THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, JUL	r 20,	1902*
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And down to the turn on the lower far side, where a red flag was flicking the sun-light; For twice we must circle the green-swarded field, and finish close under the paddock.

ш.

III.
Just once we lined up; then down cut the flag, and "Goi" hoarse-voiced the starter;
And the thunder of hoofs, and the clanking of bits, made music to me on Crusader.
Quick to the front, like a deer, sped a mare, a chestnut, making the running;
But I steadled my mount, and took him far back-with his weight he would need all my nersing.

back-with his weight he to be a seep in a They took the first hedge like sheep in a bunch, bit to bit, and stirrups a-jingle; And so past the stand to the broad water-jump, where three went down in a

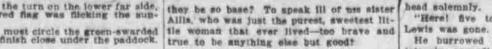
(Copyright, 1902, by McCiure, Phillips & Co.)] upon all racing endeavor, and those who saw but little sinfulness in John Porter's The church was in debt-everything in Brookfield was, except the town pump.

And so past the stand to the broad water-jump, where three went down in a tangle. I trailed at the heels of the Silver Gray-but Crusader was begging for haiter-And flew the wide ditch with the swoop of a bird, and on again. lapped on his quarter. Then over the Liverpool, racing like mad, where Sweet Silver fell fighting for lead, and his rider lay crushed, white-faced to the sky, and to miss him Crusader jumped wide. The pastor was a nervous, zealous worker, and it occurred to him that a concert might lighten the financial load.

surrounding land had acted inversely with The idea was not alarmingly original, and i the little hamiet and had pinched it into the carrying out of it was on conventional IV lines; local volunteer talent and a strong At the bank something struck, and a cloud of white dust hid the wail as though it were shrouded: But the big gallant Black took off with a swing-ful thirty feet ere we had landed. appeal to the people of Brookfield for The concert in the little old clapboarded

church, its sides faded and blistered by landed. As we rounded the turn I could see Little Jack go up to the mare that was lead-ing: Then I let out a rap, and quickened my pace, to work clear of those that were tiring. in the amber was horse racing and the many seasons of tempest and seorching prime offender, practically the sole culprit, sun, was an unqualified success up to the

Nothing could have been more successknown as honest John. His father before ful, or have evoked greater applause than



As he turned he saw something that checked his futile anger. A tall shadow that had come up the path behind them stretched out an arm and he heard the vilifier's words gurgle and die away, as

one of the strong hands that had beat the tation of approbation clutched him by the throat. The boy would have rushed to the assistance of this executive friend if half a point about the mare. He and the girl had not clasped his arm in detention

"It's Mortimer!" he cried, as a voice from the strong-armed figure cut the night air with sharp decision.

Then the shadowy forms twisted up grotesquely, weaving in and out. There were voices of expostulation and strong words of anger, but the new serious businces that had materialized had most effectually put a stop to reflections upon the innocent gir] who had so unwittingly

offended. "It's George Mortimer-he's in our bank," Alan confided to his sister as they moved away. "He's all right-he's strong as a horse and I bet Crandal'il have a kink in his neck tomorrow where George pinched him."

"What was it about?" the girl asked. "Crandal was jawing about people who

"Got something renning today ?" he continued with vague innocence. Langdon, just inside of the box, chuckled "Here! five to two-how much-" but

He burrowed like a mole most indussoftly. Surely Crane was a past master in riously, regardless of people's toes, their duplicity. ribs, their dark looks and even angry ex-"I'm starting Lucretia in this race," re-

pressions of strong disapproval, and when plied Honest John. a had gained the greensward of the lawn "Oh!" Then Grane took Porter gently by the sloove and drew him half within the urried to his friend's box.

stall. "Mr. Langdon, who trains a horse "Did you get it on ?" queried the latter. "No, I don't like the look of it. Faust or two for me, says this one'll win," and he indicated the big chestnut colt that the holding out Lauzanne and stretched me trainer was binding tight to a light racing

Langdon are in the same boat." saddle. "You'd better have a bit on, Mr. Porter," Crane added. "But that won't win the race." remonstrated Danby. "Lauzanne is a maiden and Porter doesn't often make a mistake about Porter in loyalty.

any of his own stock." "I thought I'd come back and tell you."

said Bob Lewis, apologetically. "And you did right, but if the mare wins and I'm not on, after getting it straight from Porter, I'd want to go out and kick myself good and hard. But put it on straight and place, then if Lauzanne's the

goods we'll save." Lewis was gone about four minutes. "You're on," he said when he returned.

the winner to take both," cried Langdon, in a speering, defiant tone. I've two hundred on the chestnut for my-"I've made my bet," said Lucretia's nelf. "Lauzanne ?" owner, quietly. "I hear you had an offer of five thousand

"It's booked that way, but I'm backin'

the trainer, Langdon. I went on my uppers two years ago backing horses; I'm following men now." "Bad business," objected his stout friend. "It's bad business to back any-

sorted the trainer, putting his hand on thing that talks." When John Porter reached the saddling Lauzanne's neck. Exasperated by the persistent beastfulpaddock his brown mare, Lucretia, was ness of Langdon, Porter was angered into being led around in a circle in the lower saying; "If he beats my mare I'll give you

corner. As he walked down toward her that for him myself." his trainer. Andy Dixon, came forward a few paces to meet him. "Are they hammerin' Crane's horse in and I'll stick to it."

the ring, sir "" he asked, smoothing dowh the grass with the toe of one foot, watch-

ing this physical process with extreme interest. "Just what you'd notice," replied Por-

ter. "Why ?" "Well, I don't like the look of it a lift

tle bit. Here's this Lauzanne, runs like a dog the last time out-last by the length of a street-and now I've got it pretty

straight they're out for the stuff." "They'd a stable boy up on him that

time. "That's just it," cried Dixon. "Grant

comes to me that day-you know Grant; he works the commission for Dick Langdon -and tells me to leave the horse alone. and today he comes and-" he hesitated.

"And what?" "Tells me to go light on our mare." "Isn't Grant broke?" asked Porter, with

seeming irrelevance. "He's close next it," answered the

Langdon cast a quick, significant, cautrainer. tioning look at Crane as Porter spoke of "Aren't his friends that follow him all the horse; then he said, "You're a fair

broke?' "A good many of them have their address judge an' if you're right you get all the

in Queer street. "Look here, Andy," said the owner, there isn't a man with a horse in this stake that doesn't think he's going to

win, and when it's all over we'll see CHAPTER II. It was the May meeting at Morris park he added viciously. "Didn't he break and Morris park is the most beautiful race- Finher-didn't he break every other man

that ever stuck to him?" "It's not Grant at all," replied Dixon, rubbing the palms of his hands together

thoughtfully-a way he had when he wished to concentrate in concrete form the a matter of a couple of hundred if you win." esult of some deep cogitation-"it's Lang-Porter turned into the box and, taking don an' he's several blocks away from an the chair the other pushed toward him, asylum."

"Langdon makes mistakes, too." "He cashes in often when he's credited with a mistake." retorted the other. "Well, I've played the little mare," as-

sunlight of the course. serted Porter. "Much, sir?" asked Dixon solicitously.

"All I can stand-and a bit more," he added falteringly. "I need a win, a good

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US REASON

And it is to Such that We Desire to Talk.

LET

"Lucretia carries my money," answered

Langdon looked up, having cinched the

"Well, we both can't win," he said, half

"The mare'll beat him." retorted Por-

"I'll bet you one horse against the other,

for your filly, Mr. Porter," half queried

"Done!" snapped Langdon. "T've said it

"I don't want the horse," began Porter;

"I never crawl," said Porter flercely. "I

don't want your horse, but just to show you

what I think of your chance of winning, I'll

give you two thousand and a half if you

beat my mare, no matter what wins the

off, Mr. Porter," remonstrated Crane.

"I think you'd better call this bargain

"Oh, the bargain will be off." answered

His practiced eye had summed up Lau-

sanne as a chicken-hearted one; the sweat

was running in little streams down the big

chestnut's legs and dripping from his belly

into the drinking earth spit-spat, drip-drip;

his head was high held in nervous appre-

hension, his lips twitched, his flanks trem-

bled like wind-distressed water and the

"I stand to my bargain, whatever hap

"Get up, Westley," Langdon said to his

As he lifted the boy to the saddle the

"Hold him steady at the post," he mut-

trainer whispered a few concise directions.

tered; "I've got him a bit on edge today

Get off in front and stay there; he's feelin'

good enough to leave the earth. This'll be

"All out! all out!" called the voice of the paddock official. "Number one!" then,

'Come on you, Westley! they're all out."

At that instant a bugle sounded.

white of his eye was showing ominously.

stuff an' no horse."

pens," Porter retorted.

jockey, "they're going out."

John Porter; "If I'm any judge, Lausanne's

running his race right here in the stall."

ter, curtly, nettled by the other's cock-

girth tight, and took a step toward the two

insolently, 'an' I don't think there's any-

thing out today'll beat Lauzanne."

"I did and I refused it."

but Langdon interrupted him.

"Oh, if you want to crawl-"

surences

Crane,

race.

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The ten starters passed in stately proces sion from the green swarded paddock. It is extremely gratifying to us to know through an opened gate, to the soft-harhat the people of Omaha, Nebraska and the rowed earth, gleaming pink-brown in the surrounding states appreciate the opportunity offered by this marked-down sale, How conscientiously beautiful the thoroughbred looked. The long, sweeping step, which presents the best chance to obtain a the supple bend of the fetlock as it gave plane of sterling worth and national reputation at prices that do not admit of retall profits. During the past week many of Omaha's shrewdest buyers, people who have a business as well as an artistic side to their makeup, people who, while having an eye for the beautiful, also know the value of a dollar, have availed themselves of this exceptional opportunity to save from 10 to 30 per cent. Then, again, the quality of the instruments offered at this sale is quite out of the order of sale goods. Surely no one can call in question the artistic standing of such celebrated planos as STEINWAY, VOSE & SONS, HARDMAN, MASON & HAMLIN, EMERSON, STEGER & SONS, A. B. CHASE, GEO. STECK and about 20 other well known makes. Remember, there is nothing reserved. Every instrument in the house goes in. SURELY THIS IS YOUR PIANO OPPORTUNITY. Such prices as are being made at this sale could not be made only on account of the circumstances. We might put it something like this: Here we are with an immense stock of 300 instruments, embracing the choicest products of over 30 different factories, many of the oldest and most reputable makes. The season has been backward, owing to the excessive rainy spell. Then here comes up this opportunity to buy these half a thousand instruments at a price that was at least 30 per cent less than the closest prices we were ever able to get before. We just figured it this way: Nail this big deal ourselves; then give the people a chance at the stock now on hand. We figure we can afford to sell our present stock without profit, to make room to take care of the others. What we lose on one we make on the other, besides getting the advertisements. We are not unmindful of the beneficial effect of the influence of a satisfied customer. This week we shall expect to clear the foor of from 60 to 75 planos, and to that end prices will be made to win your patronage. Odds and ends, such as square planos, used uprights, organs, new and used, will be sold at prices that will make them move. About 20 squares will be sold at from \$10.00 up to \$50.00, on payments to suit. Organs at almost any price. Used uprights on terms of \$1.50 per week. Then any of the 30 different makes of brand new planos will he sold on the closest possible margin. The most economical and hardest bargain driver in the land will be interested in the absolutely bona fide bargains to be secured at this sale. Then, remember Schmoller & Muller offer you their popular payment plan. You are not required to pay anything in advance, but while enjoying the use of the plano you will be allowed to pay in small amounts of \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 per week, just according to your convenience and the price of the niano. The only requirement is that you have a god reputation and ability to neet your payments thereafter. An immediate investigation is advisable,

"AND HIS RIDER LAY CRUSHED, WHITE-FACED, TO SKY, AND TO MISS HIM CRUSADER JUMPED WIDE." in race horses. But this fact was all but dered by the village pride in the matter of baritone singing; even De Reaske never experienced a more genuine triumph. The crescendo of applause gradually fell away into the soft rustle of manipulated paper. as programs were consulted preparatory to a correct readiness for the fifth offer-

ing. The programs confided that the "Death of Crusader," by Miss Allis Porter, was the next item. In the front row of seats a prim little

body, full of severe quaintness in every quirk of dress, tilted her head toward a neighbor, and whispered, "It's that racin' to him. The process was so rapid that his gal of John Porter's."

for a whisper, "I'm right glad she's took act of his life-turned his back upon the to religion for onct, an' is givin' us some-

strongly, so persistently, that at 40 he was Palestine, you know. She's been away to boardin' school all winter, an' I guess it

nozzle.

The neighbor answered in a creak meant

race course and marched into finance so thin' about them crusaders. They was in

ide, and knew he was ready to

sponded

the fourth effort, "Anchored," as ren- | Once again past the stand we drove at the | own race horses," the boy answered evasively. "It's Crandal, the butcher."

course in all America. John Porter, walking up the steps of the grandstand, heard someone call him by name. Turning his head he saw it was

James Danby, an owner, sitting in his private box.

sat down. "What about Lucretia?" asked Danby, with the air of an established friendship

ditch that some would never get over: id a cheer shook the air as the Bay landed safe, with the mare on her back in the water.

Then down the back stretch, o'er hedge and o'er bank, we three were racing to-

v.

were iapping-But we shot to the front when I gave the Black head, and I saw that the other

Black head, and I saw that the other was stopping.
We raced as one horse at the very last hedge-just a nose in front was Cru-sader:
I felt the big Brown bump twice at my

tions.

Porter.

o'er bank, we three were racing to-gether: Till at the next rail the Bay jostled the Brown, and riderless crashed through the timber. So we rounded the turn, and into the straight-North Star's lean flank we

VI.

in the wate. Then over went North Star-though he pecked, and nearly emptied his saddle. As I lifted the Black at his heels, he frothed the Brown's flank with his

Twenty years of deliberate reminiscence convinced him that he could gratify the desire that had been his in those immature days and possibly work out a paying revenge. Thus it was that he had got together a small stable of useful horses and, of far greater moment, secured a clever trainer, Dick Langdon.

the banker of Brookfield.

16

CHAPTER L.

Less than a hundred miles from the city

of Gotham, across broad, green fields, dotted

into square and oblong valleys by full-

leafed maple and elm and mulberry, was

A hundred years of expansion in the

The Brookfieldians had discovered a huge

beetle in the amber of their serene ex-

istence; it was really Rev. Dolman who

had uncarthed the monster. The beetle

By an inconsistent twist of fate he was

him had raced in old Kentucky to consid-

erable purpose and with the full vigor of

a man who races for sport, and so to the

sen John in consequence had come little

beyond a not-to-be eradicated love of

thoroughbreds. To race squarely, honestly

and to the glory of high-couraged horses

was to him as much a matter of religion

as the consistent guardianship of parish

morals was to Rev. George Dolman. There-

fore two men of strong beliefs were set

was at Ringwood farm, was divided al-

legiance. Mrs. Porter was possessed of

an abhorrent detestation of horse racing.

The daughter Allison had inherited the

horse taint. In the saddle was elysium;

in the swinging gallop of a striving horse

was the obliteration of everything but sun-

shine and the smile of fields and the blur

of swift-gilding hedges and the driving

perfume of clover-laden winds that pressed

For Alan Porter, the son, there were

columns of figures and musty-smelling

bundles of tattered paper money where

he clerked in the bank. There had been

great unison in the Porter household over

In addition to horse lore John Porter was

a fair judge of human nature and beyond

doubt there was a streak of velvet in Alan

which would have twisted easily in the

As if the evil one had meant to try

solely the reclusive dwellers of Brook-

field. Philip Crane, the banker, wandering

from the respectable highway of finance,

had allowed himself to become interested

unknown in Brookfield, so the full resent-

ment of the place was effusively tendered

In his younger days some money had come

to Philip Crane, with no extraordinary plethora of circumspection. The gambler

spirit, that was his of inheritance, had an

instinctive truth as allied to finance, but,

unfortunately for Philip Crane, chance and

a speculative restlessness led him amongst

men who commerced with the sport of

kings. With acute precipitancy he was

separated from the currency that had come

racing experience was of little avail as an

asset, so he committed the first great wise

compressive grip of the race course.

Even in the Porter household, which

on opposite sides of the fence.

also an assertive Christianity.

strong into spread nostrils.

the placing of Alan.

to John Porter.

the village of Brookfield.

hermetic isolation.

was John Porter.

Thoroughbreds.

By W. A. FRASER.

Author of "The Outcast," "Mooswa," and Other Stories.

way of life

their patronage.

fifth number.

Crane's latter-day racing had been successful-he made money at it. No man was ever more naturally endowed to succeed on the turf than was Banker Philip Crane, Cold, passionless, more given to deep concentrated thought than expression. holding silence as a golden gift-even as a gife of rare rubles-nothing drew from him an unguarded word, no sudden turmoil quivered his nerve. It was characteristic qualat one. of the man that he had waited nearly twenty years to resume racing, which really came as near to being a passion with him as was possible for anything to be.

There is a saying in England that it takes two years of preparation to win a big handicap; and these were the lines on which Philip Crane, by instinctive adaptation, worked

Quite by chance Dick Langdon had come into his hands over a matter of borrowed money. It ended by the banker virtually owning every horse that raced in the trainer's name. In addition two or three horses ran in Philip Crane's own name.

If there had been any distinctive project in the scheme of creation that gave Dick Langdon to the world it probably was that he might serve as the useful tool of a subtle thinker. , Now, it did seem that Langdon had come into his own-that he had found his predestined master.

John Porter had not been successful; il fortune had set in and there was always something going wrong. Horses would break down or get beaten by accidentthere was always something. The steady drain had progressed even to an encumbrance on Ringwood,

Ringwood was simply a training farm located close to an old disused race course. for there had been no racing in Brook field for years.

. Inadvertently Rev. Dolman had intensifed the strained relationship that existed between the good people, who frowned



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'll be a high-falutin' account of the war.' The quaint little old lady jerked her head up and down with declaive bobbiness. On the third upward bob her eyes opened wide in astonishment; a small, slim figure in a glaring red coat stood in the center of the improvised platform. From beneath the coat fell away in long

THE RUN OF CRUSADER.

of defeat.

Just the last jump! and Crusader took off twenty feet from the brush-covered graceful lines a black riding skirt; a dark timber. oval face, set with large wondrous gray Then the Bay jumped-too short for his stride-and fell, with his head on my eyes-the Porter eyes-confronted the quaint little old lady. wither-"That's the Porter gal," her neighbor

wither-Down, down, almost to earth-brought to his knees in the struggle. The Black lost a length, the Brown forged ahead, and I was half out of the saddle. How I sat down and rode! How the old horse strove! And the Brown rolling tired in his gallop! On gallant Black! on, my brave pet! We were almost under the paddock. Then we nosed the Brown's flank; then we reached to his girt; neck and neck-I rode at his shoulder. As we flashed past the post I had won by a head. How they cheered, "Bravo. Crusader!" squeaked; "I've seen her atop them race horses more'n a hundred times. My! you'd think butter wouldn't melt in her mouth, she's that prim now." "The coat would melt it," commented the

Then a clear, soft, girlish voice, with just a tremble of apprehensive nervousness, giving it a lilt like a robin's. said:

VII.

Full weight they had given the gallant big Black-a hundred and sixty he carried; And the run for the "Hunt Cup" was over three miles, with mud-wall and water-jump studded. But Crusader stopped short, gave a sigh and fell dead; I stood all alone in the and ren terming. And a hush came over the clamorous mob; like a babe on his neck I was sobbing. He had won his last race; game to the end, his brave heart broke in the striving. (Signed.) W. A. FRASER. t racing days of the old horse were -there'd never been better nor braver-But now once again he must carry the silk "Could he win at the weight?" I whisper-ingly asked, as I chund up the andle girt tight:

The girl's voice had faltered and died t tight; uggled my hand as I gathered the n, and I laughed when they talked away to a broken whisper as she told of the death of Crusader. For a full minute there was a noiseless

the call of the bugle I awung to his back-like a rook was the strength of hush. The full pathos of the gailant borses striving had crept into the hearts that were At sight of the people he arched his lean neck, and they cheered for my King of flesh and blood and, carried away by their feelings, the people had forgotten all about their tortured convictions of the sinfulness

of making a horse go faster than a sharp trot. Gradually into their awakening senses Ten horses would strive for the prize-a big stole a conviction that somehow may were countenancing the sin of racing. Before the complete horror of the situa-

Ten horses would strive for the prize-a big.
field, and the pace would be killing.
From the West came Sweet Sliver, a Gray, gallant, and fearless in jumping.
A rakish old nag who walked over the sticks, had been sent for the Cup from Kentucky.
On a Bay, Little Jack, who was fast, they had put but a hundrer and thirty. tion had obtained a strong pair of hands, far back in the church, came together with an On a Bay. Little Jack, who was fast, they had put but a hundred and thirty. But I knew that North Star, a big Brown-even the Black was no gamer-With a pull of ten pounds in the weight, was almost a match for Crussder. We made a brave troop, long-striding and strong, with the pick of cross-country riders. As we fil d post the stand in stately parade, with its thousands of caser admirers explosive clap. Like the rat-tat-tat of a quick-firing gun was the appreciative volley of recognition from the solitary apprauder. It went rolling and crackling through the church defiantly, derisively, apprectanively.

Half way up the isle a softer pair of hands ouched the rattle with what sounded like a faint echo; then there was sudden silence. with its thousands of eager admirers The entire audience turned and looked disparagingly, discouragingly, at the man who

had figuratively risen as a champion of the scandalous recitation. Resentment had taken hold of the good Christians.

That Crusader had enlisted their sympathies for a few minutes showed the they doin' to the mare in the ring?" dangerous sublety of this "horse-racin" bu iness.

BBI OF. The people flowed from the church full of

clences for the brief backaliding. Where the church path turned into the

gether, drawn by the magnet of discussion. They quite blocked the pathway, oblivious everything but their outraged feelings. Like a great dark blotch in the neght the group stood, and presently two slight gray shadows alipping up the path, coming to the human barricade, stopped, wavered and circled out on the grass to pass. , The shadows were Allis Porter and her brother Alan.

bow

when he's got a good thing.

One of the men, overfilled with his exceeding wrath, seeing the girl, gave expression to a most unchristian opinion of her modeaty. The sharp ears of the boy neard the words of the man of harsh instinct and his face flushed hot with resentment. He half turned, bitter reproach rising to his lips. How could men be so brutish? How could

tox. 1

Danby. "She's by Assa stirrups a-fling, empty-saddled the y stride for stride galloped and them were guitters." "She'll quit if she falls dead," replied ust missing his swerve, I called on the Black, and drew out as he bravely re-

which permitted the asking of such ques-

"She's ready to the minute," replied

"Can she get the five furlongs?" queried

the other man quietly. "I've worked her ain't she? There can't be anything doing good enough to win and I'm backing her." with McKay-we've only put him up a few "That'll do for me." declared Danby. times, but he seems all right." "To tell you the truth, John, I liked the "I think we'll win." answered the little mare myself, but I hear that Langtrainer. "I didn't get anything straight-

don, who trains Lauzanne, expects to win. The mare'll be there or thereabout," asserted her owner. "I never knew a Lazarone yet much good as a 2-year-old. They're sulky brutes, like the old horse, a look at him." and if Lucretia's heat it won't be Lau-

zanne that'll turn the trick." dock a horseman touched the fingers of A bell clanged imperiously at the judges' his right hand to his cap. There was a stand. Porter pulled out his watch and half-concealed look of interest in the man's looked at it.

"That's saddling," he remarked, lacousomething. ically. "I must go and have a bit on the mare and then take a look at her before carelessly, only half halting in his stride. she goes out." "Nottin', sir, but dere's something in de

As Porter went down the steps his comknow dis trip. Your mare's a good little panion leaned over the rail and crooked his filly w'en she's right, but you're up against finger at a thin-faced man with a blond mustache, who had been keeping a corner of Porter stopped and looked at the horse

his eve on the box. "What are they making favorite, Lewis?" queried Danby, as the thin-faced man stood more than once Porter had stood his friend. Mike always had on hand three or

beside him. "Lucretia.' "What's her price ?" "Two to one."

"What's second favorite?"

know just who was his friend and who "Lauzanne-five to two." was not, for he tried them most sorely. "Porter tells me Lucretia is good busi-Porter knew all this quite well, also that ess," said Danby in a tentative tone. in spite of Mike's chronic impecuniosity he "Langdon thinks it's all over bar the shouting: he says Lauzanne outclasses his was honest and true as steel to a benefactor. field," replied Lewis.

He waited, feeling sure that Gaynor had "Langdon's a betting man; Porter's an something to tell. "There's a strong play on Lauranne, sin't owner and a good judge," objected Danby, there, sir?" "and he's got a good boy up, too, McKay." Porter nodded.

he added, slowly focusing his field glasses "Sure t'ing. That Langdon's a crook. I on the jockey board opposite the stand.

knowed him when he was ridin' on freight "Crooked as a dog's hind leg," snarled cars; now he's a swell, though he's a long Lewis, biting viciously at his cigar. "Bob, it's darn hard to find a straight- sprint from bein' a gentleman. I got de tip legged dog," laughed Danby. "And when dat dere was a killin' on, an' I axed Dick John Porter starts a horse there's never I angdon if dete was anyt'ing doin', and anything doing. Here's six hundred; put it Dick says to me, says he, puttin' bot' thumbs up"-and Mike held both hands out on the mare-straight. As Lowis pushed his way into the shoving, horizontally with the thumbs stiff and scething, elbowing crowd in the betting ring vertical to il ustrate this form of oath-'there's nottin' doin'. Mike,' says he. What he was suddenly struck in the chest by something which apparently had the mo- d'ye t'ink of that, sir, an' me knowin' there

mentum of an eight-inch shell, but it was was?" asked Mike tragically. "It's the biggest tip that always falls only John Porter, who, in breaking through the outer crust of the living mass, had been down, Gaynor, and they'ye got to be preity ejected with more speed than was of his swift to beat Lacretia." "That filly's all right; she's worked out own volition.

Bob smothered the expletive that had well enough to do up that field of stiffs. I risen to his lips when he saw who the un- ain't no rail bird, but I've had me eye on witting assailant was and asked, "What are her. But I ain't doin' no stunt about horses, they doin' to the mare in the ring?" Mister Porter: I'm talking about men. Th' "Not much." answered his assailant, filly's honest and you're honest, str, but

catching his breath; "there's a strong play you don't rolde th' mare you'self, do you?" The rest of the program might just as on Langdon's horse, and if I didn't know my "You think, Mike," began Mr. Porter, well have been eliminated: the concert, as a boy pretty well, and Lucretia better, I'd questioningly, but Gaynor interrupted him concert, would be discussed for all time to have weakened a bit. But she can't lose; with: "I don't think nottin', sir, an' I ain't come as having projected the Death of Cru- she can't lose!" he repeated in the tone of savin' nottin'. I sin't never been up pefore the stewards yet for crooked work or a man who is reassuring himself.

Lewis battled his way along till be stood crooked talk, but there's a boy ridin' in an expressive contentiousness, seeking by in front of a bookmaker with a face cast that bunch today w'at got six hundred for exuberant condemnation of the sacrilege to very much on the lines of a Rubens cherub, t'rowing me down once, see? S'lp me God! square somehow themselves with their con- but the cherub type ended abruptly with the he pulled Blue Smoke to a standstill on me plump frontispiece of "Jakey" Faust, the knowin' that it would break me. That was

bookmaker. Lewis knew that. "If there's at Coney Island two years ago." where the church path turned into the anythin' doin' I'm up against it here." he "And you don sether, drawn by the magnet of discussion, muttered to himself. "What's Lauranne's suppose, Mike?" "And you don't remember his name, I

price?" he asked in an indifferent tone of "I don't remember nottin' but that I got voice, for the hookmaker's assistant was it in the neck. But you keep your eye open, sir. You t'ink that none of the b'ys would busy changing the figures on the list. t'row you down 'cause you've been good to Faust pretended not to hear him "Sure thing!" whispered Lewis to himthem, but some of 'em are that mean they'd self. Then aloud he repeated his ques-tion, touching the bookmaker on the el-hears 'em talk, 'cause they don't mind me-

t'ink I'm one of th' gang." The cherub smilled blandly, "Not takin "Thank you very much, Gaynor: 1 appreciany," he answered, nodding his head in ate your kindly warning, but I hope you're mistaken all the same," said Porter. Then the pleasant manner of a man who knows he proceeded on his way toward stall five, "What's Lucretia?" persisted Lewis. in which was Lauranne.

"Oh, that's it, is it? I'll lay you two to "How do, Mister Porter.

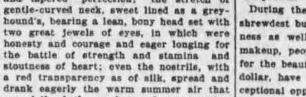
vire spring uni the weight win," he offered in an explanatory voice. great broad quarters, all sinewy strength "I want to clear Ringwood-but never mind about that, Andy. The mare's well, and tapered perfection; the stretch of

hound's, bearing a lean, bony head set with two great jewels of eyes, in which were honesty and courage and eager longing for the battle of strength and staming and stoutness of heart; even the nostrils, with just that there seemed a deuced strong a red transparency as of silk, spread and tip on Lauzanne, considerin' that he'd drank eagerly the warm summer air that never showed any form to warrant it. was full of the perfume of new-growing Yonder he is, sir, in No. 5-go and have clover and green pasture land.

As John Porter walked across the padeye that Porter knew by experience meant "What do you know, Mike?" he asked of highway robbers.

man. He was Mike Gaynor, a trainer, and four horses of inconcelvable slowness and loved so well. Yes-his daughter, Allis. uncertainty of wind and limb; consequently there was an ever-recurring inability to pay feed bills, so he had every chance to haired chestnut, Lausanne. "

(To Be Continel.)



Surely the spectacle of these lovely creatures, nearest to man in their thoughts and their desires, and superior in their honesty and truth, was a sight to gladden the hearts of kings. Of a great certainty it was a sport of kings; and also most certainly had it at times come into the hands

Some such blitter thoughts at this came into the heart of John Porter as he stood and watched his beautiful brown mare. Lucretia, trailing with stately step behind the others. He loved good horses with all the fervor of his own strong, simple, honest nature. Their walk was a delight to him, their roaring gallop a frenzy of eager sensation. There was nothing in the world he But just now he was thinking only of Lucretia-Lucretia and her rival, the golden-

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