FORREST HOUSE.

BY MARY J. HOLMES.

For Josephine's sake he must have his father's good opinion, or he was ruined, and though its cost him a tremendous effort to do so, the moment Roamond left the room he said: "Father, I want to tell you now, because I think you will be glad to know, that I've come home and left no debt, however small, for you to pay. And I mean to do better. I really do, father, and quit my fast associates, and study so hard that when I am graduated you and mother will be proud of me."

The flushed, eager face, on which, young as it was, there were marks of revels and dissipation, was very handsome and winning, and the dark eyes were moist with tears as the boy finished his confession, which told visibly upon the father.

"Yes, yes, my son. I'm glad; I'm glad; but your poor mother will not be here when you graduate. She is going from us fast."

And under cover of the dying mother's name, the Judge veiled his own emotions of softening towards Everard, whose heart was lighter and happier than it had been since that night when Matthewson's voice had said, "I pronounce you man and wife." And he would be a man worthy of the wife, and his mother should live to see it, and see Josephine, too, and love her as a daughter. She was not dying; she must not die, when he needed and loved her so much, he thought, as, at a word from Rosamond, he went to the sick room where his mother lay. What a sweet, dainty little woman she was, with such a lovely expression on the exquisitely chiselled features, and how the soft brown eyes, so like the son's, brightened at the sight of her boy, who did not shrink from her as he did from his father. She knew all his faults, and that under them there was a noble, manly nature, and she loved him so much.

"Oh, Everard!" she cried, "I am so glad you have come. I feared once I should never see you again."

He had his arms around her, and was kissing her white face, which, for the moment, glowed with what seemed to be the hue of health, and so misled him into thinking her better than she was.

"Now that I have come mother, you will be well again," he said, hanging fondly over her, and looking into the dear face which had never worn a frown for him.

"No, Everard," she said, as her wasted fingers threaded his luxuriant hair, "I shall never be well again. It's only now a matter of time; a few days or weeks at the most, and I shall be gone from here forever, to that better home, where I pray Heaven you will one day meet me. Hush, hush, my child; don't cry like that," she added, soothingly, for, struck with the expression on her white, pinched face, from which all the color had faded, and which told him the truth more forcibly than she had done, Everard had felt suddenly that his mother was going from him, and nothing in all the wide world could ever fill her place.

Laying his head upon her pillow he sobbed a few moments like a child, while the memory of all the errors of his past life, all his waywardness and folly, rushed into his mind like a mountain, crushing him with its magnitude. But he was going to do better; he had told his father so; he would tell it to his mother; and God would not let her die, but give her back to him as a kind of reward for his reformation. So he reasoned, and with the hopefulness of youth grew calm, and could listen to what his mother was saying to him. She was asking him of his visit in Ellicottville, and if he had found it pleasant there, just as Rossie had done, and he told her of the play in Holburton, but for which he should have been with her sooner, and told her of his complete reform, he called it, although it had but just begun. He had abjured forever all his wild associates; he had kept out of debt; he was going to study and win the first honors of his class; he was going to be a man worthy of such a mother. And she, the mother, listening rapturously, believed it all; that is, believed in the noble man he would one day be, though she knew there would be many a slip, many a backward step, but in the end he would conquer, and from the realms of bliss she might, perhaps, be permitted to look down and see him all she hoped him to be. Over and above all he said to her was a thought of Josephine. His mother ought to know of her, and he must tell her, but not in the first moments of meeting. He would wait till to-morrow, and then make a clean breast of it.

He wrote to Josephine that night, just a few brief lines, to tell her of his safe arrival home, and of his mother's illness, more serious than he feared.

"My dear little wife," he began. "It seems so funny to call you wife, and I cannot yet quite realize that you are mine, but I suppose it is true. I reached home this morning quite overcome with the long, dusty ride; found mother worse than I expected. Josie, I am afraid mother is going to die, and then what shall I do, and who will stand between me and father. I mean to tell her of you, for I think it will not be right to let her die in ignorance of what I have done. I hope you are well. Please write to me very soon. With kind regards to your mother and Agnes,

Your loving husband,
J. EVERARD FORREST."

It was not just the style of a letter which young and ardent husbands usually write to their brides; nor, in fact, such as Everard had been in the habit of writing to Josephine, and the great difference struck him as he read over his rather stiff note, and mentally compared it with the gushing effusions of other times.

"By Jove," he said "I am afraid she will think I have fallen off amazingly, but I haven't. I'm only tired to-night. To-morrow I'll send her a regular love-letter after I have told mother"; and thus reasoning to himself, he folded the letter and directed it to

"MISS JOSEPHINE FLEMING,
Holburton, N. Y."

CHAPTER V.

BEATRICE BELKNAP.

That afternoon Miss Beatrice Belknap drove her pretty black ponies up the avenue to the Forrest House. Miss Belknap, or Bee, as she was familiarly called by those who knew her best, was an orphan and an heiress, and a belle and a beauty, and twenty-one, and a distant relative of Mrs. Forrest, whom she called Cousin Mary. People said she was a little fast and a little peculiar in her ways of thinking and acting, but charged it all to the French education she had received in Paris, where she had lived from the time she was six until she was eighteen, when, according to her father's will, she came into possession of her large fortune, and returning to America, came to Rothsay, her old home, and brought with her all her dash and style, and originality of thought and character, and the Rothsayites received her gladly, and were very proud and fond of her, for there was about the bright girl a sweet graciousness of manner which won all hearts, even though they knew she was bored with their quiet town and humdrum manner of living, and that at their backs she laughed at their dress, and talk, and walk, and sometimes, I am sorry to say it, laughed at their prayers, too, especially when good old Deacon Read or Sister Baker took the lead in the little chapel on the corner, where Bee was occasionally to be seen. Bee had no preference for any church unless it was St. Peter's, in Rome, or St. Eustace, in Paris where the music was so fine and some of the young priests so handsome. So she went where she listed, kneeling one Sunday in the square pew at St. John's, where her father had worshipped before her, and where she had been baptized, and the Sunday following patronizing the sect called the Nazarites, because, as she expressed it, "she liked the excitement and liked to hear them holler." And once the daring girl had "hollered herself and had the "power," and Sister Baker rejoiced over the new convert, who, she said, "carried with her weight and measure!" but when it was whispered about that the whole thing was done for effect, just to see what they would say, the Nazarites gave poor Bee the go-by, and prayed for her as that wicked trifler until it came to the building of their new church, when Bee, who was a natural carpenter, and liked nothing better than lath, and plaster, and rubbish, made the cause her own, and talked, and consulted, and paced the ground and drew a plan herself, which they finally adopted, and gave them a thousand dollars besides. Then they forgave the pretty sinner, who had so much good in her after all, and Bee and Sister Rhoda Ann Baker were the very best of friends, and more than once Rhoda Ann's plain Nazarite bonnet had been seen in the little phaeton side by side with Bee's stylish Paris hat, on which the good woman scarcely dared to look, lest it should move her from her serene height of plainness and humility.

In spite of her faults, Beatrice was very popular, and nowhere was she more welcome than at the Forrest House, where she was beloved by Mrs. Forrest and worshipped by Rossie as a kind of divinity, though she did not quite like all she did and said. Offers, many and varied, Beatrice had had, both at home and abroad. She might have been the wife of a senator. She might have married her music-teacher and her dancing-master. She might have been a missionary and taught the Feejee Islanders how to read. She might have been a countess in Rome, a baroness in Germany, and my lady, in Edinburgh, but she had said no to them all, and felt the hardest wrench when she said it to the Feejee missionary, and for aught anybody knew, was heart-whole and fancy-free, when she alighted from her phaeton at the door of Forrest House the morning after Everard's arrival. She knew he was there, and with the spirit of coquetry, so much a part of herself, she had made her toilet with a direct reference to this young man whom she had not seen for more than a year, and who, when joked about marrying her, had once called her old Bee Belknap, and wondered if any one supposed he would marry his grandmother.

Miss Bee had smiled sweetly on this audacious boy who called her old and a grandmother, and had laid a wager with herself that he should some day offer himself to "old Bee Belknap," and be refused! In case he didn't she would build a church in Omaha and support a missionary there five years! She was much given to building churches and supporting missionaries, —this sprightly, dashing girl of twenty one, who flashed and sparkled, and shone in the summer sunshine, like a diamond, as she threw her reins over the backs of her two ponies, Spitfire and Starlight, and giving each of them a loving caress bade them stand still and not whisk their tails too much even if the flies did bite them. Then, with ribbons and laces streaming from her on all sides, she went fluttering up the steps and into the broad hall where Everard met her.

Between him and herself there had been a strong friendship since the time she first came from France, and queened it over him on the strength of her foreign style and a year's seniority in age. From the very first she had been much at the Forrest House, and had played with Everard, and romped with him, and read with him, and driven with him, and rowed with him upon the river, and quarrelled with him, too—hot, fierce quarrels—in which the girl generally had the best of it, inasmuch as her voluble French, which she hurled at him with lightning rapidity, had stunned and bewildered him; and then they had made it up, and were the best of friends, and more than one of the knowing ones in Rothsay had predicted a union some day of the Forrest and Belknap fortunes. Once, when such a possibility was hinted to Everard, who was fresh from a hot skirmish with Bee, he had, as recorded, called her old, and made mention of his grandmother, and she had sworn to be revenged, and was conscious all the time of a greater liking for the heir of Forrest House than she had felt for any man since the Feejee missionary sailed away with his Vermont school-mistress, who wore glasses, and a brown alpaca dress. Bee could have forgiven the glasses, but the brown alpaca,—never, and she pitied the missionary more than ever, thinking how he must contrast her Paris gowns, which he had said were so pretty, with that abominable brown garb of his bride.

Everard had never quite fancied the linking of his name with that of Beatrice in a matrimonial way, and it had sometimes led him to assume an indifference which he did not feel, but now, with Josephine between them as an insurmountable barrier, he could act out his real feelings of genuine liking for the gay butterfly, and he met her with an unusual degree of cordiality, which she was quick to note just as she had noted another change in him. A skilful reader of the human face, she looked in Everard's, and saw something she could not define. It was the shadow of his secret, and she could not interpret it. She only felt that he was no longer a boy, but a man, old even as his years, and that he was very glad to see her and looked his gladness to the full. Bee Belknap was a born coquette, and would have flirted in her coffin had the thing been possible, and now, during the moment she stood in the hall with her hand in Everard's, she managed to let him know how greatly improved she found him, how delighted she was to see him, and how inexpressibly dull and poky Rothsay was without him. She did not say all this in words, but she conveyed it to him with graceful gestures of her pretty hands, and sundry expressive shrugs of her shoulders, and Everard felt flattered and pleased, and for a few moments forgot Josephine, while he watched this brilliant creature as she flitted into the sick room, where her manner suddenly changed, and she became quiet, and gentle, and womanly, as she sat down by his mother's side, and asked how she was, and stroked and fondled the thin, pale face, and patted the wasted hands which sought hers so gladly. Bee Belknap always did sick people good, and there was not a sick bed in all Rothsay, from the loftiest dwelling to the lowest tenant house, which she did not visit, making the rich ones more hopeful and cheerful from the effect of her strong, sympathetic nature, and dazzling, and bewildering, and gratifying the poor, with whom she often left some tangible proof of her presence.

"You do me so much good; I am always better after one of your calls," Mrs. Forrest said to her; and then, when Bee arose to go, and said, "May I take Everard with me for a short drive?" she answered readily: "Yes, do. I shall be glad for him to get the air."

And so Everard found himself seated at Beatrice's side, and whirling along the road toward the village, for he wished to post his letter, and asked her to take him first to the post office.

"What would she say if she knew?" he thought, and it seemed to him as if the letter in his pocket must burn itself through and show her name upon it.

And then he fell to comparing the two girls with each other, and wondering who he should feel so much more natural, as if in his own atmosphere and on his good behavior, with Beatrice than he did with Josephine. Both were beautiful; both were piquant and bright, but still there was a difference. Beatrice never for a moment allowed him to forget that she was a lady and he a gentleman; never approached to anything like coarseness, and he would as soon have thought of insulting his mother as to have taken the slightest familiarity either by word or act with Bee. Josephine, on the contrary, allowed great latitude of word and action, and by her free-and-easy manner often led him into doing and saying things for which he would have blushed with shame had Beatrice, or even Rossie Hastings, been there to see and hear. Had Josephine lived in New York, or any other city, she would have added one more to that large class of people who laugh at our time-honored notions of propriety and true, pure womanhood, and on the broad platform of liberality and freedom sacrifice all that is sweetest and best in their sex. As a matter of course her influence over Everard was not good, and he had imbibed so much of the subtle poison that some of his sensibilities were blunted, and he was beginning to think that his early ideas were prudish and nonsensical. But there was something about Rosamond and Beatrice both which worked as an antidote to the poison, and as he rode along with the latter, and listened to her light, graceful badinage, in which there was nothing approaching to vulgarity, he was conscious of feeling more respect for himself than he had felt in many a day.

They had left the village now, and were out upon the smooth river road, where they came upon a young M.D. of Rothsay, who was jogging leisurely along in his high sulky, behind his old sorrel mare. Beatrice knew the doctor well, and more than once they had driven side by side amid a shower of dust, along that fine, broad road, and now, when she saw him and his sorrow looking nag, the spirit of mischief and frolic awoke with her, and she could no more refrain from some saucy remark concerning his breast and challenging him to a trial of speed than she could keep from breathing. Another moment and they were off like the wind, and to Bee's great surprise old Jenney, the sorrel mare, who in her long-past youth had been a racer and swept the stakes at Cincinnati, and who now at the sound of battle felt her old blood rise, kept neck to neck with the fleet horses, Spitfire and Starlight. At last old Jenney shot past them, and in her excitement Beatrice rose, and standing upright, urged her ponies on until Jenny's wind gave out, and Starlight and Spitfire were far ahead and rushing down the turnpike at a break-neck speed, which rocked the light phaeton from side to side and seemed almost to lift it from the ground. It was a decided runaway now, and people stopped to look after the mad horses and the excited but not in the least frightened girl, who, still standing upright, with her hat hanging down her back and her wig a little awry, kept them with a firm hand straight in the road, and said to the white-faced man beside her, when he, too, sprang up to take the reins: "Sit down and keep quiet. I'll see you safely through. We can surely ride as fast as they can run. I rather enjoy it."

And so she did until they came to a point where the road turned with the river, and where in the bend a little schoolhouse stood. It was just recess, and a troop of boys came crowding out, whooping and yelling as only boys can whoop and yell, when they saw the ponies, who, really frightened now, shied suddenly, and reared high in the air. After that came chaos and darkness to Everard, and the next he knew he was lying on the grass with his head in Bee's lap, and the blood flowing from a deep gash in his forehead, just above the left eye. This she was stanching with her handkerchief, and bathing his face with the water the boys brought her in a tin dipper from the school-house. Far off in the distance the ponies were still running, and scattered at intervals along the road were fragments of the broken phaeton, together with Bee's bonnet, and, worse than all, her wig. But Bee did not know that she had lost it, or care for her ruined phaeton. She did not know or care for anything, except that Everard Forrest was lying on the grass as white and still as if he were really dead. But Everard was not dead, and the doctor, who soon came up with the panting mortified Jennie, said it was only a flesh wound, from which nothing serious would result. Then Bee thought of her hair, which a boy had rescued from a playful puppy who was doing his best to tear it to pieces. The sight of her wig made Bee herself again, and with many a merry joke at her own expense, she mounted into a farmer's wagon with Everard, and bade the driver take them back to the Forrest House.

It was Rossie who met them first, her black eyes growing troubled and anxious when she saw the bandage on Everard's head. But he assured her it was nothing, while Bee laughed over the adventure, and when the judge would have censured his son, took all the blame upon herself and then, promising to call again in the evening, went in search of her truant horses.

CHAPTER VI.

MOTHER AND SON.

That afternoon Mrs. Forrest seemed so much better that even her husband began to hope, when he saw the color on her cheek, and the increased brightness of her eyes. But she was not deceived. She knew the nature of her disease, and that she had not long to live. So what she would say to her son must be said without delay. Accordingly, after lunch, she bade Rossie send him to her, and then leave them alone together. Everard obeyed the summons at once, though there was a shrinking fear in his heart as he thought, "Now I must tell her of Josey," and wondered what she would say. Since his drive with Beatrice it did not seem half so easy to talk of Josephine, and that marriage ceremony was very far away, and very unreal too. His mother was propped up on her pillows, and smiled pleasantly upon him as he took his seat beside her.

"Everard," she began, "there are so many things I must say to you about the past and the future, and I must say them now now while I have the strength. Another day may be too late."

He knew to what she referred, and with a protest against it, told her she was not going to die; she must not; she must live for him, who would be nothing without her.

Very gently she soothed him into quiet, and he listened while she talked of all he had been, and all she wished him to be in the future. Faithfully, but gently, she went over with his faults, one by one, beseeching him to forsake them, and he, with a bursting heart promised everything that she required, and told her again of the reform already commenced.

"God bless you, my boy, and prosper you as you keep this pledge to your dying mother, and whether you are great or not, may you be good and Christlike, and come one day to meet me where sorrow is unknown." she said to him finally; then, after a pause, she continued: "There is one subject more of which, as a woman and your mother, I must speak to you. Some day you will marry, of course ——"

"Yes, mother," and Everard started violently, while the cold sweat stood in drops about his lips, but he could say no more then, and his mother continued: "I have thought many times who and what your wife would be, and have pictured her often to myself, and loved her for your sake; but I shall never see her, when she comes here I shall be gone, and so I will speak of her now, and say it is not my wish that you should wait many years before marrying. I believe in early marriages, where there is mutual love and esteem. Then you make allowance more readily for each other's habits and peculiarities. I mean no disrespect to your father, he has been kind to me, but I think he waited too long; there were too many years between us; my feelings and ideas were young, his middle-aged; better begin alike for perfect unity. And, my boy, be sure you marry a lady."

"A lady, mother?" Everard said, wondering if his mother would call Josephine a lady.

"Yes, Everard," she replied, "a lady in the true sense of the word, a person of education and refinement, and somewhat near your own rank in life. I never believed in the Maud Muller poem, never was sorry that the judge did not take the maiden for his wife. He might, perhaps, never have blushed for her, but he would have blushed for her family, and their likeness in his children's faces would have been a secret annoyance. I do not say that every *mesalliance* proves unhappy, but it is better to marry your equal, if you can, for a low-born person, with low-born tastes, will, of necessity, drag you down to her level."

She stopped a moment to rest, but Everard did not speak for the fierce struggle in his heart. He must tell her of Josephine, and could he say that she had no low-born tastes? Alas, he could not, when he remembered things that had dropped from her pretty lips so easily and naturally, and at which he had laughed as at something spicy and daring. His mother would call them coarse, with all her innate refinement and delicacy, and a shiver ran through him as he seemed to hear again the words "I pronounce you man and wife." They were always ringing in his ears, louder sometimes than at others, and now they were so loud as almost to drown the low voice which after a little went on:

"I do not believe in parents selecting companions for their children, but surely I may suggest. You are not obliged to follow my suggestion. I would have your choice perfectly free," she added, quickly, as she saw a look of consternation on his face, and mistook its meaning. "I have thought, and think still, that were I to choose for you, it would be Beatrice."

"Beatrice! Bee Belknap! mother," and Everard fairly gasped. "Bee Belknap is a great deal older than I am."

"Just a year, which is not much in this case. She will not grow old fast, while you will mature early; the desparity would never be thought of," Mrs. Forrest said. "Beatrice is a little wild, and full of fun and frolic, but under all that is a deep seated principle of propriety and right, which makes her a noble and lovely character. I should be willing to trust you with her, and your father's heart is quite set on this match. I may tell you now that it has been in his mind for years, and I wish you to please him, both for his sake and yours. I hope you will think of it, Everard, and try to love Beatrice; surely it cannot be hard to do that?"

"No, mother," Everard said, "but you seem to put her out of the question entirely Is she to have no choice in the matter, and do you think that, belle and flirt as she is, she would for a moment consider me, Ned Forrest, whom she calls a boy, and ridicules unmercifully? She would not have me, were I to ask her a thousand times."

"I think you may be wrong," Mrs. Forrest said: "It surely can't be that you love some one else?" and she looked at him searchingly.

Now was the time to speak of Josephine, if ever, and while his heart beat so loudly that he could hear it, he said, "Yes, mother, I do like some one else;—it is a young girl in Holburton, where I staid last summer. She is very beautiful. This is her picture," and he passed Josephine's photograph to his mother, who studied it carefully for two or three minutes; then turning her eyes to her son she said: "She is beautiful, so far as features and complexion are concerned, but I am greatly mistaken in you if the original of this face can satisfy you long."

"Why, mother, what fault have you to find with her? Isn't she a born lady?" Everard asked a little scornfully, for he was warming up in Josephine's defence.

"Don't misunderstand what I mean by a lady," Mrs. Forrest said. "Birth has not all to do with it. Persons may be born of the lowliest parentage, and in the humblest shed, but still have that within them which will refine, and soften, and elevate till the nobility within asserts itself, and lifts them above their surroundings. In this case," and she glanced at the picture, "the inborn nobility, if there were any has had time to assert itself and stamp its impress upon the face, and it has not done that."

"For pity's sake, mother, tell me what you see to dislike so much in Josephine" Everard burst out, indignantly.

His mother knew he was angry, — she would not spare him, lest a great misfortune should befall him. She saw the face she looked upon was very fair, but there was that about it from which she shrank intuitively, her quick womanly instinct telling her it was as false as fair, and not at all the face she would have in her boy's home; so she answered him unhesitatingly:

"Shall I tell you the kind of person I fancy this girl to be, judging from her picture? Her face is one to attract young men like you, and she would try to attract you, too, and the very manner with which she would do it would be the perfection of art. There is a treacherous, designing look in these eyes, so blue and dreamy, and about the mouth there is a cruel, selfish expression which I do not like. I do not believe she can be trusted. And then, it may be a minor matter, I do not like her style of dress. A really modest girl would not have sat for her picture with so much exposure of neck and arms, and so much jewelry. Surely you must have noticed the immense chain and cross, and all the show of bracelets, and pins, and ornaments in her hair."

Everard had thought of it, but he would not acknowledge it, and his mother continued:

"The whole effect is tawdry, and excuse me for putting it so strongly, but it reminds me of the dollar store, and the jewelry bought there. She cannot have the true instincts of a lady. Who is she, Everard, and where does she live?"

Everard was terribly hurt and intensely mortified, while something told him that his mother was not altogether wrong in her estimation of the girl, whose picture did resemble more a second-rate actress tricked out in her flashy finery than a pure, modest young girl; but he answered his mother's question and said:

"She lives in Holburton, New York, and her name is Josephine Fleming. I boarded for three weeks last summer with her mother, widow Roxie Fleming, as the people call her."

He spit the last out a little defiantly, feeling resolved that his mother should know all he knew about the Flemings, be it good or bad, but he was not prepared for the next remark.

"Roxie? Roxie Fleming? Is she a second wife, and is there a stepdaughter much older than Josephine?"

"Yes but how did you know it, and where have you see them?" Everard asked, eagerly, his anger giving way to his nervous dread of some development worse even than the dollar jeweiery, which had hurt him cruelly.

"Years ago when I was a young girl, we had in our family a cook, Roxie Burrows by name, competent, tidy and faithful in the discharge of her duties, but crafty, designing and ambitious. Our butcher was a Mr. Fleming, a native of Ireland, and a very respectable man, whose little daughter used sometimes to bring us the steak for breakfast in the morning, and through whom Roxie captured the father, after the mother died. She was so sorry for the child, and mended her frocks, made much of her till the father was won: when, it was said, the tables were turned, and little Agnes mended the frocks and darned the socks, while Roxie played the lady. I remember hearing of the birth of a daughter, but I was married about that time, and knew no more of the Flemings until a few years later, when I was visiting in Boston, and mother told me that he was dead, and Roxie had gone with the children to some place West. I am sure it must be the same woman with whom you boarded. Has she sandy hair and light grey eyes, with long yellow lashes?"

"Yes, she has; it is the same," Everard replied, with a feeling like death in his heart as he thought how impossible it was now to tell his mother that Josephine was his wife.

How impossible it was that she would ever be reconciled to the daughter of her cook and butcher, who added to her other faults the enormity of wearing dollar jewelry? And I think that last really hurt Everard the most. On such points he was very fastidious and particular, and more than once had himself thought Josey's dress too flashy, but the glamor of love was over all, and a glance of her blue eyes, or touch of her white hands always set him right again and brought him back to his allegiance. But the hands and the eyes were not there now to stand between him and what his mother had said, and he felt like crying out bitterly as he took back his photograph and listened a few moments longer, while his mother talked lovingly and kindly, telling him he must forgive her if she had seemed harsh, that it was for his good, as he would one day see. He would forget this boyish fancy in time and come to wonder at his infatuation. Forget it! with those words ever in his ears, "I pronounce you man and wife." He could not forget, and it was not quite sure that he would do so if he could. Josey's face and Josey's wiles had a power over him yet to keep him comparatively loyal. He had loved her with all the intensity of a boy's first fervent passion, which never stopped to criticise her manner, or language, or style, or dress, though, now that his eyes were opened a little, it occurred to him that there might be something flashy in her appearance, and something told him that the massive chain and cross, so conspicuous on Josephine's bosom, came from that store in Pittsfield, where everything was a dollar, from an immense picture down to a set of spoons. And his mother had detected it, by what subtle intuition he could not guess; and traced her origin back to a butcher and a cook! Well, what then? Was Josey the worse for that? Was it not America's boast that the children of butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers should stand in high places and give rule? Certainly it was, and his mother herself had said it was neither birth nor blood which made the lady. It was a nobleness from within asserting itself without, and stamping its impress upon its possessor. And had Josephine this inborn refinement and nobility, or had she not? That was the point which troubled the young man as he went out from his mother's presence, and sought a little arbor in a retired part of the grounds where he would be free to think it out. With his head, which was aching terribly, bowed upon his hands, he went over all the past as connected with Josephine, detecting here and there many a word and act, which, alas, went far toward proving that his mother's estimate of her was very wrong. But how did his mother devine it? Had women some secret method of reading each other unknown to the other sex. Could Beatrice read her, too, from that photograph, and what would Bee's verdict be? He wished he knew; wished he could show it to her incidentally as the photograph of a mere acquaintance. And while he was thus thinking he heard Bee's voice, and lifting up his head he saw her coming down the long walk gayly and airily, in her pretty white muslin dress, with a bit of pink coral in her ears and in the lace bow at her throat. One could see that she was a saucy, fun loving, frolicsome girl with opinions of her own, which sometimes startled the staid ones who walked year by year in the same rut, but she was every whit a lady, and looked it, too, as she came rapidly toward Everard, who found himself studying and criticising her as he had never criticised a woman before. She was not like Josephine, though wherein the difference consisted he could not tell. He only knew that the load at his heart was heavier than ever, and that he almost felt that in some way he was aggrieved by this young girl, who, when she saw him, hastened her step and was soon at his side.

"Oh, here you are," she said, "Rossie told me I should find you in the garden. I came to enquire after that broken head, for which I feel responsible. Why, Ned," she continued, calling him by the old familiar name of his boyhood, "how white you are! I am afraid it was more serious than I supposed;" and she looked anxiously into his pale, worn face.

His head was aching terribly, but he would not acknowledge it. He only said he was a little tired, that the cut on his forehead was nothing, and would soon be well; then making Beatrice sit down beside him, he began to ask her numberless questions about the people of Rothsay, especially the young ladies. Where was Sylvia Blackmer, and where was Annie Doane, and by the way where was Allie Beadle, that pretty little blonde, with the great blue eyes, who used to sing in the choir.

"By Jove, she was pretty," he said, "except that her hair was a little to yellow. She looks so much like a girl east that some of the college boys rave about, only this girl, Miss Fleming is the prettier of the two. I shouldn't wonder if I had her photograph somewhere. She had a lot taken and gave me one. Yes, here it is," he continued, after a feint of rummaging his pocket-book. "What do you think of her?" he asked, passing the picture to Beatrice, and feeling himself a monster of duplicity and deception.

Bee took the card and looking at it a moment, said:

"Yes, she is very pretty; but you don't want anything to do with that girl. She is not like you."

It was the old story repeated, and Everard felt nettled and annoyed, but managed not to show it, as he replied:

"Who said I did want anything to do with her? But honestly, though, what do you see in her to dislike?"

"Nothing to dislike," Bee said. "I do not fancy her make-up, that's all. She looks as if she would wear cotton-lace!" and having said what in her estimation was the worst thing she could say of a woman, Beatrice handed him back the picture, which he put up silently, feeling that he could not tell Beatrice of Josey.

He could not tell anybody unless it was Rossie, and he did not believe he cared to do that now, though he would like to show her the picture, and hear what she had to say. Would she see dollar jewelry and cotton lace in the face he thought so divine? He meant to try her, and after Beatrice had gone, he strolled off to a shaded part of the grounds, where he came upon Rossie watering a bed of fuchsias. She was not sylph like, nor graceful, or clad in airy muslin, like Beatrice. She was unformed and angular, and her dress was a dark chintz, short enough to show her slender ankles, which he had once teasingly called pipe-stems, and her thick boots, which were much too large, for she would not have her feet pinched, and always wore shoes a size and a-half too big. A clean, white apron, ruffled and fluted, and a white sun-bonnet, completed her costume. Josephine would have called her "homely," if she had noticed her at all, and some such idea was in Everard's mind as he approached her; but when, at the sound of his footsteps, she turned and flashed upon him, from beneath the cape-bonnet, those great, brilliant eyes, he changed his mind, and thought: "Won't those eyes do mischief yet, when Rossie gets a little older."

She was glad to see him, and stopped watering her flowers while she inquired after his head, and if Miss Belknap found him.

"Yes, she did," he said, adding, as he sat down in a rustic chair, "Bee is handsome and no mistake."

"That's so," Rossie replied promptly, for Bee Belknap's beauty was her hobby. "She is the handsomest girl I ever saw. Don't you think so?"

Here was his opportunity and he hastened to seize it.

"Why, no," he said, "not the very handsomest I ever saw. I have a photograph of a girl I think prettier. Here she is." And he passed Josephine's picture towards Rossie, who set down her watering-pot, and wiping her soiled hands, took it as carefully as if it had been the picture of a goddess.

"Oh, Mr. Everard!" she cried, "she is beautiful; more so than Miss Beatrice, I do believe. Such dreamy eyes, which look at you so kind of—kind of coaxingly, somehow; and such lovely hair! Who is she, Mr. Everard?"

"Oh, she's one of the girls," Everard answered, laughingly, and experiencing a sudden revulsion of feeling in Josey's favor at Rossie's opinion of her.

Here was one who could give an unprejudiced opinion; here was a champion for Josey; and in his delight, Everard thought how, with his first spare money, he would buy Rossie a gold ring, as a reward of merit for what she had said of Josey. Her next remarks, however, dampened his ardor a little.

"She's very rich, isn't she?" Rossie asked; and he replied:

"No, not rich at all. Why do you think that?"

"Because she has such a big chain and cross, and such heavy bracelets and ear-rings, and is dressed more than Miss Belknap dresses at a grand party," Rossie said; and Everard answered her quickly:

"Rossie, you are a little thing, not much bigger than my thumb, but you have more sense than many older girls. Tell me, then, if you know, is it bad taste to be overdressed in a picture, and is it a crime, a sin, to wear bogus jewellery?"

She did not at all know at what he was aiming, and pleased with the compliment to her wisdom, answered, with great gravity:

"Not a crime to wear flash jewelry—no. I wore a brass ring once till it blacked my finger. I wore a glass breast-pin, too, which cost me twenty-five cents, till your mother said it was foolish, and not like a lady. But I do not think it's a crime; it's only second-classy. A great many do it, and I shouldn't wonder a bit if"—here the little lady looked very wise, and lifted her forefinger by way of emphasis—"I shouldn't wonder a bit if this chain and gold cross were both shams, for now that I look at her more closely, she looks like a sham, too."

Rosamond's prospect for a ring was gone forever, and Everard's voice trembled as he took back his picture, and said:

"Thank you, Rossie, for telling me what you thought. Maybe she is a sham. Most things are in this world, I find."

Then he walked rapidly away, while Rossie stood looking after him and wondering if he was angry with her, and who the young girl was, and if he really liked her.

"I hope not," she thought, "for though she is very handsome, there is something about her which does not seem like Mr. Everard and Miss Beatrice. They ought to go together; they must; it is so suitable;" and having settled the future of Beatrice and Everard to her own satisfaction, the little girl resumed her work among the flowers, and did not see Everard again until supper-time, when he looked so pale and tired that even his father noticed it and asked if he were sick.

The cut over his eye was paining him, he said, and if they would excuse him he would retire to his room early, and should probably be all right on the morrow. The night was hot and sultry, and even the light breeze from the river seemed oppressive and laden with thunder, and for hours Everard lay awake thinking of the future, which stretched before him so drearily with that burden on his mind. How he wished that it might prove a dream, from which he should awake to find himself free once more free to marry Josephine if he choose, and he presumed he should, but not till his college days were over, and he could take her openly and publicly as a true man takes the woman he loves and honors. How he hated to be a sneak and a coward, and he called himself by these names many times, and loathed himself for the undefinable something creeping over him, and which made him shrink even from Josephine herself as Josephine. He said he did not care a picayune for the butcher and the cook, and he did not care for the dollar jewellery and cotton lace, though he would rather his mother and Bee had not used the opprobrious terms, but he did care for the *sham* of which his mother had spoken, and which even Rossie had detected. Was Josey a sham, and if so, what was his life to be? Alas for Everard! he was only just entering the cloud which was to overshadow him for so many wretched years. At last he fell into a troubled sleep, from which he was aroused by the noise of the storm of rain which had swept down the river and was beating against the house; but above the storm there was another sound, Rossie calling to him in tones of affright, and bidding him hasten to his mother, who was dying.

Of all which followed next Everard retained in after life but a vague consciousness. There was a confused dressing in the dark, a hurrying to his mother, whose white face turned so eagerly toward him, and whose pallid lips were pressed upon his brow as they prayed God to keep him from evil, and bring him at last to the world she was going to. There were words of love and tender parting to the stricken husband and heart-broken Rossie, who had been to her like a daughter, and whom she committed to the care of both Everard and his father, as a precious legacy left in their charge. Then, drawing Everard close to her, she whispered so low that no one else could hear:

"Forgive me if seemed harsh now that said of Josephine. I only meant it for your good. I may have been mistaken; I hope I was. I hope she is good, and true, and womanly, and if she is, and you love her her birth is of no consequence, none whatever. God bless you, my child, and her, too!"

She never spoke again, and when the early summer morning looked into the room, there was only a still, motionless figure on the bed, with pale hands folded upon the bosom, and the pillow strewn with flowers, which Rosamond had put there. Rosamond thought of everything; first of the dead, then of the stern Judge, who broke down entirely by the side of his lost Mary, and then of Everard, who seemed like one stunned by a heavy blow. With the constantly increasing pain in his head, blinding him even more than the tears he shed, he wrote to Josephine:

"Oh, Josey, you will be sorry for me when I tell you mother is dead. She died this morning at three o'clock, and I am heart-broken. She was all the world to me. What shall I do without my mother?"

He posted the letter himself, and then kept his room, and for the most part his bed, until the day of the funeral, when, hardly knowing what he was doing, or realizing what was passing around him, he stood by his mother's grave, saw the coffin lowered into it, heard the earth rattling down upon it, and had a strange sensation of wonder as to whom they were burying, and who he was himself. That puzzled him the most, except, indeed, the question as to where the son was, the young man from Amherst College, who drove such fast horses, and smoked so many cigars, and sometimes bet at cards. "He ought to be hear seeing to this," he thought; and then, as a twinge of pain shot through his temple, he moaned faintly, and went back to the carriage, in which he was driven rapidly home.

There was a letter from Josephine in his room, which had come while he was at his mother's grave. He recognized the handwriting at once, and with a feeling as if something was clutching his throat and impeding his breath, he took it up, and opening it read his first letter from his wife.

CHAPTER VII.

JOSEPHINE.

Immediately after Everard's departure she wrote to the postmaster at Clarence, making inquiries for Dr. Matthewson, and in due time received an answer addressed to the fictitious name which she had given. There had been a clergyman in town by that name, the postmaster wrote, but he had been dismissed for various misdemeanors. However, a marriage performed by him, with the knowledge and consent of the parties, would undoubtedly be binding on such parties. Latterly he had taken to the study of medicine, and assumed the title of "Doctor."

There could be no mistake, and the harrowing doubt which had so weighed on Josephine's spirits gave way as she read this answer to her letter. She was Mrs. James Everard Forrest, and she wrote the name many times on slips of paper which she tore up and threw upon the floor. Then, summoning Agnes from the kitchen, she bade her arrange her hair, for there was a concert in the Hall that night, and she was going. Always meek and submissive, Agnes obeyed, and brushed and curled the beautiful golden hair, and helped to array her sister in the pretty blue muslin, and clasped about her neck and arms the heavy bracelets and chain which had been so criticised and condemned at the Forrest House. They were not quite as bright now as when the young lady first bought them at Pittsfield. Their lustre was somewhat tarnished, and Josephine knew it, and felt a qualm of disgust every time she looked at them. She knew the difference between the real and the sham quite as well as Beatrice herself, and by and by, when she was established in her rightful position as Mrs. Everard Forrest, she meant to indulge to the full her fondness for dress, and make amends for the straits to which she had been all her life subjected.

"She would make old Forrest's money fly, only let her have a chance," she said to Agnes, to whom she was repeating the contents of the letter just received from Clarence.

"Then it's true, and you are his wife?" Agnes said, her voice indicative of anything but pleasure.

This, Josephine was quick to detect, and she answered sharply:

"His wife? yes. Have you any objection? One would suppose by your manner that you were sorry for Everard."

"And so I am," Agnes answered boldly. "I don't believe he knew what he was doing. It's a pity for him, he is so young, and we so different."

"So different, Agnes? I wish you wouldn't forever harp on that string. As if I were not quite as good as a Forrest or any other aristocrat. Can't you ever forget your Irish blood? It does not follow because the poor people in Ireland and England lie down and let the nobility walk over them, that we do it in America, where it does sometimes happen that the daughter of a butcher and a cook may marry into a family above her level."

"Yes, I know all that," Agnes said. "Praised be Heaven for America, where everybody who has it in him can rise if he will; and yet, there's a difference here, just as much and more, I sometimes think, for to be somebody you must have it in you. I can't explain, but I know what I mean, and so do you."

"Yes, I do," Josephine replied, angrily. "You mean that I have not the requisite qualifications to make me acceptable at the Forrest House; that my fine lady from Boston would be greatly shocked to know that the mother of her daughter-in-law once cooked her dinner and washed her clothes."

"No, not for that,—not for birth or poverty," Agnes said, eagerly, "but because you are,—you are——"

"Well what?" Josephine demanded, impatiently, and Agnes replied:

"You are what you are."

"And pray what am I?" Josephine retorted. "I was Miss Josephine Fleming, daughter of Mrs. Roxie Fleming, who used to work for the Bigelows of Boston, till she married an Irish butcher, who was shabby enough to die and leave her to shift for herself, which she did by taking boarders. That's what I was. Now, I am Mrs. James Everard Forrest, with a long line of blue-blooded Southern ancestry, to say nothing of the bluer Bigelows of Boston. That's who I am; so please button my boots, and bring me my shawl and fan; it's high time I was off."

Agnes obeyed, and buttoned the boots, and put a bit of blacking on the toe where the leather was turning red, and brought the fleecy shawl and wrapped it carefully around her sister, who looked exceedingly graceful and pretty, and bore herself like a princess as she entered the hall, and took one of the most conspicuous seats. How she wished the people could know the honor to which she had come; and when, to the question as to who she was, asked by a stranger behind her she heard the reply, "Oh, that's Joe Fleming; her mother keeps boarders," she longed to shriek out her new name, and announce herself as Mrs. James Everard Forrest. But it was policy to keep silent, and she was content to bide her time, and anticipate what she would do in the future when her marriage was announced. Of Everard himself she thought a great deal, but she thought more of his position and wealth than she did of him. And yet she was very anxious to hear from him, and when his letter came she tore it open eagerly, while a bright flush colored her cheek when she saw the words, "My dear little wife," and her heart was very light when she read the brief letter,—so light, in fact, that it felt no throb of pity for the sick and dying mother. Josey had heard from her mother of the aristocratic Miss Bigelow, at whose grand wedding governors and senators had been present, and she shrank from this high-born woman, who might weigh her in the balance and find her sadly wanting. So she felt no sympathy with Everard's touching inquiry, "What shall I do without my mother?" He would do very well, indeed, she thought, and as for herself, she would rather reign alone at Forrest House than share her kingdom with another. How she chafed and fretted that she could not begin her triumph at once, but must wait two years at least and be known as Josephine Fleming, who held her position in Holburton only with her pretty face and determined will. But there was no help for it, and, for the present, she must be content with the knowledge that Everard was hers, and that by and by his money would be hers also. To do her justice, however, she was just now a good deal in love with her young husband, and thought of him almost as often as of his money, though that was a very weighty consideration, and when her mother suggested that there was no reason why she should not, to a certain degree, be supported by her husband, even if she did not take his name, she endorsed the suggestion heartily, and the letter she wrote to Everard, in reply to his, contained a request for money.

The letter was as follows:

HOLBURTON, July —.

"DEAR EVERARD:—I was so glad to get your letter, and oh, my darling, how sorrowful I am to hear of your dear mother's dangerous illness. I trust it is not as bad as you feared, and hope she may recover. I know I should love her, and I mean to try to be what I think she would wish your wife to be. I am anxious to know if you told her, and what she said.

"I have written to Clarence, as Dr. Matthewson bade me do, and find that he really was a clergyman; so there can be no mistake about the marriage, and if you do not regret it I certainly do not, only it is kind of forlorn to know you have a husband and still live apart from him, and be denied the privilege of his name. It is for the best, however, and I am content to wait your pleasure. And, now, my dear husband, don't think meanly of me, will you, and accuse me of being mercenary. You would not if you knew the straits we are driven to in order to meet our expenses. Now that I am your wife I wish to take lessons in music and French, so as to fit myself for the position I hope one day to fill in your family. You must not be ashamed of me, and you shall not, if I only have the means with which to improve my mind. If you can manage to send me fifty dollars I shall make the best possible use of it. You do not know how I hate to ask you so soon, but I feel that I must in order to carry out my plans for improvement.

"And now, my darling husband, I put both my arms around your neck and kiss you many, many times, and ask you not to be angry with me, but write to me soon, and send the money, if possible.

"Truly, lovingly, faithfully, your wife,
JOE."

"I haven't told more than three falsehoods. Josey said to herself, as she read the letter over. "I said I hoped his mother would recover, and that I knew I should love her, and that I wanted the money to pay for music and French, when, in fact, I want more a silk dress in two shades of brown. And he will send it, too. He'll manage to get it from his father or mother, and I may as well drop in at Burt's and look at the silk this afternoon, on my way to post this letter."

She did drop in at Burt's and looked at the silk, and saw another piece, more desirable every way, and fifty cents more a yard. And from looking she grew to coveting, and was sorry that she had not asked for seventy-five instead of fifty dollars, as the one would be as likely to be forthcoming as the other. Once she thought to open her letter and add P. S. to it, but finally decided to wait and write again for the extra twenty-five. The merchant would reserve the silk for her a week or more, he said, and picturing to herself how she should look in the two shades of brown, Josey tripped off to the post office, where she deposited the letter which Everard found upon his table on his return from his mother's grave. It was the silk which in Josey's mind was the most desirable, but the music and the French must be had as well, and so she called upon a Mrs. Herring, who gave music lessons in the town, and proposed that she should have two lessons a week, with the use of the piano, and as compensation the lady's washing, and that of her little girl, should be done by sister Agnes, who was represented as the investigator of the plan. As the arrangement was better for the lady than for Josey, the bargain was closed at once, and Mrs. J. E. Forrest took her first lesson that very afternoon, showing such an aptitude and eagerness to learn that her teacher assured her of quick and brilliant success as a performer. The French was managed in much the same way, and paid for in plain sewing, which Josey, who was handy and neat with her needle, undertook herself, instead of putting it upon her Mother or poor Agnes, who, on Monday following, saw, with dismay, the basket piled high with extra linen, which she was to wash and iron. There was a weary sight from the heavily-burdened woman, and then she took up this added task without a single protest, and scrubbed, and toiled, and sweat, that Josey might have the accomplishments which were to fit her to be mistress of the Forrest House.

Every day Josey passed the shop window at Burt's and stopped to admire the silk, and at last fell into the trap laid for her by the scheming merchant, who told her that three other ladies had been looking at it with a view to purchase, and she'd better decide to take it at once if she really wanted it; so she took it, and wrote to Everard that night, asking why he did not send the fifty dollars, and asking him to increase it with twenty-five more.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVERARD.

He was so giddy, and sick, and faint, when he returned to the house from his mother's grave, that he had scarcely strength to reach his room, where the first object that caught his eye was Josephine's letter upon the table. Very eagerly he caught it up, and breaking the seal, began to read it, his pulse quickening and his heart beating rapidly as he thought, "She would be sorry for me if she knew."

He was so heart-sore and wretched in his bereavement, and he wanted the sympathy of some one,—wanted to be petted, as his mother had always petted him in all his griefs, and as she would never pet him again. She was dead, and his heart went out with a great yearning after his young wife, as the proper person to comfort and soothe him now. Had she been there he would have declared her his in the face of all the world, and laying his aching head in her lap would have sobbed out his sorrow. But she was far away, and he was reading her letter, which did not give him much satisfaction from the very first. There was an eagerness to assure him that the marriage was valid, and he was glad, of course, that it was so, and could not blame her for chafing against the secrecy which they must for a time maintain; but what was the request for fifty dollars,—this that she had a right to ask support from him? In all his dread of the evils involved in a secret marriage he had never dreamed that she would ask him so soon for fifty dollars, when he had not five in the world, and but for Rosamond's generous forethought in sending him the ten he would have been obliged to borrow to get home. Fifty dollars it seemed to the young man like a fabulous sum, which he could never procure. For how was he to do it? He had told his father distinctly that he was free from debt, that he did not owe a dollar, and if he should go to him now with a request for fifty dollars what would he say? It made Everard shiver just to think of confronting his stern father with that demand. The thing was impossible. "I can't do it," he said; and then, in despair, it occurred to him that Josey had no right to make this demand upon him so soon; she might have known he could only meet it by asking his father, which was sure to bring a fearful storm about his head. It was not modest, it was not nice in her, it was not womanly; Bee would never have done it, Rossie would never have done it; but they were different—and there came back to him the remembrance of what his mother had said, and with it a great horror lest Josephine might really lack that innate refinement which marks a true lady. But he would not be disloyal to her even in thought; she was his wife, and she had a right to look to him for support when she could have nothing else. She could not take his name, she could not have his society, and he was a brute to feel annoyed because she asked him for money with which to fit herself for his wife. "She is to be commended for it," he thought. "I wish her to be accomplished when I present her to Bee, who is such a splendid performer, and jabbers French like a native. Oh, if I had the money," he continued, feeling as by a revelation that Josephine would never cease her importuning until she had what she wanted.

But how should he get it? Could he work at something and earn it, or could he sell his watch, his mother's gift when he was eighteen?

"No, not that; I can't part with that," he groaned; and then he remembered his best suit of clothes, which had cost nearly a hundred dollars, and a great many hard words from his father. He could sell these in Cincinnati; he had just money enough to go there and back, and he would do it the next day, and make some excuse for taking a valise, and no one need be the wiser. That was the very best thing he could do, and comforted with this decision, he crept shivering to bed just as the clock was striking the hour of eleven.

Breakfast waited a long time for him the next morning, and when she saw how impatient the Judge was growing, Rosamond went to the door and knocked loudly upon it, but received no answer, except a faint sound like a moan of pain, which frightened her, and sent her at once to the Judge, who went himself to his son's room. Everard was not asleep, nor did he look as if he had ever slept, with his blood-shot, wide-open eyes rolling restlessly in his head, which moved from side to side as if in great distress. He did not know his father; he did not know anybody; and said that he was not sick, when the doctor came, and he would not be blistered and he wouldn't be bled; he must get up and have his clothes—his best ones—and he made Rossie bring them to him and fold them up and put them in his satchel, which he kept upon his bed all during the two weeks when he lay raving with delirium and burning with fever induced by the cut on his head and aggravated by the bleeding and blistering which he had without stint. Rossie was the nurse who staid constantly with him and who alone could quiet him when he was determined to get up and sell his clothes. This was the burden of his talk.

"I must sell them and get the money," he would say,—but, with a singular kind of cunning common to crazy people, he never said money before his father. It was only to Rosamond that he talked of that, and once, when she sat alone with him, he said:

"Don't let the governor know, for your life."

"No, I won't; you can trust me," she replied; then while she bathed his throbbing head, she asked: "Why do you want the money, Mr. Everard? What will you do with it?"

"Send it to Joe," he said. "Do you know Joe?"

Rossie didn't know Joe, and she innocently asked:

"Who is he?"

"Who is he?" Everard repeated: "ha, ha! that's a good joke. He;—Joe would enjoy that; he is a splendid fellow, I tell you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—The Steeplechase Committee of France has acted with commendable promptitude and vigor in dealing out severe punishment to the principal culprit in the Auteuil scandal. Gregory pulled Kapural, a horse belonging to Macksey, in so barefaced a manner that even the dullest looker-on could not avoid detecting the knavery; indeed, it took the jockey's utmost efforts as they came up the straight to prevent the horse from winning.