

CHAPTER XXX. (Continued.) She leaned over and kissed her father in a hopeful pretty way. That ridding boy. contact of her brave lips drove a magnetic flow of confidence into the old man. "You're a brick, little woman, if ever there was one. Just a tiny bunch of pluck, ain't you, girl? And Allis,' he continued, "if you don't win the Derby, come and tell me about it yourself, won't you? You're sure to

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up. I'm a worthless hulk, sitting here in the house a cripple while you fight the battles. Perhaps Providence, as your mother says, will see you through your hard task '

"I won't come and tell you that we'd lost, dad: I'll come and tell you that we've won; and then we'll all have the biggest kind of a blow-out right here in the house. We'll have a champagne supper, with cider for champagne, eh. dad? Alan, and Dixon, and old Mike, and perhaps we'll even bring Lauzanne being an honest one. Evidently the lad in for the raisens and nuts at desert. "And the Rev. Dolman,-you've left

him out." added the father. They were both laughing. Just a tiny find. A good boy was rarer than a right. little ray of sunshine had dispelled all good horse, and of more actual value. the gloom for a minute.

'Now I must go back to the horses.' declared Allis, with another kiss, caller, to Dixon's astonishment; and "Good-bye, dad-cheer up;" and as she then the little fellow broke into a silwent up to her room the smile of hope very laugh. vanished from her lips, and in its place came one of firm, dogged resolve. Allis needed much determination before she had accomplished the task she had set herself-before she stood in front of a mirror, arrayed in the purple and fine linen of her brother. She had thought Alan small, and he was for a boy, but his clothes bore a terrigle asked. suggestive impression of misfit-they hung loose.

Mentally thanking the fashion which at the bottom. "I'll use the scissors | the kitchen; I'll bring her in. Perhaps and needle on them to-night," she said, she'd like to hire a help," and ruthlessly. Thank goodness, the joc- chuckled as he opened a door and keys are all little chaps, and the racing clothes will fit better.

The coat was a summer wear, there- "I'm takin' on for Lauzanne." fore somewhat close fitting for Alan; but why did it hang so loosly on her? severe politeness, "Good evenin', young She was sure her brother was not so man. much bigger. A little thought given to this question of foreign apparel brought into a laugh simultaneously. The a solution. The undergarments she good lady, oblivious to the humorous had fumbled about in her search were side of her greeting, flushed in anger.

proffered chair, and said comewhat hesitatingly, "I heard you wanted a

'Well, I do,an' I don't. I don't know as I said I did, but,"-and he scanned the little figure closely .- "if I could get a decent lightweight that hadn't the hands of a blacksmith, an' the morals of a burglar, I might give him a trial. Did you ever do any ridin'-what stable was you in?" "I've rode a good deal," answered the have some other scheme for bracing me of the question. "What's your name?" "Mayne "Main what?"

"Al Mayne," the other replied. course paddocks to-morrow mornin'

carly, an' I'll see you shape on a horse. D'you live about here-can you bring your father, so if I like your style we have things fixed proper?"

The boy's face appealed to Dixon as thing.' was not a street gamin', a tough. If being full of the happiness of hope, he had hands-the head promised well- Mike would not have recognized hereven then he didn't hit it off quite and could sit a horse, he might be a

t'umbs up! Is it ye, b'y? I guess I'll stay here to-night so as "Hush!" and a small warning finger to be ready for the mornin'." said the

"By Jimminy! If it isn't- well, I give in, Miss Allis, you fooled me." 'Can I ride Lauzanne now?" the girl asked, and her voice choked a little-it might have been the nervous excitement, or thankfulness at the success of her plan in the first stage. "Do they know at home?" the Trainer "No, nobody is to know but you, Mr. Dixon-you and Mrs. Dixon.'

This suggested a thought to the ondoned it, she turned the trousers up | Trainer. "The good wife's at work in push to get on to ye. They won't nay-"Al Mayne." called, "Come here for a minute. This

is a boy"-he turned his head away-"Oh," said Mrs. Dixon. Then, with slape in the stall meself."

The two figures in male attire broke

time set for the Brooklyn Derby, dres- check. He had barely finished when path no more'n I do; palaver don't cut "You don't know him," continued the roll. "See? That wad goes to the indictment, sed in the blue jacket with the white the cashier appeared. At once Mortino ice wit' her. The b'y didn't finish "Oh, nuthin'," replied the husband, ny, in for a pound," she reincarnated speaking hastily. "Can you give the "he's too slick to go messin' stars of her father's racing colors; mer spoke to him. that was the plan adopted, A buggy, "I want leave of mp; straight. I see him do the gal to-day, says that on Lucretia, an' that's all there is to it. herself completely, so far as outward lad a bed? He wants to bunk here.' But if the old man migen But how's Alan goin' to turn the trick "I want leave of absence to-day, sir," ough for my stuff; but you anything, see, God blast me, you'll stable-boy on him, an' dat's did steal the sum adornment was concerned. Then she with Mike driving, would take her he said, speaking hurridly. in a big field of rough ridin' b'ys? If "Why, Andy, you know I can't examined herself critically in the glass. There's only Miss Allis's room." git it. Not like that other skin-flint be ten to one. But dat don' it was the gurl herself."-a sudden straight to the paddock quite in time The cashier frowned in astonishment Nomii hole where you don't get nothin'. I The mirror declared she was a passable brilliant idea threw its strong (light wit' me. He'll be out for de 'Impossible! We are short handed "Give her-him that." for the race. Tara, Ont., Oct. 3. through Mike's brain pan. He took a the Derby, stand in five hundred if our horse wins counterfeit of her brother; all but the gal owns him, an' dere CHAPTER XXXIII. with young Porter away." 'Are you crazy, Andy?' servatives yesterda; doin'. Gal's name's Porter glorious crown of luxuriant hair. Perdozen quick shuffling steps after Allis, "I'll be back in the morning" plead-"It's too bad, Mrs. Dixon; I shan't "Do you ride him?" asked Al Mayne After Crane had left the money for ham McLelland, of Again Mortimer started. Wh haps she had better leave it as it was ed Mortimer. "My mother is very ill, let your husband tease you any more. then he stopped as suddenly as he had "Ride nothin'. I don't have to. I've Porter's note with Mortimer the latdate for the House until she had met with the approval of ittle world it was, to be sure! started. "Mother a' Moses! but I I've opened up, and Mr. Cass can man-I'm Allis; but I'm glad you didn't did my job already." rlace of the late L. ter took the three one-thousand-dolhere on the ferry boat, crowded Dixon-the terrible sacrifice might be believe it's the gurl: that's why the age, I'm sure, if you'll let me go. I "I don't believe they'll give you five lar bills, pinned them to the note, ative. for nothing. She wavered only for an Chestnut galloped as if he had her on wouldn't ask it, but its a matter of men of unchristain aspect, he hear "Oh, Miss Allis, where's your beautinundred for nothin'," said Allis, doubtinstant-no half measures would do. placed them in a cigar box and put the Plasterers name of the woman he loved almost life and death." He had nearly ful hair gone? Surely you didn't cut his back, Jasus! he had. Ph-e-e-w-w! ngly, knowing that the boy's obstinate box away carefully in the bank safe, to "In for a penny, in for a pound." The standing symbolical of honesty. Toronto, Oct. 3. he whistled, a look of intense admirasaid of honor. that off just for a joke?" nature if he were crossed, would remain there until the 14th of June, 'What's the name of this slightest weakness in carrying out her tion sweeping over his leather-like Union of North Ame Unwillingly the cashier consented. Then she was taken fully into their probably drive him into further exwhen it became due Incidentally Morbold plan might cause it to fail. rse?" hes asked. face. "Bot' t'umbs! if that isn't pluck, confidence; and before Allis retired It probably ment extra work for him affiliate with the Am Twice she took up a pair of scissors planation. timer mentioned this matter to Alan "Lacren." of Labor. There isn't a soul but meself'll git Dixon had been quite won over to the he would certaintly have to take a hand "Say, you're a stiff. What'd the ole and each time laid them down again, Porter 'Do you mean Lauzanne' ontill it, an' she all but fooled me.' in the office routine. Theirs was not Home Mis plan of Allis's endeavor. nan want to do-pull Lauzanne?" Crane in writing to the cashier about wondering if it were a little short of a 'Yes, dat's it. I jes' heered it, a busy bank, and that day was not In the morning the Trainer asked CHAPTER XXXII. Allis nodded. ther affairs of the bank touched upon Toronto, Oct. 3 .madcap freak; then, shrinking from the 'ought it was Lacren. You've the girl whether she would ride Laulikely to be a very presssing one, but "I knowed it. What was the use of the subject of Porter's obligation, the home mission grinding hiss of the cutting blades, she The news that Lucretia was sick had straight, stranger. Say, are you still he would have to shoulder some of zanne a working gallop to get accusstoppin' the mare an' let the Chestnut stating that he had left money with clipped with feverish haste the hair got about. The Porter's stable traveled out in the betting for the Brooklyn Presbyterian church o anyt'in' the labor. tomed to the new order of things, or poil the job?" Mr. Mortimer to meet the note when it meeting yesterday. that had been her pride. It was a dif-'Not about the horse; but I kno would she just wait till the race day Full of the terrible situation. Morti ficult task, and but & rough job at best Derby until a backer-if there had been "Is that what you get the five thousmatured. people-the young lady; and the ness was the passin mer cared for not who worked, so that and then take her place in the saddle one-could have written his own price, and for?" asked Allis a sudden sus-The day before the Derby, the 12th hast three months. when finished, but the change in her win if they can-that's sure." he got away in time to save Allis's the and got it. picion forcing itself upon her. of the month, Alan asked his day's be paid quarterly, appearance was marvellous; the met-'Dere won't be many dead ' "I'm afraid Mike'll spot you," he said brother from himself. At last he was Langdon had informed Crane of this "Say, what d' you take me fer, a flat leave and got it. The cashier more urge congregations amorphosis, so successful, almost de Derby. First horse, I see hin free. He almost ran to the station. 'even Carter may. change in their favor, though he had car? But she's sick, ain't she? An' lop like a good 'un. An' I'm a j butions without de readily granted Alan's request, as drowned the lingering regret. She Looking from the window of the "I'll ride to-day," declared Allis; " said nothing about the deal with you jes' take care of the Chestnut now, drew a cap over her shorn head, packed crane had intimated in his letter that I like a bit of odds for my stuff.' up to the close of bank, the cashier seeing Mortimer's musn't take any chances of loosing the Shandy which had brought about the an' I'll give you a hundred out of my her own garments and a few of her t would please him if the lad were to nearly \$4,000 behind t Mortimer saw the other oc race through my inexperience. Even rapid pace, muttered: "I guess the five, God bli' me if I don't. poisoning of the mare. brother's in a large bag, buttoned her have a holiday. the train moving towards the f Accidentally Lauzanne will hardly know me I'm ooor man's mother is pretty bad; I'm "I'm sorry that Porter's mare has As he spoke Shandy looked hastily newmarket coat tight up to her throat. Alan went up to New York that even end. afraid. Mike and Carter needn't see glad I let him go. He's a good son to Minden, Ont., Oct. about to see that no one was listening, and once more surveyed herself in the gone wrong," Crane said. "I think we ing. Earlier in the day he somewhat (To be Continued.) much of me-I can slip away as soon that mother of his. would have won anyway, but it'll just then he continued: "If you give me a Barnardo Home boy glass. From head to foot she was hesitatingly confided to Mortimer that as I've ridden the gallop." At eleven o'clock Mortimer got a train old, is dead from a g ready. Ah, the truthful glass betrayed about ruin them." the double cross an' peach, I'll split yer he had backed Lucretia when she was FORESTRY CONVENTION "Here's a boy's sweater, then," said for New York. During the wait at the a result of the accide head open." His small eyes blazed well and looked to have a good chance the weak point in her armor-the boots. Figuratively, Langdon closed one eve station he had paced up and down the Dixon; "the collar'll half hide your face. and winked to himself. Crane must with venomous fury. "Besides, it won't a gun in the hands In an instant she had exchanged them to win her race; now she was scratcha boy of about 13 year I'll get a pair of ridin' breeches an platform with nervous stride. A dozen know that it was his implied desires do no good, my word's as good as Vancouver, Sept. 28 .- Twelv for a pair of Alan's. Now she was ed, and his money was lost. Bearing tions were passed during the boots for you by to-morrow. The little times he looked at his watch-would he started out to hunt. that led up to the stopping of Lucretia. yours. But I'll give you the hundred, ready to pass her mother as Allis in in mind what Crane had said about mare's in for it sure," he added; "her be too late? He had no idea how long of the Forestry convention Langdon thought Crane just about the s'help me God! I will, if you don't ride The Dutchman's chances of winning, her own long cloak, and to appear b A Long Se legs are swellin', an' she's off her feed it would take to reach Gravesend; he Four were complimentary, most complete hypocrite he'd ever met: the Chestnut out. Mums the word," he fore Dixon without it as a boy. That even with Lucretia in the race, he felt just nibbles at a carrot. I feel as bad knew nothing of the race track's lo- others dealt with the pro Fredericton, N. B. that preacher face of his could look added, bolting suddenly, for Dixon had was her clever little scheme. now that it appeared almost like a as if it was a child that was sick, she's cation. As the train whirled him principles advocated by the c stormy meeting lastin Before going to her room she had honorably pious while its owner raked entered the paddock with the horses. certainty for Crane's horse. If he through Emerson, where his mother and appealed to the federal that gentle. She can't start, an' I'll Anglican synod of N With the horses also came along asked that the stableman might be at in a cool forty thousand over the could have a bet on The Dutchman he lived, he could see the little drab cot- vincial governments for better just tell Redpath that he can take an-2.30 o'clock this mor Trainer's dirty work. However, that Mike Gaynor. While their blankets the door with a buggy when she came would surely recoup his losses. Alan other mount if he gets it. Your still tage, and wondered pathetically what laws and better means of Canon Richardson, down, to take her to the station. When cut no figure, it was his ten thousand were being taken off and the saddles explained all these racing matters very bound to ride the Chestnut?" he asked, church, St. John, to the good woman would say if she knew adjusted, he came over to Allis. There them. All were unanimo she decended he was waiting. dollars that Langdon was after. minutely and with great earnestness to "I'm taking some clothes back with by way of assurance. her son was going to a race meeting. except one, which urged that jutor bishop, with rig Just as they thought they had de- was a supressed twinkle of the sub-Mortimer, for the latter was quiite At twelve he was in New York. "Yes I am." Eleven ballots were me, mother," she said. "Let Thomas stroyed the chances of their strongest verted knowledge in his weatherunfamiliar with the science of race homestead or pre-emption be g uccessful candidate bring the bag down, please." "Well, we'll get five pounds off the beaten eyes. CHAPTER XXXIV. opponent, came a new disturbing featon land more valuable for timbe gambling. Having stated his predica-"You're getting dreadfully mannish weight for 'prentice allowance-that's ure. Other than Dixon's eyes has seen a two-thirds vote of 1 "Good mornin', Al." he said, nodding Mortimer found that he could take ment and hoped-for relief, as an exfor agricultural purposes. somethin'. I'll arrange about a permit Lauzanne's strong gallop; other cessary for election. in your appearance, daughter; it's that in a very dignified manner, and putting cuse for so doing, he wound up by askan "L" train to the bridge, and trans-At the suggestion or Duncan for you. What did you say your name watchers than his had ticked off the a strong accent on the name. ing his companion for a loan of two fer there to another taking him di- M. P., a clause was added urging Destroyed b cap. vas, mister? "I have to wear something like this extraordinary good time, 2:11 for the Now Mike had determined to keep undred dollars,. rect to the course. At the Bridge he proper authorities to make a St. Catharines, Ont., "Al Mayne, please, sir," this in the mile and a quarter, with the horse about in the open," answered Allis. Mortimer had a little less horror of from the girl the fact that he had penclassification of land at the was thrust into a motley crowd, eager, tire plant of the Onta ing & Wine Manufac humble tone of a stable-boy. seemingly running well within himself, With proper "But for travelling, girl, it seems out etrated her disguise. betting and its evil influence than Mrs. expectant, full of joyous anticipation possible time. "Well, Miss-Al, I mean-you can never urged a foot of the journey, and Irish gallantry, crude as it might be in of place. Let me put a hat on you. I Porter, but under the circumstances he The most important res of assured good luck. He was but a on the old Welland car carry Lauzanne around the course at finishing strong, was certainly almost its expression, but delicate enough in declare I thought it was Alan when you would perhaps have complied with the tiny unit of this many-voiced throng; moved by F. W. Jones, seconded ed by fire this morning nine o'clock sharp; then you'd better good enough to warrant his winning. its motive, he reasoned that his knowlcame into the room." boy's request had he been provided with he drifted a speck on the bosom of the O. Buchanan, urging the pro \$75,000, is covered by 'I can't wait; this will do. I must come back here an' rest up all day-This information had been brought edge might make her uncomfortable. sufficient funds. As it was, he said: flood that pored into the waiting race government for a better system to Langdon, but he had also observed be off to catch my train. Good-bye, lay low." "I see that fly-by-night divil Shandy Killed by "I don't like the idea of lending you train. He was tossed into a seat by ranging, that timbered areas "A new boy, I'm tryin'," Dixon ex- the gallop. And the same boy was to talkin' to ye as I came in. What mismother; wish me good luck," and she money to bet with, Alan; your mother the swirling tide, and as the train vided into districts under a chief Toronto, Oct. 3 .-hurried out and took her seat in the plained to Gaynor, after he lifted ride Lauzanne in the race, he underchief is he up to now? wouldn't thank me for doing so; bewas instantly killed by moved he looked at his fellow-pas- den and rangers, that provis a little lad to Lauzanne's back at the stood, for Redpath had been released, buggy. "He wants me to pull Lauzanne." press from Hamilton sides, if you lost it you'd feel uncomsengers. There was a pleasant air of made whereby landowners sha paddock gate, and they stood watching and was looking for another mount. "He ain't got no gall, has he? That CHAPTER XXXI. forable owing me the money. At any rossing the track at H opulence all about him. Gold chains part of the cost of suppressi the big Chestnut swing along with his It wasn't in the natural order of things comes from headquarters; it's Langdon rate, I haven't got it. I couldn't lend of fair prominence, diamonds of lust- that fire fighting apparatus h nyside Some hours later Dixon, sitting in his usual sluggish stride. that one small stable should have in put him up to that." you two hundred or half of it. I sup- rous hue, decorated the always rotund along railway lines, that of Died From I cottage, oppressed by the misfortune "He's got good hands," said Mike, it two horses good enough to win the "He's been talkin' to me, too." se I haven't got a hundred to my figures. He fell to wondering why the against the bush fire act be vig Neepawa, Man., O that had come to his stable, heard a critically, "though he seems a bit Derby, especially when one was a cast-"I t'ought he would be. But he didn't credit." knock at the door. When he opened awkward in the saddle. Ye couldn't off; and there was the gallop; time, nen were all of a gross phisique; why prosecuted, that the Ontario syste Week while hunt know ye, Miss Allis-' "Oh, never mind then," answered did the ladies wear dresses of such compulsory patrol of railways It a neatly dressed, slim youth stepped have a better trial horse for a new b'y. like figures, didn't lie, not often; and as into the uncertain light that stretched If Lauzanne's satisfied with him he can he thought of it Langdon admitted that tanned face turned brick-red; he could Mortimer's lecture. Heavens! it was out. Mike's sun Alan, angrily, stiffening up, because of interminable variety of color; from the summer be inaugurated h spital here yesterda out reluctantly from a rather unfit whence came the money for this pleth- section six of the Bush Fire Act Englishman who had roide onythin'." he had never seem such an improve- have bitten off his unruly Irish tongue. "I'll lend you what I've got." lamp on the centre of the table. When Allis, who was now Al Mayne, ment in a horse as had been made in The girl stared at him helplessly, her ora of rich apparel? all the year round, that regul sixteen years, and was "I don't want it. I can get it some The race literature that had come governing leases shall provide "Is this Mr. Dixon?" the boy's voice the boy, came around and back to the Lauzanne. Shandy had told him that Struck by Lig cheeks, that were scarlet, tingled un-Mortimer's way had generally dealt tenure under such conditions as piped modestly. paddock, she slipped quietly from the it was Miss Porter's doing, that she der the hot rush of blood. other place." with the unfortunate part of racing, encourage the adoption of the best for-Somehow he had got the impression estry methods in all lumbering opera-Mallorytown, Ont., "Yes, lad, it is. Will you sit down horse, loitered carelessly about for a had cured him of his sulky moods; the 'You't better take-" "There ye are, an' believe me, I didn't The boy removed his cap, took the few minutes, and then made her way gallop Langdon had witnessed seemed mean it. I was goin' to keep my mouth odbody, a young ma "Take nothing-I don't want it." "Very well, I'm sorry I can't oblige that everybody lost money at it. He tions.

back to Dixon's quarters. Nobody had paid any attention to the modest ittle boy. Riding lads were as plenti-"Oh, he knew. I whispered in his stake-for Langdon. He sought to dis- mind mightily. all right-he'll keep my secret.' "Well. I think he's due for a pipe opener to-morrow. It's just three days till the Derby, an' we've got to give matters greatly. him a strong workout. Besides, it'll put you next what you've got to do in Lauzanne, Allis draped as she was into better canter him just slow around rived at the course before their horses. all ye'll have to do is to sit still an' hung up for it. I'll catch his time, an' we'll get wise on what he can do." began to wonder if, after all, the girl

after the gallop to make sure that he vation he said, "You're the boy that's spot ye away, if I have to knock him was not mistaken in the time, 2:11, he ridin' for Andy Dixon, ain't you?" The small figure nodded his head. "I seen you gallop the Chestnut yeswas not nearly right in her prophetic terday. Where you been ridin,-you're hope that the despised Lauzanne a stranger here, I reckon?" would win the Brooklyn Derby. "Out West," answered Allis at haz-"He can move; he surprised me," ard. the Trainer said to Allis as she dis-"Oh, San Francisco, eh? Are you en-

too much to speech.

not answering his observations.

as fresh as a daisy. Gad! we'll do gaged to Dixon?" mounted. "He's not blown, either; he's "I'm just on trial." those blackguards up yet, I believe." "Goin' to ride the Chestnut in the The gallop had attracted Mike's at-tention also. As Allis moved away he race?

called after her, "I say, b'y, hould on a minute. What's yer name, ennyway?' "Al," answered the small voice. "Well, by me faith, ye didn't put up

no bad roide. Ye handled that horse foine. Don't run away, lad, he added, hurrying after the retreating Allis. Before she could escape him, he had her by the arm, and turned about little visitor, ignoring the second half face to face. Even then he did not rec-

ognize her, for Allis had taken a most subtle precaution in her make-up. The delicate olive in her cheeks was hidden under a more than liberal allowance of good agricultural cosmetique. "Well s'posin' you show up at the It had been well rubbed in, too, made of a plastic adherence by the addition

of mucilage. "Lord, what a doirty face!" exclaimed Mike, "But ye kin ride, b'y; so dirt don't count: clean ridin's the

If Allis hadn't laughed in his face

"Alan Porter!" he gasped. "Bot'

was held up. "Don't fear, b'y, that I'll give it

> away. Mum's the word wit' me. But I'm dahmned if I t'ought ye could roid like that. It's jus' in the breed, that's what it is; ye take to it as natural as ducks-" Mike had a habit of springing half-finisished sentences on his friends. "Yer father could roide afore ye; none better; an' Miss Allis can roide a horse foiner nor any b'y as isn't

a top-notcher. But this beats me, t'umbs up if it doesn't. I onderstand," he continued, as Allis showed an inclination to travel, "ye don't want the

ther-what did ye say yer name was.

"Ye're a good b'y, Al. I hope Dixo lets ve roide the Chestnut in the Derby I'd give wan av me legs-an' I needs bot'-to see ye beat that gang av highway robbers that got at the mare. They'll not git at the Chestnut, for I'll

As Allis moved away, Mike stood watching the neat figure. "That's the game, eh?" he muttered

to himself: "the gal don't trust Red-

to bear out the truth of this. What shut, but I never could do that.' was he to do? They couldn't repeat the trick they had played on Lucretia. "You knew then, yesterday? "Indade I didn't, an' that's a good ful as sparrows; one more or less called The Dutchman might win; he had sign to ye nobody'll know. But whin for no comment, no investigation. worked the full Derby distance, a mile I t'ought wit' meself I knowed that Even Mike lost interest in the new boy and a half, in 2:45, nearly all out at Alan couldn't ride Lausanne the way in wondering why Miss Allis had not made her usual appearance. It is finish. Lauzanne's gallop was only a mile and a quarter; he might not be an' if ye wasn't him ye must be yer st be ver

"How did the horse like it?" Dixon able to stay the additional quarter. self, see?" which more or less lucid asked the girl when her returned home. But there was ten thousand dollars at explanation seemed to relieve Mike's "I think ye're jes ear as we cantered along, and he'll be cover the identity of Lauzanne's rider; doin' roight, Miss-Al, I mean; I must but nobody knew him-Dixon had get used to that name s'help me, picked him up somewhere. Perhaps he believe ye'll win on the Chestnut-that could be got at; that would simplify gallop was good enough.'

"Do you think I can do it, Mike, The morning after her fast work on among all those jockeys?" "Sure thing, ye can, A-Al, me b' the race. To-morrow mornin' you had the personification of Al Mayne, ar- he won't need no ridin' in yer hands;

once, an' then send him a full mile-an'- As she was leaning over the paddock keep him straight. He'll win the race a-quarter as though there was money rail waiting for Lauzanne to come, in the stretch, an' there won't be many vault. Langdon, who had evidently determined there to bother-they'll all be beat off. upon a course of action, sauntered up Now, it's a good thing that I do know This programme was carried out; and carelessly to the girl and commenced to about this, for I'll just kape close to as Dixon looked thrice at his watch talk. After a free preliminary obser- ye an' kape any wan that's likely

> down. the note. "Mike had worked himself up to fine frenzy of projected endeavor; he cast about for futher services he could render his admired mistress.

"An' ye know Carson the starter; he's One of the bills was gone; there were jest the loveliest Irishman; there isn't only two one-thousand-dollar notes straight?" a b'y on earth could git an inch the left. best av it from him on the start, not if they was to give him gold enough to weigh a horse down. But I'll jes' tip him that ye're a gurl, and-' Again the boy nodded: under the "Mike, what are you saying? Do you

cumstances it wasn't wise to trust nean to ruin everything?" The rosy hue of eager joyousness that "He ain't no good-he's a had horse. had crept into Goynor's sun-tanned face vanished; his jaw drooped, and a guess I've got the winner in my stable. vault. If he wins, I'd like to sign you for a pathetic look of sheepish apology fol-

year. I like the way you ride. I ain't lowed. got no good lightweight. I might give "That's so," he ejaculated, mourn you a thousand for a contract, an' fully; "bot' t'umbs up! but it's a pity. losin' an' winnin' mounts when you had Carson's an Irish gintleman, an' if I a leg up. How do you like ridin' for Dixon?" he continued, the little chap could tell him ye was a gurl, he'd money. knock the head plumb off any b'y that 'ud bother ye. Ye'd git away well, Mortimer, and his mind worked with a "I ain't goin' to ride no more for

him after this race," answered the Then the girl told Mike all that bit he pieced it out. The boy, inconother, quite truthfully enough, but she Shandy and Langdon had said. It only sistently enough, had reasoned that confirmed Mike's opinion that between the money was his father's, and that them they had poisoned Lucretia. He he was only borrowing family propfelt that with a little more evidence he erty. No doubt he had felt sure would be able to prove both crimeswinning, and that he would be back in the one with Diablo and the one with

The Brooklyn Derby was to be run he next day. Allis was glad that it the lad to commit this-this-Mortimer was so near; she dreaded discovery. man, he's a rich man, an' won't think She was like a hunted hare, dodging everyone she fancied might discover her identity. She would have to run the gauntlet of many eyes while weighing for the race, and at the time of the the shortage would be discovered and drink, or stealing money out going out; even when she returned, es- Allis's brother would be ruined, branpecially if she won. But in the excitement over the race, people would not

have time to devote to a strange the money back himself for Alis's plied bad habits. jockey's visage. She would quite smear sake; but he hadn't it. What was he her face with dirt, for that seemed a to do? If he could find Alan and force natural condition where boys were him to give up the stolen money he riding perhaps several races in one could yet save the boy. But Alan had afternoon. The jockey cap with its gone to Gravesend. big peak well pulled down over her head would add materially to her disguise. Mike would fetch and carry for him and get the money before it was for very few minutes at most. Dixon place, and came out into the office. even, opposed to the idea as he had been at first, now assured her quite ily the cashier had not come yet. Morconfidently that nobody would make

"It's the horse they look at," he said, and the colors. An apprentice boy doesn't out much ice. I can tell vou. went on with the intent of giving her confidence, "an' many a time I see a brother hanging in the balance. He on the tracks over a hundred times, an' can't name him to/save my neck." to do until she made the great endeav- his credit. Why he took a hundred he

much heavier than her own. Her cru- "Appears to be mighty funny," she sade had its side of comedy; she chuckled as, muttering, "In for a pen-"". "What's the joke?" Allis started. "pants" and drew forth a fair the charge was am

was sure Alan Porter had, also you. But take my advice and don't bet all; it'll only get you into trouble. father

True, on the train were some bea Thanks: I don't need your advice. undeniable evidences of poverty; was a fool to ask you for the money." not many. One man of this later "I say, Alan," began Mortimer, in a fortunate aspect sat next to him. coaxing tone. 'Please don't 'Alan' me any more. I whole appearance was suggestive can get along without your money and the shady side of life. With th without your friendship; I don't want dustry of a student he pored or the shady side of life. With the disheveled sporting paper for ha hour, then throwing it under the Mortimer ' remained silent. What

was the use of angering the boy fur- he cast a furative look at his neigh ther? He would come to see that he and presently said, "Dere'll be fields to-day." "That's too bad," Mortimer answe be all right in a day or two. During the rest of the day Alan pre through ignorance, thinking that served a surly distance of manner.

The gravity of the situation calmed

cool method that surprised him. Bit by

undoubtedly it was stealing.

ded as a thief.

either.'

other prefered perhaps a consider walk across country to reach speaking to Mortimer only once-a co strained request for a bunch of keys course. "I like it," declared the man of in the latter's possession which un-

drapery; "it means long odds if you locked some private drawers in the next somethin' good."

Mortimer confined his remarks t The next morning it suddenly occur brief "Oh!" for the other man mi ed to Mortimer that Porter's note fell due that day-either that day or the as well have been speaking Choctar "Have you doped 'em out for next, he wasn't sure. The easiest way Derby?" asked the stranger. to settle it was to look at the date on

Mortimer shook his head. Whatey t was it was connected with horse was He stepped into the vault, took out the little cigar box, opened it, and as ing, and he felt sure that he had he handled the crisp papers a sudden done it. shock of horror ran through his frame.

"Well I'll tell you somethin" you put down a good bet if I steer

Mortimer was growing wear nind, troubled by the dreadf The discovery paralyzed him for an instant. He was responsible; for the aster that threatened Allis's money had been left in his charge. wanted to draw within itself ; der deeply over a proper Then he looked at the note; it matured action; so he answered:"My the next day. All the money had been I'm afraid you're mistaken. in the box the morning before, for he bet on races. But I thank you for had looked at it. Only the cashier and Alan Porter knew that it was in the kind offer." The unwashed face looked at

blank astonishment, then it The whole dreadful truth came clear. in a mirthful laugh of derision. conviction. Alan, infatuated with d' 'ell you goin' to Gravesend fo the prospect of winning a large sum Blamed if I don't believe you over The Dutchfan, and failing to you look it. Say, is dat straight borrow from him, had taken the

-did you never have a bet in "Never did."

"Well, I'm damned! Say, I ou've got the best of it, dough. I'd never bucked ag'in de bookie "Why don't you stop it now, "Say, pard, do you drink?" "No. "Smoke?"

time to replace the thousand before "No." A hopeless air of utter defeat it was needed. This sophistical reasinto the thin, sharp face. Its oning had without doubt tempted had been searching for a smill wanted to point a moral felt a little reluctance to bestow the couldn't find it. The young proper name upon Alan's Act, but his elbow was too immac And if the boy lost the money, what tried to explain: "Racin's other locoed t'ing-it's like

would happen? He couldn't repay it; bank-Mortimer shivered. He had felt moral superiority in denying the in

Mortimer would willingly have put "It's like any of 'em," cont ragged philosopher; "a guy s simply as a kid, an' he gets de down. He takes a bracer at hi

and swears he'll give it de go-by, h he can't-nit on your life. Like an inspiration the thought came Mortimer had read much abo to Mortimer that he must go after fidence men, and half expected th her, so that she would be in evidence lost. He shoved the box back in its his self-imposed acquaintance try to borrow money, but he was o usionized presently It was past ten by the clock. Luck-"But de ring ain't broke Ole timer's mind worked rapidly. He must yet. I'll clean up a t'ousand to-d

say, I like your mug; you ain't no nake some excuse to get away; anything; he must even lie; if he saved or I miss my guess, an' I'll put the boy it would be justifiable. Why next a good t'ing, damne if I don you don't need to divvy up did not the cashier come, now that he Why, I've been racin' for years," he was ready for him? Each minute Dere's a chestnut runnin' in de I

seemed an age, with the honor of Allis's what they call Larcen, an' I'm to plank down a hun'red chick boy up on a horse that must have rode would need money. He drew a check him for a hundred dollars. A hastily inspection showed that he still had a At any rate there was nothing more trifle more than this amount to he added, "You t'ink I ain't go or, until she went to the track at the hardly knew; fate seemed writing the folds of his somewhat vol

He detected a look of incredu belief in Mortimer's face, evident dough, eh?" He dug down in

from lands. which month by month, revenue to be dealt holders see fit. Fr receipts will, duri equivalent to 1 per ary capital, and pu per cent. basis. Sir Thomas then the current year th to distribute the 1 holders in semi-inst one per cent., pays October 1st, 1907. dispersed Sir Thoma half of the shareh the great satisfaction shareholders at the which the officers of cific Railway Compa the affairs of the the past year. As so meeting was over, and appointed the f

NO. 37

RECEIPTS FROM

Boy Accidentally

While Hunting-

Montreal. Oct. 3 .-

annual meeting of t

Railway Company

Nicol, the vice-pres

pany, was elevated

the executive comm

dent, addressed the

ing generally with

and in closing poin

cash receipts and

Sir Thomas Shan

Joseph I

INCRE

Horne (chairman), B. Angus, E. B. Shaughnessy and D.

The Philli

Toronto, Oct. 2.-Jo have to stand trial f 500 from the York Co ings Company. The acy on which Philli former manager of Loan Company, was was wrestled with for several days.

possessed a curiosity to discover the extent of the other's vilainy. "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' Lucretia. nount. That ain't no good to a boy They ain't got no money, that's why. The owner of my candidate, The Dutch-

nothin' of givin' a retainer of a thousand if he won this race. That'll mean The Dutchman's a good horse, and we'll want a good light boy to ride him see?" Allis did see. Langdon was diplo-

matically giving her as Al Mayne to understood that if she threw the race on Lauzanne, she would get a 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 at any time you like to talk it over." After he had gone, just as Allis was

leaving the rail, she was again ac costed; 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 illher out. earned five Hundred dollars to think of

anything else. "Good mornin', boy," he said, cheerlly. "I used to be in Dixon's stable It's hell: and he's a swipe. I see my oss talking to you just now. Did he put you next a good thing?"

Allis nodded her head, knowingly, 'He's all right. So's the other onethe guy as has got the mun; he's got a bank full of it. I'm on to him; his name's Crane-