THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1902.

naked.

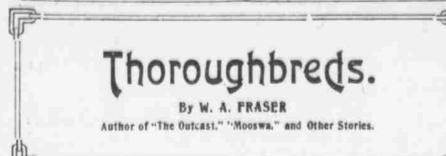
Dixon-you and Mrs. Dixon.'

mighty funny." she said.

He wants to bunk here."

"Give her-him that.

"Are you crazy, Andy?"



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The next day, intent on persuading Porter to accept the money won over Diablo, Crane took a run down to the Ringwood farm.

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Crane stated the facts very plausibly very seductively, to John Porter, Porter almost unreasonably scented charity in Crane's proposal. He believed that the bet was a myth; Crane was trying to present him with this sum as a compensation for having lost Diablo. wasn't even a loan, it was a gift, pure and simple. His very helplessness, his poverty, made him decline the offer with unnecessary flerceness. If Allis had refused it, if she were strong enough to stand without this charity, surely he, a man, battered though he was, could pass it by. He had received a hopeful measage from Allis as to Lucretia's chances in the Derby; they felt confident of winning. That win would relieve him of all obligations.

"I can't take it," said Porter to Crane "Allis is more familiar with the circumstances of the bet-if there was one-than It must just rest with her; she's a man now, you know." he added, plaintively; "I'm but a broken wreck; and what she says, goes."

"But there's a payment on Ringwood falling due in a few days," Crane remonstated, even as he had to Mrs. Porter.

Porter collapsed fretfully. He could stand out against prospective financial stringency, but actual obligations for which he had no means quite broke down his weakened energy. He had forgotten about this liability, that is, had thought the time of payment more distant. He would be forced to recall the money he had given Dixon to bet on Lucretla for the Derby, to meet this payment to the bank

Quite despondently he answered the other man. "I had forgotten al! about it! this shake-up has tangled my memory. I can pay the money, though," he added, half defiantly; "it will hamper me, but I can do it."

A sudden thought came to Crane, an inspiration. "I've got it!" he exclaimed. Porter brightened up; there was such a world of confidence in the other's manner.

"We'll just let this Diablo money stand against the payment which is about due on Ringwood; put it in the bank to cover it, so to speak-later we can settle to whom it belongs. At present it seems to be nobody's money; it's seldom one sees a few thousand going a-begging for an owner," he added. jocularly. "You say it isn't yours; I know It isn't mine, and most certainly it doesn't belong to the bookmaker, for he's lost it fair and square. We can't let him keep it; they win enough of the public's money."

acquiescence. He would have sacrificed tangible interests to leave the money that tide at its flood to let her run unbacked "But I don't see what they can do." insure a big return.

It was after banking hours, quite toward trust the boy this time, I think." evening, by the time Crane had obtained this concession. He had brought the win-

would be almost forced to turn to him in their difficulties. That was what he wanted. He knew that the money won over Diablo. if accepted, must always be considered as coming from him. The gradual persistent dropping of water would wear away the hardest stone; he would attain to his wishes

Vet. He was no bungler to attempt other than nee.'

the most gently delicate methods. Encouraged by Jockey Redpath's explanation of his ride on Lucretia, Allis was anxious that Dixon should take the money her father had set aside for that purpose and back their mare for the Brooklyn Derby.

"We had better wait a day or two, Dixon had advised, "until we see the effect the hard gallop in the handleap has had on the little mare. She ain't cleanin' up her oats as well as she might, she's a bit off her feed, but it's only natural, though; a gallop like that takes it out of them a

It was the day after Crane's visit to Ringwood that Dixon advised Allis that Lucretia seemed none the worse for her exertion

"Perhaps we'd better put the money on right away," he said; "she's sure to keep well and we'll be forced to take a much shorter price race day."

"Back the stable," advised Allis, "then If anything happens Lucretia we can start

Lauzanne." The trainer laughed in good natured derision. "That wouldn't do much good; we'd be out of the frying pan into the fire we'd be just that much more money out for jockey an' startin' fees."

"If Lauzanne would only try, something tells me he'd win," contended the girl. "And somethin' tells me he wouldn' try a yard," answered Dixon, in good humored opposition. "But I dont think It'll make no difference in the odds we get whether we back the stable or Lucretia alone; they won't take no stock

in the chestnut's prospects." So Dixon made a little pilgrimage amongst the pencilers. He found Faust and asked if him a quotation against Por-

ter's stable. "Twelve is the best I can do." answered the Cherub.

"I'll take fifteen to one," declared Dixon "Can't lay it; some of the talent-men as doesn't make no mistake, is takin' twelve to one in my book fast as I open my mouth.

"I want fifteens." replied Dixon doggedly. "Surely the owner is entitled to a shade the best of it."

"Well, I'll stretch a point for you Dixon. Your boss is up agin' a frost, good and hard. I'll lay you fifteen thousand to one agin the stable an' if Lauzanne wins Reluctantly, Porter gave a half-hearted you'll buy me a nice tie pin."

The trainer told Allis of what he had done. He even spoke of his distrust at was in Dixon's hands with him to bet on finding Faust laying longer odds against Lucretia. It would be like not taking the their mare than the other bookmakers. when her chances of winning were so good | said reflectively, studying the grass at his and the odds against her great enough to feet, his brow quite wrinkled in deep thought. "The mare's well and we can

her up," volunteered Carter, seeing Dixon's "Another boy will have the mount of Lausanne," Allis answered. investigation "I'm afraid she's took cold," muttered "What difference will that make? You

"You can trust this boy, father, as you might your own son Alan. "I don't know about that. Alan in the "She ain't been near nothing; I kept her away from everything for fear she'd get a

kick or get run into." would be a different thing." A sickening conviction came to Dixon that it was the dreaded influenza. The trainer you?" pursued his investigation amongst the

"I guess I would, in the tightest corner stable lads. When he asked Bob Nast if ever was chiseled out." "Well, you can trust the jockey that's he had noticed anything unusual about the mare the boy declared most em- going to ride Lauzanne just as much. I phalically that he had not. Then, sud-

know him and he's all right. He's been oblivious to the humorous side of her ienly remembering an incident he had riding Lauranne some and the horse likes taken at the time to be of little import, he him. "It's all Lauranne," objected Porter: the loke? said: "Two mornin's ago, when I opened her stall and she poked her head out 1 discussion having thrown him into a petu-

lant mood. "Is Lucretia that bad-is she ing hastily. "Can you give the lad a bed? noticed a little acum in her nose, but I thought it was dust. I wiped it out and sick? there was nuthin' more come that I could "She galloped today," answered the girl,

evasively, "but if anything happens her only Miss Allis' room." "What's the row," asked Mike Gaynor, we're going to win with the horse. Just

think of that, father and cheer up. Dixon as he joined Dixon. When the details were explained to him has backed the stable to win a lot of money, Mike declared emphatically that some one enough to-enough to-well, to wipe out all had got at the mare. Taking Dixon to one these little things that are bothering you, side, he said: "Its that divil on wheels, dad."

She leaned over and kissed her father in a hair gone? Surely you didn't cut that off Shandy: you can bet yer sweet loife on that. I've been layin' for that crook; he hopeful, pretty way. The contact of her just for a joke?" cut Diabolo's bridle an' t'rew th' owld brave lips drove a magnetic flow of con-

man an he done this job, too.' fidence into the man. "You're a brick, little Dixon worked over in his mind many woman, if there ever was one. Just a tiny been quite won over to the plan of Allis' contorted ways of breaking the news to little bunch of pluck, ain't you girl? And endeavor. Allis and had finished up by blurting out, Allis," he continued, "if you don't win the 'The mares coughin' this mornin', miss. I Derby, come and tell me about it yourself, whether she would ride Lausanne a walking hope it ain't nothing', but I'm afraid she's won't you? Your sure to have some other gallop to get accustomed to the new order

1.7

"BY JIMINY! IF IT ISN'T-WELL, I GIVE IN, MISS ALLIS, YOU FOOLED ME."

in for a sick spell."

Coming to the course the girl had al- worthless hulk, sitting here in the house a day and take her place in the saddle then. "Yes, you can trust Redpath." affirmed lowed rosy hope to tint the gray gloom oripple, while you fight the battles. Per-Allis decisively. "If Faust is in with of their many defeatts until she had haps Providence, as your mother says, will "even Carter may." nings for John Porter's acceptance, should Langdon, as you say. It just means that worked herself into a happy mood. Lu- see you through your hard task." the latter prove amenable to reason. Now they're going on their luck and think their cretia's win would put everything right:

pockets.

we're concerned."

the Derby herself.

CHAPTER XXII.

scheme for bracing me up. I'm just a of things or would she just wait until race "I'm afraid Mike-'ll spot you." he said; "I'll ride today," declared Allis; "I

mustn't take any chances of losing this "I used to be in Dixon's stable.

"Do they know at home?" the trainer zanne in the race, he understood, for Red- sides it won't do no good; my word's as path had been released, and was looking for good as yours. But I'll give you the hun-"No, nobody is to know but you, Mr.

abother mount. This suggested a thought to the trainer. that one small stable would have in it two he added, bolting suddenly, for Dixon had The good wife's at her work in the kitchen: I'll bring her in. Perhaps she'd horses good enough to win the Derby, espe-ilke in hire a helo," and he chuckled an bank is all right, but Alan is a jockey like to hire a help." and he chuckled as cially when one of them was a cast-off, but he opened the door and called. "Come here "Father! you would trust me, wouldn't for a minute. This is a boy-" He turned hle head away-I'm takin' on for Lauranne.' "Oh," said Mrs. Dixon. Then with severe politeness, "Good evenin', young man." had been made in Lauzanne. Shandy had eyes. The two figures in male attire broke into told him that it was Miss Porter's doing. a laugh simultaneously. The good woman, the gallop Langdon had witnessed seemed to secont on the name. greeting, flushed in anger. "Appears to be bear out the truth of this. "What's the What was he to do? They couldn't re-

> "Oh, nuthin'," replied the husband, speak-"Why, Andy, you know I can't. There's He tried to find out who the boy was that

know; he was a new boy that Dixon had chief is he up to now ?" picked up somewhere. Perhaps he might be "It's too bad, Mrs. Dixon. I shan't let got at. If this could be managed it would your husband tesse you any more. I am pleasant contingency.

Allis, but I'm glad you didn't know." "Oh, Miss Allis, where's your beautiful The morning after her fast work on Lau-

Then she was taken fully into their confidence, and before Allis retired Dixon had

In the morning the trainer asked the girl observations he said, "You're the boy

> that's ridin' for Andy Dixon, ain't you?" The small figure nodded its head. "I seen you gallop that chestnut yesterday. Where you been ridin'-you're a stranger here, I recken?" "Out west," answered Allis, at a hazard. to Dixon ?" "I'm just on trial." "Goin' to ride the chestnut in the race?" Again the boy nodded; under the circumstances it was not wise to trust too much to speech. "He ain't no good-he's a bad horse, I guess. I've got the winner of that race in good enough." my stable. If he wins I'd like to sign you for a year. I like the way you ride.

ain't got no good lightweight. I might give you a thousand for a contract, an' losin and winnin' mounts when you had a leg up. How do you like ridin' for Dison ?" he continued, the little chap not answering his observations.

"I ain't goin' to ride no more for him after this race," answered the other, quite truthfully enough, but possessed of a curiosity to discover the extent of the other's villainy.

"I don't blame you. He's no good; he don't never give his boys a chance. If you win on the chestnut like as not they'll just give you the winnin' mount. That ain't no good to a boy. They ain't got no money, that's why. The owner of my candidate, the Dutchman, he's a rich man, an' won't think nothin' of givin' you a retainer of a thousand if we won this race. That'll mean the Dutchman's a good horse, an' we'll want a good, light boy to ride him-see?" Allis did see. Langdon was diplomatically

giving her, as Al Mayne, to understand that if she threw the race on Lauzanne she would get the place in their stable at a retainer of a thousand dollars: "We can afford it if we win the race," he

continued, "for we stand a big stake. Come and see me any time you like to talk this over."

After he had gone, just as Allis was leaving the rail, she was again accosted; this time by Shandy. She trembled an instant, fearing that the small, red-lidded, ferret eyes would discover her identity, but the boy was too intent on trying to secure his ill-carned five hundred dollars to think of anything else.

prove both crimes, the one with Diablo and "Good mornin', boy," he said, cheerly, the one with Lucretia. The Brooklyn Derby was to run the next and he's a swipe. I see my boss talkin' to day. Allis was glad that it was so near; you just now. Did he put you next a good she dreaded discovery. She was like a hunted hare, dodging every one she fancied might discover her identity. She would guy as has got the mun; he's got a bank have to run the gauntlet of many eyes full of it. I'm on to him-his name's while weighing for the race and at the time of going out; even when she returned, especially if she won. But in the excitement over the race people would not have "You don't know him," continued the imp: "he's too slick to go measin' about. time to devote to a strange jockey's visage. She could quite smear her face with dirt, But if the old man promised you anything. for that seemed a natural condition where see, God blast me! you'll git it. Not like boys were riding perhaps several races in that other skinflint hole where you don't one afternoon. The jockey cap with its git nothin'. I stand in five hundred if our big peak, well pulled down over her head, would add materially to her disguise. Mike "Ride nothin'. I don't have to. I've got would fetch and carry for her, so that she would be in evidence for very few minutes at most. Dixon, even, opposed to the idea dred for nothin'," said Allis, doubtingly, as he had been at first, now assured her knowing that the boy's obstinate nature, if quite confidently that nobody would make "It's the horses they look at," he said, "and the colors. An apprentice boy doesn't cut much ice, I can tell you. Why, I've been racin' for years," he went on, with "I knowed it. What was the use of stopthe intent of giving her confidence, "an" pin' the mare an' let the chestnut spoll the many a time I see a boy up on a horse that must have rode on these tracks over "Is that what you get the five hundred a hundred times, an' I can't name him to for ?" asked Allis, a sudden suspicion forc- save my neck." At any rate, there was nothing more to "Say, what'd you take me for, a fist car" do until she made the great endeavor, until derby, an' we've got to give him a strong But she's sick, ain't she? An' you jes' take she went to the track at the time set for workout. Besides, it'll put you up next care of the chestnut now, an' I'll give you the Brooklyn Derby, dressed in the blue a hundred out of my five, God bil' me, if I jacket with the white stars of her father's racing colors; that was the plan adopted. As he spoke Shandy looked hastily about A buggy, with Mike driving, would take the full mile-an'-a-quarter as though there to see that no one was listening, then he her straight to the paddock, quite in time was money hung up for it. I'll catch his continued. "If you give me the double cross for the race. an' peach, I'll split yer head open." His (To be Continued.)

lop. And the same boy was to ride Lau- small eyes blazed with venomous fury. "Be-

dred, s' help me God! I will, if you don't It wasn't in the natural order of things ride the chesinut out. Mum's the word,

With the horses also came Mike Gaynor. there was the gallop, time, like figures. While their blankets were being taken off, didn't lie, not often, and as he thought of and saddles adjusted, he came over to Allis. it, Langdon admitted that he had never There was a suppressed twinkle of subseen such an improvement in a horse as veried knowledge in his weather-beaten

"Good mornin', Al." he said, nodding in a that she had cured him of his sulky moods; very dignified manner, and putting a strong

"Now, Mike had determined to keep from the girl the fact that he had penetrated her peat the trick they had played on Lucretia. disguise. With proper Irish gallantry, crude The Dutchman might win, he had worked as it might be in its expression, but delithe distance in 2:09, but then he was all out cate in its motive, he reasoned that his at the finish, and there was \$10,000 at stake. knowledge might make her uncomfortable. "I see that fly-by-night divil Shandy had ridden Lauzanne, but nobody seemed to talkin' to you as I come in. What new mis-

"He wants me to pull Lauranne." "He ain't got no gall, has he? That come simplify matters somewhat-remove an un- from headquarters; it's Langdon put him up to that."

"He was talkin' to me, too.' zanne, Allis, draped as she was into the "I t'ought he would be. But he didn't

personification of Al Mayne, arrived at the know you, Miss Allis-" course before their horses. As she was | Heavens! It was out. Mike's sunleaning over the paddock rail waiting for tanned face turned brick red; he could have Lauzanne to come, Langdon, who had evi- bliten off his unruly Irish tongue. The dently determined upon a course of action, girl stared at him helplessly, her checks. that were scarlet, tingling under the hot sauntered up carelessly to the girl and com menced to talk. After a few preliminary rush of blood.

"There you are, an', believe me, I didn't mean it. I was goin' to keep me mouth shut, but I never could do that."

"You knew, then, yesterday ?" "Indade I didn't; an' that's a good sign to you nobody'll know. But whin I t'ought wit' meself, I knowed that Alan couldn't "Oh, San Francisco, ch? Are you engaged ride Lauzanne the way you did, an' you didn't deny you was him, an' if you wasn't him you must be yourself, see?" which more or less lucid explanation seemed to relieve

Mike's mind mightily. "I think you're jes doin' right, miss-Al, I mean; I must get used to the name; s' help me, I belave you'll win on the chestnut-that gallop was

"Do you think I can do it, Mike, amongst I all those jockeys?"

"Sure thing, you can, A-Al, me b'y; he won't need no ridin' in your hands; all you'll have to do is sit still an' keep him straight. He'll win the race in the stretch, an' there won't be many there to bother: they'll all be beat off. Now, it's a good thing that I do know about this, for I'll just kape close to you an' kape anywan that's likely to

spot you away, if I have to knock him down." Mike had worked himself up to a fine

frenzy of projected endeavor; he cast about for further services he could render his admired mistress.

"An, you know Carson, the starter; he's jest' the loyliest Irishman; there isn't a b'y on earth could get an inch the best of from him on a start, not if they were to give him gold enough to we'ght a horse down. But I'll tip him the wink that yer a gurl, and-

"Mike! What are you saying? Do you can to ruin overything?"

The rosy hue of eager joyousness that had crept into Gaynor's sun-tanned face vanished; his jaw drooped like the man's with the hoe; a pathetic look of sheepish apology followed.

"That's so," he ejaculated, mournfully. 'Bot' t'umbs up! but it's a pity. Carson's an Irish gintleman, an' if I could till him you was a gurl he'd knock the head plumb off any b'y that 'ud bother you. You'd git away well, too."

Then the girl told Mike all that Shandy and Langdon had said. It only confirmed Mike's opinion that, between them, they had poisoned Lucretia. He felt that, with a little more evidence, they would be able to

Dixon. "Have you had her near any can't trust him." horses thats got the influenza?" he asked, looking inquiringly at Carter.

money with one of the bank staff, who could deposit it the next day.

Crane drove back to the village and went at once to the cashier's (Mr. Lane's) house. He was not at home; his wife thought perhaps he was still in the bank. Crane went there in search of him. Ho found only Mortimer, who had remained late over his accounts. From the latter Crane learned faint essay, experimentally, to hold to that the cashier had driven over to a neighboring town.

"It doesn't matter." remarked Crane: "I can leave this money with you. It's to meet a payment of three thousand due from Lauzanne had no such intention; he seemed John Porter about the middle of June. You can put it in a safe place in the vault till That the horses galloping so frantically the note falls due and then transfer it to in front interested him slightly was evi-Porter's credit.'

"I'll attend to it. sir," replied Mortimer. "I'll attach the money to the note and put them away together."

On his way to the station Clane met Alan Porter.

"I suppose you'd like a holiday to see your father's mare run for the Derby, wouldn't you, Alan !"' he said.

"I should very much, sir: but Mr. Lane is set against racing." "Oh, I think he'll let you off that day

I'll tell him he may. But, like your mother. I don't approve of young men betting-I know what it means."

He was thinking with bitterness of his own youthful indiscretions.

'If you go, don't bet. You might be tempted, naturally, to back your father's mare. Lucretia, but you would stand a very good chance of losing."

"Don't you think she'll win, str?" Alan asked, emboldened by his employer's freedam of speech.

"I do not. My horse, the Dutchman, is almost certain to win, my trainer tells me." Then he added, apologetic of his confidential moods: "I tell you this, lest through loyalty to your own people you should lose your money. Racing, I fancy, is very uncertain, even when it seems most certain."

Again Crane had cause to congratulate himself upon the somewhat elever manipulation of a difficult situation. He had scored again in his diplomatic love endeavor. He knew quite well that Allis determined stand was only made possible by her expectation of gaining financial relief for her father through Lucretia's win-



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it occurred to him that he might leave the colt, the Dutchman, can't lose Allis gave Jockey Redpath the benefit

of her knowledge of Lauzanne's peculiarities. The chestnut was a slow beginner; that was a trait which even Allis' seductive handling had failed to eradicate. When the starter sent Lauzanne off.

trailing behind the other seven runners in mare that was to turn the tide of all their dessert." the race that afternoon Redpath made a ill fortunes. Allis' orders, by patiently nestling over the chestnut's strong withers in a vain was too great, but stood dejectedly listenhope that his mount would speedily seek ing while Dixon spoke of his suspicions of to overtake the leaders. But evidently foul play. quite satisfied with things as they were odds against their horse, knowing that she had been poisoned, was a hundred times

denced by his cocked ears, but beyond that he might as well have been the starter's hack, bringing that gentleman along placidly in the rear.

"Just as I thought," muttered the boy; "this skate's kiddin' me just as he does the gal. He's a lazy brute-it's the bud he wants.

Convinced that he was right and that burned up a thousand." his orders were all wrong the jockey as-"We'll have to start Lauzanne," said serted himself. He proceeded to ride Allis, taking a brave pull at herself and Lauzanne most energetically. In the speaking with decision horse's mind this sort of thing was as-"We might send him to the post, but sociated with unlimited punishment. Redthats all the good it'll do us, I'm feared. path felt the unmistakable sign of his "I've seen him do a great gallop,' con horse sulking and he promptly had recourse tended Allis. to the jockey's usual argument. "He did it for you, but he wont do

Sitting in the stand, Allis saw, with a for nobody else. There ain't no boy ridin' cry of dismay, Redpath's whip hand go up. can make him go fast enough for a live That Lauzanne had been trailing six funeral. But we'll start him and I'll speak lengths behind the others had not to Redpath about takin' the mount. bothered her in the slightest-it was his true method; his work would be done in the stretch, when the others were tiring, if low in heavy meditation. at all.

"If the boy will only sit still-only have patience," she had been saying to herself just before she saw the flash of the whip in the sunlight; and then she just "It's all over; we are beaten moaned: again. Everything is against us-everythink it over a little. body is against us," she cried, bitterly, will good fortune never come father's went back to his own stables. way?

By the time the horse had swung into the stretch and Lauzanne had not in the

slightest improved his position it dawned upon Redpath that his efforts were productive of no good, so he desisted. But his move had cost the Porters whatever chance they might have had. Left to himgot a distinct shock when, a little later, a self Lauzanne undertook an investigating alight-formed girl with gray eyes set large gallop on his own account. Too much ground had been lost to be made up at that late stage, but he came up to the straight in gallant style, wearing down the eaders until he finished close up amongst

the unplaced horses. Allia allowed no word of reproach to es-Allis' visit to Ringwood was a flying one

cape her when Redpath spoke of Lau-Filial devotion to her father had been one zanne's sulkey temper. She still felt that motive, but not the sole one. Her brother f Redpath had followed her advice and allowed Lauzanne to run his own race he hands not too well acquainted with the would have won. The race did not shake intricacies of its makeup. A couple of her confidence in the horse so much as in coats and sundry other garments were possibility of getting any jockey to looted with a cheerful disregard of their ride him in a quiescent manner. When owner's possible requirements. it was of impossible of Redpath-who was John Porter was undoubtedly brightened eager to please her-who else could they by the daughter's visit. Lucretia's defeat look to? The next morning brought them the handicap had increased his in

fresh disaster; all that had gone before was as nothing compared with this new for further reverses Allis intimated rather development in their run of thwarted enthan asserted that Lucretia might possibly deavor. deavor.

Ned Carter had given Lucretia a vigor-Like the trainer, her father had but a ous exercise gallop over the Derby course very poor opinion of the chestnut's powers in any other hands but in that of the girl's. As Dixon led the mare through the paddock to a stail, he suddenly bent down his head and took a sharp look at her nos-"It seems you can't trust any of the boys trils, another stride and they were in the nowadays. If they're not pinheaded they're in, Miss Allis, you fooled me." The trainer felt Lucretia' throat stall crooked as a corkscrew. Crane tells me and ears; he put his hand over her heart. a look of anxious dismay over his usually stolid face. "She coughed a little sir, when I pulled get beat anyway."

"I won't come and tell you that even her father, relieved of financial worry. lost, dad; I'll come and tell you that we've would improve. The bright morning seemed won; and then we'll all have the biggest to whisper of victory. Lucretia would kind of a blow-out right here in the house. surely win. It was not within the laws We'll have a champagne supper, with cider

of fate that they should go on forever and for champagne, eh, dad? Alan, and Dixon, gallop." ever having bad luck. She had come to and old Mike, and perhaps we'll even bring have a reassuring look at the grand little Lauzanne in for the nuts and raisins for The trainer's words, "The

"And the Rev. Dolman, you've left him mare's coughin'," struck a chill to her out." added the father. heart. She could not speak, the misery They were both laughing. Just a tiny tittle ray of sunshine had dispelled all the

gloom for a minute. "Now I must go back to my horses," de What villains there were in the world, clared Allis with another kiss. "Good-bye the girl thought, for a man to lay them dad; cheer up," and as she went up to her

room a smile of hope vanished from her Hps, and in its place came one of firm worse than stealing the money from their dogged resolve. Allis needed much determination before she had accomplished the

"I don't suppose we'll ever be able to task she had set herself-before she stood prove it," declared Dixon, regretfully, "but in front of a mirror, arrayed in the purple that doesn't matter so much as the mare and fine linen of her brother. She had being done for; we're out of it now, good thought Alan small, and he was-for a boy and strong. If we'd known it two days ago but his clothes bore a terribly suggestive we might a saved the money, but we've impression of misfit, they hung loose.

> Mentally thanking the fashion which condoned it, she turned the pants up at the bottom. "I'll use my scissors and needle on them tonight," she said, ruthlessly. "Thank goodness the jockeys are all little chaps, and the racing clothes will fit better." The coat was of summer wear, therefore

somewhat close-fitting for Alan; but why did it hang so loosely on her? She was sure her brother was not so much bigger. The mirror declared she was a passable counterfeit of her brother; all but the glorious crown of luxuriant hair. Twice she took Allis was thinking very fast; her head up a pair of scissors, and each time laid with its great wealth of black hair, droped them down again, wondering if it were

little short of a madcap freak; then, shrink-"Don't engage him just yet, Dixon," she said, looking up suddenly, the shadow of ing from the grinding hiss of the cutting blades, she clipped with feverish haste the a new resolve in her gray eyes. "I'll talk hair that had been her pride. Now she was It over with you when we get back to the house. I'm thinking of something, but 1 ready to pass her mother as Allis in her own long cloak, and appear before Dixon don't want to speak of it just now-let me without it, as a boy. That was her clever little scheme. Dixon was deep in thought, too, as he

Some hours later Dixon, sitting in his "Wo haven't got a million to one chance," he cottage, oppressed by the misfortune that had come to his stable, heard a knock at 'was muttering; "the money's burned up an' the race is dead to the world as far as the door. When he opened it a neatlydressed, slim youth stepped into the un-That Allis could evolve any plan to lift

certain light that stretched out reluctantly them out of the slough of despond he felt from a rather unfit lamp on the center was quite impossible, but at any rate he table

"Is this Mr. Dixon "" the boy's voic piped modestly.

'Yes, lad, it is. Will you sit down." and full in a dark face declared to him The boy removed his cap, took the that she was going to ride Lauranne in proffered chair and said somewhat hesitatingly, "I heard you wanted a riding boy." Well, I do an' I don't. I don't know as I said I did, but-" and he scanned the figure closely-if I could get a decent light-

weight that hadn't the hands of a blacksmith an' the morals of a burglar I might Alan's wardrobe received a visitation from give him a trial. Did you ever do any ridin'-what stable was you in?"

"I've rode a good deal." answered the little visitor, ignoring the second half of the question.

'What's your name' "Al Mayne," the other replied. The boy's face appealed to Dixon as being an honest one. Evidently the lad was no despondency. To gradually prepare him a street gamin, a tough. If he had handsthe head promised well-and could sit a

horse he might be a find. A good boy was have a slight cold, Dixon wash't sure, but rarer than a good horse and of more actual they were going to run Lauzanne also. value. "I guess I'll stay here tonight so as to

be ready for the mornin'" said the caller to Dixon's astonishment and then the little "Who'll ride him?" he asked petulantly. fellow broke into a silvery laugh. ell, I gia "By Jiminy! If

-2" the gir "Can I ride Latarthat Redpath didn't ride Lucretia out in asked and her voice choked a little-it the handicap and whether he rides the might have been the nervous excitement, o mare or Lausanne it seems all one-we'll thankfulness at the success of her plan in this, its first stage.

race through my inexperience. Even Lauzanne will hardly know me, I'm afraid. Mike and Carter needn't see much of me; thing?" I can slip away as soon as I've ridden the

"A new boy I'm tryin'," Dixon explained to Gaynor after he had lifted a little lad to Lauzanne's back at the paddock gate and they stood watching the big chestnut swing along with his usual sluggish stride.

"He's got good hands," said Mike, critically, "though he seems a bit awkward in the saddle. You couldn't have a better trial horse fer a new b'y; if Lauzanne's satisfied with him he can roide onythin'.' When Allis, who was now Al Mayne, the

oy, came around and back to the paddock she slipped quietly from the horse, loitered carelessly about for a few minutes and then made her way back to Dixon's quarters. Nobody had paid any attention to the modest little boy. Riding lads were as called for no comment, no investigation. Even Mike lost interest in the new boy in wondering why Miss Allis had not made

her usual appearance. "How did the horse like it?" Dixon asked of the girl when he returned home.

we cantered along and he'll be all right; he'll keep my secret.'

omorrow. what you've got to do in the race. Tojust slow around once, an' then send them

gallop to make sure that he was not misin her prophetic hope that the despised

"He can move; he surprised me," the trainer said to Allis as she dismounted. 'He's not blown, either: he's as fresh as a daisy.

about. written his own price, and got it. brought about the poisoning of the mare. vrong." Crane said. them.

Figuratively, Langdon closed one eye and winked to himself. Crane must know that it was his implied desire that had led up to the wrecking of Lucretia. Langdon thought Crane just about the most complete hypocrite he'd ever met; that preacher face of his could look honorably pious while its owner raked in a cool ninety thousand over the trainer's dirty work However, that cut no figure; it was the \$10,000 Langdon was after.

Just as they thought they had destroyed the chances of their strongest opponent, came a new disturbing feature.

good enough to warrant his winning.

Allis nodded her head knowingly "He's all right. So's the other one-the

Crane-Allis started.

horse wins the Derby.

"Do you ride him?" asked Al Mayne. my job already."

"I don't believe they'll give you five hunplentiful as sparrows; one more or less he were crossed, would probably drive him her out. into further explanation.

"Say, you're a stiff. What'd the old man want you to do-pull Lauzanne?" Allis nodded.

"Oh, he knew. I whispered in his car as job?"

"Well, I think he's due to a pipe opener ing itself upon her.

It's just three days to the morrow mornin' you had better canter him | don't."

time, an' we'll get wise to what he can do." This program was carried out, and as Dixon loked thrice at his watch after the taken in the time, 2:11, he began to wonder if, after all, the girl was not nearly right

Lauzanne would win the Brooklyn Derby.

Gad! we'll do those blackguards up yet, I believe."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The news that Lucretia was sick had got The Porter's stable traveled out in the betting for the Brooklyn Derby until backer-if there had been one-could have Langdon had informed Crane of this hange in their favor, though he said nothing about the deal with Shandy which had "I'm sorry that Porter's mare has gone "I think we would have won, anyway, but it'll just about ruin

Other eyes than Dixon's had seen Lau zanne's strong gallop, other watches than his had ticked off the extraordinary good ime; 2:11 for the mile and a quarter, with the horse seemingly running well within himself, never urged a foot of the journey and finishing strong, was certainly almost This information had been brought to

For 20 years the only safe and reliable Fermile Regulator for all trouties Releves within 5 days. At druggies or by mail. Price, 52, Send sc. for "Women's also fourd. "Wilcon Med-teni Co., 220 N. 1045 NL, Philin, Pa Sold by Sherman, McConnell Drug C S. W. Cor. 18th and Dodge, Omaha, Neb. Langdon, but he also had observed the gal-

...

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But relief is not cure-

The ache in the back returns. Cure the cause to cure ache.

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