

ain't in it with a gentleman owner-

when he takes to racin'. When a man

of brains takes to runnin' horses as a

profesh, he's gen'rally a Jim Dandy."

It was he of the wine-opening who le

"D'you mean, Porter, Jim?" asked

"Maybe that's his name. An' he put

"Last time he runs his mare she's got

orns in her feet the whole journey, an'

all the time he owns the winner. Lau-

out. Then Langdon thinks The Dutch-

turns the trick with Lucretia, an

"I guess Langdon'll feel pretty sick,"

What an extraordinary thing mani-

follow some new toy balloon of er-

"I thought otherwise," replied Crane,

easuring the immediate vicinity of

"I had to draw it a bit fine," declared

"We'll see later on. Let him go

"I wonder what he meant by that."

CHAPTER VII.

Porter was an easy man with his

horses. Though he could not afford,

because of his needs to work out his

be raced, yet he utilized it as far as

possible by running them at longer in-

"I'll start the little mare about once

more this season," he told Dixon, "The

babes can't cut teeth, and grow, and

fight it out in punishing races on dusty

hay and hard-shelled oats, when they

ought to be picking grass in an open

little mare's dam, Maid of Rome,

won once-but as a three-year-old she

"What about Lauzanne?" asked the

trainer, "I'm afraid he's a bad horse."

"He's stale. He's a bad doer-doesn'

Dutchman took the life out of him.

"I don't think it was the race, sir."

Dixon replied; "they just pumped the

"I never heard of such a thing,"

"I don't. When I squeal, Andy, it'll

"How is he doing?"

clean us his oats, an' mopes.'

hearted horse for all time."

been stung by bees.'

do the plannin'; I see.'

tervals than was general.

with apologetic remon-

'I'd been watchin' the game."

hazarded number three.

sir," began the trainer.

Langdon

listeners

strance.

Langdon,

his master.

a bit yet."

all over Mister Langdon this trip.'

"As how?" queried the other.

fall these words of wise value

umber two of the trio.

(CHAPTER VI.-(Continued.)

"I congratulate you, Miss Porter," he said, raising his hat. Then he turned, and held out his hand to her father, saying: "I'm glad you've won, Porter,-I thought you would. The Dutchman quit when he was pinched."

"It wasn't the colt's fault-he was short," said Porter. "I shouldn't like to have horses in that man's stablehe's too good a trainer for me."

There was a marked emphasis on Porter's words; he was trying to give Crane a friendly hint. "You mean it's a case of straw-

berries?" questioned Crane. "Well I know it takes a lot of candles to find a lost quarter," remarked Porter, somewhat ambiguously. Then he added, "I must go down to thank Dixon; I guess this is his annual day

'I'm coming, too, father," said Allis; "I want to thank Lucretia, and give her a kiss, brave little sweetheart." After Allis and her father had left

Crane, he sat for a minute or two waiting for the crowd of people that move to-day from the wise guys in the blocked the passageway after each ring, I plumped for the mare 'toots race to filter down on the lawn. The sweet.' way seemed clearer presently, and Crane fell in behind a knot of loud- pulation was, Crane mused, as he listtalking men. The two of large propor- ened; also how considerable of an ass tions who had sat behind Allis, were the public was in its theoretical wislike huge gate posts jammed there in dom the narrow way. As he moved along slowly he presently had knowledge of a presence at his side—a familiar presence. Raising his eyes from a contemplation of the heels in front of him, he saw Belle Langdon. She nodded with patronizing freedom.

"I lost you," she said. "I was sitting with some friends here." he explained. "Yes, I saw her," she commented

pointedly At that instant one of the stout men in front said, with a bear's snarl, "Well that's the worst ever: I've seen some jobs in my time, but this puts it over

"Didn't you back the little mare?" a thin voice squealed. It was the tout. "Back nothin'! The last time out she couldn't untrack herself; an' today she comes, without any pull in the weight, and wins in a walk from The Dutchman; and didn't he beat her just as easy the other day?"

Belle Langdon looked into Crane's face, and her eyes were charged with a look of reciprocal meaning. Crane fessor, but I'm his banker, which winched. How aggressively obnoxious this half-tutored girl, mistress of many thing." gay frocks, could make herself! There was an implied crime-partnership in the trainer. her glance which revolted him. Dick Langdon must have talked in his own easy for the present." nome. Crane's conscience—well, he hardly had one perhaps, at least it was Langdon mused to himself, as Crane other way, the retrospect of his manipulated diplomacy never bothered him: but this gratuitous sharing in his evil

cious glitter of the girl's small black eyes contrasted strongly with the honest, unaffected look that was forever in the big tranquil eves of Allis. They were just at the head of the steps, and the tout was saying to the fat expostulator: "I could have put you next; I steered a big better or won a thousand over the mare. I saw theory that two-year-olds should not Boston's betting man havin' an oldnine cinch. He's a sure thing better. he is; odds don't make no difference

triumph was disquieting. The mali-

"It's all right to be wise after the race," grunted the fat man. "G'wan! the stable didn't have a penny on Lucretia last time; an' what | field. She's too good a beast to do up do you suppose made her favorite to- in her young days. The Assassins day?" queried the tout, derisively. "It made good three-year-olds, and the took a bar'l of money," he continued, full of his own logical deductions, "an' wasn't much her first year out-only I'll bet Porter cleaned up twenty thou-'Honest John,' if you ask me."

to him, the shorter the better-that's

when his own boy's got the mount."

The girl at Crane's side cackled a "He's funny, isn't he?" she I lay her by early this season. She's said, nodding her big plumed hat in the direction of the man-group.

"He's a talkative fool!" muttered the the sofest spot." banker, shortly. The steps are clear on the other side, Miss Langdon, you can get down there. I've got to go into the paddock; you'll excuse me.'

Being vicious for the fun of the thing had never appealed to Crane; he raced as he did everything else-to win. If That sort of thing often settles a softother men suffered, that was the play of fate. He never talked about these things himself, almost disliked to think of them. He turned his back on Belle Langdon and went down the right-hand steps. On the grass sward at the bot- drunk; he must a' swallowed the bot- see of Mr. Dixon. I don't at all class tom he stopped for an instant to look across at the jockey board.

Three men had just came out of the refreshment bar under the stand. They were possessed of many things; gold of the bookmakers in their pockets, and it's ever-attendant exhilaration in their | commented Porter. "A man that would hearts. One of them had cracked a dope a two-year-old ought to be ruled Lauzanne, you shouldn't give him a bottle of wine at the bar, as tribute to off, sure. the exceeding swiftness of Lucretia. "I think you oughter make a kick, for he had won plentifully. At that sir," said Dixon, hesitatingly. particular stage there was nothing left but to talk it over, and they talked. be when there's nothing but the voice such a sluggish animal." Crane, avaricious, unhesitatingly in left. I bought a horse from a man once his fighting, devoid of sympathy, was just as he stood. I happened to know been quite so strong, quite so full of a time when he longs for a breathing entirely new experience of an affection stopped. he stood there he was as much a part inspection-didn't want to see him, belled at the assertion that he had rest, and wait until the wheel of life,

'Well, sir, I'm thinkin' Lauzanne's a deuced sight worse't a dead horse; he'll ost more tryin' to win with him."

made a kick about his not standing up,

"I dare say you're right, but he can-gallop a bit-" "When he's primed."

"No dope for me, Andy. I never ran a dope horse and never will-I'm too fond of them to poison them." "I'll freshen him up a bit, sir, and we'll give him a try in a day or two. Would you mind puttin' him in a sellin' race?-he cost a bit."

He's about all we've got ready.'

"He couldn't win anything else, and if anybody wants to claim him they "I thought of starting Diablo in that mile handicap: he's in pretty light.

"All right, Dixon," Porter replied. "It may be that we've broke our bad luck with the little mare." They were standing in the paddock during this conversation. It was in the afternoon; Dixon had come over to the secretary's office to see about some entries before 12 o'clock. When the trainer had finished his business the two men walked across the course and in-field to stable 12, where Dixon

had his horses. As they passed over

the "Withers course," as the circular

track was called, Dixon pointed to the dip near the lower far turn. "It's a deuced funny thing," he said speaking reminiscently, "but that little hollow there settles more horses than the last fifty yards of the finish; it seems to make the soft ones remem ber that they're runnin' when they get that change, an' they stop. I bet Diablo'll quit right there, he's done i

three or four times. "He was the making of a great horse as a two-year-old, wasn't he.

"They paid a long price for him, if that's any line; but I think he never zanne, see?-buys him before they go was no good. It don't matter how fast a horse is if he won't try."

man's the goods, an' buys him at a "I've an idea Diablo'll be a good far y price—gives a bale of long goods for him—I've got it straight that he horse yet," mused Porter. "You can't make a slow horse gallop, but there's parted with fifteen thousand. Then a chance of curing a horse's temper by the gentleman owner. Honest John. kind treatment. I've noticed that a squealing nig generally runs like the makes The Dutchman look like a sellin' devil when he takes it into his head." "Diablo's a squealing pig if there ever was one," growled Dixon.

They reached the track stable, and, as if by a mutual instinct, the two men walked on till they stood in front of Lauzanne's stall.

"He's a good enough looker, ain't he?" commented Dixon, as he dipped under the door bar, went into the stall, and turned the horse about. "He's the picture of his old sire, Lazzarone," he ontinued, looking the horse over critically; "an' a damned sight bigger Then the three men drifted away to rogue, though the old one was bad enough. Lazzarone won the suburban ratic possibilities, and Crane wound through the narrow passage which led with blinkers on his head, bandages on to the padock. There he encountered his legs, an' God knows what in his stomach. He was second in the Brooklyn that same year. I've always "He didn't run a very good horse, heard he was a mule, an' I guess this one got it all, an' none of the gallop-

> "How does he work with the others? ueried Porter. "Runs a bit, an' then cuts it-won't try a yard. Of course he's sick from

the dope, an' the others are a bit fast "Running second is always bad busifor him. If we put him in a sellin ness, except in a selling race," retorted race, cheap, he'd have a light weight, "I've got to think of myself," growlan' might do better." Porter walked on to Lucretia's stall, ed Landon. "If he'd been beat off,

there'd been trouble; the stewards and the trainer continued in a monohave got the other race in their crop logue to Lauzanne: "You big slob! you're a counterfeit, if there ever was "I'm not blaming you, Langdon, only one. But I'll stand you a drink just to get rid of you; I'll put a bottle of whisky inside of your vest day after was just a trifle afraid that you were going to beat Porter's mare. He's ow, an' if you win p'raps somea friend of mine, and needed a win to-morr badly. I'm not exactly his father con- body'll buy you."

Lauzanne did not answer-it's a way amounts to pretty much the same horses have. It is doubtful if his mind knowledge." quite grasped the situation, even. "What about the horse, sir," asked That neither Dixon, nor Langdon, nor choice." the jockey boys understood him he knew-not clearly, but approximately enough to increase his stubbornness, to rouse his resentment. They had not even studied out the pathology of his moved away. "He don't make nobody descent sufficiently well to give him a a present of a race for love." Sudden- fair show, to train him intelligently. ly he stumbled upon a solution of the They remembered that his sire, Lazenigma. "Well. I'm damned if that zarone, had a bad temper; but they wasn't slick; he give me the straight forgot that he was a stayer, not given tip to leave Porter to him-to let him to sprinting. Even Lauzanne's dam, Bric-a-brac, was fond of a long route, was better at a mile-and-a-half than

> Lauzanne knew what had come to him of genealogy, not in his mind so much as in his muscles. They were strong but sluggish, not active but non-tiring, Langdon had raced Lauzanne with sprinting colts, and when they ran away from him at the start he had been unequal to the task of overhauling them in the short twoyear-old run of half-a-mile. Then the wise man had said that Lauzanne's courage was at fault; the jockeys had called it laziness, and applied the whip. And out of all this uselessness, this unthinking philosophy, the colt had come with a soured temper, a broken belief masters-"Lauzanne the Despised.'

five furlongs.

Sheepshead, and we'll just fit her into | inasmuch as it de-graduated him into

Porter's trust that his ill luck had won three out of four starts, and the been changed by a win was a faith of fourth year never lost a race. Lucretia short life, for Diablo was most emought to be a great mare next year if | phatically beaten in his race. And then came the day of forlorn in a couple of stakes at Gravesend and hope, the day of Lauzanne's disgrace,

the selling-platter class. Bad horse as Langdon knew Lauzanne to be, it occurred to him that Porter had planned a clever coup. He nad an interview with Crane over the subject, but his master did not at all "I guess that killing finish with The

share the trainer's belief.

"What price would Lucretia, or The Dutchman, be in with the same lot?" Langdon asked, argumentatively. "About one to ten," Crane replied. "But the chestnut's beating them had cocaine into him till he was fair blind no bearing on this race. From what I

tle. I give him a ball, a bran mash, him with you as a trainer—he hasn't and Lord knows what all, an' the the same resource." poison's working out of him. He's all | Langdon stood silent, sullenly turning breakin' out in lumps; you'd think he'd over in his mind this doubtful compli-

"I'm not sure," continued the banker. "but that having stuck Porter with hint about-well, as to what course of preparation would make Lauzanne win a race for him. The ordinary diet of

oats is hardly stimulating enough for Langdon frowned. If Crane had not of the eavesdropping class, but as the horse, and said I didn't want any unexpressed power, he would have re- spell, when he knows that he must

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Porter put it to me pretty straight that the horse had been helped." "And what did you say?" blandly inquired Crane.

"Told him to go to hell." This wasn't exactly truthful as we remember the interview, but its terseness appealed to Crane, and he smiled as he said: "Porter probably won't take you advice, Langdon; he's stubborn enough at times. And even if he does know that-that-Lauzanne requires special treatment, he won't indulge him-he's got a lot of old-fashioned ideas about racing. So you see Lauzanne is a bad betting proposi-

After Langdon had left Crane's thoughts dwelt on the subject they had just discussed.

"From a backer's point of view Laumused; "but the public will reason just as Langdon does. And what's bad for the backers is good for the layers; must see Faust."

"You had better make a book to beat Lauzanne," Crane said to Jakey Faust, just before husiness had commenced in the ring that afternoon.

The cherub stared in astonishment; his eyes opened wide. That was near- Langdon's horse-and then, holding ly the limit of his fat little face's ex- true to his nature, which was to hasten ression, no matter what the occasion. sir?" he blurted out, with unthinking the next year. The colt was engaged Porter pride. If Porter had not been candor. "I do not."

ates best in the percentage card." "Figures sometimes lie," commented "Every handicapper tips him to win."

"The books'll

"That's why it will be worth while playing the field to beat him." "He's in with a gang of nuts to-day, an' he beat some cracker-jacks last time out."

"You were hypnotized that day, Mr. Faust; so was the judge. Lauzanne didn't beat anything." "Didn't beat-what the hell-didn't

the chestnut get the verdict?" "He did; but-" and Crane looked at Faust, with patient toleration of his lack of perception.

The cherub waited for an explanation of these contradictory remarks. But he might have waited indefinitely-Crane had quite finished. The cherub raised his little round eyes, that were like glass alleys, green and red and blue-streaked, to the other's face inquiringly, and encountered a pair of penetrating orbs peering at him over some sort of a mask-the face that sustained the eyes was certainly a maskas expressionless. Then it came Jakey Faust that there was nothing left to do but fill the Lauzanne column in his book with the many bets that would come his way and make much noney.

Crane watched Lauzanne go lazily, sluggishly down to the post for his race. He knew the horse's moods; the walk of the chestnut was the indiffer ent stroll of a horse that is thinking only of his dinner.

"They've given him nothing," the banker muttered to himself; "the heavy-headed brute won't try a yard. But he'll fight the boy when he tries to ride him out."

The whiskey that Dixon had surreptitiously given Lauzanne had been as inefficacious as so much ginger beer; and in the race Lauzanne drew back out of the bustle and clash of the striving horses as quickly as he could. In vain his jockey used whip and spur; Lauzanne simply put his ears back, switched his tail, and loafed along, a dozen lengths behind his field.

In the straight he made up a little of the lost ground, but he was securely out of the money at the finish. Fate still sat and threw the dice as he had for many moons-a deuce for John Porter, and a six for Philip Crane.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was late autumn; the legitimate Porter had taken his horses back to Ringwood for the winter.

when realization laughs mockingly at Dutchman. his expectations, there comes to him

ments to the master of Ringwood.

cretia caught cold and went off. He completely mastered him. By a mere tried Lauzanne twice again, but the chance he had heard Allis give her who had to do with thoroughby chestnut seemed thoroughly soured. recitation, "The Run of Crusader," in horses were simply gamblers—bett Now he was back at Ringwood, a dark the little church at Brookfield. Crane beautiful place, and prospect of relief ested himself little in church matters; constipated—or because the very shadowy. If Lucratia wintered and the Reverend Dolman's concert, well and grew big and strong she might that was meant to top down many extricate him from his difficulties by winning one or two of the big races the following summer. About any of cause an evening in Brookfield had horses, probably would have the other horses there was not even this much of promise. Thoroughly distrusting Lauzanne,

embittered by his cowardice, Porter strong liking to the son of Lazzarone; ing that she was indirectly responsi-ble for his presence at Ringwood. Allis Porter's perceptions had been developoughbreds, and her sensitive nature sibility in a practical, routine-following horseman. To her they were almost human; the play of their minds was as attractive and interesting as the development of their muscles was slightly ajar-so slightly ajar that to a trainer. When the stable had been even now, months afterwards, the lovetaken back to Ringwood, she had asked light was only beginning to stream for Lauzanne as a riding horse.

nobody would buy a brute with such sentment against the chestnut. The public having got into its head that Porter was playing coups, generously suggested that he was pulling Laucanne to get him in some big handicap light.

"I won't feed such a skat all winter," he declared angrily, after a little pause.
"Well, give him to me, father," the girl had pleaded; "I am certain that he'll make good some day; you'll see that he'll pay you for keeping your word."

As Allis rode Lauzanne she discovered many things about the horse; that instead of being a stupid, morose brute. his intelligence was extraordinary, and, with her at least, his temper perfect. Allis' relationship with her father was unusual. They were chums; in all his trouble, in all his moments of wavering, buffeted by the waves of disaster, Allis was the one who cheered him, who regirt him in his armor-Allis, the slight olive-faced little woman, with the big, fearless Joan-of-Arc

"You'll see what we'll do next summer, dad," she said cheerily. "You'll win with Lucretia as often as you did with her mother; and I'll win with zanne is certainly bad business," he Lauzanne. We'll just keep quiet till spring, then we'll show them." Langdon's horses, so silently control-

led by Philip Crane, banker, had been put in winter quarters at Gravesend, where Langdon had a cettage. Crane's racing season had been as successful as the master of Ringwood's had been disastrous. He had won a fair-class race with The Dutchman-ostensibly "You don't own him now, do you, deliberately planning a big coup for ed, he showed them in a severe trial gallop the true Hanover staying power. was the essence of Crane's existence, careful planning. He loved it. He was a master at it. And, after all, given a good stayer, such as he had in The Dutchman, the mile-and-a-half run of the Derby left less to chance than any other stake he could have pitched upon: the result would depend absolutely upon the class and stamina of the Horses. No bad start could upset his calculations, no little interference in the race could destroy his horse's The Dutchman's races as a two-yearold would not warrant his being made a favorite, and Langdon, properly di-

price for betting purposes. Many things had crowded into this plucking he had received as a moneyfeeling of compassion—he would have sense. lismissed the matter entirely from his And so it was with men. If they were Alan. driven to the wall because of his George Mortimer might be described did not trouble Philip Crane.

conflicted with every other emotion

all men, whether they race horses or ambitious career. Love for this quiet, bad business. First and foremost all men, whether they race norses of ambilious career. Love for this quantum point the truthful way, and this year self-contained girl, unadorned by any-this interdiction stood horse racing this interdiction stood horse racing the stood horse racing the stood horse raci fearlessness that were in her big stead-After Lucretia's win in the Eclise, fast eyes, had come upon him sudden-Porter did not land another race. I-u-ly and with an assertive force that cloud of indebtedness hanging over the was not an agnostic, but he had inter- dozen miles from Brookfield. weeks of debt that were choking the little church, this angular young church, had claimed him simply be- with stringent ideas about runn

ome to hang heavily on his hands. Now when the Reverend Dolman recaived Philip Crane's check for fifty as she told of the gallant horse's d dollars the next day, to be applied to had given him away-but to Allis. the church encumbrance, he sought to there commenced to Strangely enough, the girl had taken a allay his surprise by attributing the thoughts at odd intervals a sort gift to his own special pleading that gratuitous pity that she should be it may have been because of the feel- evening, of course backed up by Provi- extricably mixed up with race h dence. If anybody had stated that the His original honesty of thought and mainspring of the gift had been the the narrowness of his tuition were wicked horse-racing poem of their deed to an extraordinary degree. All her nunciation he would have been scan-life she had lived surrounded by thor-It is quite likely that even Crane would went out to them, in their courage and have denied that Allis' poem had inloyalfy, in a manner quite beyond pos- spired him to the cheque; but nevertheless it had. The world of feeling and sympathy

and goodness that had hung in her voice had set a new window in his soul through. When love comes to a man "I'm going to give him away," her at forty he is art to play the game father had replied; "I can't sell him- very badly indeed; he turns it into very anxious business, and moves reputation." This word brought to through the light-tripping measure Porter's mind his chief cause of re- with the pedantic dignity of a minuet dancer. But Philip Crane was not given to making mistakes; he knew that, like Crusader, "His best racing days (in the love stakes) were over"especially where the woman was but girl. So he sat down and planned it all out as he planned to win the Brook lyn Derby months later. And all the time he was as simerely in love as if he had blundered into many foolish nesses; but his love making was to be diplomatic. Even now all the gods of Fate stood ranged on his side; Allis' prother was in his bank, more or less dependent upon him; Ringwood itself the proprietress of the Comme was all but in the bank; he stood fairy well with John Porter, and much better with Allis' mother, for already he had begun to ingratitate himself Saturday night at the solicitation with Mrs. Porter. He would cast from the souulders of the Reverend Dolman husband and a friend of hers w a trifle more of the load he was carry-

> tleman another cheque. Why he should think it necessary to prepare his suit with so much moved to their homes immediately subtlety he hardly knew; in all reason he should be considered a fair match for Allis Porter. He was not a bad The hearing did not occuply m man as the world understood him; he time, the different witnesses give did not profess Christianity, but, on their evidence clearly and briefly. the other hand, his life was extremely woman who had asked the assistant respectable; he did not drink; he was of Constable Clayards told of her not given to profance language; even | band's leaving for the Comme in racing his presence seemed to lend early in the evening. He had not be an air of respectability to the sport, accompanied by her friend. The lat and it was generally supposed that he had gone later, avowedly to get raced purely for relaxation. In truth, drink. Several hours afterwards t seemed to him that his marriage

ing. He would send the reverend gen-

with Allis would be a duced good thing friend. She found them with a num for the Porters. In actuality there were just two things that stood in the way-two slowly, threw him out of training and things which his position and wealth him. One of the latter was lying could not obviate-his age, and the in several three-year-old stakes, and dubbed "Honest John" early in life, he Crane set Langdon to work to find out | might have been saddled with "Proud "He's dropped into a soft spot-he his capabilities. As his owner expect- Porter" later on. The pride had come up out of old Kentucky with all the his wife there intoxicated in comp other useless things—the horse-racing. Although Crane had said nothing and the inability to make money, and about it at the time, he had his eye on the fancy for keeping a promise. Some-"They're all broke because of their the Eastern Derby when he commis- thing whispered to Crane that Allis sioned Langdon to purchase this gal- would never come to him simply out | ionally he brought a bottle of lant son of Hanover. It was a long of love; it might be regard, esteem, a home, and they had some at way ahead to look, to lay plans to win desire to please her parents, a bowing a race the following June, but that to the evident decree of fate. Perhaps even the very difficulty of conquest made Crane the more determined to win, and made him hasten slowly.

CHAPTER IX.

As a rule few visitors went to Ringwood.

John Porter had been too interested in his horses and his home life to care much for social matters. Mrs. Porter was a home-body, too, caring nothing chance if he were good enough to win. at all for society-at best there was but little of it in Brookfield-except where it was connected with church work. Perhaps that was one reason rected, was clever enough to see that why Allis had grown so close into her The Dutchman was at a comfortable father's life. It was a very small, selfcontained household.

Mike Gaynor had become attached to rear of Crane's life. The bank, doing the staff at Ringwood this winter as a dies. I told him, as he was a mar but a modest business always, was sort of assistant trainer to Porter. unning so smoothly that it required Dixon only trained the Ringwood little attention from the owner. This horses during the racing season, Porwas one reason why he had thrown so | ter always supervising them in winter nuch subtle energy into his racing; its quarters. Perhaps it was Porter's peculation appealed to him. The great cloud of evil fortune which had much after they entered the hotel cast its sinister influence over Mike beed youth rankled in his heart. The cause of his sympathy for the master session of such a faithful jackal as of Ringwood; certain it is that the Langdon carried him to greater lengths autumn found him quite "on his upthan he would have gone had the ob- pers," as he graphically described his noxious details been subject to his own financial standing. An arrangement execution. Though conscienless, he was was made by which Mike's disconsolate ore or less fastidious. Had a horse horses were fed at Ringwood, and he broken down and become utterly use- took care of both strings. This deess, he would have ordered him to be lighted Allis, for she had full confidestroyed without experiencing any dence in Gaynor's integrity and good The early winter brought two visi-

mind with the passing of the command; tors to Ringwood-Crane, who came but rather than destroy the horse him- quite often, and Mortimer, who went self, he probably would have fed him. out to the farm a couple of times with

plans, that was there own look out; it as an angular young man. His face, large-featured, square-jawed and bold-Porter he had known simply in a business way. From the first he had the solemnity Alan had found so tryfelt that Ringwood would pass out of ing. Of course a young man of his its owner's possession, and he had be- make-up was sure to have notions gun to covet it. The Lauzanne race and Mortimer's mind was knotted with had been Langdon's planning alto- them; there seemed no soft nor smooth gether. Crane, cold-blooded as he was, places in his timber. That was why Garrett Anderson, England's most would not have robbed a man he had he had reasoned with the butcher by woman physician, is gardening. would not have robbed a man he had he had reasoned with the butcher by business dealings with deliberately. energetically grasping his windpipe the He had told his trainer to win, if pos- evening that worthy gentleman had sible, a race with Lauzanne, and get expressed himself so distastefully over rid of him. That Langdon's villainous | Allis Porter's contribution to the Rev scheme had borne evil fruit for John erend Dolman's concert. Perhaps a racing season had closed. In August Porter was purely matter of chance young man of more subtle grace would selection. There was a Mephistophe- have received some grateful recognilean restitution in not striving to wrest | tion for this office, but the matter had When a man strives against Fate, the Eclipse from Lucretia with The been quite closed out so far as Mortimer was concerned: Alan tried to refer And now, in this year, had come the to it afterward, but had been curtly

-his admiration for Allis Porter. It George Mortimer's chief notion was that work was a great thing, seemingof the other men's conversation as but bought him, as I say, just as he stuck Porter; but he answered, and his slow-turning, has passed a little that governed his being. All his life by the chief end of man. Another no though he had been a fourth member stood. When I went to the stable to voice struggled between asperity and through the groove of his existence. he had been selfish—considering only tion almost equally prominent—he had get him he wasn't worth much, Andy- deprecation, "There ain't no call for John Porter had been beaten down at Philip Crane, his mind unharrassed by derived it from his mother-was, that I tell you none of these trainers he was dead. Perhaps I might have me to give that stable any pointers; every point. Disastrous years come to anything but business obstacles in his all forms of gambling were extremely

try, with the restricted idea that the who had to do with thoroughbre

Quite paradoxically, if Allis Po had not given "The Run of Crusader -most certainly a racing poem-in visited Ringwood. Something of wide sympathy that emanated from h struck into his strong nature, to make him egotistically sure that things which appealed to him as be right were incapable of variation, At first he had liked Alan Porter, w

no tremendous amount of unber now, because of the interest Allis excited in him, the liking began take on a supervisory form, and it not without a touch of irritation his voice that Alan informed his that he had acquired a second fat and with juvenile malignity attributed the incumbrance of her seductive inf

(To be continued.)

SERIOUS COMPLAINT AGAINST COMMERCIAL

Proprietors of Hotel Warned By Commissioners After An Investigation Yesterday Afternoon.

(From Friday's Daily.)

A special meeting of the licensing ommissioners was held yesterday a ternoon to investigate a charge again hotel. It was laid by Constable Cla ards, who, in his report, told of mal ing a call at that establishment woman. She had complained that drinking at the hotel. The constab had accompanied her to the place an found two women there under the fluence of liquor. They had been

H. Lawson appeared on behalf of proprietress of the Commercial ness had gone after her husband others in the parlor of the ho Her husband was under the influen of liquor and so were two women

the lounge, too far gone to move Later on the husband of one of women gave evidence. He told calling at the hotel after duty, w held him until midnight. He fou with other women and men. She not in the habit of drinking, but young and flighty, and, he believe had been led away by others. Oc ime, but she had never, as long as had known her, taken too much. Answering Mr. Lawson, witness s

that the propiretress had not ra any objection to his removing his w She had not denied that she was th upon his making inquiry.

The proprietress of the Com when put upon the stand told of arrival of the two women last Sat day night. They had come in asked whether they could play piano. She had consented. While the parlor they ordered drinks, wh were sent up. Afterwards a gen man friend, one whom she knew entered and she permitted him into the parlor. A bottle had purchased by him.

Commissioner Davey-"Was this resident of the hotel? "No," witness replied; "he was w know to me. He didn't know the man, he had better go home. He

he wouldn't do so until having Answering Mr. Lawson, witness that she had not noticed the knew they ordered drinks, but had supplied them personally, nor di know to what extent they were ing. In fact she had been sorry she discovered them under the ence, and had paid the hack send them home. She had been hotel business at Mount Nanaimo and other places, and before had had a complaint ag

Commissioner Davey wanted to whether it was unusual for womdrink at the Commercial. Witness plied that it wasn't. They came quently and went away quietly. After some deliberation between ommissioners, Mayor Morley nounced that it had been decided

in view of the fact that it was the complaint against the hotel, to allo to pass with a warning. If, how a similar case occurred the license doubtedly, would be cancelled.

The favorite hobby of Dr. Eliza

ASK

YOUR GROCER

NEMC THE QUEEN OF BREAKFAST FOODS

1.00

RELIEF MEAS

AT VALPARAISO BY CHILIAN

The Reports From the D Continue to B Conflicting

Santiago de Chile, Au isters of war and of it tachments of volunteer and their departments to re-establish telegrap. tion with Valparaiso. left Santlago for the rived without any diffi-Contrary to reports t not wrecked, and it trains will be running morrow The govern ized the provincial go sufferers in their distr

When the earthquake city the prisoners in t began singing hymns loss of life among known. At Valparaiso fell and crushed 140 pr

Reports From to-day from Vina de that the portion of t is partially damaged. of Vina del Mar is a

stroyed. President Riesco ha patches from La Rorer province of Coquimb damage has been dor ity of the houses in th have collapsed as die Valparaiso and Vina ng railroad commi these places.

Although the stor there are intact some considerably increased A great deal of da done at the mines in

Caleri districts. A number of hous Talca. Fifty persons and 150 were injured. At Melipillo it is bel houses will have to owing to the shaking ceived from the earth

At Salvador and S number of public build At Llallai seventy l number of small village destroyed. At Terremoto the p

earthquake tried to pill house of Rose Innis, mained standing, but t the firm saved the pla A statement at the day that it is not lik another repetition of turbances in the near much to calm the pub

Commercial M New York, Aug. 20 .o., of this city, recei rom their agents in Va hat the centre of the urbance was in Valg concagua valley and Valparaiso has been sus

Insurance Sit Hartford, Conn., Aug urance companies hav offices in this state ar the earthquakes in Chi ritten risks there. inecticut companies of the British companie

South America ha clauses in their policies Without She Paris, Aug. 20.-A d Havas News Agency fr

undated, was received way of Galveston. The states that 20,000 of the alparaiso are withou