

Thoroughbreds.

By W. A. FRASER.

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

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He passed through the narrow gate leading from the paddock to the grandstand. The gatekeeper added pleasantly to him and said: "Hope you'll do the trick with the little mare, sir. I'm twenty years at this business, and I haven't got over my skin for an honest horse and an honest owner yet."

There was a covert insinuation of suspicion, albeit a kindly one, in the man's voice. The very air was full of the faint speak of honesty at all! Everyone knew that John Porter cared for his horse as well as for his money.

He laughed a little at the irrelevance of this thought, for it was not a question of weight-carrying at all. Two-year-olds at a hundred pounds in a sprint of only five furlongs. Speed was the great factor to be considered; and surely Lucretia outlasted the other in that way. The long, well-ribbed body, with just a trace of gauntness in the flank; the slim neck; the deep chest; the broad, flat cannon bones and the well-set 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 cupidty was there that Porter almost shuddered.

The instructions of Mike Gaylor and the other things that pointed at a job being on hand had not 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 feeding, even to the selection of almost necessary things to the end that she 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 expectation of satisfaction from his obliging 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 honest.

Even then it was not too late to ask the stewards to set McKay down. But what proof had he to offer that there was anything wrong? The boy's good name would be blasted should he, John Porter, say at the last minute that he did not trust him; and perhaps the lad was innocent. These people were so ready to cry out that a jockey was fixed—that there was something wrong, when their own judgment was at fault and they lost.

Suddenly Porter gave a cry of astonishment. "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 elbow. "Why did you let McKay put on the spurs?"

"I told him not to."

"He's got them on."

"They've got to come off," and the trainer dashed up the steps to the stewards. In two minutes he returned, a heavy frown on his face.

"Well," queried Porter.

"I've made a mess of it," answered Dixon, sullenly. "It seems there's hints of a job on, as 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 an' keep out of the bettin' ring that the public 'd get a better run for their money."

prince. But after all it isn't his fault. I know who ought to be warned off if the race is fixed, but they won't be able to touch a hair of him; he's a dam slick. But his time'll come—God knows how many men he'll break in the meantime, though."

"As John Porter passed Danby's box going up into the stand, the latter leaned over in his chair, touched him on the arm and said, "Come in and take a seat."

"I can't," replied the other man, "my daughter is up there somewhere."

"I've played the mare," declared Danby, showing Porter a memo written in a small betting book.

The letter started and a frown crossed his brown face.

"I'm sorry—I'm afraid it's no cinch."

"Five to two never is," laughed his friend. "But she's a right smart filly; 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 might turn him over to me, John."

"The mare's good enough," said Porter, "and I've played her myself—a stiffish bit, too, but all the same, if you asked me

Langdon, the trainer of Lausanne, Porter missed—had given her advice based on a knowledge quite irrespective of the galloping powers of the two horses.

"Did you hear that, father?" Allis whispered.

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 foaled two years ago, and her dam, the old mare, Maid of Rome, died—even to raising the little filly on a bottle, and watching over her temper, that it should not be ruined by brutal violence 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."

"Yes, you'd have made a great jock, little woman," the father went on, musingly, as he watched the horses lining up for the start. "Men think if a boy is a feather-weight and tough as a Bowery loafer he's sure to be a success in the saddle. That's what beats me—a boy that sort wouldn't be trusted to carry a letter with \$10 in it, and on the back of a good horse he's pilot-

evil eye, the all red of Lausanne's colors. "Where is Lucretia, father?" the girl asked again, stretching her slight figure up in a vain endeavor to see over the shoulders of those in front.

"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 face.

"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 Lucretia 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. "Lucretia wins it will be Westley's riding; that's Hanover colt. The Dutchman, is at his quarter. He'll beat him out, for the Hanovers are all game."

"Come on, you, Lucretia!" Even the exotic stephanotis failed to obliterate the harsh, mercenary intensity of the feminine cry at the back of Allis.

"He's beat!" a deep discordant voice roared. "I knew he was a quitter." The woman's companion was pessimistic.

Like trees of a forest, swayed by strong compelling winds, the people rocked in excitement, tiptoed and craned eager necks, as they watched the magnificent struggle that was drawing to a climax in the stretch. Inch by inch the brave son of Hanover was creeping on Lausanne. How loosely the big chestnut galloped—rolling like a drunken man in the hour of his distress. Close pressed to his neck, sat over his wither lay the intense form

of his rider—a camel's hump—a part of the racing mechanism, unimpeding the horse in the masterly rigidity of his body and legs, but the arms, even the shoulders of the great jockey, thrust his mount forward, always forward—forward at each stride; fairly lifting him, till the very lurches of Lausanne carried him toward the goal. And at his girth rested the compact bay son of Hanover, galloping, galloping with a stout heart and eager reaching head, stretching every sinew and muscle and nerve; in his eye the light that would not be denied.

Ah, gallant little bay. On his back was the offspring of unthinking parents—a pinhead. Perhaps the Earl One had ordained him to the completion of Langdon's villainy with Lausanne. At the pinch his 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, foolish 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 on the ears of Allis like wild beasts they were howling like wolves. She closed her eyes, for she was weary of the struggle, and listened. Yes, they were wolves, leaping at the throat of her father and joying in the defeat of Lausanne. Deep-throated howls from full-cheated voices: "Come on, you, Lucretia! On Westley, on! On the bay win! The Dutchman—the Dutchman for a thousand!"

"I'll take—"

But the new voice was stifled into nothingness by the shrill, reawakened falsetto. "Go on, Westley! Lucretia wins—wins—wins!" it seemed to repeat. It lingered in the air, like the sound of a windmill turning through pine boughs, and with it came wadded the sickening stephanotis breath. Allis sank back into her seat. She knew it was all over. The shuffe of many feet hastening madly, the crash of eager heels down the wooden steps, a surging, pushing, bump, left her with a sickening sense, as in the wolf-pack blocked each other in his thrifful rush for the gold it had won, told her that the race was over.

(To Be Continued.)

RELIGIOUS.

Rev. Joseph Lawrence Hunter of this state has been elected President of the National Association of Presbyterians at Cedar Rapids, Mich., that he has \$25,000 for it. He has also just closed a deal for 200 acres of land in South Carolina, on which he will establish an industrial school for boys.

Rev. Dr. Wertheimer, who created a sensation a few years ago by abandoning Judaism to join the Christian Scientists, has married Ruby M. Jewell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Jewell of Dayton, O. Dr. Wertheimer is 40 years of age, while the bride is but 18. Dr. Wertheimer was the pastor of the local synagogue when he accepted the new faith.

Rev. J. J. Ennegahowh, the Chippewa Indian ordained to the priesthood by the late Bishop Whipple, has recently died. His life for many years had been interesting, and that of Bishop Whipple whose journeys through the wilderness in sunshine and storm he often shared. During the last few years he had been the rector emeritus of the Church of St. Columba, at White Earth, to which which \$1,600 was given by Henry Lind.

Among the many gifts made by Dean Hoffman to the general theological seminary in his lifetime, was what is said to be the finest collection of Latin Bibles in the world, and streamined in the British Museum and the Bibliothèque Nationale. The copy of the Bible mentioned is said to be the finest in existence. It is said to have been purchased by Dean Hoffman for \$15,000 for this copy.

PRIVATE DISEASES OF MEN.

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 of scorn at a habitual drunkard who have beams in their own eyes. They are as much at fault in bringing children into the world practically invalids from birth as the physical wreck from whisky. A drunken man once told a dude of a fellow who was laughing at him that he need not laugh. He said: "I am drunk, but can get over that, while you are a natural born fool and never can get over that."



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(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 1899 and 1900:

REPORTED FOR ASSESSMENT IN 1899.	Value	Per Cent	REPORTED FOR ASSESSMENT IN 1900.	Value	Per Cent
370,299 Acres improved land	\$31,582	3.08	291,493	\$ 964,101	3.37
55,796 Acres unimproved land	111,443	2.00	40,935	72,282	1.76
10,709 Horses	144,131	13.46	8,784	85,830	6.81
24,167 Hogs	113,700	4.61	25,631	119,695	4.64
Agricultural implements	24,001	.99	36,920	34,881	.94
Railroad and telegraph	316,420	290,511
All other property	351,327	337,000
Total assessment	\$1,912,716	\$1,885,541

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

Acres in farms	Farm Bldgs.	Farm implements and machinery	Value
\$41,175	\$1,765,590	\$9,903,210
.....	428,029
.....	1,948,884
.....	2,202,101

Percentage of land value returned for taxation per census..... 10 3-10 per cent
Percentage of agricultural implements returned for taxation per census..... 4 per cent
Percentage of live stock value returned 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 Valuation, 1900.
S. W. 1/4 S. W. 1/4	5	11	5	\$2,000.00	\$165.00
E. 1/2 N. E. 1/4	7	11	6	4,000.00	352.00
W. 1/2 N. W. 1/4	8	11	5	4,000.00	352.00
N. E. 1/4	4	11	5	8,000.00	693.00
S. 1/2 N. E. 1/4	29	10	6	4,000.00	416.00

This county is an example of one of the prosperous counties of Nebraska. It has a population of 9,270, of which 2,135 live within the incorporated towns. Aurora being the largest of these towns, with a population of 1,921.

In the year 1900, of the 3,478 males over 21 years of age who resided in this county, 2,395 of them lived on the farms, 1,999 of whom were owners or lessees of farms, and 235 were laborers. The owners or lessees paid the laborers \$26,040. The census reports show that they raised products which were not fed to live stock to the value of \$2,502,101 and that they had live stock amounting in value to \$1,948,884. Dividing the live stock figures by four, which would make the yearly product, \$487,221, or a total net result of \$2,689,325, the results of the products of farming in that county for that year. Dividing this sum by 1,999 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 property has a substantial basis from the fact that in the following towns the banks report deposits as follows:

Aurora	Marquette	Phillips	Hampton
\$464,000.00	70,000.00	35,000.00	135,000.00
.....
.....
.....
Total	\$692,500.00

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

"PURITY"
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