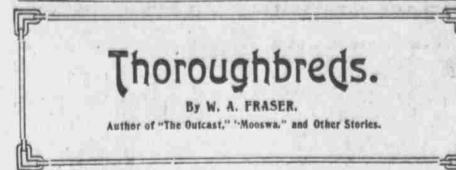
THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, JULY 21, 1902



(Copyright 1962 by McClure, Phillips & Co.) | prince. But after all it isn't his fault. He passed through the narrow gate lead- know who ought to be warned off if the ing from the paddock to the grandstand. race is fixed, but they won't be able to The gatekeeper nodded pleasantly to him touch a hair of him; he's too dam slick. and said: "Hope you'll do the trick with But his time'll come-God knows how the little mare, sir. I'm twenty years at many men he'll break in the meantime, this business, and I haven't got over my though." As John Porter passed Dauby's box.

betting book.

friend.

his brown face.

"I can't," replied the other man, "my

"I've played the mare," declared Danby,

The latter started and a frown crossed

"Five to two never is," laughed his

"But she's a right smart filly;

"I'm sorry-I'm afraid it's no cinch."

she looks much the best of the lot.

Dixon's got her as fit as a fiddle string.

When you're done with that man, you

"The mare's good enough," said Porter,

might turn him over to me, John."

likin' for an honest horse and an honest owner yet." going up into the stand, the latter lenued There was a covert insinuation of susover in his chair, touched him on the arm picion, albeit a kindly one, in the man's and said, "Come in and take a seat." voice. The very air was full of the taint of crookedness; else why should the official daughter is up there somewhere." speak of honesty at all? Everyone knew showing Porter a memo written in a small that John Porter raced to win.

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He crossed the lawn and leaned against the course fence to take a deciding look at the mare and the chestnut as they circled past the stand in the little view-promenade which preceded the race.

His trained eye told him that Lausanne was a grand-looking horse; big. well-sloped shoulders, reached back toward the huge quarters until the small racing saddle almost covered the short back. What great promise of weight-carrying was there!

He laughed a little at the irrelevance of this thought, for it was not a question of weight-carrying at all; 2-year-olds at a hundred pounds in a sprint of only five furlongs. Speed was the great factor to be considered; and surely Lucretia outclassed the other in that way. The long, well ribbed up body, with just a trace of gauntpess in the flank; the slim neck; the deep chest; the broad, flat canon bones and the well-let down hocks, giving a length of thigh like a greyhound, and the thighs themselves, as John Porter looked at them under the tucked-up belly of the gentle mare, big and strong and full of driving force, that should make the others break a record to beat her.

From the inquisition of the owner's study Lucretia stood forth triumphant; neither the chestnut nor anything else in the race could beat her. And Jockey McKay-Porter raised his eyes involuntarily, seeking for some occult refutation of the implied dishonesty of the boy he had trusted. He found himself gazing straight into the small shifty eyes of Lucretia's midget rider, and such a hungry, wolfish look of mingled cunning and cupidity was there that Porter almost shuddered.

The insinuations of Mike Gaynor and the other things that pointed at a job being on hadn't half the force of the dishonesty that was so apparent in the tell-tale look of the morally irresponsible boy in whose hands he was so completely helpless.

All the careful preparation of the mare the economical saving, even to the selfdenial of almost necessary things to the end that he might have funds to back her heavily when she ran; and the high trials she had given him when asked the question and which had gladdened his heart and brought an explanation of satisfaction from his phlegmatic trainer; the girlish interest of his daughter in the expected triumph; all these contingencies were as less than nothing should the boy, with the look of a demon in his eyes, not ride straight and which was waving to him three seats up. hones

Even then it was not too late to ask the stewards to set McKay down. But what had kept for her father. proof had he to offer that there was anything wrong? The boy's good name would about Lucretia and her troubles. The win- father?" be blasted should he, John Porter, say at some little woman had the faculty of al- Porter went on as though he had not

Langdon, the trainer of Lausanne, Porter evil eye, the all red of Lausanne's colors. mused-had given her advice based on a knowledge quite irrespective of the gallep- asked again, stretching her slight figure ing powers of the two horses. 'Did you hear that, father?" Allis whisshoulders of those in front.

pered. He nodded his head. "What does it all mean?"

"It means, girl," he said slowly, "that all the trouble and pains I have_taken over Lucretia since she was fouled two years ago, and her dam, the old mare, Maid of face Rome, died-even to raising the little filly on a bottle, and watching over her temper, that it should not be ruined by brutal savages of stable boys, whose one idea of a horse is that he must be clubbed into submission-that all the care taken in her training, and the money spent for her keep and entries, goes for nothing in this race, if Jockey McKay is the rascal I fear he is." 'You think someone has got at him, Dad?'

Her father nodded again. "I wish I'd been a boy, so that I could have ridden Lucretia for you today," Allis

exclaimed, with sudden emphasis. "I almost wish you had, little woman; you'd have ridden straight, anyway-there never was a crooked one of our blood." "I don't see why a jockey, or anybody else, should be dishonest. I'm sure it must take too much valuable time to cover up crooked ways."

"Where is Lucretis, father?" the girl up in a vain endeavor to see over

"She had an opening there," Porter replied, speaking his thoughts more than answering the girl," but the boy pulled her into the bunch on the rail. He doesn't want to get through. Oh!" he exclaimed, as though some one had struck him in the

"What's wrong. Has she-"It's the Minstrel. His boy threw him fair across Lucretia and knocked her to her knees." He lowered his glasses listlessly. "It's Lauzanne all the way if he lasts out. He's dying fast, though, and Westley's gone to the whip." He was looking through his glasses

again. Though beaten, his racing blood was up. "If Lauzanne wins it will be Westley's riding; that Hanover colt, The Dutchman, is at his quarter. He'll beat

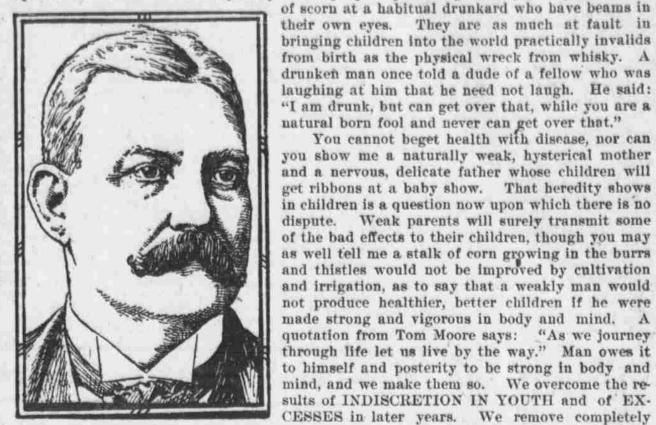
him out, for the Hanovers are all game." "Come on, you, Lausanne!" Even the exotic stpehanotis failed to obliterate the harsh, mercenary intensity of the feminine cry at the back of Allis.

"He's beat!" a deep discordant voice groaned. I knew he was a guitter." The woman's companion was pessimistic. Like trees of a forest, swayed by strong compelling winds, the people rocked in

"Yes, you'd have made a great jock, little excitement, tiptoed and craned eager women," the father went on, musingly, as necks, as they watched the magnificent he watched the horses lining up for the struggle that was drawing to a climax in start. "Men think if a boy is a feather- the stretch. Inch by inch the brave son weight and tough as a Bowery loafer he's of Hanover was creeping on Lauzanne. sure to be a success in the saddle. That's How loosely the big chestnut gallopedwhat beats me-a boy of that sort wouldn't rolling like a drunken man in the hour of "and I've played her myself-a stiffish bit, be trusted a carry a letter with \$10 in it, his distress. Close pressed to his neck, too, but all the same, if you asked me and on the back of a good horse he's pilot- flat over his wither lay the intense form



Every man should contribute as much to his own comfort and happiness as possible, and he is as much responsible for vicious neglect as for vicious habits that bring vicious results. It is a familiar phrase that the sins of the father shall be visited upon his children. We frequently hear people upbraiding and pointing the finger



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CURE PILES IN ONE TREATMENT, SO THAT

THERE IS NOT A TRACE LEFT, and you are

You cannot beget health with disease, nor can

(Issued Under Authority of the Railroads of Nebraska.)

Statement Showing the Great Wealth of HAMILTON COUNTY, NEB.

And the Small Amount of Property Which They Return for Taxation, with the Variations in Value Between What

They Report and the Census Returns,

Statement showing variations in values of principal articles in Hamilton county between 1898 and 1900:

"LUCRETIA IS GAME, FATHER, SHE MAY WIN YET; THE RACE IS NOT LOST TILL THEY'VE PASSED THE POST." now, I'd tell you to keep your money in | ing thousands. Unless a jockey has the in- | of his rider-a camel's hump-a part of your pocket. I must go," he added, his stincts of a gentleman, naturally, he's al- the racing mechanism, unimpeding the

For an instant John Porter forgot all

eye catching the flutter of a race card most certain to turn out a blackguard weary horse in the masterly rigidity of sooner or later and throw down his owner. his body and legs, but the arms, even "Here's a seat, dad," cried the girl, He'll have more temptations in a week to the shoulders of the great jockey, thrust cheerily, lifting her coat from a chair she violate his trust than a bank clerk would his mount forward, always forward-forhave in a lifetime." ward at each stride; fairly lifting him, till "Is that why you put Alan in the bank, the very lurches of Lauzanne carried him

toward the goal. And at his girth raced the compact bay son of Hanover, gallopthe last minute that he did not trust him; ways making him forget his trials; she had heard the daughter's query. "To make a ing, galloping with a stout heart and eager first-class jockey, a boy mus muscle and nerve; in his eye the light controlling honesty of a monk. You've got that would not be denied.

perhaps the lad was innocent. Race fault and they lost

ment: "My God!" he muttered, "the boy has got spurs on. That'll set the mare clean crazy."

He turned to Dixon, who was at his el-"Why did you let McKay put on the bow.

steels?" "I told him not to."

"He's got them on."

dashed up the steps to the stewards. In life, claimed by the open air, had this as

on his face. "Well?" gueried Porter.

"I've made a mess of it," answered Dixon, sullenly. "It seems there's hints of a job an admiration for their honesty and couron, sn' the stewards have got the wrong end of the stick."

"They refused to let the mare go back to the paddock?" queried. Porter.

"Yes; an' one of them said that if the trainers would stick closer to their horses asserted. He raced honestly and bet an' keep out of the bettin' ring that the public 'd get a better run for their money. "I'm sorry, Andy," said Porter, consol-

ingly. "It's pretty tough on me, but it's worse on you, sir. That boy hadn't spurs when he weighed, an' there's the rankest kind of a job on, I'll take me oath." "We've got to stand it, Andy."

"That we have; we've just got to take our medicine like little men. Even if we make a break an' take McKay off, there isn't another good boy left. If he jabs the little mare with them steels she'll go clean crany."

"It's my fault, Andy. I guess I've saved and petted her a bit too much. But she never needed spure-she'd break her heart trying without them.

-!" muttered Dixon, as he went back to the paddock, "If the boy stops the mare he'll never get another mount if I can help it. It's this sort of thing that kills the whole business of racing. Here's pink of condition?" a atable that's straight from owner to exercise boy and now likely to throw down the public and stand a chance of getting ruled off ourselves because of a gambling little thief that can spend the income of a



to the fullest extent that power so often people were so ready to cry out that a found in plain faces. Strictly speaking, of steel, the courage of a buildog, the selfjockey was fixed-that there was something she wasn't beautiful-any man would have wrong, when their own judgment was at passed that opinion if suddenly asked the all these right enough. Allis, only you're a question upon first seeing her. Doubt of girl, don't you see-just a little woman," Suddenly Porter gave a cry of astoniah- the excellence of this judgment might have and he patted her hand affectionately. "They're off!" exclaimed the baritone. crept into his mind after he had felt the converting influence of the blue-gray eyes, "Not this trip," objected the falsetto. that were so much like her father's; in ajaculated John Porter. them was the most beautiful thing in the "What is it, father?" world, an undoubted evidence of truth and "The boy on Lucretia is jabbing her with honesty and sympathy. She was small and the spurs, and she's cutting up. slender, but no one had ever likened her "That's the fourth false start," said Ned, to a flower. There was apparent sinewy "They've got to come off," and the trainer strength and vigor in the small form. Her the baritone. "I don't think much of your Lauranne; he's like a crazy horse." two minutes he returned, a heavy frown a reward-the saddle is no cradle for weak-Allis heard the woman's shrill voice lings. Bred in an atmosphere of racing smothered to a hissing whisper, answer something. Two distinct words, "the hop," and surrounded as she had always been by thoroughbreds, Allis had grown up full of

age and sweet temper. In John Porter's home horse racing had frisky today." no debasing effects. If a man couldn't race "Dick's got it down fine," just audibly squarely-run to win every time-he had from the woman; "Lauzanne'll try right better quit the game, Porter had always enough this time out." openly, without cant and without hypoc-

ricy; just as a financier might have traded in stocks in Wall street, or a farmer might plant his crops and trust to the future and fair weather to yield him a harvest in re-LUTD.

So much of the racing life was on honorso much of the working out of it was in the open, where purple-clovered fields gave rest and health and strength, that the home atmosphere was impregnate with moral truth and courage and frankness. in its inwith confirmation of his suspicions. fluence on the girl's development.

Every twist of her sinewy figure bore her wondrous eyes was an eloquent substantiating argument in favor of the life she affected.

John Porter looked down at the small, rather dark, upturned face and a half smile breath. He had startled the girl with the of content came to his lipe.

"Did you see Lucretia !" he asked. "Isn't she sprang to her feet in excitement. she a beauty? Hasn't Dixon get her in the A bell clanged noisily, there was a shuffle

of thousands of eager feet; a hoarse cry. "I saw nothing clas, father." She beck-"They're off!" went rolling from ther to oned to him with her eyes, tipped her head tier, from seat to seat, to the topmost row forward and whispered, "Those people beof the huge stand. hind us have backed Lauzanne. I think "Lausanne is off with a flying lead of

woman.

they're racing folks." three lengths and the mare is left abso-The father smiled as an uncultured lutely-absolutely last. The boy whipped her about just as the flag fell." There was woman's voice from one row back jarred on his ear. Allis noticed the smile and its the dreary monotone of crushed hope in provocation, and said, speaking hastily, "I Porter's voice as he spoke. don't mean like you, father-"

"Yes, we're out of it, little woman," he "Like us," he corrected. continued; and there was almost a tone of "Well, perhaps: they're more like betting or training people, though." She put relief, of resignation. Suspense was gone realization of the disaster seemed to have her hand on his arm warningly, as a highsteadied his nerve again. Allis attempted pitched falsetto penetrated the drone of to speak, but her low voice was hushed to their half-whispered words, saying, "I tell a whisper by the exultant cries that were you. Dick knows all about this Porter all about them. mare, Lucretia."

"But I like her," a baritone voice an-"Didn't I tell you-Lauzanne wins in a walk!" the falsetto voice was an exuitant swered. "She looks a rattlin' filly." "You'll dine off aweiback and by your squeak of hilarious excitement. lonely. Ned, if you play horses on their "You called the turn." Even Ned's bari-

tone had risen to a false-keyed tenor; he looks-"Or women, either," the baritone cut in. was standing on his toes, peering over the "You're a fair judge, Ned. But Dick told heads of taller men in front. me to go the limit on Lausanne, and to Allis brushed from her eyes the tears of

leave the filly alone." sympathy that had welled into them and, "On form, Lucretia ought to win," the raising her voice, spoke bravely, clinging man persisted; "an' there's never anythin' to a vain hope: "Lucretia is game, father doin' with Porter, I've heard."

-she may win yet-the race is not lost till "Perhaps not," the unpleasant feminine they're past the post." Then her voice died away and she kept voice succeed mockingly, with an ill-conditioned drawl on the "perhaps;" "but he pleading over and over in her heart, "Come decan't ride his own mare, does he?" on, Lucretia-come on, brave little mare!" John Porter started. Again that dis- Is she gaining father -- can you see ?" "She'll never make it up," Porter retasteful expression, fraught with distrust

plied, as he watched the jumble of red and insinuation. There was a strong evil and yellow and black, patterned into a odor of stephanotis wafted to his nostrils as the speaker shook her fan with impatrailing banner, which waved and vitient decision. The perfume affected him brated and streamed in the glittering disagreeably: it was like the exhaintion of some noisome drug; quite in keeping with the tail of it was his own blue, whitethe covert insinuation of her words that starred jackst. In front, still a good two Dick, as she called him-4 must be Dick | lengths in front, gleamed scarlet, like an

Ah, gallant little bay. On his back was the offspring of unthinking parents-a pinhead. Perhaps the Evil One had ordained him to the completion of Langdon's villainy with Lauzanne. At the pinch his "The spurs-the young fiend!" fiercely judgment had flown-he was become an instrument of torture; with whip and spur he was throwing away the race. Each time he raised his arm and lashed, his poor, folish body swayed in the saddle, and

The Dutchman was checked. "Oh, if he would but sit still!" Porter cried, as he watched the equine battle.

The stand mob clamored as though Nero sat there and lions had been loosed in the arena. The strange medley of cries smote carried to her ears. There was a long-drawn-out baritone "Oh-h!" then, in the they were, how like wolves! She closed same key. "I knew Lauzanne was a slug- her eyes, for she was weary of the struggard, and couldn't make out why he was so gle, and listened. Yes, they were wolves

leaping at the throat of her father and joying in the defeat of Lausanne. Deepthroated howls from full-chested wolves: 'Come on, you, Lauzanne! On Westley, "The mare's actin' as if she'd had a cup on! The Bay wins! The Dutchman-The of tea, too," muttered her companion, Ned. Dutchman for a thousand!"

This elicited a dry chuckle from the "I'll take-' But the new voice was stilled into noth-Allis had pinched her father's arm again ingness by the shrill, reawakened falsetto. and looked up in his face inquiringly, as "Go on, Westley! Lauzanne wins-winsfrom the seat behind them the jumbled conwins!" it seemed to repeat. It lingered in versation came to their cars. Porter nodthe girl's ears like a dwindling moan ded his head understandingly and frowned. through pine boughs, and with it came The stephanotis was choking his nostrils wafted the sickening stephanotis breath. and an occasional word was filling his heart | Allis sank back into her seat. She knew it was all over. The shuffle of many feet "I don't like it," he muttered to Allis. hastening madly, the crash of eager heels "They're had four breaks and the mare's down the wooden steps, a surging, pushing, mute testimony to this; every glance from been left each time. The chestnut's the as the wolf-pack blocked each passage in worst actor I ever saw at the post. But its thirstful rush for the gold it had won,

I'm thinking he'll leave the race right told her that the race was over. there, the way he's cutting up."

"My God!" he exclaimed in the next RELIGIOUS. fierce emphasis he threw into the words;

Rev. Joseph Lawrence Hunter of this state has been appointed by President Roosevelt to fil an original vacancy in the chaplains' corps of the army.

chaplains' corps of the army. Orville J. Nave, chaplain at Fort Thomas, is having his book. "The Topical Bible." translated into Chinese by the Peking uni-versity for missionary purposes. The charitable bequests of the will of the late Dean Hoffman smount to \$250,000. If, however, any gift has been made by him to the institutions' mentioned in the will dur-ing his lifetime, the amount of the said gift shall be deducted from the amount of the leagy.

gift shall be deducted from the amount of the legacy. At a conference of the clergy of the Catholic diocese of Buffalo at St. Joseph's cathedral, a few days ago, Bishop Quigley presiding, the advisability of the church forming a great organization for the com-bating of socialism and anarchy was dis-cussed and unanimously approved. Raiph Voorhees, the blind philanthropist of Clinton, N. J. has notified Coe college, a Presbyterian institution at Cedar Rapids. Mich., that he has \$55,000 for it. He has also just closed a deal for 800 acres of land in South Carolina, on which he will estab-lian industrial school for boys. Rev. Dr. Max Werthelmer, who created a

In South Carolina, on which he will estab-lish an industrial school for boys. Reve Dr. Max Werthelmer, who created a fensation a few years ago by abandoning judglam to join the Chiristian Scientist, and Mrs. George A. Jeweil of Dayton, Or. Werthelmer is 28 years of age, while the bride is but 19. Dr. Werthelmer when he decided to remounce Jewish faith. Rev. J. J. Enmegabbowh, the Chippewa his in ordained to the priesthood by the his life for many years had been inter-tioned with that of Bishoo Whippie, whose bourneys through the wilderness in sun-guene by Jenny Lind. Moment to the Church of St. Columba, at while the Max Mark the Scientific whose bourneys through the wilderness in sun-partice and storm he often shared. During the last few years he had been the rector emeritum of the Church of St. Columba, at will be and the General Theological semi-nary in his lifetime was what is said to be world, surpassing the number of editional the bishiotheque. Nationale the bishiotheque Nationale the bishiotheque Nationale the bishiotheque Nationale the to the Guitenberg Bible is said to be the finest in existence. It is said that Dean Hoffman paid \$15,000 for this

REFORTED FOR ASSESSMENT IN	1890.	Value	REPORTED F	OR ASSESSMENT	IN 1900.	Value
	Value.	Per Unit	Unit.	Value.		Per Unit.
270,299 Acres improved land\$	831,582	3.08	291,493	\$ 954,101		8.27
55,796 Acres unimproved land	111,443	2.00	40,935	72,282		1.76
	144,181	13.46	8,784	59,835		6.81
	113,700	4.61	25,631	119,095		4.64
24,107 Hogs	24,031	.99	36,920	34,881		.94
Agricultural implements	20,002			17,646		19.00
	316,420		*****	290,611		1.40
All other property	351,397	*****	444444	337,090		
						1000
Total assessment\$1,	912,716		******	\$1,885,541		****
			and the second se			

In 1900 the census reports the value of farm property in Hamilton County as follows:

Acres in farms		Value Farms. \$8,137,780	Farm Bldgs. \$1,765,580	\$9,908,810
Farm implements and machinery	****	******	********	436,020
Live stock	******	********	******	1,948,884
Value of products not fed to live stock	******		*******	2,202,101

Percentage of agricultural implements returned for taxation per census...... 4 per cent Percentage of live stock value réturned for taxation per census...... 11 2-10 per cent

Confirmatory of the foregoing figures, we give below a list of property which has been sold within the past thirty days in that county for cash (without the crop), also showing what the same property is assessed for the present year:

Part.	Section or Lot.	Township.	Range or Block.	Consideration.	Ass'd Val- uation, 1903.
S. W. ¼ S. W. ¼	5	11	5	\$2,000.00	\$165.00
D. 扬 N. D. %	7	11	5	4,000.00	352.00
W. 16 N. W. 16	8 .	11	5	4,000.00	352.00
N. E. 4	4	11	5	8,000.00	693.00
S. % N. E. %	29	10	6	4,000.00	410.00

This county is anexample of one of the prosperous counties of Nebraska. It has a population of 9,370, of which 3,135 live within the incorporated towns. Aurora being the largest of these towns, with a population of 1,921.

In the year 1900, of the 3,479 males over 21 years of age who resided in this county, 2,295 of them lived on the farms, 1,960 of whom were owners or lessees of farms, and 335 were laborers. The bwners or lesses paid the laborers \$96,040. The census reports show that they raised products which were not fed to live stock to the value of \$2,202,101 and that they had live stock amounting in value to \$1,948,844. Dividing the live stock figures by four, which would make the yearly product \$487,221, or a total net result of \$2,689,322, the results of the products of farming in that county for that year. Dividing this sum by 1,930 operators of farms, leaves \$1,343 as the receipts of each farmer in that county on an average.

The showing made by the banks in that county go to prove that this prosperity has a substantial basis from the fact that in the following towns the banks report deposits as follows:

Marquette		••••••••••••••••••	70,000,00
Phillips .	N PODECONDO	***********	33,500.00
Tampton			125,000.00

A report such as this, sent broadcast through the country would bring thousands of farmers to the state of Nebraska, but it does not show that the farmers of Hamilton county paid an undue proportion of taxes, when taken in conjunction with the railroad property.

We also give a statement of valuation of sundry school districts in Hamilton county, showing the amount of taxes paid by the B. & M. railroad, in comparison with other property.

Number.	Total Assessed.	B, & M. R.	Per Cent R. R.
District.	Valuation.	Valuation.	Pays Total Taxes.
4	\$18,537	\$ 8,686	47
6	19,689	8,772	- 44
14	38,534	23,435	59
31	15,297	7,654	50
85	17.944	10.234	86
36	24,983	12,599	50
40	26,647	12,943	48
56	21,159	9,417	44
70	16,872	8,772	62
72	28,328	12,841	52
86	16,898	8,772	62
92	16,491	8,901	64

It will be noticed that the money paid by the railroads in this county is a material factor in the support of their schools.

