BROTHER TO 'THE BRAVE.'

By MARTHA M'CULLOCH-WILLIAMS.

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Through the dimness of August dawning the course at Loris park showed like an earthen river, dun and wide, washing sinuously about a velvet turfed island of infield. Where the straightaway cut through the island the turf was something worn. That was the highest point of all the course, and there folk congregated to watch the racers at work. It was a sight so well worth seeing a good few came to look, from the city ten miles away, as well as from the country houses all round about.

The whole course indeed was a show place. Its setting up had been the pastime of a man who had a great many millions, along with the inclination to spend them royally. Next to his wife and his honor he loved a good horse, so you will understand that he had rejoiced exceedingly to part with one of the millions in making ready for battles royal between the kings and queens of the turf. The clubhouse was the sum and pattern of simple yet elegant luxury, the stand a miracle of comfort; more than all, the free field a boon to the plain people, who upon high days and holidays packed its board seats, happily unenvious of folk upon the coach tops, in the boxes or scattered about the flower-spangled clubhouse lawn.

There was stable room, free, for a thousand racers, along with training quarters as liberally planned. The course indeed was a village in itself, bigger and more populous than the straggling trolley haunted hamlet just outside its gate. The gate opened every summer morning at 3 o'clock, so that such trainers as cared to give their strings slow road work for hardening might send them out and over miles of the broad, hard-beaten clay highway.

A string, hooded and blanketed, had just slidden out, looking like four-footed ghosts in the gray crepuscular dawn darkness, when a smart trap rattled along the village street and swung in with a flourish between the big stone portals. It was too dark to see the horses, but they exhaled a sweaty smell, which told that they had been driven hard. The driver puffed with long vicious inhalations at a very fine cigar. He swore between his teeth as a second out-coming hooded string forced him to check and pull sharply to one side. The oath would have astonished those who, knowing him on the surface, fancied they knew him all through. They said that Rix Bascom, book maker, had the austerity of a priest and the conscience of a pirate.

A slim, lank lad, sitting at Bascom's elbow gave a little distressed cry. "You know it's the worst sort of luck—to swear before breakfast," he said, half hesitatingly, with a little catch under the words. Bascom swore again, this time outright. It don't seem like anything could make my luck worse," he added. "I wonder if you know just what I dropped on the Equus Saturday? Exactly $15,000—and all because of the Brave—"

"I begged you not to lay odds—" the lad began. Bascom laughed shortly. "You always do that," he said. "If I listened to you in six months I'd be——"

"You have lost now for a year, every time you gave odds against The Brave," the lad said huskily. "I reckoned it all up Sunday—he has lost you over $50,000. I told you at the very first he was your luck——"

"The devil's own luck!" Bascom said savagely. "Yet I can't hate him, d—n him! It's in me to love a horse, and he's easily the horse of a generation."

The brightening east touched all the gray and green of the course with suffused rosy radiance. Sparrows were twittering madly all about, flying in huddled flocks around the stable doors, setting their heads aside, and quarreling greedily over their flotsam of chance oats. In the trees about the trainers' houses a few venturesome robins let fall now and then a dropping note. The untouched turf was all a shimmer of beaded dew. Every footmark showed on it a print of vivid green. They were reasonably plenty, and for the most part ran in straight lines toward that high upper corner, where the straightaway came in. The barrier, of course, was across it. Only when a straight dash impended was any training permitted over its elastic, loamy breadth.

Bascom sprang [illegible] a hundred yards from the corner, flung the reins to his companion, saying: "Put them up, 'Driese, then come to me—but be sure you don't get run over." He shot across the track, dodging in and out of a moving maze, squeezed himself almost flat against the rail, and ran until he came to the place he sought. Already it had twenty occupants—men, horsey men of all sorts and conditions, from the tout to the millionaire. Though the free masonry of sport for the time leveled artificial distinctions they were almost silent—too intent in gazing to waste time in speech.

The course was alive. Six hundred racers walked or cantered or galloped along it, some swathed in blankets and bandages, some stripped as if at the bugle call. Every trainer stood, timepiece in hand, watching with intense eyes his own particular charges. Now and again one sent a long hail at a boy who rode too fast or too slow. Now and again also a beckoning hand stopped a string short, waved them away to quarters, a rub down and the test of the thermometer. There was something uncanny in the space, the silence, the movement, above all in the files of sheeted figures, each with a semi-human lump crouching upon its back. It was amazing to recall that some of the lumps were jockeys, world-famous, with incomes a prince might envy, imperious to all the world outside, yet here almost abject before the slow, silent men, with hard-lined faces, who spoke shortly when they spoke at all, and directed affairs in a sort of grotesque pantomime.

As more and more racers came out from the rub-down, stripped, and shinink like satin, the spectacle brightened. Among the satin coats there were blacks a-plenty, the merest sprinkles of grays, too many dull washy sorrels, and bays and dark chestnuts in platoons. Near half the sorrels and chestnuts wore white stockings all round. The bays were as largely white-starred and snipped, with even an occasional skewbald. Against their mass as against an indistinguishable background, two unique racers were thrown into high relief.

"Give it Up, Rix! Do! Think of the Risk!"

One was pigeon-blue, with white mane and tail, the other that rarest of all things, a perfect golden chestnut. Both were stallions, three years old, and magnificently bred. Suleiman, the pigeon-blue, was grandson to Bend'or, if he did throw back in color to some remote Barb ancestor. He stood sixteen hands full, a big, slashing, long-striding beast, upheaded, and full of fire, yet playful as a kitten. The Brave's coat was no such puzzle of heredity—it came straight form his sire, St. Blaise, and was further legitimized by his dam's pedigree—on both sides she was inbred to Lexington. As tall as Suleiman, in action he appeared half a hand lower. Suleiman ran all above ground. The Brave had a fashion of lying very close to it when he burnt wind down the home stretch.

So far the vagaries of a peculiar racing season had kept the pair apart. Suleiman had mowed down the west, just as The Brave had conquered the east. Both were unbeaten, and in the minds of their following unbeatable. In the books outside and at home Bascom had won on Suleiman a few hundred dollars more than he had lost on The Brave. They were to meet in the Searchlight, Loris park's richest stake. It would be run upon the very last day of the protracted summer meeting. So that set it full three weeks ahead—much too far for any thought of final preparation. Still the trainers of both cracks kept them going cleverly. Both had raced hard since spring, neither could afford a let-up, and both, it was certain, would be the better for a space of semi-retirement.

It was the hope of seeing them that had brought at least half the crowd. Before 'Driese, the lad, came back it had swelled to near a hundred. 'Driese threaded it shrinkingly, edging around the burly figures which crowded thickest at Bascom's elbows. As the lad moved a whisper ran behind the backs of hands: "That's Vaux—Andriese Vaux—Bascom's confidential clerk, you know." When nods had answered the whisper another ran back: "Wonder if he couldn't give a mighty straight tip for the Searchlight?"

One man, gray and pursy, and apple-cheeked, went so far as to pluck at 'Driese's arm and say, in a carefully unconcerned voice:

"What's the good thing today, Vaux? We always know there's somethin' in the wind when we see you and your boss up with the lark."

Bascom turned, frowning heavily as he caught the words: "Driese, I want you! At once!" he said, reaching to clutch the lad's shoulder, and draw him in front of himself next the rail. There he thrust a chronometer into his hand, with a muttered order, only half audible to the rest. Still it sufficed to set up in them a sharp pricking expectance. Where a horse or his preparation was concerned, they believed supremely in Bascom. He had been for half an hour watching the course, and especially the year's equine gladiators—he must be sure something of moment hung in the wind, thus to leave his own eyes free for watching.

Suleiman and The Brave had come back from the rub down. Both had been warmed up very gradually, walking first, then cantering, then set in a brushing gallop, and ending with half a mile on the dead run. The Brave's trainer scowled a little as he went to the chestnut's head, and ran his hand down the clean swelling throat. Although he was a hundred yards off, Bascom, through his glass, noted the scowl. He wondered a little at it. The trainer, Mark Harris, was a genial fellow, commonly in love with himself and life and things. Bascom had no time to speculate over the scowl. Harris spoke shortly, and with emphasis to the jockey, who leaned from the saddle to hear, held up his hand, as though in warning, then waved the lad on. The jockey was coming, perhaps twenty yards behind. He shook his reins and whistled very low. Instantly The Brave began to move, not in whirlwind fashion, but with slow, easy strides. Suleiman passed him in a brush, and ran bucking and ramping ahead. Suleiman had the family temper and something in the rubdown had not been to his mind.

"Why, Suley 'll spread-eagle that fellow!" the pursy man said, complacently. "I tell you, gentlemen, my money goes on the blue horse, no matter at what odds."

"Better wait and see the finish," a second man said, good-humoredly. A third, a newcomer, tall and florid, and smiling under a cavernous slouch hat, nodded assent. "That's good advice," he said. "I've come ten miles this morning' a-purpose to see The Brave. He's a sort of old acquaintance of mine—bred in Kentucky, you know, where I live. In fact, I know the man who bred him, and saw the colt the day after he was foaled. It's as much on account of Major Thompson as myself that I came this morning. He charged me the last thing before I left, 'Be sure you bring me a true account of that colt.'"

"You've seen him in a race?" the pursy man said, tentatively.

The other man shook his head. "No, worse luck to me," he said. "I'd like to see him in the Searchlight, but that's out of the question. Still, I think if they let him run true this morning I shall be able to pick the Searchlight winner."

"Then—you've seen Suleiman run?" from the pursy man. The Kentuckian nodded: "Twice!" he said. "Won a couple o' thousand over him in the Lakeside Derby. Great horse—still, unless the other's changed a heap since I saw him in the pasture, I've a notion he's just a bit better."

There is comity among trainers. As soon as it was seen the big racers were out for a trial, the bulk of the horses drew to the outer half of the course. Thus the inner half was free as for a race. The men at the corner slowly wheeling glasses to eyes, could see all the way round. At first it was tame enough. Suleiman ran like a mad horse fighting for his head, savaging his pace-maker, and buck-jumping every three strides, but under double wraps, so the pace was slow. In spite of the slowness The Brave hung still fifty yards back. Now and again he turned his head, whickering faintly to his stall mate a yard behind. Impatient murmurs arose among the watchers:

"Why don't they let 'em at each other?" the pursy man said. Bascom laughed a hard laugh. "That would never do—never in the world," he said. "The main use of trials is to show what a horse can't do. If he was up against the other fellow they might show what he could."

"Hold still! You'll see something if you wait long enough!" the Kentuckian sang out, cheerily. The horses were in the straight before the stand, a little more than a half mile from the start. The pace was quickening sensibly. Suleiman no longer ran zigzag. He was settling into a long leaping stride, high and free, and open as the day.

"Jove! He's fencing all the way," one man said. Another nodded sagely. "That's his way," he said. "I believe he hates the ground. He always runs as far from it as he can."

"He gets there just the same," the pursy man said, exultantly. "Talk to me about your Brave. Look at him now!"

"He is worth seeing," Bascom said, smiling tranquilly. The Kentuckian laughed aloud. At the third quarter pole, though Suleiman led by near 100 yards, Brave had decided it was time for dunning. He stretched himself, lowered his head and struck into an easy sweeping, stealing stride, that devoured the course faster than even Suleiman's javelin bounds. At the next furlong pole the Brave had made up twenty yards. Suleiman heard him coming and lay down to it, swinging into a killing dead run. But run as he might, The Brave crept up. As they swung a second time into the stretch the blue stallion was not twenty yards to the good. Round the turn they forged, with still the golden head advancing. Through the outstretch the duel lasted, with no advantage to either of the pair. As they swung and squared away for home they were almost locked. The watchers held their breath. They knew they were seeing the best race ever run on the course.

Who would win? Suleiman was tireless. Still The Brave came on, moving like a shadow in flight. They were half through the last quarter. The Brave's nose at Suleiman's throatlatch. Both jockeys crouched far forward. Neither dared go to the whip. There was no need of it, indeed. Each stallion knew he ran against a rival, not a pace-maker, and was mad, with a consuming madness, to come in first.

Suddenly Mark Harris ran down the course shouting wildly. Nixon on The Brave at once pulled up, leaving Suleiman to gallop home alone. There was a rustle of resentment among the watchers. "A d—d shame! That's what I call it," the pursy man said.

"I'm satisfied," the Kentuckian answered. "It was worth twice the trouble of coming—to say nothing of the tale I shall tell the major. Oh, but he'll be a proud man—after the Searchlight. His fear had been always that The Brave couldn't stay. All the colt's wins, you know, have been at a mile and under. He hasn't got Lexington and Longfellow blood for nothing. After today I shan't fear to bet on him, in any company. He'll win 'from eend to eend.'"

"Blood does tell," Bascom said almost affably. The Kentuckian laughed as he answered, "Sometimes." Then, after a little pause, he ran on:

"Yes—sometimes. But there has got to be something else. You'll hardly believe it, but The Brave has got a blood-brother, just his own age, and as like him as two peas in the pod, who can run over anything as long as he stays in front, but quits like a cur the minute he is collared, or even find another horse close behind."

"Are you sure of his breeding?" Bascom asked.

"I ought to be—I bred him myself. Same sire, and dams full sisters," the Kentuckian said with a grimace. "And I thought I had a world-beater—until the brute came two years old. Money wouldn't have bought him, as a yearling. I was glad to give him to a fellow who was going up in Ohio. Of course I couldn't let him stay in Kentucky—there we have no use for quitters and cowards."

"You should have shot him," Bascom said, with a laugh. "That is the proper ending for the story, which really has interested me very much. The Brave has been a sort of hoodoo for me all this season, but I shall have to forgive him, after this morning. I agree with you, he wins on his courage."

Bascom did not speak on the way home. Andriese drove, with hands so tremulous the horses after a while became skittish. When, for the third time, they began to dance, threatening to upset the trap, Bascom snatched the reins. Still he kept silence until he was alone with Andriese in his own apartments. He had sat at his desk for 10 minutes, running down the columns of the stud book. As he looked up from it he said with a leaping smile. "I hate sending you on such an errand, 'Drieso—you have an inconvenient amount of conscience still—but there is nobody else I dare trust in such a matter."

'Driese got very white. "I have no conscience—except for you," he said. "You know that. I saw your plan in your eyes while that man was talking. Give it up, Rix! Do! Think of the risk!"

"I live for—risks," Bascom said, shutting his lips hard. "They are the only things worth living for—almost. Still, I think I might satisfy my craving with one big, overwhelming risk—that had honor and ease and profit on one side—and on the other the blackness of darkness. That is why I am so set on this adventure. Help me carry it through! I give you my word, if it succeeds, and I don't see how it can fail, we shall be able to chuck up the ring—and we will. I will take you away with me to some far country—

"Don't," Driese said, putting a hand over his eyes. "Rix, you don't need to bribe me, even with promises. Only tell me what I am to do."

Bascom told, speaking low and rapidly, and at the end thrusting into Driese's hand a huge roll of money. When it was safely stowed away Bascom ran on: "Start at once, by the fastest train, and telegraph the minute you find out anything. Here are the names—horse and owner. I only hope the horse has not been thrown out of training. If he has, we must wait—but this is the golden time. We shall never have such another chance. Mark Harris is in trouble. What the trouble is I shall know before tomorrow night."

It was a trouble common enough and sordid enough. Harris, a rich owner's thice-trusted employee, had dropped $10,000 of money not his own in the effort to beat the books by an infallible system. Unless he could make good the stable's bank balance within the next fortnight there would be the exposure which meant ruin. Sharp, the owner, prided himself upon paying so well the men he paid must remain honest. Therefore, he was pitiless to the least fault in them. It was certain that if he discovered a great one the wrongdoer would pay the full penalty of the law.

"I—I wanted to pull The Brave—out there on the course—so's to fool you bookies into laying big odds against him. I know he can win as he pleases—if only I could a-kept you from knowin' it, too. I might a-had a chance." Harris wound up miserably. Bascom chewed the end of his cigar a minute, then thrust his hand deep in his pocket. He drew it out full of thousand-dollar bills. "Luck's been fair this week, Mark," he said, "so I can spare this lot of pictures for a good while. You take 'em and square things. Afterward—we'll talk of balancing accounts with—Sharp and all the rest."

When Bascom got home late that night a yellow envelope lay on his desk. Inside there was a single line: Brother in condition to be brought east—coming via Chicago." There was neither date nor signature, but Bascom understood, and smiled. He pulled forward a calendar and marked off fifteen days on it. "I don't know whether the time is too long or too short," he said to himself. "Anyway—I have got the cards in my hand, and am certainly going to play the game through."

Loris park was at its best upon its last day of summer racing. The flowers on the lawns had never been so brilliant, the turf so green and velvety, the throng in stand and club house quite so distinguished, nor that in the free field quite so overflowing with pure jollity and delight in sport. The day had been clear and white hot, as befits August's farewell, but toward 3 o'clock a delicate mottled white cloud dimmed without chilling the streaming sunshine. There was barely wind enough to flutter the flags upon their staffs, and to ruffle the dusty leaves upon the trees around the course.

Here or there, in convenient forks and crotches, adventurous lads sat snug. From their elevation they had even a sort of pity for the folk in the stand and club house. No doubt it was fine to sit there—but not to compare with this perch upon swaying boughs, where all the happenings of the park were in plain and proper sight. The fine people could see no more than the start and finish. The tree-haunters watched everything with avid eyes, and heard all the gossip of track and stables with eager ears.

It was retailed liberally, directly underneath them. Trainers' houses are centers of inside turf knowledge. Today there was one overwhelming topic, common alike to training quarters, clubhouse, paddock, stand and free field—Bascom's foolish laying against The Brave. Notwithstanding he was odds-on in all the other books, Bascom wrote him 5 to 4. As a consequence he was nearly swamped by the rush of layers. He would have been quite swamped but that he had taken the precaution from the beginning to lay only on the event of the Searchlight.

"The fellow's mad; quite mad," commented the pursy man, as he pocketed a slip made out for a thousand. Plenty of others thought and said the same thing, but as the supposed madman had the name of being shrewdly farsighted, and, further, had money to burn, they also made their wagers, and did not make them small. Bascom smiled at them, as he gave out the slips. He was not writing himself, neither was 'Driese. He had half a dozen clerks—and even then there was waiting. He steed a little stooped, and spoke now and then in whispers to young Vaux.

"No more bets after the call to post! I mean to see this race—if I never see another," he shouted, as he heard the saddling bell. The mob of bettors answered with a howl. A fellow bookmaker shouted across:

"Say, Bascom, you're mighty good all at once, throwing away your money to keep the rest of us from losing. But you needn't expect us to pass round the hat for you. If a man goes broke with his eyes open, he deserves what he gets."

"Sometimes," said Bascom, composedly. 'Driese turned white. "Get away at once! Go outside. Your face tells tales," Bascom said, pushing the lad almost roughly away. 'Driese went laggardly, lifeless, and with hanging head. He was always pale. Now the pallor was a sort of ivorine tint more ghastly than death. He crept to the lawn's farthest edge, and flung himself at length upon the grass, pressing both hands hard over his eyes before he opened their dark-fringed lids.

He lay there, outwardly quiet, full of riotous tremors, until Bascom stooped and touched him on the shoulder. "Stand up!" he said imperatively. "Watch them go by! We must get out of this everything that is in it. It is something—to hear the crowd will cheer for The Brave."

He spoke very low, and ended with a faint chuckle. 'Driese rose, staggering a little, clutched the lawn fence and hung a little over it. Rippling huzzas heralded the advancing racers. Up and down for a full quarter of a mile the course was thronged on either side. You might have walked the distance upon human heads—and every head was set hard toward the dun earthen river. Eleven horses came along it. Suleiman and The Brave ought to have made the field smaller, but there was the glorious uncertainty of the sport to save owners and trainers from being frightened out. So black and bay and gray and chestnut and sorrels in variety, and even a dappled gray, came mincing and prancing on, necks arched, coats shining glliddery-smooth, with jockeys all in fire-new colors as gorgeous as a tulip bed in April bloom.

The cheering rose and fell irregularly until Sueliman swept in view—then it rose shrill and ear-piercing, with an undernote of defiance. Suleiman had gone back in the books to threes. At that there were big bets on him—bets made by track commissioners for mysterious patrons out of town. It was the fancy who picked nim winner said the popular voice. The talent to a man pinned its hopes and risked its Seachlight money on The Brave.

And how they cheered him when he came! Last of all, looking finer than silk, fiter than he had ever looked, sweet-tempered as a lamb, not even snatching on the bit, but caracoling along as though keeping time to the wildly ringing shouts! Bascom even drew a hard breath as he listened. 'Driese shut his eyes tight a second, touched his hanging hand and said in a fierce whisper: "D—n you! Brace up! Don't you, won't you see, it's for you I'm doing this? I want to quit—to make an end and a good end to this wretched masquerade of ours."

'Driese stood up, a flicker of lambant red in either cheek. "I—I have not complained," he said. "No!—that's the worst of it." Bascom retorted, still in a whisper: "You forget, though—I was a gentleman—once. It hasn't been pleasant for me—sending my wife about, to crush with the ring."

"Hush! for heaven's sake hush!" 'Driese said, gasping faintly. Bascom glued his eye to his glass, watching the start. He saw Mark Harris at the head of The Brave—saw Nixon lean down, and mentally heard Harris' last orders: "Keep in front the first mile, wait through the half, then come home, leading all you can."

There were three breakaways. In each The Brave led. Bascom smiled as he saw it: "The game's working beautifully," he said in 'Driese's ear. 'Driese had a glass, too, and made believe to look. It is a question, though, if the deep-set, dark-fringed eyes took any intelligent note of what they saw.

"At last!" Bascom said, dropping his glass with a long, deep breath. It was a ragged start, but fair enough, with Suleiman lying a little back, The Brave in front and the others well bunched toward the middle of the course. Fresh shouts went up as The Brave shot ahead, opening a gap between himself and all contenders, running strong and free and closer than ever to his mother earth.

"He is the Antaeus of racing," a pedant said to his elbow neighbor watching the golden head flash further and further forward. The neighbor grunted. He was not used to mix mythology with his sport. He had come out for a good time—which meant that he was there for the delicious thrill born of seeing a horse come first, and knowing that it meant money in his pocket. But Bascom, who overheard the pedant, smiled comprehension, and said over his shoulder: "You ought not to say that, if you have bet on The Brave. Remember Antaeus had his Hercules!"

A cry made him look at 'Driese, whose eyes now did not leave the racers. The first mile was run, and still The Brave was in front, going like a whirlwind, and two lengths to the good. Nixon held him hard, but still he ran, his matchless stealing strides defying vision. Bascom's heart gave a great bound at the sight. "God! Suppose after all, he is not a coward!" he whispered hollowly in 'Driese's ear.

He looked again. Still The Brave ran. He was left half through the outstretch upon this, the excess distance. He had but to run on for five furlongs more, and Bascom would be ruined beyond all hope. Could Nixon be playing false? Could the Kentuckian—but no! No man in his senses would have parted with such a beast except for indubitable cause. The man thought he spoke truth. If Bascom had believed him to his own undoing the fault lay wholly with himself.

Only half a mile now, and still The Brave led gallantly. He had never stridden so strongly, so swiftly, with such easy might and grace. The hushed throng watched with bated breath as he swept the half-mile post, swung, and squared for the last quarter before the run home.

Suleiman lay well back. There were three horses betwixt him and The Brave. At the pole his jockey stood up, shook his reins, drew his whip and drove home the spurs. Then began a horse race to stir the blood. Like a lance well hurled Suleiman went forward, collared his horses and leaped after The Brave. A little quavering cry, the rattle of suspended breath told that the course noted. It swelled to a roar, hoarse and wild as the rush of icy seas, in the next half-minute. For as he caught the thunder of Suleiman's hoofs behind, The Brave slackened, shortened stride, shut up like a jackknife. Suleiman locked him, passed him, ran clean by two lengths. Nixon piled steel and catgut, but all in vain. The Brave belied name and fame. There upon what had promised to be his field of triumph he showed himself a quitter of the worst.

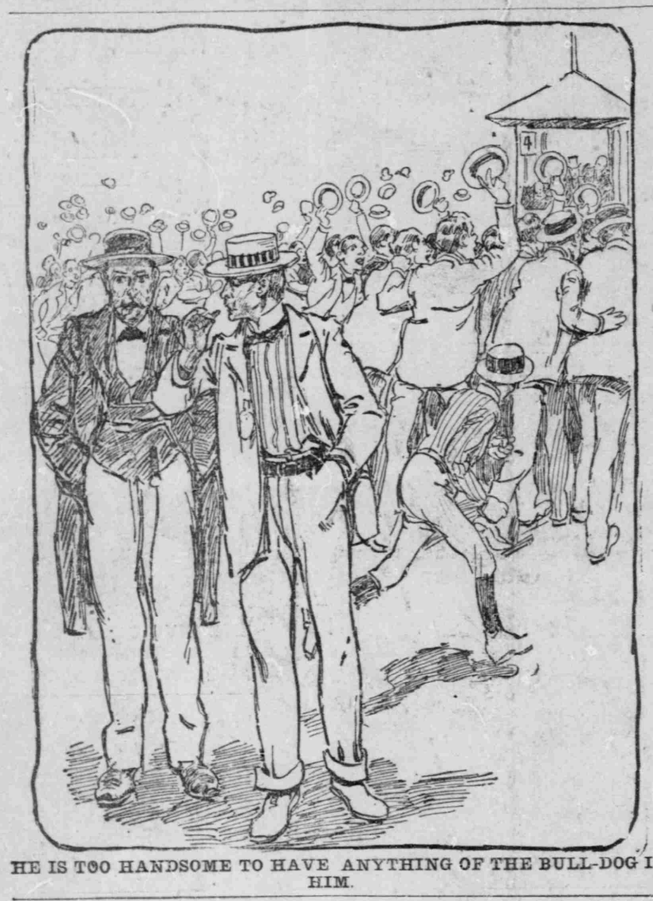
Nobody believed even their own eyes until Suleiman dashed over the line, with the best of the ruck in second place and The Brave absolutely last. Then, indeed, pandemonium reigned. Yells, cries, curses, hisses rent the air. Sharp, ten yards away from Bascom, was dazed, his face white and drawn and aged. "I have no excuses to offer," he said to those about him. "The horse was fit to run for a man's life. It is only that he will not stay."

"That is what I thought. He is too handsome to have anything of the bulldog in him. I laid accordingly," Bascom said, with the accent of respectful sympathy, as he moved away.

Bascom went to Paris on the strength of that thrice lucky stroke. He lives there in quiet elegance—only his name is not Bascom now. His wife is slim, with no beauty but a pair of big dark eyes. Occasionally a look of frightened melancholy creeps into them, and then her husband kisses her and says:

"Don't be frightened, 'Driese. I promised you never to go inside a course gate again, and I shall keep my word."

Loris park, of course, has forgotten Bascom and most of his works, but if you happen to lounge there about training quarters, through an off day or a dull one, the chances are that some veteran will tell you the other side of this story, and finish with: "And sure as you live, the very next morning they found The Brave, poor fellow, dead in stall. The vet said heart disease, but we all had our opinion. Sharp, he's a hard man, mighty hard, and he wanted to win that Searchlight the very worst way. Funny thing, though, is The Brave had got a brother somewhere out west, and some of the gamest youngsters in training are his sons and daughters, though folks say he was a quitter, too."



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We Invite You All---Citizens and Visitors---to View Our Handsome Line of

New Autumn Silks.

NEW SILKS,

Comprising everything in black and colored Silks. The newest weaves, loveliest colorings and latest combinations await your critical inspection.

A few of this week's special offerings below:

30 pieces 20-inch Novelty Striped Silk, exquisite new fall colorings.
15 pieces 21-inch Irish Poplin Silks, very soft and rich material.
30 pieces 20 and 22-inch Peau de Sole Silks and French Faille Silks.

Opening Sale, $1.25 a yard

BLACK TAFFETA SILKS,

21-inch wide, all Silk, pure dye, bright lustre black Swiss Taffeta, opening sale price, only, per yard 85c

NEW GOLF PLAIDS,

Direct from the mills and importers are in.

Golf Plaids are the much-sought-for material this season, and our early arrivals give us a decided advantage of placing these goods on our shelves at a much lower price than will be possible later on this season.

25 pieces in black, gray, brown and blue, all choice Plaid Backs, ranging in price per yard from $1.25, $1.50, $2.50, $3.25 and $4.00 yard.

Men's Night Shirt Special.

Plain white drill Night Shirts, extra good quality, pearl buttons. "Faultless make," the very best Night Shirt that can be had at 75c; special this week at 55c

Men's Handkerchief Special

One of the grandest offers ever made in Handkerchiefs. Fancy borders, wide and narrow hemstitched, all the latest creations in up-to-date Handkerchiefs. Regular 20c quality; special this week at 11c

MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS.

Men's short bosom, colored Shirts, something new and up-to-date, made of imported Percales and Madras Cloth. Regular $1.25 values; special this week at 98c

F. Auerbach & Bro.

Employees' Day at Lagoon, Tuesday, Aug. 14.

Our Store Will Close Tuesday, Aug. 14, at 12 O'clook Noon, giving the employees a Half Holiday and a FREE OUTING TO LAGOON. An excellent program has been arranged, including a Road Race from Bountiful to Lagoon, Games, Sports and Contests, for which numerous prizes will be given. A very interesting time is promised all who attend.

A Last Shirt Waist Special.

$1.25 White and Colored Shirt Waists, to close for 50c each.

White Pique Dress Skirt Bargain.

A regular $2.50 Skirt for $1.25.

Ladies' Fancy Colored Wrappers,

Braid Trimmed, this week 59c.

New Percale Arrivals.

New Print Arrivals.

The first shipments of choice new autumn Percales and Prints will be shown here Monday. They are the latest printings and most approved shades for the coming season. Just in time to get the boys and girls ready for school.

White Goods Remnants

at Prices Manufacturers Would Gladly Buy at Today.

They were bought because startling price concessions were made to us, and they will be sold on Monday with utter disregard to profit.

It's a Supreme Chance for You.

There are several thousand yards of them, but don't wait too long if you expect many of them, because they will go fast at the prices marked on them.

AMONG THEM ARE

Remnants of Nainsooks, Remnants of Dimities, Remnants of Lawns, Remnants of Swisses, Remnants of Apron Lawns, Remnants of All Descriptions.

All Styles, All Lengths, suitable for Waists, Baby Dresses and CHILDREN'S SCHOOL APRONS.