

A RACE FOR A WIFE!

CHAPTER XII.

(CONCLUDED.)

We now stand to win, between us, £10,000 if Coriander wins the Two Thousand, and just quits it he loses. Not a bad book, Grenville?

'By Jove! no; and he's a good chance, hasn't he?'

'Yes, on previous running, wonderful. We know Fearman has backed him to win a lot of money. It's not likely he would have paid you £10,000 to-day unless he was very confident about his chance. To wind up with, his own commissioner backed him to-day for a good bit of money, although he had to take shortish odds, owing to our having appropriated all the long prices against the colt.'

Grenville's eyes sparkled, though he said nothing, but smoked on in silence for a minute or two. Yes, if that coupe should come off, he might marry Maude at once!

Dallison had regarded him intently. Suddenly he broke silence—

'Of course—what a fool I am! I saw your eye flash up, and then you jumped into a reverie. I had forgotten the stake you told me you had on this, when you first spoke to me about it. Whether it's been any good to go so far, of course I don't know, but you stand as fair a chance as a man can do of winning £5,085 next week, if that will help you at all. There's no certainty about anything in this world—about how long it's been a world, or about how long we've been preying on each other in it. Practically, mind, we are as much cannibals as ever, and eat each other up with as much alacrity as the Feejee Islanders. A good heavy city swindle gulps us down much as a whale takes herrings; but there's plenty of pike about, who do their cannibalism one at a time, and not by the shoal. Fearman *per se* was a pike of renown; in fact, he might have aspired to the dignity of a shark, if he hadn't been of a retiring disposition, and ever anxious to hide his light under a bushel. Fearman *filii* had a fair dash of the pike about him, too. Which way he can make most money out of Coriander, I don't know; but, I should think, by winning; and, if I'm right in my conjecture, bar accidents, we shall win our money, Gren.'

'And if it is the other way?'

'Shan't lose it, thank goodness! But I'm afraid, if his book makes up a few hundred better on the lose, Coriander will not run up to his previous performances. We've done pretty well; win or lose, we stand a big stake to nothing. Good-night.'

Grenville smoked and mused far into the night. Yes, he had been playing for high stakes lately, and winning game after game. Let this only come off, and he should have fairly won his sweet cousin. Then the thought came into his head that he must see it, and then it flashed across him that Maude must be with him. How he was to manage it he didn't know. As inspirations flash across mankind, so do superstitions. Maude had had her sortilege, he had now his; Coriander's winning the Two Thousand depended upon him and his fiancée being there to see.

'Ridiculous,' you'll say. There is pretty well as much romance and superstition going about the world as heretofore; but our nineteenth century training teaches us, above all things, not to lay ourselves open to ridicule. We may inwardly admit such things, we don't acknowledge them. Still, the age that recognizes 'spirit-rapping' need not altogether turn up its nose at sortilege.

'What? inquired her cousin.

'Don't ask me!—well, never be as happy as I have been.'

Grenville pressed the little hand that rested in his, but said nothing; in which he showed great discretion. In love-making, silence is often more effective than conversation.

But the noise of the bursting cork is hashed in Jarvis—the ring is deserted. Flies and horsemen tear across to where the cords, placed in funnel-shape, indicate the finest of the Rowley mules. Every one is on the *qui vive* to see the result of the first great three-year-old race of the season. Carefully have the horses been scrutinized in the Bird-cage and elsewhere, and the scattered ring from the foot of the Jockey Club stand and from amid the carriages still shriek forth spasmodic offers against outsiders. Grenville has never left his cousin's side. As he has already said, the turf was a great mystery to him. All he knows—and this is derived from Dallison—is, that Coriander is favorite, and that Fauxpas and The Saint are each backed for a great deal of money, and that the Lightning colt is a dangerous outsider.

'Now, Maude, stand up on the seat. Are the glasses right? Try.'

'Quite; I can see beautifully.'

'Very well; now repeat what I have taught you. What are the colors?'

'Coriander, black and white hoops; Fauxpas, green and white braid; The Saint, cherry and black cap; and—and, oh dear, I forget that Lightning thing.'

'Mazarine blue; don't forget again. Do you see those two bushes? As soon as we hear they are off, bring your glasses to bear on those. Wait till you catch the horses in their field, and then follow them till you don't want glasses.'

'Yes, Gren, but my hand shakes so. I wish you hadn't told me about all that money if Coriander wins. Oh dear, way don't they start? What are they waiting

cock-fight, we can race; if we must not race we can row, or draw straws, or bet upon the weather. You may pass what laws you choose anent usury; the more harm you do. The fool to borrow and the shark to lend will always exist; you merely increase the percentage. Both are evils which you cannot eradicate. The next best thing is to keep them under surveillance. Besides, how you increase demand by a prohibitory tariff! It wrong to bet; that alone gives zest to the pursuit; but make it illegal, and you give a real impetus to the business. Free trade ruined smuggling. If the street fountains played spirits, and a vexatious tax was placed on water, we should undergo a testotal revolution to which Father Mathew's movement would be child's play.

In a carriage very close to the cords are Harold Denison, Maude, and Grenville Rose, or rather, I should say, were, inasmuch as they had arrived there together, but, though Denison had for some years eschewed the green sward and its fatal seductions, of course there were numerous old friends whom he had known well in the days that the sky-blue and silver braid (his colors) was prominent at most large race meetings. He had naturally drawn off to chat over old times with some of them, and left Maude in charge of her cousin.

The girl was in a state of the greatest excitement. She had never before seen a race of any kind. It was a bright day but not warm; except in the July meeting, it never is on Newmarket Heath. Thanks to her father's experience, Maude was heavily shawled, and therefore comfortable. In the last few minutes Rose had confided to her what a big stake he stood to win on Coriander.

'Though, Maude, recollect, I shan't be a penny the worse if he loses.'

'Oh, Gren, how can you stand still? I can hardly, as it is, though it is you who are to win, and not me.'

'My darling, you are as much interested as I am. I never did bet before, I never shall again. Can't you guess why I have this time?'

'I think so,' she replied, as her face flushed.

'It's for me, is it not?'

'Yes, Maude; if Coriander wins, I can claim you from your father at once; if he don't—well, you will wait while I work, won't you?'

'You know I will. I'm yours whenever you come for me,' whispered the girl; and, as long as we may write, I shall never—and she paused:

'What? inquired her cousin.

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of 'Coriander wine, for a monkey'! Coriander wins. Coriander, in a walk—and the black and white hoops glide past the judge's chair a clever length in front.

Grenville draws a big breath. 'Is it true?' and he glares anxiously at the telegraph-board. From where he is it is impossible to tell for certain, though he thinks the favorite won. Hurray! Up goes the mazy 7 that represents Coriander on the cards; and, with a yell, Grenville sends his hat into the air. Even as he does so, he feels that Maude leans wondrous heavy on his shoulder; he turns just in time to hear a low, gurgling sound, and ca. his cousin in his arms. She has fainted. He lays her back in the carriage, and sends one of the innumerable lads that infest a race-course in hot pursuit of water. Meanwhile he, in his ignorance and confusion, bathes her temples with sherry from a big flask. It has the desired effect, as if it were a more scientific, or, at all events, more generally recognized remedy, and ere the myrtilon returns with water Maude has come to herself, with a choking sob or two.

'Oh, Gren, I didn't—I don't—I shall be well in a minute.' And after drinking, first a little sherry, and then a little water, Maude, with rather pale cheeks, began to wonder how she could have been so foolish.

'I got so excited about it, Gren; I couldn't help it. You shouldn't have told me what a lot of money you might win. Besides, I never saw a race before.'

'Never mind, you are all right now. We'll go home as soon as we can catch your father, there's nothing else to see—not for us, at least, darling. I've won you now, Maude.'

'No,' said the girl, with a smile, and a slight pressure of her little hand; 'you did that before. But where's your hat?'

'I don't know,' said Grenville, looking very confused. 'I threw it up in the air when the horse won, and then you fainted, and I never thought of it again. Looks awkward, don't it?'

'Oh, laughed Maude, 'I'm so glad. Why you were as bad as me. I think we had better go home, Gren; we are not fit to go racing. We haven't the requisite control of our feelings, and make shows of ourselves.'

'But, though the hat, a little the worse for its aerial excursion, was speedily returned by some jacker of the heath, Harold Denison was not so easily come at, and the cousins were—perforce doomed to see the day out. Though I doubt whether they ever saw another race, they bore themselves most resignedly, and, I fancy, passed a tolerably pleasant two hours. A gentleman on a neat hack, after a moment's hesitation, pulled up at their carriage. Lifting his hat to Maude, he nodded cheerily to Rose, and, leaning over, murmured:

'No end of congratulation. What a *coupe!* I'm very well satisfied; but Gren, you have played for high stakes, and I suppose I may say have won them? Adieu! And with another glance, and raising of his hat to Maude, he cantered off.

'Who was that?' she inquired.

'Dallison, who did all my betting for me.'

'And did he know?'

'He knew what that £5,000 meant to me. He's right, Maude. I have been playing high stakes, and to think that I should win all!'

Mr. Denison turned up in the most jubilant spirits. He had had a delightful day, and won a hundred and odd pounds, he told them. 'Don't think I am going on with it, Grenville, but, as I had come to see 'the Guinea's' run for once more, I determined to risk my pony on it, and backed the horse that had already been such a good friend to me; and, as that was successful, I invested two or three more ten-pound notes on the strength of my first win, so that my gains mounted up, my selections having proved successful.'

Within twenty-four hours Grenville Rose had had a long confabulation with his uncle, and succeeded in convincing him that he was, thanks to the additional £5,000, in a position to marry his cousin at once: he could make up now £600 a year, and he was sure business would shortly come to him. Denison demurred a little, but he certainly was under some obligation to his nephew about that mortgage. The domestic current, too, ran strong in Grenville's favor; so after a little he yielded, saying that 'if they thought fit to begin the world on that income he had no more to say, further than that they could expect but little help from him during his lifetime.'

gushed himself, has now retired into domestic life—one of his illustrious feet is to be placed at her disposal.

The squire is still muddling on, but, thanks to an occasional look-up from Grenville, and a change of bailiffs, continues to about make both ends meet. As for Mrs. Denison, with her temperament, cannot you fancy the delight she has in a visit to or from her darling daughter, and with a couple of grandchildren to pet and spoil?

THE END

DEATH OF DR. J. W. WELDON.

The death of Dr. James Wallace Weldon will bring pangs of regret to his friends throughout the Union. No turfman living was better known in this country than Dr. Weldon. He died at Saratoga, Sunday evening, August 25.

For more than forty years he has been actively engaged in pursuit of the pleasures of the manliest of all sports, to which he was as devoted as the strongest passion ever allows. From early manhood he was a very close observer, and his singular fondness for the horse strengthened this faculty to a great extent. On this account, when experience came to his assistance, he was regarded, in this country, as an accomplished judge, and one of the most prudent and careful handlers of horses in this country.

Dr. Weldon never controlled establishments of the proportions we occasionally find on the turf at this day, but he developed some of the best horses that have appeared in this country since he began his career. He had rare success with Lightning. He handled him with consummate skill, and, as a proof that he did so, Lightning conquered, while in Dr. Weldon's hands, the best horses in the country, including the famous Planet, who had proven himself to be a horse of remarkable speed, and no course was too long for him. He also had distinguished success with Local, Sympathy, Aldebaran, Moire, Wagram, Blackbird, Frank Allen, and many others. The best proof of his ability as a handler was that he never let a horse pass from his hands as rejected that ever did better after than he did before he left him.

Dr. Weldon's career upon the turf, however, shows most conspicuous from a moral standpoint. Money had little influence over him, for he cared as little for it as almost any man living. We will not do him the injustice to say that he was prodigal with his earnings, but he never thought enough of money to allow it to corrupt him. His character among turfmen was that he was absolutely incorruptible, and though he passed more than forty years actively upon the turf, we never heard the slightest suspicion thrown on any of his actions.

His memory was singularly retentive, and clung tenaciously to all the details of a transaction, not one of which escaped either his observation or memory, no difference what may have been the flight of time or what vicissitudes fortune may have brought in the interim. Hence he was a sort of walking history of the American turf since he began his career. He had witnessed most of the prominent meetings in the country; never let either a meeting or a race escape him that he could possibly see, and he remembered, long years after, the distance of the race, horses engaged, the jockeys, weights, how the race was run, how it was lost or won, and even the time made. His memory was of great assistance to him in following pedigrees. With the prominent families of thoroughbreds of this country he was perfectly familiar, and although there was no Stud-book for more than thirty years after he entered the turf that was accepted in turf circles, he was rarely at fault in the pedigree of a horse springing from any of these families.

He was well learned in the laws of the turf, with all the details of training, was regarded as one of the most watchful and prudent men that ever handled young horses. He understood thoroughly the physical conformation and anatomy of the horse, studied each with great care, and a horse put under his charge was sure of protection from abuse, and to have all his powers preserved. This was a strong point with Dr. Weldon.

The crowning act of his life, however, was his last effort to elevate the standard of the turf in this country. He was advancing in years, had travelled much, had treasured all he had seen, and he finally required the whole to writing, and thus gave it to those who succeed him, that they may profit by his experience, observation and labor. Truly the "Thoroughbred Racehorse: How to Breed, Rear and Train Him," is by far the best work on the subject ever issued in any country. Many people differ with the author in some of the rules and maxims laid down by him, and, on this account, are disposed to reject the work. Is this an acknowledged test of the value of an author's labors? The question is not whether all the rules laid down and theories taught in a book are infallibly true, for this has never been the fortune of a single author from the days of Herodotus to the present time;

AMERICAN JOCKEYS.

A SKETCH OF BARRETT.

As a companion table to that of winning owners is presented one of winning jockeys—those little old children, as a lady sitting in the stand called some of them. In respect to their ages the public at large are vastly mistaken. All are much older than they look. Few in seeing Billy Hayward, as he is called, think that he is a man over thirty and that he is the father of a family of three or four children, and yet Billy rode Governor Bowie's *Belle* to victory for the Alabama Stakes, when, to make his weight at 113 pounds, it took a lead pad. Master William Barrett, who heads the list of winning jockeys, is in his nineteenth year, and weighs when stripped about ninety-two or ninety-three pounds. The career of this young jockey has been something wonderful. At Saratoga in 1875 Mr. Brown, now trainer for Mr. Pierre Lorillard's stable, rescued Barrett, then a hanger-on and shoeblack round the stables, from being beaten by some one he had offended. Brown took the boy to the stables, the former being then trainer for Frank Morris, and ordered the other boys to give him something to eat, and as it was near night he coupled that order with a permission to stay in the stable all night. In the morning Billy looked bright and willing, and as he weighed comparatively nothing Brown asked him if he would like to learn to ride. The answer was a prompt "Yes, sir." With the end of the meeting the stable returned to Monmouth County. In the winter Barrett went to school with the other boys. In the spring of 1876 Brown took charge of the Rancocas stable, and Barrett, with the rest of "Brown's boys," as they were called, enlisted under the cherry and black of Mr. Pierre Lorillard. How quickly Barrett learned the art of riding as a jockey may be imagined, for at the October meeting of the American Jockey Club in 1876 he is credited with winning the Champagne Stakes with Bombast. Since that time he has been constantly in the saddle, and in such demand was he at Saratoga that he rode in seventy-four out of the ninety-five races run on the flat. Billy is a good boy and is much liked by starters. He knows what is right, and by doing what is right has so far escaped suspension; in fact, as Captain Corner said on his way down from Saratoga, "Barrett will win the gold-mounted ring that I promised the best boy at the end of the season."

Although Barrett heads the list of winning jockeys, Hughes, the famous first jockey of the Islip stable, beats him in the total amount won. But then Hughes rode the Duke of Magenta, the Traveller, Sequel, Kenner, and Harding stakes and Haron for the flash and Saratoga. What Harold was beaten by Uncas for the Kentucky Stakes he was ridden by Holloway, Hughes being then under suspension; in fact his impetuous habit at the post kept him in trouble nearly till the meeting, to which fact may be attributed some of Barrett's numerous mounts.

HUNTING THE BUFFALO.

Hunting the buffalo is very different spot from stalking either the antelope or rodder and is intensely exciting. They are seldom, except by those who make their livelihood by selling the skins, shot with a rifle, the usual method being to ride at full gallop into a herd, select the most promising animal, and then shoot with a revolver. A good dead practice, and I might add nerve, is required before a man can expect to become an accomplished buffalo hunter; a well-trained horse is also necessary to insure success.

The first precaution to be observed after sighting a herd which it is proposed to hunt, are to lighten yourself and horse of all superfluous gear, which we always handed over to orderlies, tighten up the saddle-girths, unbutton your holster, and see your revolver handy and ready for use.

When everything is ready, advance towards the herd at a brisk trot or canter. As a rule, they will allow you to approach to within about two hundred yards, when, being alarmed, the whole herd will scamper. This is the time to make the running, for, after retreating about two hundred yards, they will stop to look around to see whether they are being pursued or not. Before they can make up their minds to be off again the hunter ought to be in their midst, splitting the herd in two, and scattering them in all directions ahead of him. Singling out a particular animal—if only the skin is required, a six or seven-year old cow is chosen—the hunter dashes up alongside and when within about twenty-two or three yards discharges his revolver rapidly into his victim sticking close to the poor animal until it falls.