

## WHEN the DERBY WAS RUN

By Curran Richard Greenley

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"Yassir, dey hain't nuthin' his ekal dis side ob greased lightnin' ef he want ter go, but"—Jim leaned over confidentially—"he's de debil's own foh tempeh, en I'm mighty feared he gwine ter bolt, what wid all dem brass ban's en shoutin's, en ef he do dey hain't nobody kin hol' him, lessen it be Miss Jess, en she hain't in dat game nowise."

Jim sighed apprehensively as he rubbed down the satin coat of the favorite—clean limbed, dark bay, an aristocrat of the aristocrats, breeding in every line of the arching neck, deep chest and mighty limbs, true son of the great Hindoo. The eyes showed a wicked little rim of white.

"See dem eyes, Mas' Charley? He been a-showin' dem whites all day, en it's Gawd's truf dat hain't no peace flag. Lawd he'd de niggar what's gwine ter ride him!"

I left the stalls and started up toward the judges' stand, considerably worried. It was only "niggar talk," true, but Jim knew the Bay Prince better than any one on the place. He did not know that on this race depended the old squire's home, and if lost it would mean beggary.

I shut my eyes, and it all came before me—the rolling, golden splendor of the wheatfields, the cool shadows of the beechen boughs across the long avenue that led up to the quaint old home, with its colonial pillared verandas, and the graystone walls where the gaudier roses climbed and the thrushes sang through the summer days; the old squire, white haired and stately, and the little figure that always hovered close to his side, my Jess, my wife to be, somewhere in the future.

Losses, debts, mortgages, one by one had accumulated, until the hour had come when the flower of Bel Air stables must either prove their salvation or their ruin. He had always been a wicked colt, vouchsafing his friendship to none but Jess, whom he would follow like a dog. It has passed into tradition how one sultry afternoon, when the temper of man and beast



HIS FINE EARS ALERT, STILL AS CARVED BRONZE.

climbed with the mercury, the devil in Bay Prince broke out rampant. The stall flew into bits as those mighty heels thrashed to the right and left; down came the door, and he was free to work his will.

The men scrambled wildly to places of safety, each shouting orders to the other. Little Pete, the satellite of Jim, had been stealing a nap in the corner of the barn, and when the alarm came no one thought of him until the raging beast swept toward the spot where he lay. A prolonged cry went up from the negroes as, powerless to reach the child, they saw him seized by the shoulder and swung upward, and then, from somewhere, came a clear, low whistle, sweet as a thrush's note. The horse paused, his fine ears alert, still as carved bronze. Again it came, and the horrified negroes saw the little mistress standing in the doorway.

"Prince, Prince, drop him and come here, sir." And to the astonishment of Pete, whom terror had stricken to silence, he was dropped to the floor with a dull thud, and Bay Prince walked, gently nickered, to where Jess stood, with her hands full of sugar.

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I looked toward the grand stand, but could not see Jess anywhere. It was almost time for the race, and the excitement was rising to fever heat. Up in the judges' stand a little knot of men were holding an animated discussion, judging from their gestures. I strolled up to them.

"I say it is against all precedent!" a short man in a checked suit was vociferating.

"It makes no difference about his name. How do you know if any of them own the names they carry?" said another, and old Colonel Sylvester clinched the subject.

"It is merely a matter of pounds. We know the horse and the owner. Let him ride!"

"What is it all about?" I questioned, and the colonel replied.

"Squire Montgomery's jockey has disappeared. He was to have ridden Bay Prince in this race. There is a boy down there that claims he knows the horse, but he will not give his name. There has been some little objection therefore to allowing him the

start." He turned to the others.

"Have I your consent, gentlemen?" At the word he waved his hand, and the boy at the weighing block picked up his saddle and stepped on the scales.

Ten minutes later they were in line below the stand—sorel and bay, chestnut and gray; but, peerless among them all, the son of Hindoo fretted and pawed, rolling his eyes, that now showed the "battleflag" more than ever. His foes were worthy of his best stride—Zingara, the red mare, queen of the Blackman stables; Fleur-de-lis of Bannockburn, with the honors of the Tennessee Derby still fresh; Black Rover, Walpurgis, the Thunderer, Malcontent and His Highness, a great red brute from the famous Chanton stud.

Quivering, electric, with the scent of battle in their flaring nostrils, as the tense muscles rose and fell in great cords in the mighty flanks! The gorgeous little figures sitting low down in the saddles settled themselves as the red flag fell. "Go!" and away down the stretch flew a prism of red, yellow, green and purple, blending in the Kentucky sunlight, around the white ribbon of track. The first quarter passed, and the bunch closed up, neck and neck, shoulder to shoulder. Another quarter and one fell behind. Black Rover was in the lead. Around the turn and down the home stretch and Bay Prince had crept to Black Rover's shoulder. Now it was neck and neck, and a wild yell went up from 5,000 throats as black and bay were nose and nose. Twenty yards, and the red jacket lay down in the saddle. They were near enough for the judges to see the flash of the great bay's eyes as he gathered himself and with a mighty effort landed under the wire just a nose length ahead of the black. And then pandemonium broke loose. Men clambered down from everywhere. Up went the numbers—Bay Prince first, Black Rover second and Zingara third. It was all over, and the Derby had gone down into history. In the midst of it a little figure all in its gay scarlet satins dropped from the saddle and was half carried by Jim to the weighing block.

"You go way, Mas' Charley. Dis heah boy ain't nowise fitten ter talk."

Jim had for once forgotten his "raisin'" in his anxiety to bar me out, but I brushed him aside and saw my Jess in her close tailor suit standing just inside the door. The scarlet jacket and cap lay upon Jim's cot, and my darling's pretty face rivaled them in color. There was one shamefaced moment, and then the little head went proudly up.

"I did it for papa and Bel Air!" And Jim went off chuckling to himself as I drew the door close behind me.

### Old Age.

Professor Jowett, the great master of Balliol college, had wise words to speak on the crucial topic of growing old. He wrote to a friend:

"The later years of life appear to me, from a certain point of view, to be the best. They are less disturbed by care and the world. We begin to understand that things really never did matter so much as we supposed, and we are able to see them more in their true proportion instead of being overwhelmed by them. We are more resigned to the will of God, neither afraid to depart nor overanxious to stay. We cannot see into another life, but we believe with an inextinguishable hope that there is something still reserved for us."

It is worth while to remember his hints for old age, full as they are of a practical wisdom:

Beware of the coming on of age, for it will not be defied.

A man cannot become young by over-exerting himself.

A man of sixty should lead a quiet, open air life.

He should collect the young about him.

He should set other men to work.

He ought at sixty to have acquired authority, reticence and freedom from personality.

He may truly think of the last years of life as being the best and every year as better than the last if he knows how to use it.

### Cut Flowers.

Many people who profess themselves very fond of flowers seem not to love them well enough to take proper care of them. Especially is this true of cut flowers, which unless properly cared for last such a short time. During the day give them the coolest place in the room, the icebox if you have one. Choose for all long stemmed flowers a deep vase, change the water every day; at night take them from the vase and plunge them in cool fresh water to the very bloom. You will find them much refreshed in the morning, whereas if they stand all night in the same water or in an insufficient quantity they will be limp and discouraged by morning. Those who complain they "can't keep flowers" are usually those who neglect these simple precautions.

### A Recoll Joke.

Not so many years ago there was a veteran teacher in a boys' high school who often made his classes wince under the lash of his bitter sarcasm and ready wit. One day a little half starved yellow cur strayed into the school, and the boys thought they saw a chance to express their feelings toward "Fussy," who was busy in another room. The frightened mongrel was picked up, quickly fitted with a pair of large wire spectacles and placed on the teacher's chair.

"Fussy" entered the room, walked to his desk, calmly surveyed the work of his pupils and then, turning to them, pleasantly said, "In my absence I see you have held a business meeting and elected one of your number chairman."

## ON THE BRINK OF THE.... BIG SPRING

By Thomas P. Montfort

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In the Ozark mountains there is a spring that could tell some startling tales and explain away the mystery surrounding the disappearance of more than one human being.

Jack Warner thought that he had made an important discovery, and the next minute he found that he had made two of them.

In the first place, he had discovered a "moonshine" distillery, which was important, but not interesting to him. In the next place, he was a prisoner in the hands of the "moonshiners" themselves, which was both important and interesting.

For two long hours in the stormiest of nights Jack had toiled wearily up a narrow ravine in the wildest of the



"THE CABIN IS SURROUNDED AND THEY'RE SEARCHING THE WOODS."

Ozark range. He was wet, cold, exhausted and, worse than all else, lost. So when at last a little speck of light suddenly shot out of the darkness he hailed it as a harbinger of shelter and rest and hurried forward with renewed hope.

He had taken less than a dozen steps, however, when he found himself face to face with a tall, determined looking man and a gun.

The two men scrutinized each other narrowly, while half a dozen ruffians gathered round. The man with the gun finally broke the silence by saying:

"It's a bad business, your coming here, young fellow; but since you have come, we'll have to attend to you, I guess."

With that he made a motion to the other men, and they speedily bound Jack hand and foot.

"What does this mean?" Warner demanded.

"Oh, nothing much," the man with the gun replied. "About all it means is that you will have to take a bath in the Big Spring, and anything that goes in there never comes out."

Warner comprehended the man's meaning now and, aghast with horror, cried:

"Great God! Do you mean to drown me?"

"We mean to put you where you won't never tell no tales," was the cool reply.

Warner tried to collect his reasoning faculties and speak calmly.

"Before going any further let's sit down and talk this matter over. There is a misunderstanding," he began.

The other slowly shook his head.

"I guess," he replied, "there ain't no misunderstanding—on our part, at least. You made the mistake when you came here to spy on us."

"Right there you are wrong," Warner said. "I did not come here to spy on you."

"Ah, come! You can't fool us. If you ain't one of them revenuers sneaking round to locate our still, what are you doing here at this time of night and in all this storm?"

"Well, in the first place I am the new schoolteacher in this district. I've been here a week, and you have probably heard of me. In the second place, this being Saturday, I spent the day fishing, remained too late, and with this rainstorm I lost my way. In the third place in my wanderings around this morning I accidentally stumbled on this spot. Now there's the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help me."

After a pause the man with the gun replied:

"That may be so, but still I don't see that it changes matters any. You'd be most sure to report on us for the sake of the reward."

"I'll pledge you my word of honor that I will never whisper to any living mortal a word of all this."

"Maybe you won't; but you see, we can't tell about that. Sometimes a man's word and honor don't amount to much, and we can't afford to take no great chances. There's no use of all this talk. We know our duty to ourselves, and we propose to do it. Boys, bring him on and let's settle it."

Two men advanced and took Warner by the arms to lead him away to the Big Spring. Pale with terror, he cried:

"Great God! Would you murder me?"

"It is better for you to go that way than for us to go at the end of a rope."

Loosen his feet, boys, so he can step along."

They cut the cord about Warner's legs and started forward into the woods. But a woman, her face white and anxious, her hair flying wildly in the wind, barred their way.

"For God's sake, Liz," the man with the gun cried, "what's up?"

"They're here!" she gasped. Then, clasping her hands and looking into his face appealingly, she added: "Go, quick, Jake! Fly before they get you!"

"What are you talking about?" Jake demanded. "Who is it? Not the—"

"Yes, yes; the revenuers! The cabin's surrounded, and they're searching the woods. I slipped away, but most likely they seen me. Don't wait, Jake, but go quick!"

His face darkened, and a dangerous light came to his eyes.

"D—'em!" he said bitterly. "Let 'em come! I'll get some of 'em before they get me." Then, turning to his men, he added: "Stand back out of the light, boys, so that you can't be seen. Wait a minute! This man has been spying on us, and we'll fix him for it first."

With that he struck off into the woods, commanding two of his men to follow with Warner and the others, with Liz, to hide.

After covering about thirty yards along the side of the mountain he stopped on the brink of a dark hole. It was the Big Spring, that greedily swallowed up everything that falls a prey to it and gives nothing back.

A cold chill of horror went over Warner as he heard the water boiling and bubbling down there in the dark.

"Throw him in, boys," Jake said coolly.

The men began to push Warner forward. In his struggles the rope slipped from his arms. Finding his hands free, he wrenched himself from the grasp of one of the men and, striking him a quick blow, sent him reeling back toward the spring. There was a scream, a heavy splash in the water and then silence. Quickly following up his advantage, he struggled to free himself from the other man and had almost succeeded when Jake gave him a push that sent him flying over the brink of the spring and clear to the opposite side, where he struck against the bank.

As he began to sink down into the hole he clutched frantically in search of a support. When half his body was in the water, his fingers grasped a jutting stone that checked his fall. There he hung, his whole weight on his fingers and the waters tugging at him as if angrily determined to tear him away.

By a flash of lightning Jake saw him clinging to the wall and, with an oath, started around to that side of the spring. In another flash Warner saw Jake with his gun raised to strike him.

At the same instant there was a pistol report, and in the darkness Warner felt a heavy body plunge past him and heard a great splash in the water. Then, just as his fingers had begun to relax their hold, a pair of strong hands gripped his wrists and saved him from sinking. For the first time in his life he faltered.

When he returned to consciousness, he was lying before a fire in the shelter of the still with a dozen detectives. Three of the "moonshiners" were in irons.

The detectives, guided by the scream of the man who had first met his fate in the spring, had arrived just in time to give Jake to the spring, which no doubt hid much of his guilty past. Afterward they had captured the rest of the gang, killing one in the flight. The woman Liz had escaped.

### Poor Sinner's Bell.

The poor sinner's bell is a bell in the city of Breslau, in the province of Silesia, Prussia, and hangs in the tower of one of the city churches. It was cast July 17, 1386, according to historic records. It is said that a great bell founder of the place had undertaken to make the finest church bell he had ever made.

When the metal was melted, the founder withdrew for a few moments, leaving a boy to watch the furnace and enjoining him not to meddle with the catch that held the molten metal, but the boy disobeyed the caution, and when he saw the metal flowing into the mold he called the founder.

The latter rushed in, and, seeing as he thought his work of weeks undone and his masterpiece ruined, struck the boy a blow that caused his immediate death. When the metal cooled and the mold was opened, the bell was found to be not only perfect, but of marvelous sweetness of tone.

The founder gave himself up to the authorities, was tried and condemned to death. On the day of his execution the bell was rung to call people to attend church and offer a prayer for the unhappy man's soul, and from that it obtained the name of "the poor sinner's bell."

### His Half.

An old Maryland colored man was summoned to court by the controversy over the ownership of a mule.

"Who bought the mule?" demanded the judge.

"Clem Smif and Ah each bought half ob him, sah," responded the old man.

"Where is Smif now?"

"He ain't nebbur cum down yit, sah. He went to curry his half when his half was in a bad humor. Now Clem's chillun wants to get deb fathes' half away from my half, en deh half am dess half!"

"Stop!" roared the judge. "Dismiss the case."—Chicago News.

Had Looked Out For Number One.

"Have you ever done anything to better the condition of any part of the human race?" said the very serious man.

"Of course I have," answered the person with the cold gray eye. "Am I not a part of the human race?"—Exchange.

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