Thoroughbreds.

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

Porter, reading a book on the asked Porter. Wanda, heard the crunch of wheels as a buggy, slow-moving, turned into the drive. She raised her eyes leisurely, the matter of the stery still in her mind, but with a quick Miss Allis, thinks I, here's wan av thim sure to come to grief in the long run," cry of "John" she sprang to her feet, the city chumps; he made me tired. An' whin volume, left to itself, rustling from her lap he talked about Lauzanne's knees, m'aning

wrong and the mother heart felt that some that fork, bastin' the black, you'd thought evil had come to Allia.

Mrs. Porter had gone white in an instant, sand dollars fer a kock out." Over her hung heavy at all times the dread

came to the door. Then he sprang quickly face. perces the veranda at sight of his wife's

"No. no." he answered. "they're just comand he raced down the steps, just as Mike

"What's the matter, girl?" he began. "The young gintleman's got a bit shook up, sir-nothin' bad loike," Mike broke in, heatily. The diplomatic rider, "not bad," was added for Mrs. Porter's benefit; his quick eye having seen her white face.

"Miss Allis's not hurt at all," he contin-"We'll help the young gintleman in, an' I'd best go for the docther, I'm think-

Even as he was speaking they helped Mortimer from the rig. He had not uttered a sound; his teeth were set hard against the agony that was in his side and the queer dizziness that was over him left little beyoud a consciousness that he was being looked after, and that if he could only keep going for a little, just use his legs a triffe, he would presently be allowed to sleep. Yes, that was what he wanted, he was so drowsy. As he went up the steps between two men a haggard face peered at him over the rail. to smile. Then he was on a bed, and-and-

When the three men, with the silence of and damped the girl's shoulder.

"God be thanked, God be thanked!" gasped the troubled woman, and one hand patent that Mortimer must remain at Ringthat was over the girl's shoulder patted her with erratic rapidity. Then she interrupted and Mr. Mortimer like that. But I can't help it-I can't help it. Oh, Allis, my had pushed forward a chessman to occupy heart was in my mouth; I feel that some day you will come home like this."

At that instant Gaynor dashed by them, leaped into the buggy and called, as he drove off: "I'll have the docther in a liffy -th' young man's all right!" He was still talking as the whirr of swift-rushing wheels toward recovery was marvelous. smothered out his voice, and the dust rose like a steam cloud, almost blotting him from the landscape.

"Oh, girl! I thought you'd been killed." her mother's hot forehead.

smouldered in her heart a hatred of racing, that Orane was there. even of the horses.

"It's the anger of God." Mrs. Porter deto the sin of racing. No good can come tion of feeling. of it-no good has ever come of it-nothing It was Mrs. Porter who precipitated matstance of a year is wasted. There can't to Providence. be prosperity living in ain."

"Hush, mother," crooned Allis, softly. This outburst from Mrs. Porter startled the girl; it was so passionate, so vehement. paused a moment, and Porter groaned in-When they had talked of racing in the home | wardly; he knew that attitude. life the mother had nearly always pre- gers were rapiers, stilettos; presently their served a reproachful silence; her attitude was understood and respected.

"this sinful life is crushing me. Do you resented this angrily, had he not felt that hink I feel no shame when I sit in meeting hear our good minister denounce abling and racing? I can feel his eyes me, and I cannot raise my voice in protest, for do I not countenance it. people were all church people," she continued, almost apologetically, "tolerating can be no hope for eternal life."

"I know, mother," soothed the girl; "1 know just how you feel, but we can't deert father. He does not look upon it as a n, as carrying any dishonor; he may be cated, but he cheats no man. It can't so sinful if there is no evil intent. And listen, mother, no matter what anybody may say, even the minister, we must both stick to father, if he chooses to race horses

"Ab, sweetheart!" John Porter cried out in a pleased voice, as he came to themlooking after mother; that's right. Cynthia has helped me fix up Mortimer. He'll be all right as soon as Mike gets back with Rathone. I think we'd better have a cup of tea-these horses are trying on the nerves. aren't they, little woman?" and he nestled his wife's head against his side. "How did

'It was all over that rascally boy, Shandy. Diable was just paying him back for his illtreatment and I went in to rescue him and Mortimer risked his life to save mine."

"He was plucky, ch, girl?" "He fought the black like a hero, father.

mother.

Allis shot alquick look at her father, and speaker to get back to first principles. he changed the subject and commenced talking about Alan-wondering where he was,

and other irrelevant matters. Then there was fresh divertisement, as

Mike rattled up, and Doctor Rathbone, who was of a great size, bustled in to where

Three smanhed ribs and a broken arm was her husband a loophole to escape. inventory of the damage inilicted by ablo's Rick, when he came out again with is generally supposed to be." interposed orter, in an hour.

tickling his lung, though," he added, "but look from Mrs. Porter for his pains. the fellow has got such a good nerve that I bardly discovered this unpleasant fact. He'll retorted Dolman. "A Christian man must be all right, however; he's young and feel that he is encouraging gambling if he healthy as a peach. Good nursing is the countenances racing, for they contend that ides, and he'll get that here, of course. He without betting racing is impossible." enemies-Ha, ha!" and he laughed

attered man. "Thim docthers is cold-blooded divils," on the other gintleman. Bot' t'umbs! it if he doesn't, well, he'd better go hungry." Porter, "and he believes other men; and a man enter." was, too, Still if ould Sawbones had been | "A great many very honorable men are this horse had some drug given him to make

Convright, 1902, by McClure, Phillips & Co.) , "Mortimer behaved well, didn't he, Mike?"

they took water an' backed out. My word! his books, I had to hide me head in s The mother eyes saw that something was grain bag. But if you'd seen him handle It was single sticks he was it, wit' a t'ou-

"One can't always tell how a coat will of some terrible accident coming to Allis shape, can they, Mike?" spoke Porter; for Mike's fanciful description was almost "Did you call, wife?" Porter asked, as he bringing a smile to Mrs. Porter's troubled

"You can't, sor; an' yer next the trut" blanched face and reached out to catch her there. I've seen a herrin' gutted weed av in his arms. But she stopped him, pointing a 2-year-old-I remimber wan now, he was down the drive. "It's Allis, John; oh, my a Lexington. It was at Saratoga, an' bot' not tolerated on the race course." t'umbe! he just made hacks av iverything soight-spread-engled his field. ing back-here, sit down again, I'll see," wouldn't give a two dollar fer him, an' he come out an' cleaned up the Troy stake, like the great horse that he was."

"And you think Mortimer has turned out nething like that, ch, Mike?" "Well, fer a man that knows no more av horses than I know av the strology av stars he's a hot wan, an' that's the God's

Mortimer's gallant act had roused the Irishman's admiration. He would have done as much himself, but that would have been expected of a horseman, constantly encountering danger; that an office man, a man to be pitied in his ignorance, should have fearlessly entered the stall with the fighting stallions, was quite a different matter. Even Allis, with her more highly developed sense of character analyzation, felt something of the same influence. She had needed some such manifestation of Mortimer's integral force, and this had come with romantic intensity in the tragic boxstall scene. This drama of the stable had originated no polished rhetoric; the generally pedantic Mortimer's declamation had It was familiar; he felt some recognition been unconventional in the extreme. "Back, was due, for it was a lady's face. He tried you devila!" he had rendered with explosive flerceness, oblivious of everything but that he must save the girl. The words still rang in the ears of Allis, and also the echo of disaster over them, passed strugglingly into her own cry when in peril, "Mortimer!" the house Mrs. Porter threw herself on Allis' There must have been a foreshadowing in neck and a passion of tears flooded down her soul of the man's reliability, though she knew it not.

Even without the doctor's orders, it was

It was as if Philip Crane, playing with "What am I saying?-it's wicked, all his intense subtlety, had met his master in fate; the grim arbiter of man's ways a certain square on the board for a time. Mortimer had been most decisively smashed up, but his immense physique had wonderful recuperative powers. The bonesetting and the attendant fever were discounted by his vitality, and his progress

CHAPTER IX.

Crane heard of the accident on one of 'Here, sit down, mother-you're all his visits to Brookfield a couple of days worked up," and Allis put a cool hand on later, and of course must needs hurry to Ringwood to see his employe. It hap-But the shock to her feelings had loosed pened that Rev. Dolman graced the Porter

Naturally the paramount subject of interest was the narrow escape of Miss Allis; nounced, vehemently. "This gambling and but the individuality of discussion gradually racing is contrary to His law. Never a merged into a crusade against racing, led night passes, Allis, that I do not pray to by the zealous clergyman. John Porter God that he may open your father's eyes viewed this trend with no little trepida-

but disaster and trouble; in a day the sub- ters, by plously attributing Allis's escape

"Undoubtedly, undoubtedly!" Mr. Dolman said, putting the points of his fingers together in front of his lean chest. owner would thrust, with cutting phrase, proving that they were all indeed a very "I must speak, girl," she said again; bad lot. Perhaps John Porter would have that the reverend inquisitor was really honest in his beliefs, albeit intolerably

narrow in his conclusions. Dolman broke the temporary silence. "But we shouldn't tempt Providence by worshipping false images. Love of animals is commendable-" he emphasized ne sin in the household. Living in sin there this sight concession-"but race horses always appeal to me as instruments of the

"It wasn't the horse's fault, at all, Mr. Dolman," Allis interposed, "but just a depraved human's. It was the boy, Shandy's

"I wasn't thinking of one horse," continued the minister, airily; "I meant race horses in general." "I think Mr. Dolman is right," Mrs. Por-

er, ventured, healtatingly. the face of Providence for a gigl to go amongst those race horses." "Bad-tempered men them vicious, mother," Allis said; "and I believe that Shandy's punishment was the visitation of

Providence, if there was any." Hev. Dolman's face took on an austere look. It was an insult to the Divine powers it happen, Allia? Did Mortimer slip into race horse. But he turned the point to his to assert that they had taken the part of a own ends. "It's quite wrong to abuse the noble animal, and that's one reason why I held that racing is contrary to the Creator's

intentions, quite spart from the evil effect

it has on morals." "Are all men immoral who race, Mr. Dolman?" John Porter asked. His question But, father, you must never think bad of forced Dolman to define his position. Por-Lausanne again-if he hadn't come and ter always liked things simplified; racing fought the black Mr. Mortimer would have was either wrong in principle or right. Dolman found him rather a difficult man to "It's dreadful, dreadful," mouned the tackle. He had this irritating way of brushing aside generalization and forcing the

> The reverend gentleman proceeded cautiously. "I should hardly care to go so far as that-to make the rule absolute; a very strong man might escape contamination. perhaps.

Mrs. Porter sigher audibly. The minister was weakening almost lamentably—giving "I hardly think racing quite as bad as it

Crane, feeling that Porter was being pil-I'm afraid one of the splintered ribs is loried somewhat. He received a reproachful "I have never seen any good come of it,"

doesn't want much medicine: that we keep "Everything in life is pretty much of a means Lauranne," she continued. gamble," Porter drawled, lastly; "there errily, as if it were all a good joke on the aren't any sure things. The ships that go Langdon, I remember now, treated my husto sea, the farmer's crops—everything is band most shamefully over this horse more or less a matter of chance. If a man | Crape winced. He would have pre Mike's comment. "You'd a thought goes straight he has a fairly easy time with thumberews just then. ther'd been throwin' dice an' it was a barre his conscience, no matter what he's at, but

ing and wouldn't be racing if they felt that "They can't be Christians If the counte- | pealed to Mr. Porter. nance gambling," asserted the minister

dozgedly. It occurred to Mortimer that whenever the discussion took broader lines, Dolman drew Dolman. it back into the narrow cell of his own con-

Porter scratched his head perplexedly. They had been discussing the moral influ- feel very uneasy. ence of racing; this seemed more like theology.

Mrs. Porter, severely. "I haven't seen much Christian spirit in "Behaved well, is it? He was like a live all seem more a matter of written agree- shouldn't trust that man too much if I divil; punched thim two big stallions till ments. In fact there's more done on honor were you. He's got cunning enough,

Crane shifted in his chair and Dolman heavily." coughed deprecatingly.

"For my part," continued Porter, "T've ashamed of in racing." His wife saw an opening. "But, John, dear, you were treated most shamefully last

year-a dishonest boy hauled your horse-" 'pulled father's horse, you mean." difference can be, if the horse ran the other way, and your father lost."

punished, Helen," he said. "Dishonesty is race, and yet last summer it was said that

"Shameful," protested Dolman. "Are enough to tempt his appetite. In the mean-It was either unchristian or dishonorable." men allowed to give horses drugs?" He ap-

"No; the racing law is very strict on that point." "But evidently it is done," contended

"I think there's very little use of it," said Porter.

The turn of the conversation made Crane "Do you think, Mr. Porter," he asked, "that there was anything of that sort over "It is certainly unchristian," commented Lauzanne? Do you think Langdon would?"

"Mr. Langdon has a tolerable idea of any business," said Porter, quietly; "they what I think," answered Porter. "I in racing than in any of the business though, to run straight with a man like whin first I see him come to the stable wit' gambles. A man that's crooked in racing is yourself, who has a horse or two in his mired, they were brave and true creatures stable, and doesn't go in for betting very

"I know very little about him," protested Crane; "and, as you say, he will probnever found it necessary to do anything I'm shly act quite straightforward with me, at least."

"Yes," continued Porter, half wearily, as though he wished to finish the distasteful discussion, "there are black sheep in rac-"Pulled, mother," interposed Allis; ing as there are in everything else. My pulled father's horse, you mean." own opinion is that the most of the talk "Perhaps; though I fail to see where the we hear about crooked racing is simply if we are not wrong?" That was the attalk. At least nine of ten races are hon-Porter smiled indulgently. "The boy was rather cut off my right hand than steal a nation. I had pulled Lucretia."

time, Miss Allis, if I were you I should keep away from him."

Then presently, with good nights and parting words of warning about Diable, the guests were gone, and Mortimer, having declined Porter's proffered help, was somewhat awkwardly-having but one good hand-preparing to retire in Alan's room. His mind worked somewhat faster than his fingers; several new problems had been

given to it to labor over within the compass of a single moon. That horse racing should ever become a disturbing interest in his life had seemed very improbable; now it was like a gale in his soul-it swayed him. He was storm-tossed in the disturbing element-he could come to no satisfactory conclusion. On the one hand, the thoroughbred horses were to be adof love. Also Porter was an honest man, the one thing he dmired above all else.

And Miss Allis! Somehow or other his eyes flew up to a picture that rested on a mantelplece in the room. He took it down, looking furtively over his shoulder as he did so, and, taking it close under the lamp that was on the table, sat and gazed steadfastly into the girlish face.

Even in the photograph, the big, won-drous eyes seemed to say, "What of wrong, mosphere; so thoroughly straightforward estly run-the best horse wins. I would and honest, that wrong falled of contami-

Still it was unconvincing to Mortimer. The horses might be good, the man bonest "Yes, but something is always happening," | "I never heard of that, John," cried Mrs. and the girl pure and sweet, but the life

deceiving him-did she wish him to ite back there behind the others always? He fell to wondering what she would do if he were to take hold of the bit and spread his big muscles in one rushing gallop and go past the others and get home to the feedbox first. He rattled the snaffle in his mouth with nervous indecision-he had a notion to try it. "Steady, my boy!" said Allis, as she slipped the reins back through her fingers till they stretched tight. A dozen times she had sought in vain to make him think she did not wish him to gallop, but something in the crisp air this morning threw him off his guard. Why should be be forced to lag behind? He stretched the srch of his neck straight till the bit held hard in his mouth; the ears pitched forward in eager point; the great frame under the girl quivered and sank closer to earth; the roar of his beating hoofs came up to her ears muffled by the drive of the wind that was now a gale as the chestnut raced into it with the speed of an express. How her heart sang! Here was speed and with such stride-strong and straight and true! Low she crouched and her call to Lauzanne was but a joyous whisper. Her small hands were framed in steel; strength to steady the big chestnut as he swung round the course glued to the rail. On Lauzanne sped and to the rhythm of his big heaving quarters the girl's soul sang a song of delight. At last, at last! was com-

ing reward; her reward. And then, just when everything had been achieved, when the great gallop had brought them half up the stretch, something came to Lauranne-perhaps the memory of the whipping finishes. At any rate he curled up like a dog, threw his ears back-Allis could feel the sudden stiff prop of the forelegs as he set himself against the rush of speed and in a dozen strides he was Lauzanne again-Lauzanne the Despised. An so it had gone on for weeks, Allia

working out her theory up to the time of the trouble over Diablo. There was something in the girl's quiet determination that was masterful; perhaps that was why she had always had her own way at home. Now this mastery was spreading out wonderfully. Lauranne and Mike and her father and Crane and Mortimer, all in different degrees of subjection, but, as fate knew, all subject.

Mrs. Porter's lament, the night of Dolman's crusade, had given Crane a keynote for his line of action.

It was the day following her scoring of the tolerant husband that Crane revisited Ringwood, full of his new idea. He had an impulse to buy back Lauzanne. For almost the first time in his

life he experienced twinges of remorse; this was because of Allis. Porter's affairs were in a bad way and he would probably accept eagerly an offer from Crane to lighten his load. Individually he cared little for Porter's financial tribulations, but it was a good opportunity to prepare the way for a stronger pressing of his suit with the girl.

With his usual fine discrimination he spoke to Mrs. Porter first, intimating, never so slightly, that her words had wor his entire sympathy, that if her husband would sell any of the horses he would buy

There was a strong atmosphere of sincerity about Crane at all times; what he did he did with the full vigor of a man believing in its truth. One might almost have suspected that he deceived himselfthat he had no conception of the unright eousness of his acts. At any rate, he imposed most successfully upon the mother of Allia. Quite egotistically she attributed to herself the trend of his friendship. In side, and an agony of pain came to him | racing phrase Crang was out for a killing in quick retribution. It was though the and playing his cards with consummate

> With the master of Ringwood he went very straight to the point. This was possible, as Porter could not hesitate to discuss his financial condition with his banker. Crane offered to buy Lucretia-this with

> him, was purely a speculation-but Porter would not part with the little mare. Then the banker spoke of Lauzanne, saying that he felt somewhat guilty since learning the previous evening that the horse had been

Porter failed to see where Crane had anything to do with it. But the latter insisted that he had unwittingly helped Langdon by speaking of Lauranne as good horse. He had known nothing of the matter beyond that his trainer had assured him the horse would win; in fact, he had backed him.

Porter laughed at the idea that responsi bility could attach to Crane. As to the chestnut, he was not worth a tenth of the three thousand he had cost-that was well known; and if Crane, or any other man sought to buy him at that price it would their thoughts. Inconsistently the fair of. savor too much of charity. At any rate, Lauxanne belonged to Allis and Crane would have to bargain with her. Then there was Diablo, Crane said: his

presence was a menace to Miss Porter. "I've nursed him for a good while," Porter replied, "and he's a bad betting proposition-he's too uncertain. You don't want such a horse as that-nobody does. I'll keep him a bit longer and put him in a handicap or two, where the purse will be worth running for and I won't have to back him; he'll get in with a featherweight and

gallop, though he's a rank bad one." Crane did not press the point; he understood Porter's motives throughout. He knew the master of Ringwood was an unchanging man, very set in his ways, adbering closely to his plans and opinions. So Crane went back to Brookfield without purchasing a horse, saying as he left 'I claim first privilege when you wish to sell."

He had talked to Porter in the stable and Mike, busy nearby, heard that part of their conversation referring to the

"They haven't got money enough in the bank to take the little mare from us yet, have they Mike?" Porter said to Gaynor, full of his pride in Lucretta. "That they haven't sor," replied Mike

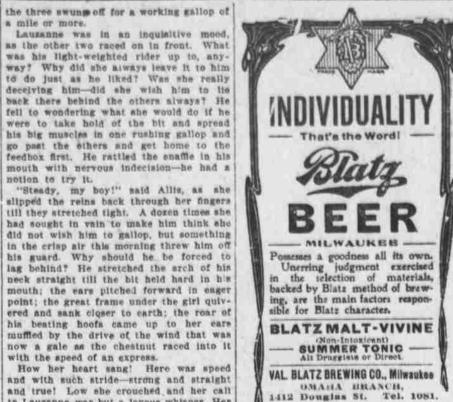
proudly. "But, faith, I wish th' gint hadn't come a-tryin' to buy her; it's bad luck to turn down a big offer fer any horse. Porter smiled indulgently. This stable

superstition did not appeal to him. "It would a broke the bad luck, sor, to have let him took the black." "It would have broken his bank, you mean, Mike."

"Well, he'll break some man's hank here yet, an' I'm a tellin' you that sthraight. They say a black cat's full av the divil have to be mighty careful of that Diablo, had done the harm, therefore kindness was but Diablo's old Nick himself, though I'm sayin' it was th' b'y Shandy's fault sp'ilin' him. An' if it wasn't fer M an Allin it's implicit faith that Lausanne began to place a pity you couldn't a sold him the chestnut. owner to part with her for ready money in right away; I'll be frightened to death in his young mistress. At first when she He's a saw horse—he's as heavy in th' put up a hand to pet him he would jerk head as a hag of salt: he'll never do no his head away in afright; now he snuggled good to nobody. Them's the kind as kape horses on his hands, would certainly have her shoulder or nibbled at her glove in a man poor, eatin' their heads off, an' wan come more firmly into the grasp of Crane. full spirit of camraderie. Then one day, horse, or maybe two, in the stable earnin

"I believe you're right, Mike," Porter It was on a crisp, sparkling morning and was satisfied. He had succeeded in the good graces, he could see. It would be in-

It would have been a good move to have | seed completely.



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sight. The money would soon have disappeared; then Porter, with a lot of had The offer to buy Lauzanne had been a bit of saving grace—a faint, generous impulse hegot of Allia' regenerating influence. Crane had discovered that Porter did not at all suspect him of interest in the fraud-Crane, driving to Brookfield, turned over that was a great something. He had also In his mind the matter of his mission. He established himself firmly in Mrs. Porter's deed strange if in the end he did not suc-

(To Be Continued.)

she continued in lament. "It's contrary to | Porter in astonishment. the law of the church, John. It seems just like a visitation of Divine wrath the way band. things happen. And you're so sanguine, John; last year you were going to win a big race with Diablo, when he threw his leg-" "Threw a splint, mother," prompted Allis.

had something the matter with it," argued Mrs. Porter.

knows-I hear little else. And talk of cruelty to animals," she turned to Mr. Dolman; "they burned the poor beast's leg with hot The minister held up his hands in horror.

"It didn't give him as much pain as the arm," declared Allis. "But it was racing injured the horse's eg." interposed Dolman "But your horse has got a ringbone, Mr.

much better taken care of." Allis' sudden onslaught switched Mr. Dolman from the aggressive to the de-

fensive with celerity. with something of asperity, "the spiritual welfare of my congregation takes up my entire time."

and Dolman, turning to Mortimer, said: "I hope you don't approve of racing sir." Mortimer didn't, but a look from Allis' eyes inexplicably enough caused him to

hedge very considerably in his reply. "I know nothing about the race course, he said, "but from what I see of the thoroughbreds I believe a man would have to be of very low order if their noble natures did not appeal to him. I think that courage, and honesty, and gentleness—they all seem to have it-must always have a good influence. Why, air," he continued, with a touch of excitement, "I think a man would be ashamed to feel that he was making himself lower than the horses he had

to do with." Allis looked grateful. Even Porter turned half about in his chair and gazed with a touch of wonderment at the battered young man who had substituted common sense

The reverend gentleman frowned. "It's not the horses at all," he said, "it's the in a bank. I am more at home with the men who are disreputable." Mrs. Porter gave a little warning cough. In his zealousness Mr. Dolman might anger

for sophistical reasoning.

were sobs in his voice.

"The men are like the horses," mented Porter: "some bad and some good. They average about the same as they do in anything else, mostly good, I think. Of course, when you get a bad one he stands

out, and everybody sees him. "And sometimes horses-and men, too, suppose—get a bad name when they don't deserve it," added Allis. "Everybody says Lauranne is bad, but I know he's not." "That was a case of this dreadful dishonesty," said Mrs. Porter, speaking hastily. She turned in an explanatory way

to Crane. "You know, Mr. Crane, summer a rascally man sold my husband a crooked horse-Now, John, what are you laughing at?" for her husband was shaking "I was wondering what a crooked horse would look like," he answered, and there

"Why, John, when you brought him home you said he was crooked." As usual Allis straightened matters out "It was the man who was crooked. Mother "Yes," proceeded the good woman, "a Mr.

Crape winced. He would have preferred "John is honest himself," went on Mrs.

"No, you didn't," drily answered her hus-

"ON LAUZANNE SPED AND TO THE RHYTHM OF HIS BIG, HEAVING QUARTERS THE GIRL'S SOUL SANG

Allis smiled; she had settled that part of it with her father at the time. "If you'll excuse me," began Crane, rising. "I think Mr. Mortimer is getting tired. I "I thought your father said it was his leg believe I'll jog back to Brookfield."

Mrs. Porter. too. He felt, somehow, that the atmos-"The splint was on his leg, mother dear." phere of racing had smothered his expostuion-that he had made little he I must say, though I should be, goodness | The intense honesty that was John Porter's shielded him about almost as perfectly as a higher form of belief might have done.

But with almost a worldly cunning it occurred to the clargyman that he could turn the drawn battle into a victory for the church; and as they stood for a minuto doctor gave Mr. Mortimer in setting his in the gentle bustle of leave-taking, he said:

"The ever-continuing fight that I carry on against the various forms of gambling must necessarily take on at times almost a Dolman." said Allis, "and a spavin, too- personal aspect"-he was addressing Mr. I've been looking at him. That's because Porter, ostensibly-"but in reality it is not you drive him too fast on hard roads. And quite so. I think I understand your postfeet are contracted from neglect in tion, Mr. Porter, and-and-what shall I shoeing. It's just cruel the way that poor say?-personally feel that the wickedness horse has been neglected. Race horses are of racing doesn't appeal to you as a great contamination; you withstand it, but-you will forgive me saying so-thousands have

not the same strength of character." ensive with celerity.

"I confess I know very little about Dolman proceeded." What I was going to horses," he was forced to apologize; then, say is that you possibly realise this yourself. You have acted so wisely, with I would call Christian forethought, in placing your son Alan in a different walk of This rebuke caused a momentary silence life, and"-he turned with a grave bow in Crane's direction-"and in good hands,

"His mother wished it," Porter said,

simply. "Yes, John was very good about Alan's future," the mother concurred, "but, husband, you quite agreed that it was much possibly drifting into association withwell, such dishonorable men as this Mr. Langdon and his friends. He is so much

The Rev. Dolman smiled meekly, but it was in triumph. He had called attention to an act which spoke far louder than Mr. Porter's disclaiming words.

Porter was not at all deceived by the minister; in fact he rather admired the other's cleverness in beating him on the post. He gave a little laugh as he said: 'I should not have succeeded very well horses than I am with figures, but I expect I would have gone fairly straight and hope the boy will do the same. I fancy her husband; then his logic would avail one of the great troubles about banking is to keep the men honest-the temptation of handling so much money being great. They seem to have more chances to steal than men on the race course."

> out of his thoughts and without malice- him to understand that he was to have fair no one took offense. It, was simply a treatment. straightforward answer to Dolman's charge, Porter had simply summed up the whole ance with silent scepticism. He did not business in a very small nutshell—that abuse horses himself, neither did he put up there was temptation everywhere and that with too much nonsense from them. To honest men and thieves were to be found him they were like children, needing a lot on race courses, in banks, in every bust- of tolerant kindness, but, also, at times, to ness, but that, like horses, a fair share of be greatly improved by a sound spanking. them were honest.

> quite outside of the moral aspect," said Crane as he was taking his leave, "you'll | that thoughtless cruelty and not indulgence Mr. Porter, when Miss Allis is about. He the cure. seems a vindictive brute." "Yes, John, "you'll have to sell him

while he's about the place." "I shall never be a bit afraid of him," remonstrated Allis. Shandy, who made all the mischief, has been discharged."

"I'll buy him when you make up your

itself was distasteful. Reason as one might, it was allied to gambling.

Mortimer rose with a sigh; the whole thing wearied him. Why should he distress his mind over the matter? As he put the photograph back on the mantel, he held it for an instant, then suddenly, with a ner-Reluctantly the Reverend Dolman rose, lips and kissed the eyes that seemed to command tribute.

The movement twisted his broken-ribbed involuntary kiss had lurched him forward skill. into a futurity of misery. The spasm loosed beads of perspiration, which stood cold on his forehead. Swift taken from the stimulant of his thoughts, his nerves, overtaxed by the evening, jangled discordantly, and he crept into bed feeling an unutterable depression, as though the room was filled with evil, threatening spirits.

In coincidence, the two men, Mortimer and Crane, had similar thoughts the day after 'Mr. Dolman's discussion; and, rather remarkably, their deductions were alike, having the same subject of mental retro-

spect, Allis Porter. It was evident that outside of her family little interested her but horses; certainly not a very lofty aspiration. When the conversation had dealt with broad principles, men and their shortcomings, the previous evening, she had centralized it in Lausanne, pleturing him as symbolical of good acts and evil repute. Patently it was difficult to become interested in such a young woman; actually she monopolized fender felt no recoil of this somewhat dischiefly over the reclamation of Lausanne.

tressing situation; her mind busied itself By inheritance all the qualities of a good horse had come to him, except a submissive better for Alan to be in the bank than his disposition had been set awry by injutemper. Allis worked on the theory that dicious handling; that unlimited patience would cause him to forget all that. He better off," she continued, "with young in which he beat the Dutchman. That he could gallop, else he had not won the race men such as Mr. Crane would have about had needed a stimulant that day was because he had been soured, and would not some day may take it into his head to

try with his wits about him. From the time of coming back to Ringwood Allis had ridden him in all his exercise gallops and had asked Mike personally to supervise his stable education. It had taken all her great patience, all heryouthful enthusiasm and faith, for the

chestnut had notions beyond all belief. At first, missing the abuse, he almost seemed to thirst for it; tried the gentle girl in every way-sulked and loafed, and took little streaks of trying to cut the course, and make false breaks, as though he were going to run with a full vigoreven laid hold of the horses with his teeth when opportunity offered. These antics did not break the girl's faith; she rode him with the gentle hand a woman knows, and As usual, Porter seemed to be speaking a horse suon learns to appreciate; and gave

Porter viewed this continuous perform-Once, when he suggested something of this "Speaking materially of race horses, sort to Allis, saying that Lauzanne was a spolled child, she admitted that he was, but The first sign of regeneration was the

"Diable has always been more trouble in a gallep, came a stronger manifestation the cats fer them. It's ch'aper to out th' than he's worth," said Porter. "I thought —a brief minute of exhilaration with after t'roats av such cattle." he was going to he a good horse, but he hours of thankfulness and beyond that, alas "I believe you're r isn't, and if he has taken to cating people for the uncertainty of a spoiled temper, an answered, quietly, as he left the stable. I'll give him away some day. I wouldn't added period of wallowing in the slough of sell him as a good borse and nobody'd buy Despond.

with Shandy-it was before his downfall- main objective point. In the box yonder wit' Diable he wouldn't a racing today," added Crane; "men who have him look nice, so that my husband would mind, Mr. Porter," exciaimed Crane, some- on Lucretia, another stable lad, Ned Car- it would have been a good move to have felt so tunny." what eagerly. "I have nobody aweet ter, on Game Boy and Allis on Lauranne, acquired Lucretia—to have tempted her

Scenery

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