

THOROUGHBREDS: A STORY OF THE TURF.

By W. A. FRASER.

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CHAPTER IV.

No one knew which horse had won. Presently a quiet came over the mob like a lull in the storm. Silently they waited for the winning number to go up.

"I believe it's a dead heat," said Porter; and Allan noted how calm and restful his voice sounded after the exultant babel of the horse-throated watchers.

"Where was Lucretia, father?" "Third," he answered, "lasciviously, schooling his voice to indifference. 'I hope it's a dead heat, for if Lauzanne gets the verdict I've got to take him. I don't want him after that run; they made him a present of the race at the start, and he only just squeezed home.'"

"Why must you take the horse, father, if you don't want him? I don't understand." "I suppose there's no law for it. I said I would, that's all. The whole thing is crooked, though; they stole the race from Lucretia and played me with a dope horse and hanged it. I don't feel like backing out. Let Langdon go before the stewards about the sale if he dare."

"Did you give your word that you'd buy the horse, father?" "I did, but it was a plant." "Then you'll take him, father. People say that John Porter's word is as good as his bond; and that sounds sweeter in my ears than if I were to hear them say that you were rich, or clever, or almost anything."

"Lauzanne goes it," called the caller, gratifying voice behind them. "There go the numbers, 'see, three, five, ten; Lauzanne. The Dutchman, Lucretia. I know it. Dick don't make no mistakes when he's out for blood."

"He drew it a bit fine that time," growled Ned, still in opposition; "it was the closest sort of a shave." "Hurrah, Lauzanne!"

Again there was more hurrying of feet as the chestnut's backers who had waited in the stand for the judges' decision, hurried down to the gold mart.

"You'll take Lauzanne, father," Allan said, when the tumult had subsided. "It will come out right somehow—I know it will—hell win again."

to buy that skato, so I says it was all a damned lie." "Things are mixed, Andy, ain't they?" "Of course not. I didn't mention it to you—it was all a fluke. But I don't blame you, Andy. I'll go and talk to the stewards about it all right; they only want to get at the truth."

As Porter went up the steps of the stewards' stand he felt how like a man mounting a scaffold he was, an innocent man condemned to be hanged for the crime of the investigation had been brought about by a note one of the stewards had received. The sender of the message stated in it that he had had a horse, but had strong reasons for believing there was a job on. The baker was a reliable man and asked for a fair run for his money.

The note had come to him late, just as the horses were starting, but he had a suspicion of the suspicious features of the race. Starter Carson's evidence as to McKay's handling of the mare coincided with the evidence of the other stewards. Then there was the fact of Porter's having bought Lauzanne. The stewards did not know the actual circumstances of the sale, there being no record, but the owner had acquired the chestnut before the race.

Where all was suspicion, every trivial happening seemed to have a significance. The trifling bet on Lauzanne had been magnified into a heavy plunge—no doubt the father's money had been put on by the boy. A horse like a mare, with everything is known, absolutely everything.

Porter was aghast. Were all the furies of hell against him? He was more or less a betting man, but he had never experienced anything quite so bad as this. He, the innocent man in the transaction, having lost almost his entire fortune, was being accused of being the perpetrator of the villainy; and the investigation was backed up by such a mass of circumstantial evidence that he felt flushed and stood abashed, lost for words to express his indignation.

"Speak up, Mr. Porter," said the steward, kindly, "but don't let Lucretia answer the steward's question. Lucretia is swearing the mare was pulled." "And they're right," burst out Porter. "I know what the mare can do; she can make a track of her own, but she can't be pulled. Some of the boys are giving me a hard time, but I'm not going to let them pull me down."

"I believe that," declared the steward, emphatically. "I've known you, John Porter, for forty years, man and boy, and there's never been a word of crookedness in your mouth. You've got to clear this up. Racing isn't what it used to be—it's on the square now, and we want the public to understand that."

"What does the boy say?" asked Porter. "You've had him up." "He says the mare was helped; that she ran like a drunken man, but he can't prove it. He can't pull her together at all." "Does he mean she was helped?" "You've guessed it," answered the steward, laconically. "That's nonsense, sir; and he knows it. Why, the little mare is as sweet as a lamb, and as game as a hawk as ever looked through a race."

"But your son—?" "He had a small bet, but I didn't know that, even, until he was running. I did not know he was to back Lucretia, for he did Lauzanne?" "I told him not to bet at all." "And you played the mare yourself?" "For a minute, Porter showed the steward his race programme, on which was written the wager he had made on Lucretia, and the bookmaker's name."

"Ask Ulmer to bring his betting sheet," the steward called to the assistant. "On the sheet, opposite the John Porter's badge number, was a bet, \$10,000 to \$10,000, in the Lucretia column."

TWO FARMERS WHO FOOLED WITH NATURE.

Effect of the Last Agricultural Notions Out in Buckalo County.

"There never was a more progressive critter lived than my uncle, old Jabez Bonese," remarked Farmer Ezra Baler to the corner grocery convention. "Nary a new thing got past Uncle Jabez. He'd have a fluted tin whisker, a mangle-flying machine or the latest wrinkle in the higher criticism."

"Every time a new fool squared the circle Uncle Jabez'd go to work figurin' how he could turn his ten-acre lot into a racetrack and not leave no corners hanging over; and he hadn't more'n road about appendicitis when he got a pain under his tender buckle that wouldn't give way till he poked it to the city hospital for an operation."

"They had the old boy's appendix hanging on the line next day. Wa'n't nothin' wrong with it, but Uncle Jabez said he was better off without it anyway. 'Twas only extra weight, he said, and some day a wanderin' germ would have crawled into it an' then it'd have been all day with Uncle Jabez livin' old Si Bezie. Si was about a hundred, or more or less, but he was a lively old feller. An' up-to-date? Why, old Si was so up-to-date he used to take in a daily newspaper."

"He was the only man in Buckalo county could keep in sight of Uncle Jabez Bonese for progressiveness. Mostly it was a pretty tight race between 'em. If one got ahead of the other in any way, the beaten opponent would have crawled into it an' then it'd have been all day with Uncle Jabez livin' old Si Bezie. Si was about a hundred, or more or less, but he was a lively old feller. An' up-to-date? Why, old Si was so up-to-date he used to take in a daily newspaper."

"Honors had been pretty easy up to last summer. Then Uncle Jake got a pamphlet in the mails that made him skip like a cat on a catnip bed. It was from the United States Agricultural Department, and told about bringin' rain by shootin' off a new-fangled cannon."

"This cannon was a kind of stationary blunderbuss. You pointed her at the sky and filled her up with powder, and binned away for a while, and pretty soon the clouds would begin to come up and there'd be a nice, hard shower."

"Just what I've been wantin'," says my uncle. "My melons make a little wettin', he says. 'I can make one of 'em things easy as fryin' lard out of a pig.' He could, too, for he was real handy about carpenterin' and such like. 'I'll make one to-day," he says, "an' if this perchance clear weather lasts I'll load up to-morrow."

"An' shoot a shower out of the clear sky. Reckon I'll surprise that old feller, Si Bezie, some." "While he was buildin' his rain gun old Si Bezie across the valley was purty busy. Some feller had sent him a pamphlet on weather-makin'. Maybe 'twas the same feller that sent Uncle Jake his'n."

"Tennarante old Si's pamphlet described a cannon that folks in Italy had been usin' to spoil hailstorms. They planted their batteries toward where the storm was expected an' fired at the clouds until they were naturally busted and let down the rain or hail, or whatever it was."

STILL'S WORK FOR HIS RACE.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD RECALLED BY HIS DEEDS.

The Negro Who Died the Other Day in Philadelphia. The Book He Wrote From Tales Told Him by Slaves. His Own Plea for His Brother's Family.

In the recent death of William Still of Philadelphia the colored race has lost one of its most influential members. While he will be remembered chiefly on account of his connection with the famous underground railroad, he was interested in other enterprises intended to benefit those of his race.

Still was nearly 81 at the time of his death, having been born Oct. 1821, at Shiloh, Burlington county, N. J. His early days were spent upon a farm. In 1844 he went to Philadelphia, and three years later he became a clerk with the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

From 1851 to the outbreak of the Civil War Mr. Still was the chairman and corresponding secretary of the society. During the war he served as post-sutler for the colored troops at Camp William Penn. He was a member of the Freedmen's Aid Union and Commission for the Freedmen, president of the Institution for Aged and Infirm Colored Persons and a trustee of the Soldiers and Sailors' Orphan's Home.

In 1885 he was sent from Philadelphia to Cincinnati as a commissioner to the General Presbyterian Assembly; at a later time he was a member of the Philadelphia Board of Trade. Not the least interesting fact in reference to Mr. Still is that he was one of the original stockholders of The Nation, the establishment of which was due largely to the abolition sentiment.

The underground railroad, to whose development the best years of Mr. Still's life were devoted, was organized and conducted by the abolition party in the North. It had its inception as early as the Revolutionary War and was decreed by Washington on the ground that it purposed to oppose established law and constituted authority. Its scope and possibilities are indicated by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard University as follows:

"Among the many weak spots in the system of slavery, none gave so many opportunities to exploit the weakness as the fact that the power of the slaves, a 'thing' which could bear its own tallying about freedom, a 'thing' which was a slave's only hope, and which he could not lose, was a thing of impalpable value as a machine, however intelligent."

From earliest Colonial times fugitive slaves helped to make slavery inconceivable and expensive. So long as there was a slave in every slave hold in every colony was a member of an automatic association for the purpose of catching and returning to the Revolution on the fugitives performed the important function of keeping before the slaveholders the fact that it continued in other parts of the Union.

Nevertheless, though between 1777 and 1804 all the States north of Maryland threw out slavery, the free States, covered by the fugitive slave laws, were not without power of the slaves, a 'thing' which could bear its own tallying about freedom, a 'thing' which was a slave's only hope, and which he could not lose, was a thing of impalpable value as a machine, however intelligent."

These records were preserved in the utmost secrecy. During the Civil War up to the promulgation of the Emancipation Proclamation, they were contained in the Lehigh Valley Cemetery building. An idea of the character of the book and the nature of the stories it relates may be obtained from the following, as written by Mr. Still himself in his introduction:

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AUSTRALIAN RAILROADS.

Three Lines, in the Near Future, Will Stretch Across the Continent.

THE SCS has already called attention to the wonderful impulse given to railroad building in Australia by the merging of colonial interests in the union formed by the Commonwealth. There is, as yet, no line of railroad stretching across the Continent, but it is already certain that in the near future there are to be three such lines, and that each of them may be used to shorten the journey between Sydney, Melbourne and the southern ports of the continent.

St. John Forrest, the first Postmaster-General of the Commonwealth, is the author of the project, now authorized, to extend the southern system of railroads clear across the south part of the continent, forming a connection between Sydney on the east and Perth on the west coast. Port Augusta, at the northern point of Spencer Gulf in South Australia, is now the western terminus of the South Australian railroads. It is the outlet for the pastoral regions to the west and the wheat lands northwest of it. A line 1,008 miles in length is to be built along the coast on the southern edge of the Great Victoria Desert to Port Eucla, the frontier town between Australia and West Australia and the well-known gold-fields north of Kalbarri, which already has a railroad connecting it with Perth, the capital of West Australia, on the west coast. It is expected that this line, built along the level coast, may be quite cheaply constructed, the cost being estimated at something over \$10,000,000.

A railroad has been for a long time in operation between Port Augusta and the town of Oodnadatta far north in the State of South Australia. The best harbor on the north coast of the continent is Port Darwin, the outlet for the neighboring gold and tin mines and the landing place of two of the cables that connect Europe with Australia. A railroad from Port Darwin, 145 miles long, extends to Pine Creek, in the heart of the mining region, and the terminus of the new north and south railroad across the heart of Australia. When the road is completed the journey may be made by rail north and south through the middle of Australia from Adelaide on the south coast, to Port Darwin, the distance being 1,896 miles, or about twice the distance between New York city and Chicago.

The second transcontinental road north and south will have the same terminus on the north coast, but will lie to the east of the central route. The town of Bourke is situated in the north-west of New South Wales. A straight line will be built in a comparatively direct line between Bourke and Pine Creek, its direction being northwest and southeast. It will be 1,690 miles long and its completion will link Sydney with Port Darwin by a continuous railroad 2,247 miles in length.

The first of these two north and south transcontinental roads will be the shorter, but it will have the disadvantage of running through the uninhabited and worthless desert of central Australia. The longer, however, will have the decided advantage of running through a great region of grazing lands which are well adapted for the raising of stock. It may also be reached easily by the extension of the Queensland lines which now connect the east coast ports with the interior, and as the line will form a part of the shortest route to Europe it will probably draw some part of the east coast trade.

It is expected that the opening of this railroad will have a great effect on the fortunes of Port Darwin, which now merely serves the needs of a few thousand miners in the most isolated part of the continent. In the past, connected with the most important ports on the south and southeast coasts of Australia, has every prospect of developing into a port of large importance.

ALLIGATORS ATTACK CATTLE.

Beaten Off and Two of Them Killed by the Bull of the Herd.

PORT BASSINETT, Fla., Aug. 2.—Jim Carey, who lives ten miles above here on the river, has some fine cattle and the best of the lot he pastures in an inclosed pen near the river. There were four cows, a bull and two calves in the lot, the other two being when loading a barrel for me, he trotted out with his gun to see what ail his beasts. Three 'gators had managed to get into the inclosure from the river side, and while one was stalking a calf that he had managed to get to the water's edge, the other two were fighting the enraged cattle.

"Gator No. 1, the biggest of the lot and an ugly customer, was fighting the bull while No. 2 was trying to keep out of the way of the frequent and furious rushes of the cows. No. 3 had the calf in charge. It was bleating loudly and this served to irritate the cattle.

The fight between the bull and his antagonist was a furious and bloody one. The bull charged up to the saurian, when the latter nimbly darted aside and gave the bovine a terrible blow with its tail that staggered him. With a loud bellow of rage the bull turned quickly and with good luck looked the 'gator on the side, half turning him over. The saurian raged and bellowed and finally managed to get a blow on the side of the bull's head. He then struck the bull again a sounding whack half knocking him down. Following this the 'gator, with its mouth full of the bull's nose, the bull bellowed with pain and stamped on the 'gator's head. For a few minutes they plunged around and then the bull got loose. With more caution he plunged at the 'gator and managed to gore him badly, partly ripping his side open. The 'gator had enough now and tried to crawl away, but the bull kept on pushing and going till the 'gator was nearly dead. He then jumped on the bloody carcass, furiously stamping on it till it was a shapeless mass.

Meanwhile the cows were having a hard time. No. 2, but they managed things differently and had affairs more their own way. They ran toward the 'gator and, watching their chance, jumped on him. This was done repeatedly and the 'gator did not get a chance hardly to strike back. One cow ventured too close and the 'gator's long tail came whirling over her head, she was thrown on her side, sending her a dozen feet. The others engaged by this followed their charges by trying to gore the 'gator. No. 2, however, was trying to keep his jaws open. One cow was caught by this means and half thrown. As she stood there trembling and moaning with pain, the bull who had been watching the 'gator, leaped on her. He came up with a roar and with the utmost fury pitched at the 'gator. The wily saurian heard him coming and turned half around when the bull caught him by the neck, half lifting him from the ground. The 'gator clawed and bit at its antagonist and the fight for several minutes was a war of attrition, the 'gator under his feet when he tripped him to death.

No. 3 was all this time trying to get the calf into the water, but the bull followed him. The 'gator had gotten him into two feet of water when Mr. Carey appeared on the scene. He drew his gun and killed No. 3. 'Gators seldom venture into a herd, but will take young cattle and calves from the water's side. These 'gators must have been very hungry. Mr. Carey thinks to venture a fight as they did with the grown cattle.

Texas Visited by a Noisy Meteor.

From the Galveston Daily News.

NAVARO, Tex., July 21.—Last night about 10:30 o'clock a meteor passed over this city, seen from the south to the north, causing a number of people who had just returned from church to start and utter exclamations of surprise. The approach first attracted attention by a deep rumbling sound, resembling lightning, and then by a very bright, sudden light, the heavens were lit by a large ball of fire which shot across the sky, leaving a long, bright, fiery trail of sparks was left behind which made it appear as a large comet. A meteoric shower followed, followed by a deep rumbling, was heard in the direction of the north, which was followed by a bright, noisy meteor striking the earth.

Bryan Tells a Joke on His Letter.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—William Bryan has just written a letter to the Public Ledger. The leader of the Western Democracy was in a buoyant and witty frame of mind when he wrote the letter. He said that he had no objection to a Western town he had occasion to get shaved. The other, a colored man, left his razor in the barber's shop. Mr. Bryan gave him a silver dollar. Some time ago he had a barber in trouble. He had a razor in the barber's shop. Mr. Bryan gave him a silver dollar. Some time ago he had a barber in trouble. He had a razor in the barber's shop. Mr. Bryan gave him a silver dollar.

All Intelligent Women

should read the Knickerbocker Girl, published Wednesdays, and Friday and Saturdays, by the Knickerbocker Press.

features.—Ad.