POOR DOCUMENT

MC2034

THOROUGHBREDS

By W. A. FRASER.

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Cowed, the boy clambered through the opening. Enraged at the sight of his assailant's escape, the horse gave another scream of defiance and sought with striking forefeet and spread jaws to pull down this new enemy. Not until then had Allis thought of calling for help; her one idea had been for the boy's safety.

Like a flash the full peril of the situation dawned upon her; perhaps her life would be given for the boy, who well deserved his punishment. She had seen two stallions fight, and knew that their ferocious natures, once roused, could only be quelled by a force stronger than she possessed. Yes, surely she would be killed—her young life trampled out by the frenzied animal. In coherently but altogether these thoughts filled her mind; also the knowledge that Mike was beyond hearing.

"Help, Mortimer!" she cried.

He heard it as he reached the stable door. Even then he would have been too late had not other rescue come more quickly.

In rushing from Lauzanne's stall Allis had left the door swinging on its hinges. At the first cry of defiance from the black stallion Lauzanne had stretched high his head and sent back, with curled nostril, an answering challenge. Then with ears cocked he had waited for a charge from his natural enemy. When the mingled call of his mistress and Diablo's bugle note came to him he waited no longer, but rushed across the passage and seized the black horse by the crest just as he was overpowering the girl.

It was at that instant Mortimer reached the scene—in his hand a stable

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fork he had grabbed as he raced down the passage. Even Lauzanne's attack, though it gave Allis a respite, would not have saved her life; the madly fighting horses would have kicked and trampled her to death.

"My God; Back, back, you devils!" And pushing, crowding, hugging the side of the stall, Mortimer fought his way to the girl.

Once Diablo's hoof shot out and the man's left arm, snapping like a pistol, dropped useless at his side. His brain reeled with the shock. The oddly swinging arm, dangling like a doll's, with the palm turned backward, seemed to fascinate him. Why was he there? What was he doing? Why was he hammering the horses over the head with a stable fork held tightly in his right hand? He hardly knew; his mind was clouded; he was fighting by instinct, and always crowding along the wall toward the farther corner. Somehow he felt that he must drive the horses back, back, out of the stall.

Allis, too, was fighting; bringing the crop down with cutting force over the withers, neck, head, any part of the plunging mass in front of her. She could escape now through the opening where the boy had gone; but was not Mortimer in the same position she had been? She had seen him drop to his knees when Diablo lashed out; he must be sorely hurt; now he was reeling like a drunken man as he fought the mad brutes.

"This way," she panted, catching him by the coat, and pulling him toward the window.

Ah, that was it! He saw her now. It steadied his senses. It was the girl, and she had called him—"Mortimer!"

"Back," he yelled irrelevantly, in answer, cutting Diablo across the face with the fork. It was pandemonium.

"Get through the window!" the girl screamed in his ear. "Quick! Now!" and she pushed him toward it.

"You—first—back, you devils!" and he pressed away from her, closer to the horses, thrusting and striking with the steel-pointed fork.

The horses were giving way; Diablo was fighting half through the door, weakening before the onslaught of the powerful chestnut. Even in battle, as in a race, the stamina of the Lazzarone blod was telling; the bulldog courage of the strain was strong with Lauzanne, now that he was roused.

"Quick! You can get out!" again called the girl.

"You first!"

This drear repetition was the only expression Mortimer's numbed senses were equal to; but he fought with the ferocity of a tiger—his wound but enraged him.

They could both escape, Allis knew, if she could bring Mortimer to understand; but they must do it quick if at all. It was useless. He seemed conscious of but the one idea that he must drive the fighting animals out into the pasage to save her. She was not afraid now; the man's presence had driven that all away. It was useless to speak to him of the window, neither would go first; so, with her riding whip she fought side by side with Mortimer; springing back from the swift-cutting forefeet; sometimes even hugging close to the side of a horse as he lashed out from behind; and once saving her companion from being cut down by pulling him swiftly from under a raised foot. In the end the stallions were forced out into the passage, just as Mike came rushing upon the scene.

But the battle had waned. Twice Diablo had been pulled to his knees, forced down by the fierce strength that was Luzanne's; the black was all but conquered. The trainer's voice checked Lauzanne's fury; even the boy had plucked up courage to return; and between them the Chestnut was driven into his stall. All the fight had been taken out of Diablo. He struggled to his feet and stood trembling like a horse that had come out of a fierce cutting race. On his his neck were the marks of Luzanne's teeth, where they had snapped like the jaws of a trap; from this crest trickled a red stream that dripped to the floor like water from a running eave. All the fierce fire of hate had gone from his eyes. He hung his head dejectedly, and his flanks quivered. Lauzanne, too, bore evidence of the vicious strife. On one quarter, where Diablo's sharp hoof had ripped, was a cut as though he had been lashed with a sickle, and his withers were torn.

Mortimer and Allis had come out of the stall. The man exhausted by the struggle leaned wearily, with pale, drawn face, against the wall; the floor seemed slipping from under him; he felt a sensation of swiftly passing off into nothingness. He was sleepy, that was all; but a sleepiness to fight against—he must still fight.

"You are badly hurt." It was the girl's voice. He was almost surprised that he recognized it, everything was so confused.

He answered heavily, "Yes, I'm—I'm—I want—to lie down."

"Here, lean on my shoulder." It was Mike's voice this time. "This is bad business," the trainer was saying; "we must get him out of this; he's nearly knocked out. Are ye all right, Miss?" turning to Allis.

The wounded man turned guiltily; he had forgotten the girl. Yes, surely she had been in that hell of noises with him, fighting too.

"I'm just frightened, that's all," answered Allis. "Mr. Mortimer saved me."

Had he? he wondered. How had he come in there, anyway? His mind refused to work out the problem; his side was so sore.

"Yer arm's broke," said Mike, passing to Mortimer's right side. "Come, lean on me, sir. Can you walk? I'll put ye in the buggy and drive ye to the house."

At the first step Mortimer staggered and swayed like a drunken man. In his side were many sharp things pulling him down like gripping irons; on his head was a great weight that crushed his feet into the hard planks; his knees gave under this load, and he would have fallen but for Mike's strong arm.

"I'm—afraid;" then he set his teeth hard, his voice had sought to end the sentence in a groan of anguish; the thing that was tearing at his side had whistled in his lungs.

Allis stepped forward swiftly, and passing her arm about his waist, helped Mike lead him to the door. Twice she put her left hand up and brushed tears from her eyes, the struggle had unnerved her. Very helplessly against her swayed the man she had laughed at half an hour before. And he had been crushed saving her! But that was not why the tears came—not at all. She was unstrung.

"And he's got grit," she kept muttering to herself; "he never even groaned."

Together they succeeded in getting him into the buggy; then gently, Mike drove to the house.

XI.

Mrs. Porter, reading a book on the veranda, heard the crunch of wheels as a buggy, slow-moving, turned into the drive. She raised her eyes leisurely, the matter of the story still in her mind; but with a quick cry of "John!" she sprang to her feet, the volume, left to itself, rustling from her lap to the floor. The mother eyes saw that something was wrong, and the mother heart felt that some evil had come to Allis. Mrs. Porter had gone white in an instant. Over her hung heavy at all times the dread of some terrible accident coming to Allis through the horses.

"Did you call, wife?" Porter asked as he came to the door. Then he sprang quickly across the veranda at sight of his wife's blanched face, and made to catch her in his arms. But she stopped him, pointing down the drive. "It's Allis, John; oh, my God!"

"No, no," he answered, "they're just coming back; here, sit down again, I'll see," and he raced down the steps just as Mike pulled up.

"What's the matter, girl?" he began.

"The young gentleman's got a bit shook up, sir; nothin' bad loike," Mike broke in hastily. The diplomatic rider, "nothin' bad," was added for Mrs. Porter's benefit, his quick eye having seen her white face.

"Miss Allis 's not hurt at all," he continued. "We'll help the young gintleman in, an' I'd best go for the docther, I'm thinkin'."

Even as he was speaking they had helped Mortimer from the rig. He had not uttered a sound; his teeth were set hard against the agony that was in his side, and the queer dizziness that was over him left little beyond a consciousness that he was being looked after, and that if he could only keep going for a little, just use his legs a trifle, he would presently be allowed to sleep. Yes, that was what he wanted; he was so drowsy. As he went up the steps between the two men, a haggard face peered at him over the rail. It was familiar; he felt that some recognition was due, for it was a woman's face. He tried to smile. Then he was on a bed, and—and—sleep at last.

When the three men with the silence of disaster over them passed struggling into the house, Mrs. Porter threw herself on Allis's neck, and a passion of tears flooded down and damped the girl's shoulder.

"God be thanked, God be thanked!" gasped the troubled woman, and one hand that was over the girl's shoulder patted her with erratic rapidity. Then she interrupted herself. "What am I saying—it's wicked, and Mr. Mortimer like that. But I can't help it—I can't help it. Oh, Allis! my heart was in my mouth; I feel that some day you will come home like this."

At that instant Gaynor dashed by them, leaped into the buggy, and called, as he drove off: "I'll have the docthor in a jiffy; the young man's all right!" He was still talking as the whirr of swift-rushing wheels smothered out his voice, and the dust rose like a steam-cloud, almost blotting him from the landscape.

"Oh, girl! I thought you'd been killed."

"Here, sit down, mother; you're all worked up," and Allis put a cool hand on her mother's hot forehead.

But the shock to her feelings had loosed the good woman's vocabulary. At all times smouldered in her heart a hatred of racing, even of horses. "It's the anger of God," Mrs. Porter denounced vehemently. "This gambling and racing is contrary to His law. Never a night passes, Allis, that I do not pray to God that He may open your father's eyes to the sin of racing. No good can come of it—no good has ever come of it—nothing but disaster and trouble. In a day the substance of a year is wasted. There never can be prosperity living in sin."

"Hush, mother," crooned Allis, softly. This outburst from Mrs. Porter startled the girl; it was so passionate, so vehement. When they had talked of racing in the home life the mother had nearly always preserved a reproachful silence; her attitude was understood and respected.

"I must speak, girl," she said again; "this sinful life is crushing me. Do you think I feel no shame when I sit in meeting and hear our good minister denounce gambling and racing? I can feel his eyes on me, and I cannot raise my voice in protest, for do not I countenance it? My people were all church people," she continued, almost apologetically, "tolerating no sin in the household. Living in sin there can be no hope for eternal life."

(To be continued.)

LURE OF FAR NORTH HOLDS ADVENTURERS.

Returning Klondikers Turn Back Homesick to the Arctic Region—Gold Fever Retains Its Hold.

VICTORIA, B. C., Nov. 20—The grip of the gold seeker's fever was curiously demonstrated here upon the arrival of the last Skagway steamer. She brought among her passengers Donald McGillivray and Harry Johnstone, both from Yarmouth, N. S., who went in with the rush of '97 to the Klondike, have stayed there ever since, and are now rated as wealthy men.

They have been planning for three years past to come "outside" after the autumn work of 1905 and spend Christmas at the old home. Their business affairs in the north were arranged and they started for civilization and childhood's scenes four weeks ago. By the time they reached Skagway they had developed homesickness for the pick and shovel, and they "had half a mind to turn back."

On the trip down from Skagway they got to talking about what the boys were doing in northland—of what work would be accomplished during the winter and of what might happen prejudicial to their interests. As a result, when Victoria was reached, their first investment was a return ticket, and the next steamer sailing for Skagway carried them north again. They expect to go to Dawson over the ice.

Lawrence Sinclair, A. K. Jewitt and George Greenhow, Yukoners who have been staying at the Hotel Dominion for several days, say they, too, know the feeling of the "call to the north." This is their first visit to the outside in eight years, and already they are restless and anxious to be back at the mines.

"Half the Yukoners who start out to give the old folks at home a surprise think better of it before they are well started and hike back to the mines," said Sinclair. "The gold fever is something mortal queer. Once you've got a real good touch of it, you can't shake it off. I suppose almost every one has a taste of it once in a while, but the majority get over it all right. But when it gets such a hold on you that you're willing to go hundreds and hundreds of miles away from home and friends and the comforts of life to the hardships of the frozen north, and then learn to think it is the very finest country on the fact of the earth—why, then you've got the genuine article. That's the kind of a case I got, and I guess Jewitt and Greenhow had about the same brand."

PAYS $500 TO BE OFFICIAL CUSSER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 20—Paying $500 for the right to swear and use vulgar language in and about the fire house of the Bryn Mawr volunteer company, Samuel M. Vauclain has pre-empted the title of "Official Cusser."

The duties of the official swearer are to be set out in drastic rules and penalties, which, it is expected, will force all other members of the fire company to call him to the scene when there is any swearing to be done.

If it shall appear at the end of a year that no man has uttered an oath or made use of violent language in the fire house except Mr. Vauclain he is to pay into the treasury of the company $500.

"Swearing and vulgarity are intolerable," said Mr. Vauclain, when discussing the proposition, and my object is to prevent both at the fire house. The title of "Official Cusser" is one that serves no purpose except to remind members of the company of my exclusive function, and as a matter of good faith all will abstain from swearing and vulgarity, so that I shall have the field entirely to myself when I get ready to do my swearing.

"Swearing is a habit which I believe all men would be glad to cure themselves of, and I believe my offer will result in permanent good to the members of the fire company in the fire house and in their daily life."

Mr. Vauclain is superintendent of the Baldwin Locomotive Works and has 18,000 men under him. He never utters an oath.

Alba Johnston, general manager of the Baldwin works, is president of the Bryn Mawr Fire Company, and it was to him that Mr. Vauclain addressed his proposition to be declared in as "Official Swearer." The membership of the fire company is about evenly divided between wealthy men and clerks resident in and around Byrn Mawr.

DR. HAUGH SLEW FATHER, MOTHER AND BROTHER.

DAYTON, Ohio, Nov. 20—Coroner Walter L. Kline rendered a verdict of guilty to-day in the case of Dr. Oliver Crook Haugh, who is in jail here accused of the murder of his father, Jacob Haugh; his mother, Mary Frances Haugh, and his brother, Jesse Haugh.

Jesse McClelland, of Chambersburg, a farmhand on the Haugh farm, who was the first on the scene of the tragedy, testified before the coroner that when the bodies of the victims were cremated they were visible through the windows and doors of the burning cottage, and that they showed that they had been mutilated.

Before relating his story to the coroner, McClelland visited the jail, but the prisoner, Dr. Haugh, professed not to recognize him.

SUICIDED ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—At his own birthday party John A. Fichtelman committed suicide last night because he was 50 years of age and out of work. Fichtelman was a barber, who found that his age kept him from working, and who attempted without success to get into other lines of employment. Many of his old friends gathered at Fichtelman's home. The barber, after having participated in all the merry-making, walked out of the room when the fun was at its height and, stepping into the rear court, shot himself.

IMPORTANT CHANGES IN YACHTING RULES.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—At a meeting of the New York Yacht Club last night many important American rules were changed.

It was decided to appoint a committee to represent the American Yacht clubs at the International meeting of yachtsmen to be held in London next January, under the auspices of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, to which King Edward belongs.

The most important rules to be changed were in the timing of the yachts as they crossed the line in a race and the distinction between "crew" and "guests."

According to the changed rules, when the bowsprit of a vessel crosses the line time will be taken. Heretofore time was not taken until the mast crossed the line, which has caused much controversy, as often a mast has been hidden by the sails and the exact time could not be ascertained.

The designation of "crew" and "guest" has heretofore read that the total number of "all persons" on board would be counted. This included ladies who desired to be on board a yacht during a race. The new rule will read "men."

U. S. SENATE CONSIDERS RAILWAY RATES.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—The senate committee on inter-state commerce will meet today to begin the consideration of legislation relating to regulation of railway rates. The meeting is to consider the testimony taken last spring and additional data which has been gathered by experts since the committee ceased its hearings. This data was prepared by H. C. Adams, statistican of the inter-state commerce commission and H. T. Newcombe, attorney and railway statistican.

It is well known that the inter-state commerce commission is divided upon the question of conferring upon the inter-state commerce commission power to order a change of railroad rates, but no attempt has been made to see the committee to determine what kind of a bill will be reported.

DOCTORS BLACKLIST 15,000 DEADBEATS.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 20.—St. Louis physicians are to have a dead beat directory. It is being compiled and the printers will soon turn it out.

If the book is to be depended on, there are 15,000 deadbeats in St. Louis, or 15,000 persons, at least, who do not feel called upon to pay their doctor bills. The book is to contain that number of names of persons who have failed to pay bills of local physicians.

The book will bear the title of St. Louis Medical Credit Guide. It is to be furnished to physicians, dentists, druggists and undertakers. It is to be kept up-to-date by the issuance of a monthly sheet and will be revised once a year, like a city directory.

The bok is being compiled from the records of a collecting agency which devotes itself to this class of business. The 15,000 names are the fruit of three years' experience in collecting the bills of five hundred physicians. The book is also to contain the names of 70,000 persons who are "good" in the sense that they have property and are responsible.

Physicians armed with the information which the book will contain are expected to demand cash in advance before treating any one whose name is in the directory.

LOGGER'S HEROISM SAVES TWO LIVES

VANCOUVER, B. C., Nov. 20.—To save his partner and himself, Tom Larsen, a logger who, with a countryman was caught between two logs, dragged on his imprisoned foot and tore loose the heel and sole.

Binding his heel and sole to the foot and ignoring the pain, Larsen seized a handspike and, after great exertion, freed his partner, Lundren, by drawing the upper log and rolling Lundren out of harm's way.

The accident hapened on a side hill, 800 feet above the water of Vancouver Bay, Jarvis Inlet. A stick rolled down upon them unawares, and they were caught between it and one on which they were working. Young Larsen is a giant in size, strength and courage, and saved both.

Crippled as he was, Larsen could not carry his partner to the water; so he had to roll and drag him all the way. Then for three nights they had to stay beside the bay until a tug happened to call, saw their signal of distress, and brought them here.

Larsen's torn foot was saved, but Lundren's leg had to be amputated.

"Where's my leg?" he asked when the effects of the anaesthtic had left.

"It had to be taken off," replied the nurse.

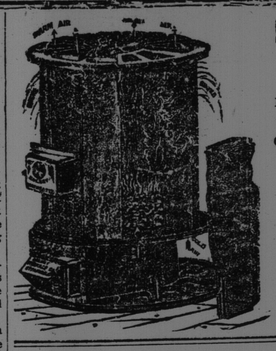
"Too bad to lose a leg," said the old logger, and he knew that his career in the woods was over.

CHICAGO SENDS AID TO JEWS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—M. E. Greenbaum, treasurer of the Jewish Relief Association committee sent a check for $20,000 to Jacob H. Schiff, of New York yesterday, making $60,000 that has been forwarded from Chicago for the alleviation of the sufferings of the Russian Jews.

A GRAFTER SENTENCED.

CROCKET, Texas, Nov. 21.—A. S. Busby, formerly assistant financial agent of thes tate of Texas, was yesterday found guilty of misappropriating state funds and given a term of three years in the penitentiary.



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Leaves Millidgeville at 9.00 and 10.30 a. m. and 6.00 p. m.
Returning at 9.45 a. m. and 5 p. m.
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