THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1902.

ing his knees in the saddle flaps and reach- his forelegs crossed and he went down in with his toe, he and Carter bore the still and he handed it to Carter for inspection. ing for the dangling stirrup with the toe a heap, with the rider underneath.

of his right foot. Once he almost had it. but missed; the iron, swinging viciously, difference; his terror was complete. All the time Porter was kneading the dangling reins back through forefluger and thumb, shortening his hold for a strong carth. pull at the galloping brute's head.

"Who-o-o-a-h, who-o-o-a-h, stead-y-y," and, bracing himself against the pommel, he swung the weight of his shoulders on the reins. As well might he have pulled at the rock

for the coming of Gaynor's string of gal- teeth set hard, and the man's strength was as nothing against the full-muscled neck

righteous work as any evil-minded boy the lead the other two held over him, severe reprimand from Mr. Porter, and a might be at the prospect of unlimited mis- galloping like a demon. Porter feit that he must loosen the bit and throw that "Ned'll ride Diabolo, sure-there's noth- set head down to get command of the

from Bingwood inwardly swearing revenge ing else to it." he muttered. "I hope he horse. One fierce yank to the right and upon everybody connected with that place; breaks his blasted neck. I'll pay 'em out the black head swayed a triffe; another to against Diablo he was particularly virulent. fer turnin' me off like a dog." he con- the left and-God in heaven! the rein Mike tried to secure a boy in the Brook-field neighborhood to ride Diable in his blasing with fury. "Til learn the d-n- slashing the rider across the face. He His sharp cars had caught the reeled with the recoil, nearly bringing in the buggy."

blatabily about the horse's bad temper that muffied sound of hoofs thudding the turf Diablo to his knees with the sudden swing no had could be found to take on in the in a slow, measured walk. He peeped of weight on the right rein. between the shrunken boards. "Yes, it's Mike. And the girl, too-blast

work, but the big black was indeed a horse her! She blamed me fer near bein' eaten of many ideas. He had taken a notion to alive by that black devil of a dope horse. gallop kindly while accompanied by Lu- H-i**

cretia and Lauzanne; worked alone he This ambiguous exclamation was occa-sulked and was as awkward as a broncho sioned by the sight of his former master of the plains. Also Diablo disliked Carter springing into the saddle on Diablo's back. "That's the game, ch? God strike me dead! I hope you git enough of him. My Mike's discontent over the hitch spread arms ache yet from bein' near pulled out to John Porter. It was too bad, the horses of the sockets by that leather-mouthed brute. Gee! if the boss hasn't got spure on! For three days Diablo had no gallop. If he ever tickles the black wit' them-say, On the fourth, Porter determined to ride boys, there'll be a merry h-l to pay, and

the horse himself; he would not be beaten no pitch hot!" The young Arab spoke to the boards as In his day he had been a famous gentle- though they were partners in his iniquity. man jock, and still was light enough to Then he chuckled diabolically, as in fancy he caw Porter being trampled by the horse. "The girl's on Lauzanne," he muttered "she's the best in the lot, if she did run But his master was obdurate. If Allis me down. A ridin' that old crook, too, rode Lausanne, why shouldn't he ride when she ought to be in the house washing dishes. A woman ain't got no more busi-Gaynor would have ridden Diablo him- ness about the stable than a man's got in self rather than have his master do so, the kitchen. Petticoats is the devil. 1

Shandy sometimes harked back to his it had been crushed against the rail. Somebody must ride Diablo; the horse, naturally early English Whitechapel, for he had high strung, was becoming wild with nerv- come from the old country, and had brought ousness through being knocked out of his with him all the depravity he could ac-

During the time Shandy had been in the there. Porter stable he had received money from "Ned's got the soft snap in that blasted Langdon for keeping the latter posted as bunch;" as his eyes discovered Carter on to the work and condition of the Derby Lucretia. "He's slipped me this go, but I've nabbed the boss, so I don't care. I'm For three days after his discharge he sat next them this trip," and as the three brooding with the low cunning of a forest horses and their riders came on to the course he pulled out a silver split-second "God drat 'em!" he muttered; "I'll get stop-watch Langdon had equipped him with even, or know why. They'll put Ned up on for his touting, and started and stopped it Diablo, will they? The sneak! He split several times. on me for beltin' the black, I know, d-n

"You'll pay fer their feed, you d-n old him! They ain't got another boy an' they skinflint-" he was apostrophizing Porter-won't. Fill fix that stiff, Carter, too, then "an' I'll be next the best they can do, an' stan' in on the rakeoff. Gee! I thought He drank beer, and, as it irritated his they was out fer a trial." he muttered, ferret mind, a devilish plot came into his looking disconsolately at the three as they being and took possession of him, a plot cantered the part of the journey. "T'll easy of execution because of his familiarity | ketch 'em at the haif on the off chance,' he added.

Lauzanne was loping leisurely with the

forward, was throwing her head impa- leather slip through his fingers a trifle. tiently into the air, as though pleading for Standing on the dung heap, Shandy worked open the board slide that closed this worked open the board slide that closed this arched like the half of a cupid's bow, his arched like the half of a cupid's bow. course." head, almost against his chest, hung heavy He realized now that the crazed brute in the reins tight-drawn in Porter's strong under him must run himself out. All he hands. His eyes, showing full of a suscould do was to sit tight and wait till picious whiteness, stood out from his lean, Diablo had raced himself to a standstill. bony head; they were possessed of a fret-To use the one rein meant a crash into the ful, impatient look. Froth flicked back rail, and surely death. Before, he had from the nervous, quivering lips and spatted thought only of the horse's welfare: now against his black satin-skinned chest, where it was a matter of his own life. All that it hung like sea foam on holding sand. "I'd remained to him was to keep a cool head, "Whoa! Steady old boy!" Porter was a steady nerve and wait. coaxing soothingly. "Steady, boy!" "The case up has put the very deuce into Freed of restraint, not battled with, the this fellow," he flung over his shoulder to black's stride lengthened, his nostrils Allis, who sat at Diablo's quarter. "He's spread wider, the hoofs bounded quicker a hard-mouthed brute, if ever there was and guicker, until the earth echoed with their palpitating beat. one.

The force of his gallop carried the black full over on to his back. He struggled to caught Diablo in the flank-it made little his feet and stood, shaking like a leaf, with low-stretched neck and fear-cocked ears, staring at the crushed, silent figure that lay with its face smothered in the soft In a dozen jumps Allis stopped Lausanne,

throw herself from the suddle, and, leaving the horse, ran swiftly back to her father. "Oh, my God! he's dead, he's dead!" she cried piteously, the nerve that had stood

the strain of the fierce ride utterly shattered and unstrung at sight of the senseless form.

"He's not dead," said Carter, putting his hand over Porter's heart. "It's just a bad shake-up. Mike's coming and we'll soon get him home. He'll be all right, Misa Allis-be'll be all right," he kept muttering, in a dazed magner, as he raised her father's head to his knee.

"Take Lucretia and gallop for the doctor, Miss Allis," commanded Mike, coming up with a sudden stop at the porch, had come on the run. "We'll get yer father home to their ears.

"HIS FORELEGS CROSSED AND HE WENT DOWN IN A HEAP, WITH THE RIDER UNDER HIM."

"Don't cry, miss," he said, struggling a

to let mother see. I'll take Lauzanne."

The dhocter-'H brace him up all right.'

at it, then up at the girl.

under the back."

you're fit fer!"

limp man.

started thim gallopin'?"

at it after. Go on, Ned; slow;

Ned, dere was a guy in de ould stan'."

"Yes," replied Carter, "somebody

toutin' us off. A board broke an'

turnpike you can slip along."

frightened the boss's mount."

Did you see his face, Ned?"

"In God's mercy-don't let him die, Mike," and, bending down, she pressed her lips to room an' lave the dhoctor bring the boss In an instant he was the trained horse- the cold forehead that was driven full of around."

senseless form into the house.

Mrs. Porter had got one of the battered hands between her own and was walking with wide, dry, staring eyes close to her husband.

"Oh John, John! Speak to me. Open your eyes and look at me. You're not dead; Oh, God, you're not dead!" she cried, pasalonately, breaking down, and a pent-up food of tears coming to the hot, dry eyes as the two men laid Porter on the bed that Cynthia had made ready.

"There missis, don't take on now,' pleaded Mike. "The boas is jest stunned, that's all; I've been that way a dozen toimes mesself," he added by way of assurance. "Where's the brandy? Lift his head, Ned. Not so much. See!" he cried, exultantly, as the strong liquor caused the syelids to quiver. "See, missis! He's all roight, he's jest stunned, that's all. There's the dhoctor now. God bless the little woman! She wasn't long."

The sound of wheels crunching the gravel,

"Come out av the room, ma'am," Mike besought Mrs. Porter: "come out av the

'How do you size that up, Ned?" "The rein's been cut near through," re-

plied Carter. "I wonder it held as long as that her father had entered Diablo in the it did." "A dirty, low-down trick," commented Mike. "T'll hang it back on the peg jest now, but don't use it agin fer a bit.

not go farther in the matter of selling the

horses; this was the full extent of her

concession to the mother. Had she known

Brooklyn handloap she might even have

refused to part with the horse. As it hap-

pened, Porter had entered both Lucretia

and Diablo in the Brooklyn a day or so

before his accident, but had not spoken

not distract her mind over money matters,

the bank could easily carry their load until

her husband was himself again. No matter

how things turned out-it was a delicate

matter to touch upon, the possibility of

Porter's condition taking a serious turn.

but coming from Crane, it seemed like an

carnest of his sincerity-well, Mrs. Porter

would find a friend in him quite willing and

break down the barriers which might seem

Crane had not been without a suspicion

that the younger man, Mortimer, might

prove a rival; heroics such as the Diablo

episode were apt to give young people a

romantic interest in each other. Fate had

more than evened matters up by giving him

the present opportunity. He thought with

some satisfaction how perfectly helpless

Mortimer was in the present instance, for

he was most undeniably poor. It was an

opportunity to be grasped, and Crane never

let the tide pass its flood in the waters of

So the banker spoke to Mrs. Porter of his

strong love for Allis; so deliberately, and

with so much sincerity, that she was com-

pletely won over. It is true, the ground

had been prepared for the seed, for the

mother had long feared that Allis might

become attached to some one of Porter's

racing associates. Though strong in

spiritual matters, the good woman was not

daughter. Of course, it would rest with

the girl herself-Mrs. Porter would not

coerce nor influence her; but why should

Mrs. Porter's mind had rebounded from

To the mother's suggestion that he speak

to Allis he put forward a plea of delicate

consideration for the girl; he would rather

deny himself; he would wait patiently until

her mind was in a happier condition.

Cleverly enough, he know that Mrs. Porter

was now his ally and would plead his cause

with less chance of failure than if he

startled Allis by the sudden fronting of

When Crane had gone Allis found her

mother calmed by his visit; his assurances

Crane talked with masterly judgment.

to exist because of their nonrelationship.

Crane assured Mrs. Porter that she need /

of 11.

his life.

As he re-entered the saddle room briskly his heel slipped on the plank floor, bringing him down. "I'd take me oath that was a banana peel, if it was on the sidewalk.' he exclaimed, after a gymnastic twist that nearly dislocated his neck. "Some of you fellows is pretty careless wit' hoof grease,

I'm thinkin'." More out of curiosity than anything else he peered down at the cause of his sudden slip. "What the divil is it, anyway?" he muttered, kneeling and lighting a match.

able to smooth their dimcult path. which he held close to the spot. "Bot Crane had meant to defer any protestation t'umba!" he exclaimed? It's candle grease. of regard for Allis until a propitious future, Have alther of you b'ys been in here with but with his quick perception he saw that a candle? It's agin the rules." the psychological moment had been moved

"There isn't a candle about the barn, an' forward by the sudden effacement of the rou know it, Mike," cried Carter, indigmaster of Ringwood. If he spoke now to nantly.

Mrs. Porter, it would give her a right to Mike was prospecting the floor with ancall upon his services. He would seem to exist in the light of a debtor; it would other light.

"Here's two burnt matches." he continued, picking them up. "An' they were leighted last night, too. See that; they're long, an' that means that they wasn't light used fer lightin' a pipe or a cigar-jes' fer touchin' off a candle, that's all. I knew they was loighted last night." he said, as though to convince himself, "fer they're fresh, an' ain't been tramped on. If they'd been here fer two or three days, roight in front of the door, dey'd have the black knocked off 'em wid you boys' feet. This wan did'nt loight at all hardly, an' there's a little wool fuzz stickin' to it-Gee! that manes somewan sthruck it on his wool pants. Git the lantern, Ned, p'raps we'll fin' out somethin' more. The loight from that high winder ain't good enough fer trackin' a bear."

When the lantern was brought, Mike continued his detective operations, nose and eyes close to the floor like a black-tracker." "What's that, Ned?" he asked, pointing his finger at a dark brown spot on the boards.

without worldly instinct. She was pleased Carter crouched and scrutinized Mike's with Crane personally; he was not by any find. "Tobacco spit," and he gave a little means a racing man; a rich banker would laugh. make a most desirable husband for her

"Roight you are, that's what it is. Now who chaws tobaccie in this stable?" he demanded of Carter, with the air of a crossexamining counsel.

"No, I don't think so,"

"Yes, he did, Mike."

The stable was locked, an' I had the key in me pocket. I'll take me oath to that." flectively up and down the crown of his head, canvassing every possible entry there might be to the stalls. Suddenly he replaced his cap and whistled softly. "I know, Mike; he crawled through the dung window. I've seen him do it a half-a-dozen times, When he was too lazy to go for the keys he'd

had driven away distressing clouds of finanbike said nothing, but led the way to the cial worry.

Almost immediately Mrs. Porter transthe pile of rolling straw and examined mitted to the girl what had come to her closely the small, square opening with its of Crane's declaration. board slide through which Shandy had "It seems almost like an answer to my

passed the night before. prayers," she said to Allis; "not, of course" "Gasus! I t'ought so!" he ejaculated. "Here's more tobacco spit, where the cut- praying for a husband for you, but this

of my life; it seemed inevitable in the Locking down, his eye caught the glint of strength of its contaminating atmosphere

a path of sin.

not Allis come to care for Crane under the "I don't." influence of his strong love? "Does Finn ?" its dazed condition after her husband's "Didn't Shandy always have a gob of accident and was now acute. All these in his cheek-the dirty pig?" thoughts came to her with rapidity, as

"I t'ought so: I t'ought it was that blackguard. But how did the swine get in here? Carter took his cap off, ran a hand re-

wiggle through that hole."

back of the stable. There he climbed up on

winder.

Crane was supposed to possess a rare

strong again.

-she interrupted herself-"that I've been t'reat divil stood when he opened the wicked racing has warped the whole woof

something bright deep in the straw. He dug that you would be wedded into it-though

life's great problem.

but he had a bad leg. Once upon a time never could abide 'em."

That night he slipped through the dark, like a hyena pup, to Ringwood. That the stable was locked mattered not. Many times, when, through laziness, Snandy three horses still cantered. had not gone to Mike's quarters for the

seemed to shrink from under him.

fingers as he grabbed the mane on Diablo's

wither to pull his weight back into the

friedom.

came.

action of a wooden rocking-horse. Lucresolled straw bedding was thrown into the tis, her long, in-tipped ears cocked eagerly man again and had let the remaining sand. "Get him home quick, and try not

quire in the first five years of his existence

But though the timepiece in his hand

(Copyright, 1962, by McClure, Phillips & Co.) Shandy took his way. Inside he waited of Gibraltar. Diabio's head was up, his He was as supremely happy in his un- of the 5-year-old. Diablo was cutting down

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CHAPTER XL

brought a new trouble to Mike Gaynor.

stables.

ride work.

Diablo?

work.

candidate, Lucretia.

they won't have no boy."

with the Ringwood stables.

inimal over his supposed ill treatment.

won't. I'll fix that stiff, Carter, too, then

with that of Shandy's.

had been doing so well.

enough," remonstrated Mike.

Shandy's escapade with Diablo had

The boy had been discharged with a

trainer's horn-like hand. He had departed

Ned Carter might have ridden Diablo to

-he seemed to associate his personality

out by an ungrateful whelp like Shandy.

"I don't like the idea, sir; it's not good

punctuation mark of disapproval from the chief.

work, but Shandy's evil tongue wagged so Hello!



lopers.

window and wormed his weasel form through the small opening. He passed down the passage between the stall and entered a saddle rook at the farther end. "The bloomin' thing used to be on the

keys, he had found ingress by a small

window a foot square through which the

fourth peg," he muttered, drawing his small figrue up on tiptoe and feeling along the wall for something. "Blow me!" and he chuckled flendishly as his fingers encountered the cold steel of a bit. know that snaffle in h-1, if I got a feel of it."

There was a patent device of a twist and a loose ring in the center of the bit clutched, which Porter had devised for Diablo's hard mouth.

Shandy gave the bridle a swing and li clattered to the floor from its peg. Diablo snorted and pawed the planks of his stall nervoualy.

"All right, my buck," hissed Shandy, "You wait till tomorrow; git the run of yer life, I'm thinkin'-d-n their eyes!' and he went off into a perfect torrent of imprecation against everybody at Ringwood low muttered.

Then he shut the door of the saddle room behind him, sat down on the floor, pulled from his pocket a knife and stub of candle. He lighted the latter and held it tame down till a few drops of tallow formed a tiny lake. In this he stuck the candle upright, shielding its flame with his coat. He opened the knife, and, laying it down, inspected minutely the bridle, which lay across his leg.

"It's Diablo's right enough," he said; "I couldn't be mistook on the bit nor them strong lines."

He picked up the knife, and, holding the leather rein across the paim of his left like an arrow and sought to hold the bit to the course. hand, started to saw it gently with the tight against the bridle teeth, that he Almost instantly he left off. "Of might race at his own sweet will. Back stride, raced the brown mare, waiting till blade. all the bloomin' ijita! God drat me fer a came the right hand, then the left; three he should drop back beaten, that she might He'd feel that cut the first slip roht! through the fingers."

six inches from the bit. There he cut, were pulling to the front. stopping many times and doubling the leather close to the candle light, to see "I want to see the little mare in her how deep he had penetrated.

at last, as inspection showed that only the trending your heels off." outer hard sholl of the leather remained uncut. "That'll just hold till the black stand, where hid Shandy. The boy, surtakes one of his cranky spells, an' you mising that a gallop was on and anxious to give him a stiff pull. God help you, then'" see them as they rounded the turn going Even this was a blasphemous ery of down the back, had knocked a board loose exultation, not a plea for Divine assist- to widen the crack. As the horses came ance for the man he plotted against.

His next move proved that his cunning eagerness, disidged it at the top and is was of an exceptional order. From his fell with a clatter, carrying him half coat pocket he brought forth a pill box. through the opening. The wind was blow-In this receptacle Shandy dipped a fore- ing fair acress the little stand, so the heard the girl's voice, faintly, calling, "Pull finger and rubbed into the fresh cut of scent of the boy came to Diablo's nos. out. Ned." the leather a trifle of blackened axle trils at the same instant the startling grease, which he had taken from a wagon noise reached his nervous cars. In a their heels. He had thought him beaten off Git hould of the girl Cynthia an' give he wheel before starting out. Then he wiped swerve he almost stopped, every muscle long ago. But again the voice came a little the tip that things is pretty bad. Go on of his big body trembling in fright. the rein with his coat tail and looked at it admiringly.

"The bloke won't see that, blast him!" He hung the bridle up in its place, put out the candle, dropped it in his pocket and made his way from the stable. As he parsed Diablo's stall the big black

morted again and plunged in affright. "You'll get enough of that tomorror." sneered the boy. "I hope you and Ned

oth break your d-a arcks. For 2 cents I'd drop something in your feed box that'd settle you right now, but it's the skunk twist and the reins had slipped through his has solit on mo i want to get even wit'." Shandy trudged back to his boarding In saddle. house in Brookfield and went to bed. the first gray of the early morning he

Now the black's neck was straight and arose and went out to the race course. taut, fint-capped by the alim ears that lay The race course near Ringwood had close to the throat-latch. The thunder of formerly been a trotting park; in fact, it his pounding hoofs reached to the ears of was still used at irregular intervals for Lucretia and Lausanne in front and urged

the harness horses. In its primitive days them onward. Carter had sat down in the saddle and a small, square box-live structure had done duty as a judges' stand. With other taken a steadying pull at the brown mare. improvements a new stand had been Even Lausanne seemed lifted out of his crected a hundred yards higher up the usual lethargy, and, wide-mouthed, was pulling Allis out of the saddle. stretch.

"Curse the brute!" gasped Porter, bury- | nut. As he did so, thrown out of his stride, It was to the little old stand that

"He'll be all right, dad," she called, The other horses heard the turmoil, and raising her volce, for the wind cut her they, too, became more afraid and took up breath; "Shandy rode him with a heavy the mad rush. Diablo's reaching nose was at Lauranne's

hand, that's why." "I'll put a rubber bit-in his mouth-to hip, when Allis took one swift, backward soften 11-" he pumped, brokenly. "Let glance. She saw the dangling rein, the set out a rap-girl-and we'll breeze them- look in her father's face, the devil eyes of up the stretch; come on--Carter-get to the horse and for one breath-gasp her the front-with the mare."

A quarter of a mile from the finish the put the fear from her, and swinging Lauhorses raced into a swinging stride. sanne a shade wide, left Diablo more roop Diablo was simply mad with a desire to next the rail. gallop, but in the saddle was his master; "On, Lauranne!" she called through no horse ever did as he wished with John drawn lips, and hitched encouragingly in

Porter. Battling against the sharps, his the saddle. honesty might handlcap him out of the Lucretia was still in front, her speed strife, but in the saddle the elation of mocking at the swift rush of Lauzanne and movement crept into his sinews and he Diablo. But how the black galloped! Every was superb-a king. As a jockey, he post saw him creeping up on the chestnut, would have been unsurpassed. It filled his and Allis was riding and nursing him to heart with delight to play with the flerce, keep the runaway hemmed at the turns, mpetuous animal he rode.

so that he could not crash through the "Steady, my boy-ne, you don't!" This outer rail. No one spoke again. Each knew as Diablo stuck his neck straight out that nothing was left to do but keep Diablo Just in front of Lausanne, with swinging

vicious saws and the bit was loose and take up the running with Diablo. That was hrough the fingers." Diablo's head drawn down again close to He gathered in the rein until he had it the martingale; Lucretia and Lausanne though it were the Derby, and he was though it were the Derby, and he was nursing his mount for the last call at the

"Go on!" called Porter to Ned Carter. finish. At the three-quarters Lauranne stride. Take him out at the three-quarter Diablo were neck and neck; at the half the "There Mr. Bloody Ned!" he exclaimed, gallop down the back stretch. I'll be black was lapped on Lucretia;

furlong and she was laboring to keep he By this time they were opposite the old place, nose and nose with him. "I'm done," panted Carter, feeling the mare swerve and falter; "I'm done. God

help us!" Still there was no check in the black's abreast, Shandy, leaning forward in his gallop; he was like a devil that could go

> They had turned into the straight, with Lucretia a neck to the bad, when Carter of brandy till we give him a bracer. Ned!" The boy thought it fancy. zanne, the desplaed, couldn't be there at

stronger, "Pull out, Ned!" Porter was nearly thrown from his seat This time there was no mistake. It might by his crouching side step, the horse be a miracle, but it was his duty to obey. As he galloped, Carter edged Lucretia to Juni the right. Without looking back, he could and instinctively knew that again somefor an instant, but the reins had flapped

locse against the wet neck and Diablo felt feel Lauxanne creeping up between him and thing terrible had occurred. That Allia Diablo. Soon the chestnut's head showed | was not there added to her fear. With a snort he plunged forward like a past his elhow, and they were both lapped wounded buck and raced madly after on the black. Half way up the stretch Allia

Lucrotis, who had bolted when the crash father. Porter had lost a stirrup in the sudden Diablo.

"She's got him. Lausanne'll hold him if he doean't guit," Carter muttered, as he

Lau-

dropped back, for Lucretia was blown. Past the finish post Lausanne was a head tired horse. "He's beat!" ejaculated Carter.

that's it, ch? My word, what a girl!" He saw Allis reach down for the slack rein, running from her father's hand to Diablo's mouth. "'Minsed! She's got it!'

he cried, eagerly. "The devil!" As Allis grasped Diablo's rein, the horse, with a sudden fury at being drawn toward

monotone, as, feeling each step carefully! "Jest what I tought! Look at that!"

wonderment. Mike lifted Allis to the will remain here with the doctor to saddle. As he drew back his hand he looked | what's needed." 'Ah, a fall, ch?" commented Dr. Rath-

help in this argument.

bone, cheerfully, coming briskly into the room. Then he caught Mike's eye; it closed little with his voice, that was playing him out the horses' hoofs." deliberately, and the Irishman's head tipped tricks; "yer fadder's just stunned a bit.

He signalled to Cynthia with his eyes for

never so slightly toward Mrs. Porter. "This is bad business," he continued, as "Now, 'clear the room,' as they say in court," continued the doctor, with a smile, clared Mike, vehemently. "An' the gall av Allis galloped on her errand, and he helped Carter lift the injured man. "There, that's understanding Mike's signal. "We mustn't roight; jist carry his legs; I'll take him have people about to agitate Porter when he comes to his senses. I'll need Cynthia, kill 'em. Now jest kape yer mouth shut, As they moved slowly toward the buggy and, perhaps, you'd better wait, too, Gaynor. that stood in the paddock Diablo followed Just take care of your mother. Miss Allis. at their heels, as if he had done nothing I'll have your father about in a jiffy." squale, too!"

in the world but simply taken an exercis-'He's jest stunned, that's all!" added gallop, "You black divil!" muttered Mike Mike, with his kindly, parrot-like repetilooking over his shoulder. "You've tion.

murthered wan av the bist min as iver It seemed a million years to the wife that breathed. If I'd me way I'd shoot you. she waited for the doctor's outcoming. I'd turn you into cat meat, that's what Twice she cried in anguish to Allis that she must go in, must see her husband. "He may die," she pleaded, "and I may "What broke the rein?" he asked of Carter, as they neared the buggy. "What never see his eyes again. Oh, let me go,

"Somebody was in the old stand." Cartes "Wait here, mother," commanded the replied, as, putting his foot on the step, he girl, "Dr. Rathbone will tell us if-if-" raised himself and the dead weight of the she could not finish the sentence-could not utter the dread words, but clasping her "There, steady, Ned. Pull the cushions mother's hands firmly in her own, kept her down in the bottom. Now you've got it. in the chair. Once Mike came out and said, Bot' t'umba! It's as good as an ambu-"He's jest stunned, ma'am, the dhoctor lance. I'll hold his head in my lap ar says he'll be all roight by-an-bye." you drive. Here, Finn," he continued "He won't die-"

turning to the boy, who had caught and "He's worth a dozen dead men, ma'am; brought Lucretia, "take the wee filly an' he's jest stunned, that's all!"

that divil's baste back to the barn; put the There was another long walt; then Dr. busted bridle by till I have a good look Rathbone appeared. that's It

easy does it. When we get out on the take time, it'll take time-and nursing. But you're getting used to that," he added

"Tell me the truth, doctor," pleaded Mrs. Porter, struggling to her feet and placing was both hands on his shoulders. "I can stand that it; see, I'm brave."

"I tought I saw a b'y skinnin' off the the doctor answered. "There's no fear for track," commented Gaynor, harking back your husband's recovery if he has quiet in his memory. "First, I t'ought it was for a few days."

She looked into his eyes, then, crying 'I believe you, doctor-thank God for His mercy!" swayed and would have fallen but for Mike's ready arm.

"She'll be better after that," said the Mr. Crane at once. After all, it was not so dootor, addressing Allis. "It has been a hard pull on her nerves. Just bathe her temples and get her to sleep if you can. I'll come back in two hours. Your father is not conscious, nor will he be, I'm thinkin,' for a day or two. He has heavy concussion. Cynthia has full directions entanglement. what to do."

After Dr. Rathbone had left, Mike an Carter went down to the stables.

knowledge of Porter's mishap, for he had said Gaynor: "that sthrap was strong been in New York. enough to hang Diablo. If there's not some dirty business in this, I'll cat me hat

magnetism; most certainly men came under T'umbs up! but it was a gallop, though. his influence with a noiseless, cheerful The black kin move whin he wants to." complaisance. It may have been that there "But what do you think of old Lausanne?" exclaimed Carter. "He just wore Diablo down-hung to him like a buildog, an' beat power lay in his exquisite finesse; people

delved for him under the impression that "It was the gal's ridin', an' they were labering according to the dicwas feared, too. He's chicken-heartedtates of their own sweet wills. Figurathat's what he is. Some day in a race tively speaking, he twisted Mrs. Porter round he'll get away in front av his horses an' his finger-and so delightfully, that she treasing thought. He'll was filled with gratitude because of Crane's heaf 'em by the length as a street. be a hun'red to wan, an' nobody'll have a kindness in their hour of trouble.

The matter of Diablo was settled in penny on. minute; he would buy the horse himself, When they arrived at the stable Mike an' he'll be all roight afther a bit. He's headed straight for the harness room. The and the price could be arranged when Mrs. light was dim, coming from a small, high. Porter was able to discuss the matter- that I would have less compunction in actwo-paned window, but Mike knew where that is, definitely; in the meantime he would every bridle and saddle should be. He put pay a thousand for him. He understood Porter had bought him for that price. his hand on Diablo's headgear, and, bringing it down, carried it through the passage With a touch of kindly honor, Crane dewe'll carry him, missis-he's just to the stable door, where he examined it clared that he would have a small bet on less matters mend, and how the change is to the horse for Allis the first time he started.

Beyond parting with Diablo, Allis would

queried "Then you've settled it, mother!" Allis' Carter looked at it closely. "Shandy's." big eyes took on a dangerous look of he answered; "I'll swear to that-I've bor- rebellion. rowed it from him more than once to clean

"No, daughter, you must choose for yourself; only you will be wise not to go con-"Bot' t'umbs up! I'd hang that b'y to a trary to your parents' wishes. I did-"

beam if I had him here-he cut that rein "But you are not sorry, mother?" there as sure as God made little apples," dewas reproach in the girl's voice.

"Not for having wedded your father, but him, too, to sit there in the ould stand to because of his racing life. I should have watch the black run away wit' somewan an' been firmer and asked him to give it up before I married him-he might have done Ned, an' we'll put a halter on this rooster. it then. Mr. Crane is a gentleman, Allis-By hivins! whin I git him I'll make him that is a great deal nowadays, and he loves

you most sincerely. Words often mean The seriousness of Porter's accident bevery little, but one can tell-at least when came clearer to Doctor Rathbone the follow- they've come to years of discretion they can ing day. He imparted this information to --from a man's voice whether he is in Allis; told her that in all probability it earnest or not. I suppose it is very worldly would be weeks before her father would be to speak of his riches, but in poverty one can do very little, very little good. I had

"In the meantime, little woman, what are rather that you didn't have to look with you to do with all these hungry horses on misgiving into the future, Allis; it has your hands?" he asked. taken much joy out of my existence. The

The girl's answer came quickly enough, dread of poverty is a nightmare-it wears for she had lain awake through all the one's life threadbare. To the young, dreary night thinking out this problem, bouyed up by confidence in the rosy fu-"I'll dook after them," she answered the ture, this may seem wordid, but this feeling doctor, quite simply. of insecurity mars many lives which might A smile of skepticism hovered about his otherwise be happy.

full lips as he raised his eyes to the girl's "You see, Allis," her mother continue "I know you are heart whole, so I can't face, but the look of determination, of confidence that he met put his doubts to flight. cause you any misery by my well-meant advice. You've been a good girl, and there "I believe you can do it if any man can," and he put his big hand on her slight has been nobody of your class about. Mr. shoulder as much as to say, "I'm behind, Mortimer is, I dare say, a gentleman, and you-I believe in you." I must confess that I was afraid that you

Of course an inkling of Porter's condition might mistake a feeling of generosity to had to be given his wife, though the full him for something stronger; but that was gravity was masked. This was done by Allis only an idle fancy, I see. It would have been unfortunate it is were otherwise, for and Mrs. Porter immediately became a prey he is very poor, indeed. His small salary to abject despair.

The first thing to be done was to get rid must be all taken up in keeping himself, of Diablo. She was too gentle to ask that his widowed mother and a younger sister. Allis gave a sudden start. She had not he be shot, but he must go, even if he were known these particulars of Mortimer's life: given away. She would willingly have sacrifleed all the horses. Always with their presbut they carried certain explanations of his conduct. Quite casually she had formed ence had come financial troubles, spiritual an impression that he was penurious; some troubles; now the lives of those dear to her thing he had dropped about not being abla were in actual peril. No wonder the good to afford certain pleasures. That was where woman was rendered hysterical by the the money went-to support his mother and strong emotions that swayed her. sister. In her depression she somewhat startled

Allis by insisting that they must send for Unwittingly her mother was pleading his CAUSE.

unreasonable; with the master of Ringwood The mother's talk depressed Allis greatly Why should this troublesome matter come helpless, with whom else could they consult over their entangled condition? For the last to her now when she had so much to bear, year Porter had found it necessary to keep so much to do? It gave her quite a shock to find that as her mother talked, she was in constant touch with the bank; so they not thinking of Crane at all-she could not must become familiar with the details of the picture his face even-just the narrowlidded eyes peeped at her thoughts once Mrs. Porter had come to have the utmost or twice; it would be horrible to look into confidence in Crane's friendship and ability; them for ever and ever. The face of Mortihe was the one above all others to have mer, pale and firm set, as it had been in Diablo taken off their hands. So Philip that day of strife, was always obliterating Crane, to his intense delight, was sumthe other visage. Was her mother rightmoned to Ringwood. This was his first

was she so heart-whole? As if her thoughts had bearing on her mother's mind, the latter said: "I wouldn't have spoken to you of this matter while your father is so ill, if it weren't for the fact that our position is very precarious. I was a slight fascination in the oblique can't understand just how badly off we are, but if anything were to happen your father contour of his eyes, but in reality his hardly know what would become of us.

"And Mr. Crane has promised to help us if-if-" There was a hard ring in the girl's voice as she spoke, getting not past the "if," refusing to put into words the dis-

"There is no 'if' about it, daughter. Mr. Crane is our friend, your father's friend, and he is going to help us, and he only spoke of his regard for you by way of an excuse-it was delicacy on his part, thinking cepting his good offices. All I ask, girl, is that you will try to like Mr. Crane; if you can't, well, you won't find me making you unhappy. But I can tell you this, Allis, un-

(Continued on Seventeenth Page.)

Mike's kindly precautions were of little avail. Mrs. Porter saw the slow mov ing buggy crawling up the broad drive

"He's just stunned, ma'am," Carter wa saying, as Mike reached the steps. But was riding, stirrup to stirrup with her she didn't hear him; her face was white him out." Porter's weight was telling on and in her eyes was the horror of a great fear, but from her lips came no cry; her

silence was more dreadful than if she had called out. "We'll carry him, ma'am," Mike said,

as she came down the steps to the buggy in front, and Diablo was galloping like a and clutching the wheel rim swayed unsteadily. "Jest git a bed ready, missis," Gaynor continued softly. "Git a bed ready 'Hello!

> just stunned, that's all, just stunned!" was curious how the sense of evil IL had limited each one's vocabulary.

"Let me help," pleaded Mrs. Porter apeaking for the first time.

Lausanne, his old foe, snapped at the chest- stunned," repeated Mike, in a dreary minutely.

Allis; I'll come back, I will."

"Porter will be all right, madam; it'll

When they had turned into the road he with a smile, "but-" spoke again to Carter. "You were sayin'

"I've told you the truth, Mrs. Porter,

Shandy, but what'd he be doin' there. "I was too busy takin' a wrap on Lucretis, she was gettin' a bit out of hand."

When they came to the gate which gave entrance to Ringwood house Mike said to Carter, with rough sympathy in his voice, Slip in ahead, Ned, and tell the missis that the boss has had a bit av a spill. Say he's just stunned; that there's no bones broke-Bot' t'umbs! though I fear he's mashed into a jelly. Ask fer a bottle

he called, as Carter allpped from the buggy, "nee if you can kape the missis from seein' the boss till the doctor comes CHAPTER XII.

now; I'll drive slow wid wan hand." "I'll jest have a look at that broke rein,