

racing in Brookfield for years.

* * * * * * *

Inadvertently the Reverend Mr. Dol-

The church was in debt-everything

teer talent, and a strong appeal to the

The concert in the little old clap-

preparatory to a correct readiness for

by Miss Allis Porter, was the next

In the front row of seats a prime lit-

tle body, full of a severe quaintness in

every quirk of dress, tilted her head

"It's that racin' gal of John Porter's.

The neighbor answered in a creak

meant for a whisper: "I'm right glad

she's took to religion for onct, an' is

saders. They was in Palestine, you

know. She's been away to boardin'

high-falutin' account of the war."

school all winter, an' I guess it'll be a

The quaint little old lady jerked her

head up and down with accisive bobbi-

ness. On the third upward bob her

eyes opened wide in astonishment-a

small, slim figure in a glaring red coat

stood in the centre of the improvised

From beneath the coat fell away in

skirt; a dark oval face, set with large

confronted the quaint little old lady.

"That's the Porter gal," her neigh-

wondrous gray eyes-the Porter eyes

givin' us somethin' about them Cru-

ward a neighbor, and whispered,

the fifth offering. The programme

confided that "The Death of Crusader.

item.

platform

Less than a hundred miles from the race course, for there had been no city of Gotham, across broad green fields, dotted into squares and oblong valleys by full-leafed maple, and elm, and mullberry, was the village of man had intensified the strained rela-Brookfield. A hundred years of ex- tionship that existed between the good pansion in the surrounding land had people who frowned upon all racing enacted inversely with the little hamlet, deavor and those who saw but little and had pinched it into a hermitical sinfulness in John Porter's way of life. solation.

The Brookfieldians had discovered a in Brookfield was, except the town huge beetle in the amber of their pump. The pastor was a nervous, zealserene existence; it was really the ous worker, and it occurred to him Reverend Dolman who had unearthed that a concert might lighten the finanthe monster. The beetle in the amber cial load. The idea was not alarmingwas horse racing, and the prime offend- ly original, and the carrying out of it er, practically the sole culprit, was was on conventional lines: local volun-John Porter.

By an inconsistent twist of fate he people of Brookfield for their patronwas known as Honest John. His father | age. before him had raced in old Kentucky to considerable purpose, and boarded church, its sides faded . and with the full vigor of a man who races blistered by many seasons of tempest for sport; and so to the son John, in and scorching sun, was an unqualified consequence, had come little beyond a success up to the fifth number. Noth-not-to-be-eradicated love of thorough-ing could have been more successful, breds. To race squarely, honestly, and or even evoked greater applause, than to the glory of high-couraged horses the fourth effort, "Anchored," as renwas to him as much a matter of reli- dered by the village pride in the matgion as the consistent guardianship of ter of baritone singing; even De Reszke parish morals was to the Reverend never experienced a more genuine tri-George Doleman. Therefore, two mer: umph. The applause gradually fell of strong beliefs were set on opposite away, and programmes were consulted sides of the fence.

Even in the Porter household, which was at Ringwood Farm, was divided alelgiance. Mr. Porter was possessed of an abhorrent detestation of horse racing; also an assertive Christianity. The daughter, Allison, had inherited horse taint. The swinging gallop of a striving horse was to her the obliteration of everything but sunshine, and the smile of fields, and the blur of swift-gliding hedges, and the driving perfume of clover-laden winds that passed strong into spread nostrils. For Alan Porter, the son, there were columns of figures and musty-smelling bundles of tattered paper money where he clerked in the bank. There had been great unison in the Porter household over the placing of Alan. In addition to horse lore, John Porter was a fair judge of human nature, and, beyond doubt, there was a streak of velvet in Alan which would have twisted easily in the compressive grip of the race course.

The Porter family were not the only dwellers of Brookfield who took part in racing. Philip Crane, the banker, wandering from the respectable highway of finance, had allowed himself to bor squeaked; "I've seen her a-top become interested in race horses. But them race horses more'n a hundred this fact was all but unknown in

VICTORIA TIMES TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1906.

When the Liver is out of Order

CAR ANTER A

far back-with his weight he would

took the first hedge like sheep in a

bunch, bit to bit, and stirrups a-

And so past the Stand to the broad water-jump, where three went down

I trailed at the heels of the Silver Gray-

IV.

pace, to work clear of those that

the ditch that some would never get

landed safe; with the mare on her

Once again past the Stand we drove at

And a cheer shook the air as the Bay

Then down the back stretch, o'er hedge

Fill at the next rail the Bay jostled the

and o'er bank, we three were racing

Brown, and riderless crashed through

we rounded the turn, and into the

VI.

his knees in the struggle,

neck-I rode at his shoulder.

VII.

tired in his gallop.

'Bravo, Crusader!'

the winning.

sobbing.

had run his

though it were shrouded:

but Crusader was begging for

need all my nursing.

jingle:

in a tangle.

his quarter.

jumped wide.

halter-

lead.

landed.

leading:

over:

saddle.

nozzle.

together;

the timber

were lapping-

was stopping.

Crusader:

blunder.

timber

wither.

saddle

floundered.

were tiring.

back in the water.

calomel, cascara, salts, strong liver pills and purging mineral waters won't do any permanent good.

eigar

the ring?"

eassuring himself.

And flew the wide ditch with the swoor When a person is bilious, the of a bird, and on again, lapped on liver is not giving up enough bile to move the bowels regularly-and Then over the Liverpool, racing like mad, where Sweet Silver fell fighting for some of the bile is being absorbed by the blood. In other words, And his rider lay crushed, white-faced to the liver is in a weakened, unstraight." the sky; and to miss him Crusader healthy condition.

Now, purgatives don't act on the liver all. They merely irritate the bowels, At the bank something struck, and a at all cloud of white dust hid the wall as and afford only temporary relief. But FRUIT-A-TIVES are the one But the big gallant Black took off with true LIVER TONIC. They act a swing-full thirty feet ere we had directly on the liver-strengthen As we rounded the turn I could see Little and invigorate this vital organ-Jack go up to the mare that was and put it in a normal, healthy condition. Then I let out a wrap, and quickened my

FRUIT-A-TIVES also stimulate the glands of the skin-and regulate the kidneys and sweeten the stomach. When skin, liver and kidneys are normally healthy, there can be no biliousness, no constipation, no kidney trouble, no impure blood, no headaches. constination.

No other medicine known to science hen over went North Star-though he s so reliable and so effective in curing pecked, and nearly emptied his Biliousness as these fruit liver tablets. As I lifted the Black at his heels, he

FRUIT-A-TIVES are fruit inices frothed the Brown's flank with his with tunics added-and are free from alcohol and dangerous drugs. 50c. a box or 6 for \$2.50. Sent

on receipt of price, if your druggist does not handle them. FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED,

OTTAWA. on his list. straight-North Star's lean flank we Faust pretended not to hear him. the road a group of men had drawn it we shot to the front when I gave the together, attracted by the magnet of Black head, and I saw that the other discussion. They quite blocked the pathway, oblivious to everything but the elbow raced as one horse at the very last their outraged feelings. Like a great hedge-just a nose in front was dark blotch in the night the group stood; and presently two slight gray felt the big Brown bump twice at my shadows slipping up the path, coming side, and knew he was ready to to the human baricade, stopped, wavthing. ered and circled out on the grass to ith stirrups a-fling, empty-saddled the pass. The shadows were Allis Porter

Bay, stride for stride, galloped and and her brother Alan. o one.' One of the men, overfilled with his Just missing his swerve, I called on the exceeding wrath, seeing the girl, gave his head solemnly. Black, and drew out as he bravely responded. expression to a most unchristian opin-ion of her modesty. The sharp ears "Here! five to two-how much-" but

Lewis was gone. of the boy heard the words of the man He burrowed like a mole most inst the last jump! and Crusader took off of harsh instinct, and his face flushed dustriously, regardless of people's toes, hot with resentment. He half turned, twenty feet from the brush-covered their ribs, the dark looks and even bitter reproach rising to his lips. How angry expressions of strong disapprovcould men be so brutish? How could en the Bay jumped-too short for his al, and when he gained the green they be so base? To speak ill of his sward of the lawn, hurried to his me. That was at Coney Island, two stride-and fell, with his head on my sister Allis, who was just the purest, friend's box.

sweetest little woman that ever lived

own, down! almost to earth,-brought to "Did you get it on?" queried the lat--too brave and true to be anything else but good! "No: I don't like the look of it. Faust The Black lost a length, the Brown forged As he turned he saw something that ahead, and I was half out of the checked his futile anger. A tall ed me half a point about the mare. open, sir. Ye t'ink that none of the How I sat down and rode! how the old

hind them stretched out an arm, and "But that won't win the race," rehorse strove! and the Brown rolling hind them stretched out an arm, and but that won't will the fact, it both goed to buy steal th' sugar from the heard the villifier's words gurgle and monstrated Danby. "Lauzanne is a that mean they'd steal th' sugar from talk die away, as one of the strong hands maiden, and Porter doesn't often make a fly. I know 'em. I hears 'em talk On, gallant Black! on, my brave pet! We that had beat the tattoo of approba- a mistake about any of his own stock." cause they don't mind me-t'ink I'm were almost under the paddock. tion clutched him by the throat. The "I thought I'd come back and tell one of th' gang." 'hen we nosed the Brown's flank; then boy would have rushed to the assistyou," said Bob Lewis, apologetically. we reached to his girt'; neck and ance of this executive friend if the girl "And you did right; but if the mare had not clasped his arm in detention. wins, and I'm not on, after getting It As we flashed past the post I had won "It's Mortimer!" he cried, as a voice straight from Porter, I'd want to go by a head. How they cheered,

from the strong-armed figure cut the out and kick myself good and hard. night air with sharp decision. But put it on straight and place; then long graceful lines a black riding But Crusader stopped short; gave a sigh grotesquely, wearing in and out. There Then the shadowy forms twisted up if Lauzanne's the goods we'll save." Lewis was gone about four minutes. and fell dead; I stood all alone in were voices of expostulation and strong

unwittingly offended

"You're on," he said, when he rewords of anger; but the new serious and a hush came over the clamorous business that had materialized had chestnut for myself." turned; "I've two hundred on the mob; like a babe on his neck I was most effectually put a stop to reflec-"Lauzanne?" tions upon the innocent girl who had so

"It's booked that way; but I'm back-

Lauzanne.

"Landon thinks it's all over bar the houting; he says Lauzanne outclasses is field," retorted Lewis. trainer; "I didn't get anytin' straight— just that there seemed a deuced strong tip on Lauzanne, considerin' that he'd "I stand to my bargain whatever his field," retorted Lewis. At that instant the bugle sounded

"Langdon's a betting man; Porter's never showed any form to warrant it. "Langdon's a betting man; Porter's never showed any form to martant to an owner, and a good judge," objected Yonder he is, sir, in number five-go and have a look at him." As he lifted the boy to the saddle, th too, McKay," he added, slowly focusing As John Porter walked across the his field glasses on the jockey board paddock a horseman touched the fingers of his right hand to his cap. pposite the stand.

"Crooked as a dog's hind legs," There was a half-concealed look of insnarled Lewis, biting viciously at his terest in the man's eye that Porter to-day. Get off in front and stay the he's feelin' good enough to leave t knew from experience meant some-"Bob. it's damned hard to find a thing.

earth. . This'll be a matter of a coun traight-legged dog." laughed Danby. "What do you know, Mike?" he ask- of hundred to you if you win." "All out! all out!" called the voice of And when John Porter starts a horse, ed, carelessly, only half halting in his there's never anything doing. Here's stride. the paddock official. "Number "Nothin' sir; but dere's somebody in then, "Come on you, Westley! they six hundred; put it on the mare-

ens," Porter retorted.

"Get up, Westley," Langdon said

trainer whispered a few concise dire

"Hold him steady at the post."

muttered; "I've got him a bit on edg

tions.

de know dis trip. Yer mare's a good all out." As Lewis pushed his way into the little filly, w'en she's right, but ye'r The ten starters passed in state procession from the green-swa

shoving, seething, elbowing crowd in up against it." paddock through an open gate to Porter stopped and looked at the the betting ring, he was suddenly struck in the chest by something which horseman. He was Mike Gaynor, a soft harrowed earth, gleaming brown in the sunlight, of the apparently had the momentum of an trainer, and more than once Porter had eight-inch shell; but it was only John stood his friend. Mike always had on How consciously beautiful the Porter, who, in breaking through the hand three or four horses of incon- oughbreds looked! The long swe outer crust of the living mass, had ceivable slowness, and uncertainty of step; the supple bend of the fellock been objected with more speed than wind and limb; consequently there was it gave like a wire spring under was of his own volition. an ever-recurring inability to pay feed | weight of great broad quarters, Bob smothered the expletive that bills, so he had every chance to know sinewy strength and tapered perf had risen to his lip when he saw who just who was his friend and who was tion; the stretch of gentle-curved unwitting offender was, and asked, not, for he tried them most sorely.

"What are they doin' to the mare in Porter knew all this quite well; also a lean, bony head, set with two great that in spite of Mike's chronic impe- jewels of eyes, in which were he "Not much," answered his assailant, cuniosity he was honest, and true as and courage, and eager longing for catching his breath; "there's a strong steel to a benefactor. He waited, feel-play on Langdon's horse, and if I didn't ing sure that Gaynor had something to stoutness of heart; even the nos know my boy pretty well, and Laucre- tell. with a red transparency as of tia better, I'd have weakened a bit. "There's a strong play on Lauzanne,

spread and drank eagerly the was summer air that was full of the But she can't lose, she can't lose!" he ain't there, sir?" Porter nodded. fume of new-growing clover and green repeated in the tone of a man who is "Sure t'ing! That Langdon's a crook. pasture-land.

Lewis battled his way along till he I knowed him when he was ridin' on Surely the spectacle of these lo stood in front of a bookmaker with a freight cars; now he's a swell, though face cast very much on the lines of a he's a long sprint from bein' a gentlecreatures, nearest to man in thoughts and their desires, and perior in their honesty and truth, Rubens' cherub; but the cherub-type man. I got de tip dat dere was a killnded abruptly with the plump frontis- in' on, an' I axed Dick Langdon if a sight to gladden the hearts of king piece of "Jakey" Faust, the book-maker. Lewis knew that. "If there's to me, says he, puttin' bot' t'umbs up" kings; and also most certainly had at times come into the hands of hig anythin' doin', I'm up against it here," | -- and Mike held both hands out horimuttered to himself. "What's zontally with the thumbs stiff and verway robbers. Lauzanne's price?" he asked, in an in- tical to illustrate this form of oath-Some such bitter thought as ''there's nothin' doin', Mike,' says he came into the heart of John Porte different voice, for the bookmaker's assistant was busy changing the figures What d'ye t'ink of that, sir, an' me he stood and watched his beauti knowin' there was?" asked Mike, tragibrown mare, Lucretia, trailing v

stately step behind the others. cally. "It's the biggest tip that always falls ved good horses with all the fevor 'Sure thing!" whispered Lewis to his own strong, simple, honest natu nimself. Then aloud he repeated the down, Gaynor; and they've got to be question, touching the bootmaker on pretty swift to beat Lucretia." Their walk was a delight to him, the "That filly's all right; she's worked roaring gallop a frenzy of eager ser

stion. There was nothing in the wo out well enough to do up that field of The Cherub smiled blandly. "Not he loved so well. Yes-his daught takin' any," he answered, nodding his stiffs. I ain't doin' no stunt about head in the pleasant manner of a man horses, Mister Porter; I'm talkin' about Allis. But just now he was thinkin of Lucretia-Lucretia and her rival. who knows when he's got a good men. Th' filly's honest, and ye'r hongolden-haired chestnut, Lauzanne. est, sir, but ye don't roide th' mare He passed through the narrow gat "What's Lucretia?" persisted Lewis. yerself, do ye

"Oh! that's it, is it? I'll lay you two "You think, Mike-" began Mr. Por leading from the padock to the gra ter, questioningly; but Gaynor interstand. The gate keeper nodded ple antly to him and said: "Hope you'l The questioner edged away, shaking rupted him with: "I don't think noth-

the trick with the little mare, sir. in', sir, an' I ain't sayin' nothin'. ain't never been before the Stewards twenty years at the business, and haven't got over my likin' for an h yet for crooked work, or crooked talk: est horse and an honest owner yet but there's a boy ridin' in dat bunch to-day w'at got six hundred for t'row-There was covert insinuation of s picion, albeit a kindly one, in the ing me down once, see? S'elp me God! he pulled Blue Smoke to a standstill voice. The very air was full of taint of crookedness; else why show on me, knowin' that it would break the official speak of honesty at Everyone knew that John Porter race years ago."

"And you don't remember his name, to win. He crossed the lawn and lea I suppose, Mike?' against the course fence, to take

"I don't remember not'in' but that] deciding look at the mare and is holding out Lauzanne; and stretch- got it in th' neck. But ye keep yer eye chestnut as they circled past the st shadow that had come up the path be- He and Langdon are in the same boat." b'ys would t'row ye down cause ye've in the little view-promenade which pre ceded the race. (To be continued.)

SEAGRAM'S WINNERS.

Distiller Presents Picture Showing "Thank you very much, Gaynor; Some of Their Valuable Racers. appreciate your kindly warning; but I hope you're mistaken, all the same.

said Porter. Then he proceeded on his The well known Canadian distille way toward stall five, in which was Joseph E. Seagram, has prepared very interesting picture which is bei distributed among the retailers of "How are you. Mr. Porter?" It was Philip Crane, standing just output of this liquor house. A. E. M outside of the stall, who thus address-Lachlan, representing the house ed him. "Got something running to- Seagram, is in the West at pres

day?" he continued, with vague inno- and has presented the Times with o of these pictures. Langdon, just inside the box, chuckl-

The scene is on the Woodbine

END OF STRIKE RUSSIAN sweet-lined as a greyhound's, beau WORKMEN'S COUNCIL WILL I Provinces Expected to Fo of St. Petersburg-G

V037.

London, Aug. 6.-Acc Odessa dispatch to a loca steamer advices from S that fully 20,000 person city and that the exodus

Rejoices Over Vi

TER Y CANAD

Admiral Skrydloff, com Black Sea fleet, the advi an awkward dilemma. emove the breech locks ress guns in case the cre hips mutiny and at the distrusts the fortress an the fortress and on the staffs of officers keep w ed revolvers in their ha A dispatch to a news : Petersburg says it is rep miral Skrydloff, com Black Sea fleet, has left

The General S St. Petersburg, Aug. 6

dessa on a torpedo bo

the general strike, which has affected close to 70 Petersburg, has met response in other section probably will be decide an adverse expression n. The lack of uni leaders of the proletariat is playing against the s vement.

The railroad men, up success of the entire m pends, are still working f leaders of the railroad are hesitating about issu tissup. They fear being discredited by their mat owers, who are no m the avowed pretext amely, sympathy with of Sveaborg, Kronstadi than they were to the s given for the abortive

November. The railroad employee timidated by the recent strikes a penal offence. is strict in its terms, unishments. The council of workme which met at Teriakio, tinued its session until

esterday morning.

ed softly. Surely Crane was a past times. My! you'd think butter y track of the Ontario Jockey Brookfield, so the full resentment in' the trainer, Langdon, I went on end, his brave heart broke in the "It's George Mortimer-he's in our my upper two years ago backing so incensed at the ti melt in her mouth, she's that prim where the fastest horses in the master in duplicity. the place was effusively tendered to striving. bank," Alan confided to his sister, as horses; I'm following men now." by the railroad men th now "I'm starting Lucretia in this race," compete. There has been a group John Porter. "The coat would melt it," com The girl's voice faltered and died they moved away "He's all right-"Bad business," objected his stout o resort, if necessary replied Honest John. of the representative winning ho In his younger days some money had ented the quaint one. he's strong as a horse; and I bet Cran-"Oh!" Then Crane took Porter gentup of bridges and th owned by J. E. Seagram, and away to a broken whisper as she told friend; "it's bad business to back anycome to Philip Crane. The gambler the road beds, etc., to Then a clear, soft girlish voice, with dal'll have a kink in his neck to-morof the death of Crusader. For a full ly by the sleeve and drew him half have since 1891 made the distille spirit, that was his of inheritance, had thing that talks." just a tremble of apprehensive nervwithin the stall. "Mr. Langdon, who minute there was a noiseless hush. row, where George pinched him " When John Porter reached the sadortation service to a stables famous on the continent. an instinctive truth as allied telegraphers thus far usness, giving it a lilt like a robin's, The full pathos of the gallant horse's "What was it about?" the girl asktrains a horse or two for me, says this dling paddock, his brown mare, Lucre-The group includes the follo finance; but, unfortunately for Philip pealed to in vain. The of the council still is bei striving had crept into the hearts that said: ed. one'll win"; and he indicated the big tia, was being led around in a circle in winners of the Queen's and King Crane, chance and a speculative rest-"Crandal was jawing about people the lower corner. As he walked down THE RUN OF CRUSADER. chestnut colt that the trainer was plate: Victorious, 1891; were flesh and blood; and, carried O'Dono lessness led him amongst men who who own race horses," the boy an- toward her his trainer, Andy Dixon, Full weight they had given the gallant away by their feelings, the people had binding tight to a light racing saddle. this morning. commerced with the sport of kings. 1892; Martello, 1893; Joe Miller. forgotten all about their tortured conswered, evasively. "It's Crandal, the came forward a few paces to meet him. big Black-a hundred and sixty he "You'd better have a bit on, Mr. Por-Bonniefield, 1895; Millbrook, 1896; The first break in the With acute precipitancy he was separbutcher.' St. Petersburg strikers dinand, 1897; Bono Ino, 1898; Dalm carried: victions of the sinfulness of making a ter," Crane added. "Are they hammerin' Crane's horse ated from the currency that had com terday, when the prin And the run for the "Hunt Cup" was orse go faster than a sharp trot in the ring, sir?" he asked, smoothing 1900: John Ruskin, 1901; Inferno, 19 to him. The process was so rapid that "Lucretia carries my money," anreturn to work. The en over three miles, with mud-wall and Gradually into their awakening senses It will be seen that eight times his racing experience was of little avail down the grass with the toe of one CHAPTER II. swered Porter in loyalty. ral street car lines succession, from 1891 to 1898 inclus stole a conviction that somehow they foot, watching this physical process water-jump studded. Langdon looked up, having cinched as an asset, so he committed the first It was the May meeting at Morris best racing days of the old horse were countenancing the sin of racing. have resumed work. the girth tight, and took a step tothe Seagram colors carried off with extreme interest. great wise act of his life-turned his A steady downpour Before the complete horror of the were past-there'd never been better Park, and Mirris Park is the most "Just what you'd notice," replied ward the two men. Queen's guineas. The race is run ye back upon the race course and march long prevented the oper situation had mastered the audience, a beautiful race course in all America. Porter. "Why?" ly on or before May 24th, and car ed into finance, so strongly, so persistnor braver-"Well, we both can't win," he said. John Porter, walking up the steps of strong pair of hands, far back in the scheduled for the day in now once again he must carry the half insolently; "an' I don't think Queen Victoria, and continued by K "Well, I don't like the look of it a ently, that at forty he was wealthy and the grand stand, heard some one call little bit. Here's this Lauzanne runs there's anything out to-day'll beat silk-I was needing the help of church, came together with an exploand the consequent pe the banker of Brookfield. him by name. Turning his head, he like a dog the last time out-last by Lauzanne." sive clap. Like the rat-rat-tat of a isions and disorders. Edward, the cup and \$4,000 presen Twenty years of deliberate reminis Crusader. quick-firing gun was the appreciative saw it was James Danby, an owner, without incident. Ther the length of a street-and now I've uld he win at the weight, I whisperingby the Ontario Jockey Club. cence convinced him that he could "That mare'll beat him," retorted sitting in his private box. Porter volley of recognition from the solitary ly asked, as I cinched up the saddle got it pretty straight they're out for Porter, curtly, nettled by the other's This year again Seagram's Slaugh umber of drunken gratify the desire that had been his in turned into the box, and taking the the stuff." applauder. It went rolling and cracksoldiers. Telegrams from captured the prize. Inferno, the ner of 1905, is the favorite of girt' tight; those immature days, and possibly cocksureness. ling through the church defiantly, desnuggled my hand as I gathered the chair the other pushed toward him. work out a paying revenge. Thus "They'd a stable boy up on him that throw little light on t 'I'll bet you one horse against the risively, appreciatively. Half way up sat down. which the country may rein, and I laughed when they was that he had got together a small other, the winner to take both," cried ed upon by the owner and the train stables at the present time, and is lot the aisle a softer pair of hands touch-"What about Lucretia?" asked Danrespond to the day's cal stable of useful horses; and, of far talked of defeat. "That's just it," cried Dixon. "Grant | Landon in a sneering, defiant tone. ed the rattle with what sounded like as the most promising winner in Cal There has been no ces the call of the bugle I swung to his by, with the air of an established omes to me that day-you know greater moment, secured a clever "I've made my bets," said Lucretia's a faint echo; then there was sudden friendship which permitted the asking back-like a rock was the strength Grant, he works the commission for umber of robberies an trainer, Dick Langdon. ada. owner, quietly. silence. The entire audience turned and of such questions. the interior. Crane's latter-day racing had bee Dick Langdon-and tells me to leave Mr. Seagram is a true horseman, a of his quarters. "I hear you had an offer of five thoulooked disparagingly, discouragingly, "She's ready to the minute," replied The government attach has done much to improve the stock successful-he made money at it. No sight of the people he arched his lean the horse alone; and to-day he comes sand for your filly, Mr. Porter," half the Dominion. This has not been co at the man who had figuratively risen Porter. neck, and they cheered for my king and-" he hesitated. man was ever more naturally endow rtance to the declaratio queried Crane. as a champion of the scandalous reci-"Can she get the five furlongs? the Minsk congress aga ed to succeed on the turf than was fined to the valuable importations of all Hunters. "And what?" "I did, and I refused it." tation. Resentment had taken hold of ple of expropriation and Banker Philip Crane. Cold, passionquiered Danby "She's by Assassin, "Tells me to go'light on our mare. the improvement of his own stock, "And here's the one that'll beat her he has been very generous in supp II. the good Christians. That Crusader and some of them were quitters." horses would strive for the prize-a "Isn't Grant broke?" asked Porter, quiescing in the decla less, more given to deep concentrated to-day, an' I'll sell him for half that," had enlisted their sympathies for a thought than expression, holding sil big field, and the pace would be few minutes showed the dangerous "She'll quit if she falls dead," rewith seeming irrelevance. wer house and prepari asserted the trainer, putting his hand free of charge in order to improve plied the other man, quietly. "I've "He's close next it," answered the ections. This action ence as a golden gift-even as a gift of subtlety of this "horse-racin' busi- worked her good enough to win, and ministrative circles as rare rubies-nothing drew from him an stock. From the West came Sweet Silver, a rainer Exasperated by the persistent boastness." unguarded word, no sudden turmoil I'm backing her.' the withdrawal of t "Aren't his friends that follow him fulness of Langdon, Porter was anger- which is now presented to dealers. The picture prepared at great gray, gallant, and fearless in jump-The rest of the programme might all broke? ed into saying, "If he beats my mare, a most interesting souvenir of quivered his nerve. It was character "That'll do for me," declared Danby. asses of Poland from t ing. istic of the man that he had waited just as well have been eliminated; the "To tell you the truth, John, I like the "A good many of them have their I'll give you that for him myself." rakish old nag who walked over the movement. concert, as a concert, would be dis-The Novoe Vremya, whi nearly twenty years to resume racing little mare myself: but I hear that address in Queer street." achievements of Mr. Seagram on sticks, had been sent for the Cup Done!" snapped Langdon. "I've said turf. cussed for all time to come as having Langdon, who trained Lauzanne, exwhich really came as near to being a "Look here, Andy," said the owner ewspaper appearing exc from Kentucky; t, an' I'll stick to it." projected "The Death of Crusader." a bay, Little Jack, who was fast, they there isn't a man with a horse in this passion with him as was possible for pects to win." m, devoted a large "I don't want the horse-" began The people flowed from the church anything to be. There is a saying in stake that doesn't think he's going to Porter; but Langdon interruped him. ace this morning to a had put but a hundred and thirty. "The mare'll be there, or there-FOREST FIRES. full of an expressive contentiousness, England that it takes two years of prewin; and when it's all over we'll see But I knew that North Star, a big brown abouts," asserted her owner; "I never esying war between . "Oh, if you want to crawl-" seeking by exuberant condemnation of paration to win a big handicap; and Lucretia's number go up. Grant's a ted States and pro even the Black was no gamerknew a Lazzarone yet much good as a 'I never crawl," said Porter fiercely. Sweeping Through Woods Along the sacrilege to square themselves these were the lines upon which Philip With a pull of ten pounds in the weight, fool," he added, viciously. "Didn't he nd speedy victory for Ja two-year-old. They're sulky brutes, "I don't want your horse, but just to umbia & Western Railroad-Man somehow with their consciences for the like the old horse; and if Lucretia's Crane, by instinctive adaptation, work break Fisher-didn't he break every show you what I think of your chance of the Philippines an was almost a match for Crusader. Men Fighting Flames. other man that ever stuck to him?" occupation by the made a brave troop, long-striding and beat, it won't be Lauzanne that'll turn of winning, I'll give you two thousand Where the church path turned into "It's not Grant at all," replied Dixon, and a half if you beat my mare, no California. Quite by chance Dick Langdon ha strong, with the pick of cross-counthe trick." Rossland, Aug. 4 .- The woods in come into his hands over a matter o rubbing the palms of his hands to- matter what wins the race.' try riders, The bell clanged imperiously at the section along the Columbia & Wes All Eyes on Most borrowed money. It ended by the banker gether thoughtfully-a way he had "I think you'd better call this barwe filed past the Stand in stately parrailway between Cascade and the B judge's stand. Porter pulled out his when he wished to concentrate in con- gain off, Mr. Porter," remonstrated Ptersburg, Aug. virtually owning every horse that raced ade, with its thousands of eager dog tunnel are ablaze in places. A watch and looked at it. the trainer's name. In addition crete form the result of some deep Crane. fternoon it was evident admirers, "That's saddling," he remarked, lao'clock to-day the flames reached F nment had practically two or three horses ran in Philip cogitation-"it's Langdon, an' he's sev-"Oh, the bargain will be off," And down to the turn on the lower far concially; "I must go and have a bit Crane's own name. If there had been ron, where they destroyed the stat ushing the organization eral blocks away from an asylum." side, where a red flag was dicking swered John Porter; "if I'm any judge, the roundhouse the water tank and on the mare, and then take a look at aders here. The centr distinctive project in the scheme of "Langdon makes mistakes too." the sunlight; Lauzanne's running his race right large boarding house, inflicting a her before she goes out." the Social Democrats "He cashes in often when he's creditcreation that gave Dick Langdon or twice we must circle the greenhere in the stall." the world, it probably was that he of about \$5,000. The employees, of nd imprisoned in the ear As Porter went down the steps his ed with a mistake," retorted the other. swarded field, and finish close under His practiced eye had summed up railway at Farron made a strong fi might serve as the useful tool of a sub le greatest confusion n companion leaned over the rail and "Well, I've played the little mare," Lauzanne as chicken-hearted; the paddock. against the flames, which, after crooked his fingers at a thin-faced man asserted Porter. tle thinker. Now it did seem tha the revolutionary camp. sweat was running in little streams Langdon had come into his own-that The hope of the revolut III. stroying the buildings, passed on with a blond mustache who had been "Much sir?" asked Dixon, solicitousdown the big Chestnut's legs, and drip- ward the Bulldog tunnel. ust once we lined up; then down cut the he had found his predestined maste keeping a corner of his eye on the box. ntered in Moscow as t MULL ping from his belly into the drinking John Porter had not been successful. flag, and "Go!" hoarse-voiced the They now extend along the road f 'What are they making favorite, burg railway committee "All I can stand-and a little more," earth spit-spit, drip-drip; his head was about 20 miles and the entire available ill-fortune had set in, and there wa Lewis?" queried Danby, as the thin- he added, falteringly; "I needed a win, wait the result of the st Starter: high held in nervous apprehension; his C. P. R. force from Cascade to Robyand the thunder of hoofs, and the clankre attempting to order Wednesday is now the always something going wrong. Horse faced man stood beside him. a good win," he offered, in an explan- lips twitched, his flanks trembled like is engaged in an endeavor to save the KIDNEY would break down, or get beaten by ing of bits, made music to me on 'Lucretia.' atory voice. "I want to clear Ringwind-distressed water, and the white trestles, of which there are several accident-there was always somethin wood-but never mind about that, Crusader. "What's her price?" say the railroad stri of his eye was showing ominously. The steady financial drain had pro Quick to the front, like a deer, sped a "Two to one." which are high and long on this portio Andy. The mare's well-ain't she? ugh the employees Langdon cast a quick, significant, of the road. There has been over mare, a chestnut, making the rungressed even to an encumbrance of "What's second favorite?" There can't be anything doing with street railroad lines cautioning look at Crane as Porter month of dry, hot weather, and one aturday have resumed 'Lauzanne-five to two." Ringwood ning; McKay-we've only put him up a few spoke of the horse; then he said, a fire is started in the forest it bur Ringwood was simply a training But I steadied my mount, and took him "Porter tells me Lucretia is good busi- times, but he seems all right." The prefect of police "You're a fair judge, an' if you're right | itself out, as there is no stopping ness." said Danby, in a tentative tone. "I think we'll win," answered the you get all the stuff an' no horse.