

...it was necessary to show their...  
...to take the preliminary center...  
...is good enough, remarked a...  
...but riders is nought. But...  
...of the jocks thought thus, the eyes of...  
...were upon them, and each re...  
...to start them, and walks...  
...away some half mile distant.  
...you ready, gentlemen? asks the...  
...sits on his sturdy cover back,  
...flag in his hand.  
...answers each jockey.  
...flag is dropped, and the rival can...  
...are despatched on their journey.  
...is shouted, as the two are...  
...gently along. A flight of...  
...is the first jump. Bluster takes it...  
...in advance, and Duffer follows;  
...a bank, Bluster charges it gallantly,  
...is shot on to the horse's withers, and...  
...by the neck. "He's off," screams a...  
...of voices, "they're both off," roar the...  
...as Duffer is seen in the same position,  
...it is not so, both gentlemen man...  
...into their seats again.  
...a broad smile is on all the gentleman's...  
...faces, for they expect it.  
...to it, ye cripples," is shouted on all...  
...The tailor from Brentford—old...  
...come to life again, all this is mixed...  
...up with wild hurrahs.  
...but they are both riding better now, and...  
...waited to their work, and the next two or...  
...three jumps are well done, and they are...  
...coming at a fair pace at the water.  
...Send him at it, Bluster, screams Major...  
...Rasper, as he saw his friend had not steam...  
...enough on, "send him at it."  
...Bluster heard the cry and knew the voice,  
...he did not turn at it, and cleared it, but his...  
...fell on landing, and sent him spinning.  
...Duffer's horse did not clear it, but fell in,  
...going for a cold bath, but both were...  
...sitting up nearly at the same time.  
...No cock's eye out, Mr. Duffer," said Pas...  
...tern, as he shot the gentleman into his...  
...seat, "he isn't ten lengths away, yet at 'm...  
...up on."  
...Duffer soon made up lost ground, and was...  
...lynx with two lengths of Civilian's griths,  
...but both gentlemen found out that hunting...  
...and a top-chasing are two different things...  
...that it requires condition to ride four miles...  
...country. They were becoming ex...  
...hausted very tired; however, they kept going,  
...second were the misnaps, but they managed...  
...to keep within a few lengths of each other,  
...they were now lost to the mass of people, for...  
...the ground took a dip.  
...Here they are again, they re-coming,  
...is shouted out as the two were seen strug...  
...gling along nearly a mile away. The glasses...  
...of the occupants of all the carriages are at...  
...their eyes.  
...Bluster is leading, said Major Rasper,  
...but his horse is beat.  
...So is Duffer's, exclaimed Charlie.  
...There is not a pin to choose between them.  
...Can you see them, Mary?  
...Oh, yes, Charlie, I can see them beauti...  
...fully, both horses and men seem utterly ex...  
...hausted.  
...Duffer wins! Civilian wins!" roars the...  
...crowd, as Bluster takes the hurdles slightly...  
...in advance. "Red has it! Guardsman in a...  
...corner! the race is getting exciting."  
...The ye-uth bust their horses," says...  
...Noble to Pastern, "blow me if they will...  
...get to the water. Dash it! Civilian's...  
...down! it was a true bill, the poor horse's...  
...too weak to tell on the landing side, and...  
...lay on his side on the top of the rider. "The...  
...man is off, back out away," and there is a...  
...wild shout from him. Duffer is triumphant...  
...he is seen. "Look up the bits, old chap,"...  
...he screams, as he canters towards the...  
...water.  
...Duffer has it, roar out the riding...  
...men. Duffer did so, but Guardsman con...  
...sidered it a bad enough of it, he refused...  
...to take the water, and he was a second...  
...time off, but the horse wily remained...  
...on the bank off side. The shrieks, the...  
...sobs, the laughter were anything but pleasant...  
...to Duffer's ears as he emerged from his...  
...hole.  
...At him again, sir, said the wary Pas...  
...tern, "there's lots of time."  
...Duffer scrambled over the fence and on to...  
...the back of his tired horse. That something...  
...was up with Bluster he was aware, for there...  
...was a large crowd of people assembled where

...by those who could ride in their gay and...  
...part-colored satin jackets and caps flashing...  
...in the bright sunshine; for it was a lovely...  
...day for the time of year.  
...The race is described in a few words, it...  
...was well contested throughout and won by...  
...the popular Master of the Hounds' nephew,  
...Blake second, and Major Rasper third.  
...It was now all the elite left their carriages...  
...for the tent, where a beautiful luncheon was...  
...waiting. They were admitted by ticket, to...  
...keep those out who had no business inside...  
...the enclosure.  
...The Wareheel Hunt were famous for the...  
...way in which they did things; they made...  
...no great pretensions, but it was well done.  
...It was a sort of large family party—a tent...  
...to hold three or four hundred people is not a...  
...small one—it was bearded and carpeted to...  
...keep the feet dry, double-walled, water-...  
...proofed, heated, and beautifully decorated;  
...and in the centre of the table stood, on a vel...  
...vet pedestal, "The Ladies' Cup," presented...  
...by the members of the Wareheel Hunt, for...  
...ladies hunters belonging to the two rival...  
...hunts. It was a beautiful design, and one of...  
...the best efforts of a celebrated London house.  
...Oh, Charlie, how beautiful!" exclaimed...  
...Mary Thornhill, who was leaning on the...  
...young man's arm. "It is lovely! If I...  
...should win it how happy it would make me."  
...So it would me, dearest. I hope in...  
...another hour it may be yours; Sultan was...  
...never better than he is now.  
...What a clatter of knives and forks, what a...  
...confusion of voices and popping of cham...  
...pagne corks, what a shout for bottled beer...  
...and sherry, chicken and ham, raised York...  
...shire pie, that king of good dishes.  
...Duffer could not make up his mind to go...  
...near his lady-love, but was seated far away...  
...at the other end of the tent; he was highly...  
...indignant to see Major Rasper by her side,  
...so he determined to punish her and keep...  
...away.  
...But the business of eating and drinking...  
...gradually comes to an end, and Sir Herbert...  
...Jocelyn, the silver-haired M.F.H. of the...  
...other hunt, is on his legs. He has carried...  
...the horn for more than forty years, his father...  
...and his grandfather did so before him, he is...  
...universally loved and respected, and one...  
...of the most popular men in the whole of...  
...Yorkshire.  
...Ladies, my lords, and gentlemen," he...  
...commenced, "it is not usual at race meet...  
...ings to make speeches, but you know I am...  
...an old-fashioned fellow and like old-fashioned...  
...ways. These steepchases are amongst our...  
...selves, and I have looked upon this meeting...  
...as a large family party since I have earned...  
...the horn—I want say for how many years;  
...for it makes one look back with regret when...  
...we think of what we could have done and...  
...what we might have done. Our thoughts...  
...dwell on dear and valued friends, dead and...  
...gone—we remember we are getting old, and...  
...that we must in our turn be run to earth.  
...No, it will not do to look back; the present...  
...and the future are enough for me. I cannot...  
...but thank my dear old friend Conyers, and...  
...the gentlemen of the Wareheel Hunt, on be...  
...half of myself and members of my hunt, who...  
...have never yet had a misunderstanding with...  
...yours" (cheers), "for the very handsome...  
...and liberal manner in which you have enter...  
...tained us to-day. We have never snarled at...  
...each other because one hunt may have...  
...had a few more noses nailed to the kennel...  
...than another, we have been above such pal...  
...try feelings" (cheers).  
...I regret exceedingly that the first race...  
...to-day should have been attended with such...  
...serious consequences—at least to one gentle...  
...man, but I am glad, and so I am sure are...  
...you all, that it is no worse.  
...When I cast my eyes on that beautiful...  
...cup, and knowing as I do that it is for ladies...  
...hunters, and seeing around me so many who...  
...wish to possess it, I cannot but regret that...  
...you cannot all win it" (cheers), "but I am...  
...selfish enough to hope it may be borne away...  
...by a lady of my hunt. I know you will for...  
...give me for saying this, for it is a trophy to...  
...be envied. All I can say is, may the best...  
...horse win. I will detain you no longer than...  
...to propose the health of my old friend Con...  
...yers, and the ladies and gentlemen of the...  
...Wareheel Hunt, in the old style—three times...  
...three."  
...Then such a shout arose as made the walls...  
...of the tent vibrate. The dirty unwashed...  
...outsides, hearing cheers were going on,  
...thought it their duty to cheer too, which they...  
...accordingly did for at least five minutes.

...Charlie, who is still seated by his cousin's...  
...side.  
...I must go now, dearest, and look after...  
...your horse; he is a little restive in company.  
...He will not be cantered past the stand, but...  
...be saddled down near the starting-field in...  
...the little hollow."  
...Oh, Charlie, I am so nervous," she said,  
..."I hope the gentleman you put up will use...  
...him well. I almost wish he was not...  
...entered; if anything should happen him, I...  
...should never forgive myself."  
...Nothing, Mary, will happen to him,  
...depend upon it. My dear uncle, don't let...  
...Mary excite herself. You may depend that...  
...the gentleman who rides him will do his...  
...duty by 'Sultan,' and if possible render a...  
...good account of himself."  
...I'll take care of her, Charlie. There, go...  
...away, for you have not much time."  
...—§—  
...CHAPTER XXVIII.  
...—  
...WON IN A CANTER.  
...Never did a race cause more excitement...  
...amongst those who were engaged in it than...  
...the Ladies' Cup, which was now displayed in...  
...front of the stewards' stand, a little wooden...  
...building put up for the occasion.  
...How the crowd crushed to get a peep at it,  
...and many a longing eye was turned towards...  
...it.  
...The race on the card was,  
...THE LADIES' CUP.  
...Value 200 sovs, presented by the gentlemen...  
...of the Wareheel Hunt for horses regularly...  
...hunted for the last month, and bona fide the...  
...property of ladies of the Wareheel and Fly-away...  
...Hunts; entrance 5 sovs each, p.p.; over the...  
...same course as the Member Cup Plate, about...  
...four miles. Gentlemen riders; entrance money...  
...to go to the second horse.  
...Lady Lavender's b g Blind Tom, aged. Black...  
...jacket and cap. Lord Wildman.  
...Lady Slyfox's g g Harkaway, aged. White...  
...jacket and cap. Mr. Sharp.  
...Lady Verriest's c g Stranger, aged. Blue...  
...jacket and white sleeves, blue cap. Mr.  
...Sullivan.  
...Lady Verriest's b g My Lord, 6 years. Blue...  
...jacket, white sleeves, blue and white cap. Hon.  
...G. Cole.  
...Miss Thornhill's c g Sultan, 6 years. Scarlet...  
...jacket, purple sleeves, black cap.  
...Mrs. Allsno's b g Old Ireland, aged. Green...  
...jacket and cap. Mr. Blake.  
...Mrs. Allsno's c g Paddy, 6 years. Green...  
...jacket and white cap. Major Rasper.  
...Mrs. Conyer's b m Hope, aged. Scarlet jacket...  
...and cap. Mr. Fred Greenway.  
...Miss Datchbill's c in Small Hopes, aged.  
...Yellow jacket and cap. Major Bouncer Brag.  
...Miss Merry's b g Gypsy King, 5 years. Green...  
...body, yellow sleeves, black cap. Mr. Winkworth.  
...Lady Jocelyn's b g Stole Away, 6 years.  
...Black body, white sleeves, white cap. Mr. Nesbit.  
...Miss George's b g The Beau, aged. Pink...  
...body, black sleeves, orange cap. Mr. C. Slap.  
...Miss Darley's g Old York, aged. Purple...  
...body, white sleeves, crimson cap. Captain...  
...Passingham.  
...All the gentleman but one are weighed...  
...out, and are engaged with their different...  
...animals in the enclosure, but a man as he...  
...sees the weighing-tent empty, enters it with...  
...a saddle, and a tall pale young man follows...  
...quickly after him, he throws his top-coat...  
...and goloshes off, and seats himself in the...  
...weighing-chair.  
..."Surely, sir," says the clerk of the scales,  
..."you are not going to do it: it's madness—  
...don't think of it."  
..."Hold your row, Johnson—eleven two, do...  
...I draw it?"  
..."If you say one single syllable, Johnson,  
...I'll never speak to you again," and he...  
...hastily put on his goloshes and top-coat over...  
...the scarlet jacket and purple sleeves. The...  
...cap he gave his man; he then drew on a...  
...pair of overalls, completely hiding his...  
...trousers and boots; and, putting his hat on,  
...mounted a cob and rode away.  
..."Now then, look alive," he said, as the...  
...man with the saddle and saddle-cloth came...  
...down to the little hollow where Sultan was...  
...being walked about, "there's no time to...  
...lose."  
...The horse was quickly got ready; and the...  
...pale young man unbuttoned his overalls and...  
...threw off his top-coat, put on the black velvet...  
...cap, and stood revealed the picture of a gen...  
...tleman jockey. He was quickly legged up;  
...and one could see at a glance that Sultan...  
...was well mounted by a master-hand. "Tell

...scanning each horse.  
...Her ladyship's eye followed her two...  
...horses as they swept by, mounted by Mr.  
...Sullivan and the Honorable G. Cole—two...  
...of the best riders of the day.  
..."By Gad!" exclaims Colonel Downey...  
...from his pony carriage, "it's a magnificent...  
...sight! it's a beautiful sight if we could only...  
...see! But look, my dear," to his wife,  
..."your daughter is telegraphing us to go to...  
...their drag;" and the old militaire trotted off...  
...with his better half to take up a "position"  
...as he called it.  
...A quiet rider is Fred Greenway. As he...  
...cantered his horse by, both were much...  
...fascinated, they looked so thoroughly busi...  
...ness-like.  
..."In tip-toe fettle is Hope," said a good...  
...judge; "he will be there or thereabouts."  
...All the riders, save Bouncer Brag, are...  
...good and well-known men across country;  
...and a close and exciting finish was anti...  
...cipated.  
...Mr. Pastern, presuming on his master and...  
...mistress going to Lady Verriest's drag,  
...climbers up on the hind seat.  
..."Who the deuce has Charlie put on...  
...Sultan?" demands Lord Lavender. "The...  
...rider, whoever he is, is in the starting-field,  
...with Charlie walking beside him. The horse...  
...is not fretful—he is as quiet as a lamb as far...  
...as I can see."  
...Wagers are being made. Sultan, in spite...  
...of the mystery relating to his rider, has the...  
...call in the betting. Mr. Nobleall is taking...  
...all the odds he can get from his former ac...  
...quaintances. The horses are returning back...  
...one by one, and going towards the starting...  
...field. Mr. Conyers is seen to mount his cob,  
...and taking his flag in hand. What an...  
...anxious quarter of an hour is passed, as the...  
...horses and riders walk quietly to the start...  
...ing-field. Sultan is still at the far end, and...  
...keeps there till all are arrived; then he...  
...comes up and joins the rest. A look of uni...  
...versal astonishment is on the countenance...  
...of every one.  
...Mr. Conyers exclaims, "Good G-d! you...  
...don't mean it, do you?" "Foolish mad...  
...ness," others say, "Who would have...  
...thought it?" "It's a case." "Kill him to...  
...a certainty." "Poor fellow." "What pluck."  
...Deserves to win," and so on; but the rider...  
...of Sultan is determined—go he will, they...  
...are up in a line; the flag is dropped, and the...  
...race for the Ladies' Cup has begun.  
..."They're off!" is yelled from the throats...  
...of hundreds; "hats off in front!" What a...  
...moment of breathless excitement. Mary...  
...Thornhill and all the rest of her lady friends...  
...have their glasses glued to their eyes. The...  
...flight of the hurdles is taken by all; but at...  
...the next fence, the bank, "Small Hopes" is...  
...down, and Bouncer Brag is knocked out.  
...Five or six are conspicuous in the front...  
...rank—two green jackets, a scarlet and pur...  
...ple sleeves, and all scarlet are to the fore.  
...The rider of Sultan, he in a scarlet body and...  
...purple sleeves, is deadly pale; but there is an...  
...elegance of seat and manner of riding that...  
...catches the eye of those who know anything...  
...about it. Mary Thornhill's glasses are fixed...  
...on her favorite, and her race blanches when...  
...she distinguishes the rider.  
..."Oh, papa! oh, Lord Verriest! God pre...  
...serve me! Charlie is riding Sultan."  
..."No, no, my dear, it can't be—it's im...  
...possible!" ejaculates the old gentleman.  
..."Poor fellow, he will not be able to ride for...  
...many a day again."  
..."Papa, dear papa, it is he! I am not...  
...deceived—I know him amongst ten thou...  
...sand."  
..."She is right!" exclaims Lord Verriest.  
..."What madness! stop him some one."  
..."Thornhill is up!" is uttered by a hun...  
...dred voices. The glasses have spotted him.  
...There he was riding Sultan in his thorough...  
...artistic way. A magnificent horseman he...  
...was. The water jump is approached; and...  
...scarlet body and purple sleeves, half turning...  
...his head to take stock, dropped his hand and...  
...sent the chestnut gelding at it; his jacket...  
...flashed in the air and he was over. Blake...  
...and Major Rasper landed at the same mo...  
...ment. All got over without mishap, for the...  
...horses had no green hands on them.  
...What a screaming and shouting. "Charlie...  
...Thornhill, Mr. Thornhill is up!" is roared...  
...out by hundreds of hoarse and maddened...  
...voices. But Mary heard it not: she had...  
...fainted away; and her father was sobbing...  
...aloud. "It's his death!" piteously exclaimed...  
...the old gentleman; "poor mad boy! after...  
...all our care and anxiety too."

...how many hearts are bursting with hopes...  
...and fears at all races! But public attention...  
...is given to coming horsemen, and she is not...  
...much regarded. Only three are in sight...  
...—a scarlet with purple sleeves, a green and...  
...black cap, and a scarlet jacket and cap. But...  
...another green and white cap mounts the...  
...mill.  
..."Sultan wins it! Thornhill wins it!" is...  
...screamed out by hundreds of eager be...  
...holders.  
..."We are safe," whispers Pastern to Nob...  
...leall, who, in the excitement of the moment,  
...has climbed up beside his friend. "Lady...  
...Verriest's osses not even sight—another...  
...twenty quid in our pockets, safe as a bank."  
..."Hold your row, you fool, and keep your...  
...d—d mouth shut!" mutters Mr. Nob...  
...leall, who had been drinking heavily, and...  
...whose utterance was somewhat thick and...  
...indistinct. "Shut up, or I'll put the Slodger...  
...on to you. Time enough to holier when...  
...we're out of the wood. A race is never won...  
...till it's lost, stupid, is it?"  
..."Red has it! green has it!" is the cry, as...  
...three horses are seen closely together, with a...  
...fourth in close attendance. The hurdle is...  
...approached, and the race is now terrific.  
...Blake charges it first—nearly comes a crop...  
...per, for his horse hits it—but by sheer fine...  
...riding he is saved. Scarlet and purple...  
...sleeves takes it next, with yellow on his whip...  
...hand; and Major Rasper flies it only a...  
...length behind. He is stealing upon the lead...  
...ing horses—figuratively stealing—a table...  
...cloth might cover them. But a change...  
...comes over the order of things—scarlet and...  
...purple sleeves forges to the front.  
..."Mary, dear Mary," exclaims Lady Ver...  
...riest, to her friend; "Look up, dearest,  
...your horse is winning. I am so glad."  
...Shout after shout; scream after scream...  
...rends the air, as the four came nearer and...  
...nearer.  
..."Well ridden, Thornhill!" bursts from the...  
...throats of thousands.  
...Well ridden, indeed, as the young man is...  
...seen as motionless as a statue on his noble...  
...animal. He was not riding him. No spur...  
...or whip had touched him as yet. Sir John...  
...Forest sits on his cob, unable to utter a word.  
...He is praying Charlie may get safely over...  
...the water. The four are together. A splen...  
...did race; with a wild Irish hurroo Blake...  
...sends the horse at the brook, but it is not in...  
...him to get over—he jumps short, and is...  
...plunging about in the water; so is Major...  
...Rasper, whose horse is struggling to get out;  
...yellow hits him and both roll over.  
...But where is Thornhill? He has taken...  
...the brook on the near side. The noble horse...  
...cleared it in his stride, and Charlie, turning...  
...in his saddle, and seeing all is safe, takes a...  
...pull at his horse and eases him.  
...The cheers, the yells that rend the air...  
...again, as he canters past the winning-post...  
...the easiest of winners—literally won in a...  
...canter. Yellow comes in for the second...  
...money, and Blake is placed third. Thornhill...  
...is deadly pale, and one of his hands is...  
...pressed to his side, as if suffering. Sir John...  
...Forest rushes to his horse's head.  
..."By Gad, Charlie!" exclaimed the breath...  
...less Baronet, "you won it like a trump, but...  
...you have killed yourself!" And seeing the...  
...young man on the point of fainting, called...  
...out: "Some one fetch a glass of brandy!...  
...A guinea for a glass of brandy!"  
...But Thornhill knew what he had to do;  
...though the liquor was brought, not a drop...  
...did he touch, but sat his horse quietly, as it...  
...was led along by Sir John past the judge's...  
...box, and then into the enclosure. A hand...  
...was resting on each thigh, and it is no...  
...figure of speech to say that although his...  
...horse looked comparatively fresh, his rider...  
...appeared dying. He unsaddled Sultan,  
...walked into the weighing-tent, with the traps...  
...on his arm, and sat in the weighing-chair.  
..."Sultan," he said in a faint voice, "eleven...  
...two."  
..."Right, sir," replied the clerk of the...  
...scales, "quite right, but you are very ill."  
...Charlie rose from the chair, but as he did...  
...so, he fell heavily to the ground.  
..."Carry him into the big tent," said Sir...  
...John, "he has fainted away, don't let any...  
...one know." But this was not so easy, for it...  
...less time than it takes to write this, it was...  
...flying about the course that Thornhill was...  
...dead. Lords Lavender and Verriest, Cap...  
...tain Slyfox, Mr. Conyers, and old Mr. Thorn...  
...hill were soon in the tent to see what was...  
...the matter, but Charlie was coming to.