Thoroughbreds.

By W. A. FRASER. Author of "The Outcast," "Mooswa," and Other Stories.

CHAPTER VII.

It was late autumn; the legitimate racing season had closed. In August John Porter had taken his horses back to Ringwood for the winter.

When a man strives against fate, when realization laughs mockingly at his expectation, there comes to him a time when he ongs for a breathing spell-when he knows that he must rest and wait until the wheel of life, slow-turning, has passed a little through the groove of his existence. John Porter had been beaten down at

every point. Disastrous years come to all whether they race horses or point hir the truthful way, and this year had been master of Ringwood.

again, but the chestnut seemed thorwood, a dark cloud of indebtedness hang- heavy on his hands, ing over the beautiful place and prosnot even this much of tangibility.

him away-but to Allis.

may have been because of the feeling that had. she was indirectly responsible for his. The world of feeling and sympathy and as attractive and interesting as the de- dignity of a minuet dancer. elepment of their muscles was to a

a riding horse.

a brute with such a reputation." This him in some big handleap light.

"I won't feed such a skate all winter," he declared, angrily, after a little pause. "Well, give him to me, then, father," ingratiate himself with Mrs. Porter.

the girl had pleaded; "I am certain that he'll make good some day. You'll see that Dolman a trifle more of the load he was leaved. In truth the actors were all too "There's the trainer, rapturously, as he opened moral attributes might and the most visits to Ringwood were not exactly rose-gently the door of Lucretia's box stall. healthy form of interested amusement in the would cast from the shoulders of Rev. Visits to Ringwood were not exactly rose-gently the door of Lucretia's box stall. healthy form of interested amusement in the world cast from the shoulders of Rev. Visits to Ringwood were not exactly rose-gently the door of Lucretia's box stall. healthy form of interested amusement in the rose was all the state of the sta he'll pay you for keeping your word."

As Allis rode Lauzanne she discovered many things about the horse; that instead of being a stupid, morose brute, his intelli- pare his suit with so much subtlety he gence was extraordinary; and, with her at hardly knew; in all reason he should be racing—though he awkwardly strove to hide as he drew the haltered head toward the His detestation of racing had been least his temper perfect.

Allis's relationship with her father was unusual. They were chums; in all his derstood him; he did not profess Christophe in all his moments of wavering, but, on the other hand, his life misunderstanding as a fault, almost as a with bright, clean, yellow straw. How continued the misunderstanding as a fault, almost as a with bright, clean, yellow straw. How continued the misunderstanding as a fault, almost as a with bright, clean, yellow straw. How continued the many strain in the daily papers. To ffeted by the waves of disaster. Allis was the one who cheered him, who regirt him his armor-Allis, the slight, olive-faced little woman, with the big, fearless, Joanof-Arc eves.

"You'll see what we'll do next summer, dad," she said; cheerly. "You'll win with Lucretia as often as you did with her mother; and I'll win with Lauzanne. We'll keep quiet till spring, then we'll show

It was like a kitten carrying a city on its back; but still it was the hope of endeavor. Langdon's horses, so stiently controlled by Philip Crane, banker, had been put in winter quarters at Gravesend, where Langdon had

outtage. Crane's racing season had been as successful as the master of Ringwood's had been disastrous. He had won a fair-class

race with the Dutchman-ostensibly Langdon's horse-and then, holding true to his nature, which was to hasten slowly, threw him out of training, and deliberately planned a big coup for the next year. The olt was engaged in several three-year-old stakes, and Crane set Langdon to work to find out his capabilities. As his owner expected, he showed them in a severe trial gallop the true Hanover staying-power. Although Crane had said nothing about it at the time, he had his eye on the Eastern

Derby when he commissioned Langdon to urchase this gallant son of Hanover. It was a long way shead to look, to lay plans to win a race the following June, but that was the essence of Crane's existence. master at it. And, after all, given a good stayer, such as he had in the Dutchman, the mile-and-a-half run of the derby left less to chance than any other stake he could have pitched upon; the result would depend absclutely upon the class and stamina of the horses. No bad start could upset his calculations, no little interference in the race could destroy his horse's

chances, if he were good enough to win. The Dutchman's races, as a 2-year-old, would not warrant his being made a favorite, and Langdon, properly directed, was clever enough to see that the Dutch-

Many things had crowded into this forbut a modest business always, was running so smoothly that it required little attention | sense. from the owner. This was one reason why The plucking he had received as a moneyed couple of times with Alan. youth rankled in his heart. The possession dismissed the matter entirely from his that Alan had found so trying. pind with the passing of the command; Of course a young man of all these angles to his woodchuck or groundhog.

session and he had begun to covet it. had business dealings with, deliberately. He refer to it afterward had been curtly tion of chronic anger at somebody or somehad told his trainer to win, if possible, a stopped. That Langdon's villainous acheme had borne | work was a great thing—seemingly the chief evil fruit for John Porter was purely a mat- end of man. Another notion almost equally she was with the phases of Lauranne's an' a bit rat-tailed. Yes, Game Boy's all landed many a purse, an' the 'Suburban,'

Dutchman.

eyes, had come upon him suddenly and with of variation. an assertive force that completely mastered At first he had liked Alan Porter, with no

church, had claimed him simply because an influence. oughly soured. Now he was back at Ring- evening in Brookfield had come to hang

Now, when Rev. Dolman received Philip pect of relief a shadowy child of the fu- Crane's check for \$50 the next day, to be ture. If Lucretia wintered well and grew applied to the church encumbrance, he big and strong she might extricate him sought to allay-his surprise by attributing from his difficulties by winning one or two the gift to his own special pleading that of the big races the following summer. evening, of course backed up by Providence. About any of the other horses there was If anybody had stated that the mainspring of the gift had been the wicked horse racing Thoroughly distrusting Lauxanne, embit- poem of their denunciation he would have tered by his cowardice, Porter had given been scandalised and full of righteous disbelief. It is quite likely that even Crane Strangely enough the girl had taken a would have denied that Allis' poem had instrong liking to the son of Lazzarone; it spired him to the check, but nevertheless it

presence at Ringwood. Allis Porter's per- goodness that had hung in her voice had set ceptions had been developed to an extra- a new window in his soul slightly ajar—so ordinary degree. All her life she had slightly ajar that even now, months after-lived surrounded by thoroughbreds and her ward, the lovelight was only beginning to sensitive nature went out to them, in their stream through. When love comes to a courage and loyalty, in a manner quite man at 40 he is apt to play the game very beyond possibility in a practical, routine- badly indeed; he turns it into a very following horseman. To her they were al- anxious business and moves through the most human; the play of their minds was light-tripping measure with the pedantic

But Philip Crane was not given to making mistakes; he knew that, like Crusader, "his When the stable had been taken back to best racing days (in the love stakes) were Ringwood she had asked for Lausanne as over"-especially where the woman was but a girl. So he sat down and planned it all "I'm going to give him away," her father out as he planned to win the Brooklyn replied; "I can't sell him-nobody would buy Derby, months later. And all the time he was as sincerely in love as if he had blunword brought to Porter's mind his chief dered into many foolishnesses, but his love cause of resentment against the chestnut, making must be of diplomacy. Even now The public having got into its head that all the gods of fate stood ranged on his Porter was playing coups, generously sug- side; Allis' brother was in his bank more gested that he was puiling Lausaune to get or less dependent upon him. Ringwood Itself was all but in the bank; he stood fairly well with John Porter and much better with Allis' mother, for already he had begun to

carrying. He would send the reverend gen- conventionally honest-too unsocialized-to through a halter," he continued, putting that were destined for no other purpose tleman another check.

Why he should think it necessary to preconsidered a fair match for Allis Porter. it—even if Alan had not enlarged upon this visitors. He was not a bad man, as the world un- point. This knowledge constrained the girl, Mortimer looked with interest at the big, looked upon but one phase of the question, drink; he was not given to profane lan- carefully prepared racing expressions; seemed almost a complete recompense, this guage; even in racing, his presence seemed reveiled with strange abandon in talks of attentive care of animals, for the cruelty to lend an air of respectability to the gallops and trials, and workouts, and he imagined race horses suffered. sport, and it was generally supposed that breathers; threw iron-mouthed horses, pullhe raced purely for relaxation. In truth, it semed to him that it would be a deuced wonders at his head, until he revolted in Celtic scorn in his voice; "I'd rather tie up good thing for the Porters.

In actuality there were just two things that stood in the way-two things which his position and wealth could not obviate—his miles apart—the distance that lay between and the Porter pride. If Porter bad the bank and Ringwood. not been dubbed "Honest John" early in life, he might have been saddled with 'Proud Porter" later on. The pride had come up out of old Kentucky with all the other useless things-the horse racing and the mability to make money, and the

fancy for keeping a promise. Something whispered to Crane that Allia would never come to him simply out of love; it might be regard, esteem, a desire to please her parents, a bowing to the evident decree of fate. Perhaps even the very difficulty of conquest made Crane the offence. more determined to win and made him - There was this difference between the two hasten slowly.

CHAPTER VIII

As a rule few visitors went to Ring-John Porter had been too interested in his horses and his home life to care much definite plans-even desire; he was imsocial matters. Mrs. Porter was a home body, too, caring nothing at all for society-at best there was but little of it in Brookfield-except where it was connected with church work. Perhaps that was one reason why Allis had grown so close into her father's life. It was a very that Mortimer, in spite of his uncompromes. also discovered that the visitor was not small, self-sustained household.

Mike Gaynor had become attached to the staff at Ringwood this winter as a sort of Ringwood; his extreme stand weakened by assistant trainer to Porter. Dixon only attrition. trained the Ringwood horses during the reacing season. Porter always supervising them in winter quarters. Perhaps it was Porter's great cloud of evil fortune which the Porters. He had driven out with Alan had cast its sinister influence out to Mike, because of his sympathy for the master of Singwood; certain it is that the autumn evening in the matter of entertaining a found him quite "on his uppers," as he guest; something must be done; cigars, or graphically described his financial stand. mulic, or small chatter are insufficient. If man was at a comfortable price for betting ing. An arrangement was made by which one is on the western slope of life's Sierra Mike's disconsolate horses were fed at perhaps a nap may kill the time profitably Ringwood, and he took care of both strings. enough, but this was a case where a young tieth year of Crane's life. The bank, doing This delighted Allis, for she had full confidence in Gaynor's integrity and good difficult of entertainment under the circum-

The early winter brought two visitors to had thrown so much subtle energy into Ringwood; Crane, who came quite often, juvenile interest on hand; the uncarthing his racing; its speculation appealed to him. and Mortimer, who went to the farm a of a woodchuck, or it might have been a

George Mortimer might be described as not become a party to the destruction of of such a faithful jackal as Langdon car- an angular young man. He was like a animal life for the sport of the thing. She ried him to greater lengths than be would tree. One might see in him, as in the tree, had a much better program mapped out for have gone had the obnoxious details been strength and stately grace, while another subject to his own execution. Though might find him awkward, stiff, uncomproconscienceless, he was more or less fas- mising in his angles, like an oak or a giant stalls, could come to know them individutidious. Had a horse broken down and be- sycamore; his figure, tall and square and ally casually though it might be, he would ome utterly useless he would have ordered straight, was rugged; even his face, large- perhaps catch a glimmer of their beautiful him to be destroyed without experiencing featured, square-jawed and bold-topped by characters. So she asked Mr. Mortimer to any feeling of compassion—he would have broad forehead, suggested the selemnity go and have a look at her pets.

t, rather than destroy the horse simself, was sure to have notions, and Mortimer's would have fed him. And so mind was knotted with them; there seemed anything," she said, turning gratefully to was with men. If they were driven to no soft nor smooth places in his timber. Mor imer, when he refused Alan's invitation, the walf because of his plans, that was That was why he had reasoned with the saying that he preferred to look at the their own lookout; it did not trouble Philip butcher by energetically grasping his wind- horses. "I'll show you Diable, and Lucretia, pipe the evening that worthy gentleman had and Lauranne the Despised—he's my horse Porter he had known simply in a business expressed himself so distastafully over Allis and I'm to win a big race with him next way. From the first he had felt that Ring- Porter's contribution to Rev. Dolman's conwood would pass out of its owner's pos- cert. Perhaps a young man of more subtle I'll give you a tip"-Mortimer winced-"if that." grace would have received some grateful you want to stand well with Mike let him The Lauranne race had been Langdon's recognition for this office, but the matter suspect that you're foud of horses." planning sitogether. Crane, cold-blooded as had been quite closed out so far as Mortihe was, would not have robbed a man he mer was concerned, and when Alan tried to Mike usually vacillated between a condi-

with Lausanne and get rid of him. George Mortimer's chief notion was that ple who were sick at heart laugh. ter of chance selection. There was a Ms- prominent in his makeup-he had developed the same of right," monologued Mike; "but here's a too-won it on three legs, for he was clean

First and foremost in this interdiction stood perhaps had procured this. horse racing. The touch of it that hung On Mike's face was a map of disaster, miles from Brookfield.

not given "The Run of the Crusader"-most tions. certainly a racing poem-in the little church, this angular young man, with Allis. flicted with every other emotion that gov- nature, and there commenced to creep into himsilf, thin he's mistook, that's all." erned his being. All his life he had been his thoughts at odd intervals a sort of selfish-considering only Philip Crane, his gratuitous pity that she should be so intermind unharassed by anything but business minably mixed up with race horses. His wheels, bangin' thim horses about as though obstacles in his ambilious career. Love for original honesty of thought, the narrow- he was King Juba." this quiet, self-contained girl, unadorned by Dess of his tuition, were apt to make him Allis saw that Gaynor was indeed angry. anything but the truth, and honesty and egotistically sure that the things which apfearle: sness that were in her big, steadfast pealed to him as being right were incapable she answerd; "I won't have the horses

tremendous amount of unbending; now, be- take it out of his hide some day. Th' b'y By a mere chance he had heard Allis give cause of the interest Allis had excited in 'll monkey with him once too often, then though the living creature before him was but a series of disappointments to the her recitation, "The Run of Crusader," in him, the liking began to take on a super- there'll be no b'y left." the little church at Brookfield. Crane was visory form, and it was not without a touch After Lucretia's win in the Eclipse Por- not as agnostic, but he had interested him- of irritation in his voice that Alan in- having their lie down, or anything?" ter did not land another race. Lucretia self little in church matters, and Rev. Dole- formed his sister that he had acquired a "Not yet, miss; they're getting the rub He began to feel that a man, or even a caught cold and went off-this was a bitter man's concert, that was meant to top down second father, and with juvenile malignity down now; don't ye hear Diablo bastin' the woman-it was the subtle presence of the disappointment. He tried Lauranne twice many weeds of debt that were choking the attributed the encumbrance to her seductive boords av his stall wid that handy off hind woman at his side that made him involun-

subvert their underlying motives.

ers, skates and drivers and other equine

By comparison, Crane's visits to Ringwood

Extraordinarily enough, Mrs. Porter, op-

trusiveness. He had complete mastery over

the science of waiting. His admission to

exactly why he went there, even to the ut-

pelled to it out of some unrecognized force,

fectly and the other formed only poor, con-

torted, often broken, dishes of inferior clay.

His first baptism came with much precipi-

tancy, on the occasion of his fourth visit to

to spend his Saturday afternoon at Ring-

wood. An afternoon is not exactly like an

man had to be entertained, a young man

Alan had some barbarous expedition of

groundhog, in a back field, but Allis would

Mortimer. Some way she felt that if he

Alan would have none of it; he was of

"I'm glad you don't want to go and kill

At the stable door they met Mike Cayper.

thing, and an Irish drollery that made pro-

stances.

under the glamor of his artistic unob- gled Allis' cheek.

men, the old and the young; Crane knew min's oaths!"

were Utopianly complacent.

gambling were extremely bad business, association with her father and other men baseo in his head, fer he's got the divil's He was a good horse-whin he liked. Per- the opening where the boy had gone, but

like a small cloud over the Brookfield the disaster might be trivial or great. That horizon had inspired Mrs. Mortimer, as it something was wrong the girl knew, but had the other good people of the surround- whether it was that a valuable horse was ing country, with the restricted idea that dead, or that a mouse had eaten a hole in ple. Her home was in Emerson, a dozen degrees of expressed emotion in Mike's explained to Mortimer. facile countenance: either a deep scowl or Quite paradoxically, if Allia Porter had a broad grin were the two normal condi-

responded Milks. "What's the matter, Mike?" questioned

(Copyright, 1908, by McClure, Phillips & Co.) | wrest the Eclipse from Lucretia with the stringent ideas about running horses, "Mather is it?" began Gaynor. "It's just probably would have never visited Ring- this, Miss Allis; if yer father thinks I'm straw, rubbing him down. The boy kept And now, in this fortieth year, had come wood. Something of the wide sympathy goin' to stand by an' see good colts spiled the entirely new experience of an affection that emanated from her as she told of the in their timper, just because a rapscallion -his admiration for Allis Porter. In con- gallant horse's death struck into his strong by has got the evil intints av ould Nick "Who is it, Mike-Shandy?"

"That's him, Miss. He's the divil

"I'll speak to father about him, Mike,"

abused. "Mark my words, Miss Allis, Diablo 'lt

"May we see the horses, Mike-are they foot av his?"

"ALLIS, TOO, WAS FIGHTING, BRINGING THE CROP DOWN WITH CUTTING FORCE OVER THE WITHERS,

With all these cross-purposes at work it "There's a filly fer yer life," exclaimed | ble thoughts-yes, even a woman of high

Allia, with her fine intuition, would have over the brown mare's beautiful neck. of the same wondrous stamina and courage

"You don't tie her up?" he asked.

"Tie her up!" ejaculated Mike, a fine

cent, an' take chances av her throwin' her

silf in the halter; av coorse she's hitched

fer a bit after a gallop, while she's havin'

Lucretia's black nozzle came timidiy for

"She knows you, Miss," said Mike.

"That's the way wid horses; they're like

"She'll know whether you like horses or

not, an' I'd back her opinion agin fifty

Allis watched with nervous interest the

There was some mystery about this new

comer. Evidently she did not distrust him

impatient, warning shake of her delicate

head. She always turned in that cross man-

shoulder, as she would have done with Mr.

Porter or Mike, or even with one who was

perhaps a stranger, as was Mortimer, bad

she felt the unmistakable something which

conveyed to her mind the knowledge that

"Lucretia has found you out," said Allis

"Oh, I l'ke animals, I don't deny," Mor-

Mike frowned and looked disparagingly

he muttered to himself. That a man should

know nothing of thoroughbreds was per-

many racing men whose knowledge of

horseffesh was a subject of ridicule, but

then they never proclaimed their ignorance,

only they don't know it, that's all-the

woods is full av thim. Would you like to

give the flily a carrot, Miss?" he asked,

When he returned Allis gave one to Lu-

"That's a useful horse," explained the

"Game Boy. He's by the Juggler. You

Mortimer was forced to confess that he

"That's strange," commented Mike, turn-

ing the big bay about with evident pride:

"he won the 'Belmont,' at Jerome park, did

Mortimer compromised by admitting that

"Woll, I haven't," declared Mike,

this summer you'll hear from him," he con-

fided to Mortimer, as they left the stall.

Just remember Game Boy; see, ye can't

cret's, then they passed to the next stall.

trainer; "he's won some races to his time."

"What's his name?" asked Mortimer.

But with startling inconsistency, Mike Jock I've seen ridin' hereabout."

jockey.

to you, I'm sayin'."

with but toleration.

box stall contained Lauranne.

rather posed as good judges than other-

explained. "There's many like you,

turning to Allis. "I'll bring some."

emember him, don't you?"

he had probably forgotten it.

Allie was as familiar with his moods as forget-a big bay with a white nigh foreleg

didn't quite remember Juggier.

fectly inexplicable to Gaynor. He knew

presently. "You do like horses, she knows

about them-nothing about race horses."

at the visitor. "He must be a quare duck

he was of the equine brotherhood.

a rub down, but that's all."

his arm with the gentleness of a woman than to race and beget sons and daughters

trous-most immoral.

right way about it."

up, mark my words."

him around.

mentor.

of God's scheme of creation.

hind leg as if he would demolish the tor-

Mortimer almost shrunk with apprehen

sion for the boy, for Diablo's ears were

of evil hatred; but the boy unsnapped the

halter shank without hesitation, and Diablo,

more inquisitive than angry, came mine-

ingly toward them, nodding his head some-

what defiantly, as much as to say that the

"See that!" ejaculated Mike, a pleasant

smile of satisfaction rippling the furrows

of his face; "see how he picks out the best

Diablo had stretched his lean head down

and was trying to nibble with gentle lip the

carrot Allis held half hidden behind her

assumption of equality, of trust in the in-

'They're all like that when Miss Allis to

the same way. Tie him up, Shandy,"

time-they treat thim gentler, that's why.

"Most interesting," hazarded Mortimer,

feeling some acknowledgment of Mike's in-

"It's the trut'. Miss Allis'd take Lau

sanne, or the black, or the little mare, an'

get a better race out av aither than any

You almost make me wish that I were a

"Mike," exclaimed Allis; "you flatter me.

"Well, bot' t'umbs up! you wud av made

good un, miss, an' that's no disrespect

Mortimer smiled condescendingly. Allis'

quick eye caught his expression of amused

jockey was the embodiment of courage and

to Mortimer it simply meant a phase of life

felt that Mike's encomium had lowered her

perceptibly in the opinion of this man,

whom she herself affected to look upon

They visited all the other stalls, eight of

'Miss Porter 'll tell you about this wan,

a good horse, an' his sire, old Lazzarone

he considered quite outside the pale

recognized respectability. Somehow

nature of the interview would depend alto-

gether upon their good behavior.

friend the stable's got!"

the mistress he had faith in.

NECK, HEAD, ANY PART OF THE FIGHTING MASS IN FRONT OF HER."

unearthed Mortimer's disapprobation of "Come here, ould girl," he said coaxingly, and speed.

sullen irritation. In fact they misunder- a wife-if I had one," he added by way of

stood each other finely, in truth their dif- extenuation. "No man would tie up a mare

ferent natures were more in harmony two worth tin thousand dollars if she's worth a

posed to racing as she was, fell quite readily ward, and the soft, velvety upper lip snug-

the good lady of a passing interest in children, they know friends, an' you can't

horses was an apology; there seemed such fool thim. Now she's sizin' you up, Mister,

an utter absence of the betting spirit that as Lucretia sniffed suspiciously at Morti-

the recreation it afforded him condoned the mer's chin, keeping a wary eye on him.

most consummation, while Mortimer had investigation. She almost felt that if Lu-

asked himself more than once, coming back cretia liked her companion-well, it would

from Ringwood feeling that he had been be something less to dislike in him, at all

misunderstood-perhaps even laughed at- events. Lucretia seemed turning the thing

why he had gone there at all. He had no over in her mind, trying to think it out.

It was because of these conditions that entirely, else she would have put her ears

It stood in the reason of things, however, ner from Shandy, the stable boy. She had

ing attitude toward racing, should be completely a horseman; she did not investi-

touched by its tentacles, if he visited at gate his pockets, nor put her head over his

the one potter turned his images so per- back a trifle and turned away, with a little

can go like a quarter horse, an' stay till fer all I know." the cows come home; but he's like Lauzanne acrost yonder, he's got a bee in his bonnet, an' it takes a divil to ride him." "That's hard on me, Mike," expostulated

those who had to do with thoroughbred a grain bag, she could only discover by Allis. "You see, Lauranne goes better with approve of him, though besitating to say the coat and pulling him toward the winhorses were simply gamblers—betting peo- questioning Gaynor, for there were never me in the saddle than any of the boys," she so in the presence of his mistress. The divil or angels, I was going to say,

> Diablo's head was tied high in a corner of the stall, for Shandy, the boy, was hard at work on him with a double hand of up a peculiar whistling noise through his head in the corner of his box, took him by parted lips as he rubbed, and Diablo snapped the ear and turned him gently around. impatiently at the halter-shank with his great white teeth, as if he resented the operation.

mies, when you interrupted me," gallantly

shining white skin that glistened like satin, explained, "he's got more brains than any or watered silk. Surely there was excuse of the other horses; and when he's abused for people loving thoroughbreds. It was he knows it." an exhibaration even to look at that embodiment of physical development. It was an treated," commented Mortimer. animated statue to the excellence of good. clean living.

Somehow or other Mortimer felt that only a horse, yet nature's laws were being adhered to, and the result was a reward of physical perfection and enjoyment of life. tarily interject this clause into his inaudi-

own timper. But he can gallep a bit; he haps Lauzanne 'll do the same some day, was not Mortimere in the same position

trainer's voice that even Mortimer noticed be sorely hurt; now he was reeling like a big chestnut. Evidently Mike did not quite

'Yes, Lausanne is my horse," volunteered Allis. "I even ride him in all his steadled his senses. It was the girl; and work now, since he took to eating the sta-

"And you're not afraid?" asked Mortimer. For answer the girl slipped quietly into the stall, and going up beside the chestnut, who was standing sulkily with his

"He's just a quiet-mannered chap, that's all," she said. "He's a big, lasy, contented old boy," and she laid her cheek against Mortimer gazed with enthusiasm at the his fawn-colored nozzle. "You see," she

"But he's grateful when he's kindly "Yes, that's why I like horses better than

"Oh!" the exclamation slipped from Mor-

timer's lips. "Most men, I mean," she explained, "Of course father, and Alan, and-" she hesitated; "you see," she went on to explain, "the number of my men friends are limited, but, except these, and Mike, and Mr. Dixon, I like the horses best."

"I almost believe you're right, Miss Porter," concurred Mortimer; "I've known men myself that I fancy were much worse than even Diablo.

"Mike thinks Lauranne is a bad horse," the girl said, changing the subject, "but you must win a big prize on him this coming season. You just keep your eye on Lauzanne. Here's your carrot, old chap," she said, stroking the horse's neck, "and we must go if we're to have that drive. Will you hitch the gray to the buggy for us, Mike?" she asked of Gaynor, as they came out of the stable; "we'll wait here." As Mike started off, there came to their ears the sound of turmoil from Diablo's box, impatient kicks against the boards

from the horse and smothered imprecations from the boy. "Hear that flend!" the girl exclaimed, and there was wrath in her voice.

Mortimer. all his evil doing. Oh, I've only one glove," she exclaimed, "I know where it is, though; from the front of my jacket; I saw him do it, but forgot to pick it up.'

"Allow me, Miss Porter; I'll get it for you." "No, please don't!" with emphasis, as he started back. She laid a detaining hand on his arm. "I'd much prefer to go myself-Lauzanne distrusts strangers and might make trouble."

the buggy.

Allis opened the door of Lauranne's stall, passed in and searched in the straw for the in the wind.

suddenly a scream of terror from the boy, withers were torn.

reality an untutored prejudice; he had and he fell heavily. At the first sound of the blows Allis had ness to fight against; he must still fight, started angrily toward Diablo's box. She "You are badly hurt." It was the girl's weakness, and shocked the young man with tented and at home the mare appeared. It betting incidents in the daily papers. To for rang out. For an instant the girl hes- recognized it, everything was so co itated; what she saw was enough to make him all forms of betting were highly disasa strong man quail. The black stallion But here, like a revelation, came to him, was loose; with crunching jaws, he had in all its fascination, the perfect picture fastened on the arm of Shandy, in the corof the animal, which, he was forced to adner of the stall, and was trying to pull the mit, stood next the man in its adornment boy down, that he might trample him to

But for a second she faltered; if ever Allis. As Shandy swept his wisp of straw along quick action were needed it was needed the sensitive skin of Diablo's stomach, the latter shrunk from the tickling sensation now.

and lashed out impatiently with a powerful "Back-back Diablo! back!" she cried as pushing past the black demon she brought her hunting-crop down with a full "He's not cross at all just," explained force between his ears.

Whether it was the sound of his mistress Mike; "he's bluffin', that's all. Shure a voice or the straggling blow-but Diablo child could handle him if they'd go the dropped the boy like a crushed rat and, half sore. rearing looked viciously at the brave girl. Then he leaned over and whispered in an "Quick! Through the bay window!" comaside to the visitors: "Bot' t'umbs up!" manded Allis, standing between Shandy and (this was Mike's favorite oath), "Diablo the horse, and drawing the whip back over hates that boy, an' some day he'll do him her left shoulder, ready to give it to Diablo full in the throat, should be charge again. "Here, Shandy," he cried, turning to the Cowed, the boy clambered through the rubber, "loose the black's head an' turn

Enraged at the sight of his assailant's escape, the horse gave another scream of definance and sought with striking forefeet

back on his flat, tapering neck, and his and spread jaws to pull down this new eyes, looking back at them, were all white, save for the intense blue-shimmered pupil. Not until then had Allis thought of call-To Mortimer that look was the incarnation ing for help; her one idea had been for the

> boy's safety. Like a flash the full peril of the situation dawned upon her; perhaps her life would be given for the boy who well deserved his punishment. She had seen two stallions fight, and knew that their ferocious natures, once aroused, could only be quelled force stronger than she possessed. Yes, surely she would be killed-her young life trampled out by the frenzied animal Incoherently, not in sequence, but all to-

the knowledge that Mike was beyond hearskirt. There was none of Lucretia's tim-"Help-Mortimer!" she called. idity in Diablo's approach; it was full of an He heard it as he reached the stable tentions of the stranger who had come with Even then he would have been too late had not other rescue come more

gether, these thoughts filled her mind; also

ouickly. In rushing from Lausanne's stall, Allis about," explained Mike; "there never would had left the door swinging on its hinges. timer answered, "but I know very little be a bad horse if the stable b'ys worked At the first cry of defiance from the black stallion Lauzanne had stretched high his added. "Even the jockeys spoil their head and sent back, with curled nostril, an mounts," Gaynor continued, in a monotone. answering challenge. Then with ears "The horses'll gallop better for women any cocked, he had waited for a charge from his natural enemy.

> When the mingled call of his mistress and Diablo's bugle note came to him he waited no longer, but rushed across the passage and seized the black horse by the crest, just as he was overpowering the girl.

It was at this instant Mortimer reached the scene: in his hand a stable fork he had grabbed as he raced down the passage. Even Lauzanne's attack, though it gave Allis a respite, would not have saved her life; the madly fighting horses would have kicked and trampled her to death.

"My God! Back! back, you devila!" and pushing, crowding, hugging the side of the discontent; it angered her. Mike's praise stall, Mortimer fought his way to the girl. had been practically honest. To him a good Once Diablo's hoof shot out and the man's left arm, snapping like a pistol, dropped honesty and intelligence; but she knew that useless at his side. His brain reeled with the shock. The oddly swinging arm, dangling like a doll's, with the palm turned backward, seemed to fascinate him. Why was he there? What was he doing? Why was he hammering the horses over the head with a stable fork, held tightly in his right He hardly knew, his mind was them, and listened to Mike's eulogistic praise of the inmaiss. Coming down the clouded; he was fighting by instinct, and always crowding along the wall toward the other side of the passage, the last occupied farther corner. The girl had quite faded from his sight. Somehow he felt that he must drive the horses back, back out of the

said Mike, diplomatically. He's shaped like Allis, too, was fighting, bringing the crop down with cutting force over the withers, phistophelean restitution in not striving to it from his mother—was that all forms of reading minds in a remarkable degree; the better; this is Diablo. He must have be gone in his plus; "I'll take me oath to that. front of her. She could escape now through Daniel Se neck, head, any part of the fighting mass in

she had been? She had seen him drop on There was such a tone of doubt in the his knees when Diablo lashed out; he must it. Neither was there much praise of the drunken man, as he fought the mad brutes. "This way," she panted, catching him by

dow. Ah, that was it! He saw her now, It she had called him-"Mortimer!"

"Back," he yelled, irrelevantly, in answer, cuiting Diable across the face with the fork. It was pandemonium, "Get through the window," the girl screamed in his ear. "Quick! now!" and

she pushed him toward it. "You-first-back you devila!" and he pressed away from her, closer to the horses, thrusting and striking with the steelpointed fork.

The horses were giving way; Diablo was fighting half through the door, weakening before the onslaught of the powerful chestnut. Even in battle, as in a race, the staming of the Lazarone blood was telling: the bulldog courage of the strain was strong upon Lauzanne now that he was roused. "Quick, you can get out!" again called the girl.

"You first." This dreary repetition was the only expression Mortimer's numbed senses seemed equal to, but he fought the horses with the ferocity of a tiger; his wound but enraged

They could both escape, Allis knew, if she could bring Mortimer to understand, but they must do it quick, if at all. It was useless. He seemed conscious of but one idea; that he must drive the fighting animals out into the passage to save her.

She was not afraid now; the man's presence had driven that all away. Even at the coming of Lauzanne she had felt that somehow she would come through the terrible melee safely.

It was useless to speak to him of the window, neither would go first; so with her riding whip she fought side by side with Mortimer, springing back from the swiftcutting forefeet; sometimes even hugging close to the side of a horse as he lashed out from behind, and once saving Mortimer from being out down, by pulling him swiftly from under a raised foot.

In the end the stallions were forced out into the passage, just as Mike came rushing on the scene.

"He does seem a bad horse," concurred But the battle had warmed. Twice Diablo "I didn't mean Diablo; it's the boy. It's had been pulled to his knees, forced down by the fierce strength that was Lauzanne's; the black was all but conquered. The that mischievous rascal Lausanne nibbled it trainer's voice checked Lausanne's fury; even the boy had plucked up courage to return, and between them the chestnut was driven into his stall.

All the fight had been taken out of Diablo. He struggled to his feet, and stood trembling like a horse that had come out of a fierce cutting race. On his arms were the marks of Lauranne's teeth, where they had snapped like the jaws of a trap; from As the girl entered the stable, Mortimer his crest trinkled a red stream that dripped sauntered toward Mike, whom he could see to the floor like water from a running a short distance away putting a horse to cave. All the flerce fire of hate had gone from his eye. He hung his head dejectedly and his flanks vibrated like a silken flag

Lauranne, too, bore evidence of a victous The noise of strife in Diablo's box had strife. On one quarter, where Diablo's increased. There came the sound of blows sharp hoof had ripped, was a cut as though on the horse's ribs; a muttered oath, and he had been lashed with a sickle, and his

drowned by the feroclous battle cry of the Mortimer and Allis had come out of the enraged stallion. Mortimer, thirty yards stall, and the man, exhausted by the strugaway, heard it, and felt his heart stand gle, leaned wearily with pale, drawn face still; he had never heard anything so de- against the wall; the floor seemed slipping moniac in his life. He turned in such haste from under him; he felt a sensation of that his foot slipped on the frozen earth swiftly passing off into nothingness. He was just sleepy, that was all, but a sleepi-

was at the door when Shandy's cry of ter- voice. He was almost suprised that he He answered, heavily. "Yes, I'm-I'm-I want-to lie down." "Here, lean on my shoulder." It was

Mike's voice this time. "This is bad bustness," the trainer was saying; "we must get him out of this; he's nearly knocked out. Are you all right, miss?" turning to The wounded man turned guiltily; he had

forgotten the girl. Yes, surely she had been in that hell of noises with him, fighting, too. "I'm just frightened, that's all," answered ilis. "Mr. Mortimer saved me." Had he? he wondered. How had he come

in there, anyway. His mind refused to work out the problem, his side was so "Your arm's broke," said Mike, passing

to Mortimer's right side. "Come lean on me, sir. Can you walk? I'll put you in the buggy and drive you to the house." At the first step Mortimer staggered and

swayed like a drunken man. In his side were many sharp things pulling him down like grappling irons; on his head was a great heavy weight that crushed his feet into the hard planks; his knees gave way under this load and he would have fallen but for Mike's strong arm.
"I'm-afraid-;" then he set his teeth

hard, his voice had sought to end the sentence in a groan of anguish; the thing that was tearing at his side had whistled in his Allis stepped forward swiftly and, passing

her arm about his waist, helped Mike lead him to the door. Twice she put her left hand up and brushed away the tears from her eyes; the struggle had unnerved her. Very helplessly against her swayed the man she had laughed at and ridiculed not helf an hour before. And he had been crushed saving her! But that was not why the tears came-not at all. She was un-

"And he's got grit," she kept muttering to herself; "he has never even groaned." Together they succeeded in getting him into the buggy; then, gently, Mike drove to

(To Be Continued.)



Morphine Habit Gured