lay his hands on. That's why he wants some one to come in with the other \$5,000."

"That's just what they all say, and now I'm convinced that you are scheduled to be the goat," announced Floyd. "Did he explain to you just how he was going to pull off one of those alleged 'sure things'?"

"Yes, there's a race on the card tomorrow in which he has a horse entered that can win. He also controls the only other contender in the race. He can throw the race to whichever horse he wants to. You know that's possible, don't you?"

"Yes, I've seen such things done, and then again I've seen them fall most awfully hard. I can see now how easy it will be for him to break the book and get your \$5,000 on one race. Come on up to my rooms and I'll initiate you into the art of beating the double cross, if there's any chance to do it; and if there isn't then you'd better keep your \$5,000 in the bank, or have a trustee appointed to look after it for you. You may be all right on a mining proposition, but there are a lot of other things you've got to learn."

Within 15 minutes Floyd, with the aid of the telephone, had located Tony the Tout, and in another half hour that wild bug of the turf had arrived at Floyd's rooms, wondering for what he was wanted, and pleased all over to be summoned into the presence of an august personage.

To Tony Floyd told the proposition of Camp as Hopkins had told it to him, and upon hearing the proposition Tony let out a long laugh.

"Why, it's just a plain game of double cross," asserted Tony. "He'll break the book and get your \$5,000 in one race and then tell you it was all a mistake and make you believe it, and then he'll ask you to dig up another \$5,000 to get even with. Why, my kid brother wouldn't bite on that old hook."

"Yes, do you suppose I didn't know all that?" broke in Floyd with a motion for the talkative Tony to shut up. "What I want you for is to see if we can turn the tables and get Camp's end of the bank roll."

"I'm afraid not," answered Tony. "He's worked that game four or five times this season and always gets away with it. He's got a regular crew to go on and make the book and they

part during the afternoon, having agreed to meet in a secluded spot on the grounds just before the race in which Camp had announced that a trick was to be turned.

"Are you sure of that tout?" was the anxious inquiry of Hopkins when he and Floyd finally met in consultation.

"Yea, he'd lose both legs sooner than throw me down," was the reply. "Now, what does Camp say?"

"He says he has instructed the book to take in all the bets they can get on Applejack. He has arranged with the owner of that one to lose and he will win with his own horse, Lemon Squeezer. He explains that it might be suspicious to the judges if he didn't win this race."

"That means," explained Floyd, "that he intends that Applejack is to win and his horse will be beaten out. How much money have you got in your pocket?"

"Oh, about \$500."

"Well, go in the ring and make five \$100 bets on Lemon Squeezer, but don't bet it in our book. Camp has given instructions to his bookmakers to give a shade the best price on the other fellow's horse. He will have commissioners there to get his own money down quick and bet enough to win out the bank roll on that one race. That's the way he's got it fixed to win our \$5,000."

The two separated and entered the betting ring from different ends of that belated Floyd noticed that, true to

all stand in with the play. I suppose he's told Mr. Hopkins that he can put a man in the box to look out for his interests?"

"Yes, he said I could do that," assented the young mining man.

"Let's look over that race he said he could fix for to-morrow," was the sudden suggestion of Tony as he produced a paper in which was a list of the entries for the next day's races. "Oh, I've got the old badger!" was the sudden, gleeful outburst. "He was right about there being just two horses in the race with a chance to win. Go on and put in the \$5,000 with him and I'll attend to the rest when I see you at the track to-morrow. Just put a wise one in the box to see that no one runs away with the bank roll, and after that race we'll have old Camp ready to take the high dive from the top of the ferry boat."

"What is it you're going to do?" was the suspicious inquiry of Hopkins.

"Never mind what I'm going to do; the Big Doctor will stand for what I say, won't you, Doc?"

"Yes, I don't know what it is, but if you are sure you can put it through I'll take all, or half, of Hopkins' end of the \$5,000. I'll give Hopkins \$2,500 in the morning for a half of his interest and he needn't let Camp know there is any one else in on the deal. Jack Cleland can be the man in the box as lookout."

When Floyd arrived at the race track on the day following his talk with Hopkins and Tony he saw a new bookmaker's stand in the line under the shed of the betting ring. In this stand was seated Jack Cleland, who was supposed to be there as an assistant to the cashier, but no glance of recognition passed between the two. Floyd and Hopkins also kept

front, while next in order and close behind came Lemon Squeezer, both horses running easily. Before they had gone a quarter of the distance it could be seen that the race was between the first two horses, and the others were strung out in single file. In the stretch came Applejack, running without effort, with Lemon Squeezer within safe call. A smile of contentment rested upon the face of Tom Camp, down at the end of the grandstand, while Floyd's countenance wore a worried look and young Hopkins was shivering in the excitement of lost hope.

"There, and I listened to you and your tout," he said to Floyd as he saw Applejack winning easily.

"Why, it's nothing more than a procession," muttered Floyd. "And I would have staked my right eye on Tony. Why, that boy on Applejack is racing him to death to win and the other fellow don't seem to be trying."

"Applejack wins!" shouted the crowd as the blue and white stripes passed under the wire a good length in front of Lemon Squeezer.

"That's one time that I'm the goat," muttered Doc Floyd to Hopkins. "I'm sorry I steered you wrong, and will get you even. Although I guess I'm in a few thousand deeper than you are, I know I gave you the wrong steer and am sorrier for that than losing my own money. We are whipsawed for fair. Camp wins out the bank roll in the book and we lose our outside bets."

"Come on and let's get a bottle of wine. No use crying over spilt milk now."

The two men, drinking large glasses of wine at the bar, paid slight attention to a sudden cheering and commotion on the outside.

"I guess we put over a good one that time, didn't we?"

Floyd looked around upon the smiling face of Tony.

"Why, you young hound, I ought to break your head with this bottle," he said in low but dangerously threatening tones.

"What's the matter, pal? Ain't you wise to what's happened?"

"No, what is it?" broke in young Hopkins, anxiously.

"Why, Applejack was disqualified for not having up enough weight. Somehow or other Hank Harlin was careless in putting his lead pads to make the extra weight along with the saddle, and the jockey lost ten pounds of lead while he was at the post. Careless of Hank, wasn't it? He's been looking for a chance to double cross Camp and fell for my little scheme when I told him how much money we would bet for him on the other horse."

"And then we've won in the book besides the outside bets?" exclaimed young Hopkins, suddenly realizing that Tony the Tout had made good.

"You should have told us how you were going to pull it off," drawled Floyd. "We nearly had heart failure, and you can't blame us for doubting you, can you?"

"Well, I've showed you that I could put one over, anyway," returned Tony. "And now, so far as I'm concerned, they can turn all the race tracks in the country into golf links. I'm going into a decent respectable saloon business back home."

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Paul's Third Journey Continued

Sunday School Lesson for Sept. 5, 1909
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 20:2-38. Memory verse 31, 32.
GOLDEN TEXT.—"I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."—PHIL. 4:13.

TIME.—Paul left Ephesus late in A. D. 56. December, 26, January and February, 57, at Corinth. He reached Miletus and conferred with the Ephesian elders the last of April.

PLACE.—Paul, after leaving Ephesus, went through Macedonia to Corinth, and returned by the same route to Philippi, Troas and Miletus.

Suggestion and Practical Thought.

A Pastor's Wise Councils Redeemed by Example.

1. Paul's Journeys Among the European Churches.—Vs. 1-6. We learn from 2 Cor. 1:8-10, written not a great while after Paul left Ephesus, that he left that city because his life was in danger if he remained, and he could no longer do his work there. He was in depressed frame of mind from ill-health. From Ephesus he took a trading vessel to Troas on his way to Philippi. Here a door was opened, but he was restless because Titus failed to meet him there with news from the church at Corinth. (2 Cor. 2:12; 7:5, 6; 8:16.)

Paul took another vessel to Philippi, where he was joined by Titus, and later to Berea and Thessalonica, where Timothy joined them, and they joined in addressing the second letter to the Corinthians. In the autumn he went to Greece and spent three months there, chiefly in Corinth, where he had much to do amid sickness and afflictions on every side, "fightings without and fears within" (2 Cor. 4:7-11; 7:5, 6) in caring for the churches (2 Cor. 11:28) and correcting wrong conduct (2 Cor. 12:20, 21; 13:1, 2). It was four or five years since he had left them, after a stay of a year and a half.

During all this time collections were taken up in the various churches on this tour for Paul to carry to the poor disciples at Jerusalem, according to his promise seven years before (Gal. 2:10). Seven delegates had been appointed to accompany Paul, but a plot of the Jews determined him to change his plans and, instead of going by water, he, together with five delegates from Europe, went by land to Troas, where two delegates from Troas joined him.

2. Paul's Experience at Troas.—Vs. 6-12. Paul and his company remained a week at Troas, a seaport on the Aegean sea. They reached Troas five days after the Passover. Paul, on the evening of the Lord's day, held a preaching service and holy communion in an upper chamber. As Paul was to sail the next morning the service lasted till midnight. A young man was sitting in the latticed window of the third story. The place was crowded and hot, the hour was late, and the young man was weary, so that he was overpowered by sleep and fell down three stories to the ground and was taken up for dead. Paul immediately went down by the outside stairs common in Oriental houses, and fell on him, embracing him, as Elijah in the case of the son of the widow of Zarephath (1 Kings 17:21), and Elshah, in that of the Shunammite's son. Doubtless Paul prayed as earnestly as those prophets, "and the close contact, the clasp of warm affection gave new intensity to the prayer of faith." His prayer was answered, and the young man was restored. The incident revealed the love, the faith and the power of Paul and the religion he represented.

3. Paul's Review of His Life at Ephesus.—Vs. 13-17.

Luke. The change of pronouns to "we" in v. 13 shows that Luke had now joined the party, and he continues with them till they reached Jerusalem (Acts 21:17).

On the fourth day they reached Miletus, beyond Ephesus. The vessel was detained here for an uncertain length of time and Paul sent for the Ephesian elders to come to Miletus and meet him, for it would not be safe for him not to be ready to embark at short notice.

Paul Meets the Elders of Ephesus. Luke was probably present at the meeting, so that he was able to report what Paul said.

Those present knew that he was speaking the truth. What he had done and taught was an example for them to follow and an inspiration to faithfulness.

1. He did his work (v. 19) "with all humility of mind." He was not self-seeking; he was ready to do the humblest service for the humblest person. He worked with his hands, although brought up in the midst of wealth and learning. Paul set Christ forward and kept himself in the background.

2. Amid great difficulties. "With many tears," not for himself, but for others. And this (v. 31) "night and day with tears," expressing the intensity of sympathy and desire for their good. (V. 19) "And temptations." Trials of his temper, of his patience, through persecutions and bitter hostility of those he came to help.

3. Vs. 29, 27. "I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." All that God had revealed to him concerning salvation, whether men were willing to receive it or not. They hated to be told of their sins, and that they could not be saved unless they repented and forsook their sins. "I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you."

4. Paul used both of the two great methods of bringing men to Christ—by masses and by individuals. Every wise preacher and Sunday school teacher teaches both "publicly and from house to house."

BED-BOUND FOR MONTHS.

Hope Abandoned After Physicians' Consultation.

Mrs. Enos Shearer, Yew and Washington Sts., Centralia, Wash., says:

"For years I was weak and run down, could not sleep, my limbs swelled and the secretions were troublesome; pains were intense. I was fast in bed for four months. Three doctors said there was no cure for me, and I was given up to die. Being urged, I used Doan's Kidney Pills. Soon I was better and in a few weeks was about the house, well and strong again."

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ONE ON JOHNNY.



He was a balmy-headed Johnny, with little cash. She was both pretty and pert. He said: "Do you know, Dolly, I am something of a mimic? I can take almost anybody off."

She said: "Then take yourself off, old boy. I'm expecting some one to take me to supper."

HAD AWFUL WEEPING ECZEMA

Face and Neck Were Raw—Terrible Itching, Inflammation and Soreness—All Treatments Failed.

Cuticura Proved a Great Success.

"Eczema began over the top of my ear. It cracked and then began to spread. I had three different doctors and tried several things, but they did me no good. At last one side of my face and my neck were raw. The water ran out of it so that I had to wear medicated cotton, and it was so inflamed and sore that I had to put a piece of cloth over my pillow to keep the water from it, and it would stain the cloth a sort of yellow. The eczema itched so that it seemed as though I could reach my face all to pieces. Then I began to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and it was not more than three months before it was all healed up. Miss Ann Parsons, Northfield, Vt., Dec. 19, 1907."

Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Marriage and Meanness.

Some years ago there lived in Atchison a young woman noted for her good works and gentleness. She was always helping the poor and was patient and kind and universally admired. She married a fairly good man and abused him within three months. She had been good and patient for years, but a husband was too much for her; she had never been cross to any one until she was cross to her husband. There is something about marriage that stirs up hidden depths of meanness on both sides—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

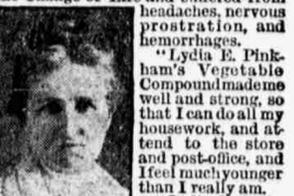
Fortunate Lady.

Patience—Peggy is very happy. Patrice—She's engaged, isn't she? "Yes, and the man she's engaged to is cross-eyed, and he's looking at her all the time, and no one can tell it but herself."

THE BEST REMEDY

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Noah, Ky. — "I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from



headaches, nervous prostration, and hemorrhages. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and strong, so that I can do all my household work, and attend to the store and post-office, and feel much younger than I really am."

—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most successful remedy for all kinds of female troubles, and I feel that I can never praise it enough.—Mrs. LIZZIE HOLLAND, Noah, Ky.

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Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

For 30 years it has been curing women from the worst forms of female ills—inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and nervous prostration.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.