

Well, father, Mr. Pearman, was all he is quite wound up before trying him. You must do as you please, sir. No horse can be doing better; but continually trying does take the heart out of them, you know, sir.

'Of course it does; but mind, we haven't galloped Coriander beside another this year. We suppose him to be quite as good and better than he was last autumn, but we've never ascertained. I mean to know this morning. So, I've brought the saddle-cloths down with me; and he touched a small carpet bag that lay at his feet with his stick. 'What do you think, Jim? and he turned to the jockey.

'I, Mr. Pearman?—I never think till I get my orders, and then I do my best to ride to 'em. Wish some people'd think a little before they give 'em. Why, here's Martin to other day at Northampton puts me up on that Jeremy Diddler, and tells me to make a pace. Why, the colt couldn't go quicker than a rocking-horse. If I over did thin's, I should get a-wondering what you keeps that brute for.'

'Never mind,' laughed Pearman; 'you shall be on something a little better before three weeks are over. I've made up my mind, Martin; so it's no use talking. Let the others strip and begin their work. Coriander and Loadstone can walk about till they've done, and then we'll see what they can make of each other over three-quarters of a mile.'

Mr. Pycroft knew his employers too well to argue further. Father and son were alike on that point. They would always listen patiently and attentively to all he had to say, and, moreover, give it due consideration, but they decided for themselves. They were not amateurs, the Pearmans, who trusted implicitly to their trainer, they attended (or rather, I should now say, Sam did) pretty closely to their business. He was at the foot of the knoll quite three mornings a week, and was a very good judge when there of how his horses looked and went. Mr. Pycroft was too well looked after and too well treated when successful to have much disposition to play his employers false. Moreover, the old man had established a reputation of being dangerous to play tricks upon. There was more than one story going of the grief that had attended minor turf-satellites who had seized the opportunity of making a little money out of the old lawyer. It was successful at the time, but somehow the turning of the tables had come with startling rapidity, and the relentless which the old gentleman had ever displayed in the return-matoh had made people a little shy of interfering with him. In short, the Pearmans, amongst the regular ring and turf habits, were looked upon as men rather too dangerous to be meddled with in any other than a legitimate manner.

In the meantime the string has halted, the sheets are removed, and then, led by the head lad on a veteran of four seasons' standing, the youngsters proceed in Indian file round the course at a half speed gallop. Then comes more walking for twenty minutes or so, succeeded by another steady canter, towards the finish of which the pace is considerably improved—the rate of progression being always regulated by the rider of the leading horse, who has, of course, received his instructions from the trainer beforehand. More walking, then cantering, at the conclusion of which Martin Pycroft says quietly, 'Take 'em home, William, and tell those boys to bring Loadstone and Coriander up here.'

Merely replying 'All right, sir,' William turned his horse's head in the direction of the stalls.

A minute or two, and a couple of imps of stable boys with the horses to whose Pearman, Pycroft, and the rigid right to orders, are standing.

'Jump off and strip 'em,' says the trainer. The boys slip off the backs of their respective mounts, and hold them by the head while Pycroft unlooses Coriander's surcingle, whips

be beaten, but he will try all he can. Those slack loins may bring him to grief up a severe bill; but, though not quite thing, he is not so deficient there that it ought to go much against him. His companion, Loadstone, is an iron-gray four-year-old, a good deal plainer to look at on the first glance, but full of good points when you come to pick him to pieces. His great thighs and quarters would alone command a certain amount of respect. He was, moreover, what is termed a wear-and-tear look about him that always delights a connoisseur. He has won three or four pretty good handicaps cleverly, and the Pearmans rather datter themselves that neither the handicappers nor the public as yet know how good he is.

'Now, sir, what's it to be?' inquires Mr. Pycroft, who is busy slipping long and short bits of lead into the pockets of the saddle-cloths. These pieces are all stamped, and weigh 2 lbs., 3 lbs., 1 lb. and  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb., as the case may be. 'I should think if Loadstone gives him 10 lbs., and he makes a good race of it, that will be near enough for the present.'

'Not quite. I believe he can beat the old horse at even, but it will be good enough today if he can do it at 6 lbs.,' replied Pearman. 'Did you weigh Jim and that boy Allen before you came out?'

'I weighed the boy, and I have loaded his saddle cloth to make him up to 8 st. 10 lbs. Jim says he weighs 8 st., but I've had the scales brought out. You weigh 'em, Mr. Pearman, while I mind the horses, and we'll adjust the saddle-cloths afterwards.'

Jim and the boy were now called up and duly got into the scale. Another muttered conversation between Pycroft and his master, then the saddles were removed, the loaded cloths carefully adjusted, the saddles replaced over them, the long surcingles passed carefully over, and Coriander and Loadstone were ready for their trial.

'Give them their orders, Martin, and then come here and see it. Mind, they're to start from the three-quarter-a-mile post. By Jove, though, who's to start 'em?'

'All right, sir; I told William to come back, and here he is. You go down with 'em, Will. Bash in, mind. Here, Jim, you ride the old horse, of course, this time. Get off, and come right along. I don't mean ride his head off, but take the lead and keep it.'

'All right;' and Jim walked the gray leisurely down alongside William to the starting-post.

'Now, look here, boy,' said Mr. Pycroft, addressing the strpling who was on Coriander. 'You have an idea of riding, you have. Now, don't go and make an exhibition of yourself this morning. Mind, if you do it here, I shall take care you don't get much chance of doing it in public. Attend to what I say to you. Get off as well as you can. Jim's pretty safe to do you there; but even if he don't, mind you're to wait on him till you come to the quarter-mile post from home. You know it. Run up to him then. But, whatever Jim does, whether he begins riding or whether he doesn't, you're not begin in earnest till within fifty yards of home. I'll forgive you if you wait too long, and lose it that way; but if you come too soon and ride him to a standstill, we shan't want you for light-weights at Newmarket or anywhere else.'

The lad walked his horse after Loadstone with a very serious face. Like all boys in a racing stable, of course the height of his ambition was to become a jockey. He was not a little proud of being in charge of such a celebrity as Coriander. For be it known to the uninitiated that every race-horse in a big stable is looked after by his own boy, and that these boys, when their horse is one of distinction, are immensely proud of him. They groom him, ride him at exercise—in short, almost live with him. Coriander was the first crack that had fallen to young Allen's care, and he firmly believed such a flyer never existed. Now—anxious moment—he was to ride him in his trial. He looked

tics, the drama, the far, what you will; that sense of being, for the moment, a man of mark in your avocation; the feeling of having, for the time being, brought down the gallery of this cynical world we live in. But I should fancy that the public schoolboy making his first great score at Lord's, and the youthful jockey winning his first great race, perhaps taste the mad intoxication of success as much as anybody. Excepting, perhaps, on the stage, such triumphs come to us later in life. They are sweet then, but we can't exult over them as we do in those days when everything looks so bright and sunshiny. We have modest misgivings as to whether, perhaps, we have not done our best. We know all about 'going up like the rocket, coming down like the stick.' We can put our hands on so many different failures. 'Written himself out, sir!' 'Ah! you should have seen him at his best!' 'If you could have heard him a few years ago! he was worth listening to then!' Our best speakers, writers, actors, etc., all suffer, in their turn, from this. You are always tried by your highest standard. All men culminate at some time, but it is often before their work is done. Moreover, bread and cheese has still to be earned.

'Well, Martin, I think that'll about do,' laughed Pearman, as the trial finished. 'It will be a good horse that has the best of Coriander three weeks from this.'

'Yes, sir; he's better even than I thought he was, and I know I haven't worked him up to his best yet. I've no fear of his not going on well, for I never trained a better-constituted colt in my life; and, though we didn't try him quite the full distance this morning, I've no doubt of his getting the Rowley Mile as well as he's done his three-quarters this morning. You did that very well, my lad,' he continued, addressing Allen. 'This morning's luck will be a little in your pocket if we've ride, and you pay attention to my next orders; and they are—hold your tongue. You'll get riding before you're many months older.—Well, Jim, what do you think?'

The jockey jumped off his horse, and handed him over to the boy that had first been on him. When out of ear-shot, he replied, 'I'll win the Guineas, bar accidents, unless there's a great three-year-old whose name we haven't heard on.'

Sam Pearman, in the meantime, seated on the soft grass, was busily glancing on a neat memorandum-book. 'Yes,' he muttered, 'stakes and all, it will be a goodish bit to win. It's a bigger thing than I ever pulled off yet, and I have had some very tidy wins in my time. We'll be off home now, Martin—eh? Good enough, Jim, isn't it?'

'Wish I'd your book on it, sir,' was that worthy's reply.

'Well, you and Martin will find that I've not forgotten to do something in that way for you when it's landed,' laughed Pearman. 'For the present, good-bye.'

'Must win, eh?' said the trainer. 'Can't lose,' responded the jockey, 'unless I'm knocked over'

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE BETHROTHAL.

Old Pearman had shown perfect knowledge of mankind on the receipt of Denison's letter. He had gone over to Glinn the next morning. The squire had rather—no other word expresses it so well—fanned the interview. But the old lawyer was quite master of the situation. Though such marriages took place every day, he could quite understand a man of Mr. Denison's position not liking the idea of it at first. The toilers of this world, who had to make their way, must always be prepared for these rebuffs. It was part of their education, a species of purifying that was good for them in the acquirement of each

future daughter-in-law. Maude took 'but little notice of him; but her mother, having now made up her mind to the match, was favorably impressed. Mr. Pearman, in fact, dressed quite as the old respectable confidential solicitor, and acted the part extremely well. Poor Mrs. Denison, having made up her mind to meet her ideal of a low turf attorney, derived principally from novels, was most agreeably astonished.

That the son would quickly follow in his father's footsteps was a matter of course; and here again the Glinn family were destined to be pleasantly surprised. Sam Pearman, though he had not all, yet inherited a fair proportion of his father's tact. The old gentleman, too, had given him one or two valuable hints, and a most thorough *carte du pays*. He presented himself very quietly, was very subdued and respectful—the least thing *impresee*, but by no means demonstrative in his attentions to Maude; talked just a shade of racing to gratify the squire, letting it drop as quickly as opportunity served; chatted pleasantly on all the topics of the day, and took his departure after the delivery of a neat anecdote, that made even Mrs. Denison smile.

Poor Maude, she sat very *triste* and pale through the visit; but even she felt a species of mild gratitude for the little her accredited suitor had sought from her on this occasion. She felt—that I presume most girls would under the circumstances—that she could marry the man to save Glinn to her parents, but that any love-making beforehand would be unendurable. If he would continue to treat her with quiet courtesy she could bear it; but to yield her lips to him she felt was beyond her. That lovers claim such favors she knew; but the girl had a strong touch of romance in her (absurd, if you like, in these days), and vowed no kiss should be laid on her cheek until she was irrevocably severed from Grenville Rose. She still clung to an undefined hope that he might rescue her yet and that her lips should meet his unpolled. Poor child! her case looks sad enough now; but there are a good many fitful changes in this world's great kaleidoscope. Men cut their throats prematurely, and humanity declines straggling, just as better times are about to dawn. 'More judicious to play the game out than throw down the cards,' holds good in life as well as whist.

That afternoon Maude strolled out into the grounds. She wandered up one of the grassy vistas through the sea of laurels until she arrived at a pond—a pond all covered with great-leaved waterlilies; and by the edge of that pond Maude sat down, and, resting her head on her hand, began to think. It was one of those warm, sunshiny days we are occasionally blessed with in April. She thought very sadly of the life before her. Of course it was her duty to save Glinn to her parents. Why was duty always made so hard in this world? Ah! it was cruel of Glinn to tell her how he loved her just when they were to separate for ever.

Disporting in that pond was a duck, a pro-saic bird enough, and I don't know that the young and numerous family of ducklings by which she was attended made her one whit more interesting. But the most commonplace people stand out from the crowd when either tragedy or heroism becomes incorporated with the web of their lives. As Maude gazed listlessly at the brood her attention was arrested by the sudden anxiety of the mother; she flapped her wings—she 'quack-quacked' with a shrillness and emphasis unusual in her race. Her children attended rapidly to her warning all save one. Ducks like human mothers, are afflicted with their *deutscher nohrs*. And then Maude saw swimming rapidly from the bank, with grinning teeth and fierce red eyes, a big brown water rat, who had evidently marked that wild young duckling for his prey. Unaware of the sharks that lie in wait for adventurous youth, he was dipping his head under the water, gobbling some particularly fine weed

vision. As for *sortilege*, do not think there are any believers in it the present day. We all meet at it, but many of us put trust in our secret souls as implicitly as did those old pagans in the centuries so long rolled by. Gamblers are notorious in this way. Maude, a man, from some auspicious circumstance in the early morning, has predicted, 'I'm in luck to-day'—the speculator on his way to the Stock Exchange, the farmer on his way to market, though the bucolic mind is so imaginative. Did not that half-crazed Rousseau throw stones at a big tree from a short distance to see if he should ultimately be among the elect people of heaven?

But Sam Pearman in the meanwhile loses no time in prosecuting his suit. Diffidence is not one of his failings, and in such a courtship as this there is little fear of the result. Before a week had gone by he was formally engaged to Maude Denison, and the discussion of when the wedding should take place is pre-eminently between the contracting parties. Maude listens, and assents to everything in a quiet, listless way. She treats her betrothed with calm courtesy, but avoids all occasion of being left alone with him. She shows tact upon this point that would seem past comprehension to one who was unaware that her mother was her pledged aider and abettor in the prevention of a *tete-a-tete*. So far, Sam Pearman can boast of receiving but scant favor from the hands of his bride-elect. Her cheer is as yet innocent of his caresses, and a warm pressure of the hand the extent of his achievements:

No news—not a sign of Grenville Rose and wearily Maude commenced going through all the ordeal of preparing the trousseau. They were to be married the first week in May.

But one morning a groom came over in hot haste from Mannorsley with a few lines for the squire from Sam Pearman to say that his father was dead. The son had told them a day or two before that the old man was ailing, but had had no idea that there was much the matter. Three or four days illness, then inflammation set in, and old lawyer Pearman was gone to his rest. The ancient fisher would never angie more, and Samuel, his son, reigned in his stead.

'Put off the wedding, Nell, for a month or two, of course,' said the squire, as he broke the news to his wife. 'Otherwise it's perhaps for the best. I can't pretend to feel any intense grief about old Pearman, and his departure leaves Sam and Maude all free to enter upon Mannorsley at once.'

Mrs. Denison showed a wisdom on this occasion seldom evinced. She said nothing, for the simple reason she had nothing to say.

As for Sam Pearman, he bore his bereavement with tolerable composure.

'Sorry for the old father,' he muttered. 'He was a clever man, every bit of him. He could play with these swells, and manage 'em in a way nobody else I ever saw could. He was very good to me, too, always. I shall never have the head he had if I live a hundred years. Lucky I don't want it.' Then he fell into a brown study. 'Yes, put off marriage off a bit—hum! By Jove! I'm lucky Coriander is entered in my name, the Two Thousand, and not his. Fancy being disqualified after the trial of the week!'

(To be Continued)

Jones and his friend, of Godalming, England, dived for half a gallon of beer, the remaining under water longest to be declared winner. Jones' friend remained under long as he could, then came up, and after waiting five minutes or so for Jones to be declared that Jones was drowned. This conclusion was correct, but the latest English do not say who got the beer.