FOR LIGHT.

Then, God, who knowest all my memories—
The sinful days of torture and of tears,
Passion, the agony of those old years,
The supplicating wife on bended knees,
The drinking of the cup whose bitter lees
Were poison-nauseous and like flame that sears—
Thou pitying God of all the infinite spheres,
Of ever merciful and just decrees:
Now help me that I know what path be right.
Now comfort me if right seem cruel wrong,
Though with bruised heart I turn to face the night,
Or, choosing honor, life seems long, so long!
Dear God, but lead me till I grow mere strong,
Uphold me in my darkness—give me light.
—Cecil Charles in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

AN AVENGING SPIRIT.

Hark! There it is. The ghost is taking his midnight walk. There can be no mistaking that light step echoing through the wide and silent hallway. It is the ghost!

Springing up I grasp Dalrymple by the arm and give him a rousing shake. He starts up with a sleepy, half frightened look.

"Jack," said I in an awed whisper, "listen! There is the ghost's step. This house is haunted sure; he's coming down stairs!"

Dalrymple rubbed his eyes and sprang to his feet. Ghosts nor men had no terrors for him, and it was for this reason that I had asked him to spend a night with me in this house, about which were so many stories of ghosts walking at night, and which was so much avoided by the villagers.

And in truth the house's uncanny reputation was not without foundation. It had not been occupied for thirteen years and was now inhabited by rats and cockroaches; its roof was all moss grown and all approaches to it were grown up in weeds and briars. No one had cared to go near it in thirteen years. Its last occupant was a rich old man who lived in it only during the summer and was all alone. For fifteen summers he lived there. The people knew but little of him save that his name was Caspar Troup and that he was very wealthy.

The last seen of him about the village was one day in August just thirteen years before the occurrence of the incident narrated at the beginning of this story. He was observed walking about the place superintending some work that he was having done. The next day the house was shut up and he was seen no more. It was thought that he had returned to the city and would turn up the next summer. A few months later a younger brother of his came down and removed the furniture and closed up the house. That was the last ever seen of Caspar Troup, and the next summer the house was not opened.

The big, roomy house remained all through the year following closed up, deserted and alone. The villagers who passed by it at night began to tell strange stories of the sounds that they heard inside, and declared that they had often seen a light shining through the blinds and had heard voices moaning as if in pain. These stories gave the house a reputation of being haunted, and it was given a wide berth by all at night, just as many other houses are in nearly every village. For thirteen years the house sustained the reputation well and even increased it. It became the talk of the town, and any number of intrepid youths spoke of spending a night in the house and solving the mystery. But none ever did so. I determined to see if there was anything in the many stories that had been told and proposed to Jack Dalrymple that we spend a night in the house and meet the ghost face to face.

And so it came to pass that we repaired to the silent house one night just after dusk, and opening the creaking door entered the wide hallway. All was dark. We lighted a wax taper and set it down in the hallway to give us light. We spent the first few hours of the night speculating about the appearance of his ghostship, and finally, becoming wearied, we had fallen asleep. I had scarcely gotten asleep when I heard the footsteps as described above.

And after rousing Dalrymple we walked into the hallway.

We could hear the footsteps sounding in the hallway just over our heads. It was the ghost and it was coming toward the stairway. Nearer and nearer the footsteps came, and faster and faster my heart beat. Another step——

Great God! There it was! Hideous! Horrible!

At last I had seen a ghost! In all my most horrible freaks of imagination I had never conjured up anything half so frightful or hideous as this. It was the figure of an old man, who might have been a thousand years old, so bent, so feeble and decrepit he seemed. He was leaning with one hand on a cane, while with the other he steadied himself on the railing of the stairway. But more horrible than all was the awful gaping cut which extended from one of his ears to the other and which was dripping with blood. His white beard was clotted with blood, and the long white hair which fell in folds over his shoulder was soaked with gore.

This horrible, unearthly figure came down the stairway and stood before us staring at us with his wild, maniacal protruding, bloodshot eyes, while his thin lips were twitching nervously and the ghastly wound was gaping open, showing the severed windpipe.

"Who—who are you?" asked Dalrymple in a husky voice.

The creature replied in a squeaking voice without moving his lips, the voice coming out of the gaping wound.

"I," he said. "I am Caspar Troup. And I was murdered here in this house thirteen years ago."

"—— Troup—murdered!" was all I could ejaculate.

And this was a ghost!

"Yes, I am. I am a ghost," he continued in the same way as before. "But I have no time to spare with you. I am going to call on my murderer!"

"Call on your murderer? What do you mean? Explain yourself," asked Dalrymple excitedly.

"I mean what I say," continued the ghost. "I was murdered in here. I am a ghost and I am now going to haunt the wretch who gave me that," and he pointed to the gaping, ghastly wound across his throat.

"Who—who killed you?" asked Dalrymple.

"His name?" the ghost asked. "Ah, I don't know that. But his face! Ah! how many thousand times have I caused it to grow contorted in the most dreadful agony, as I would appear before him suddenly. Before the night he gave me this death wound I used to see him hanging about the village with the other loafers. I paid no attention to him. But on that dreadful night I recognized him as he stood over me with that shining blade drawn. I cried out for mercy, but he would not hear me. He struck the fatal blow. I felt the keen edge of the knife and then I felt my life blood flowing out and my strength was going.

"Everything appeared in a mist to me and pretty soon all had faded and I was dead. But I was in another world. I could hold communion with a thousand other wronged beings who had been transformed from life into the ghost world. They told me merry stories of how they at all hours haunted those persons who had wronged them in this world. But in that respect I am a peculiar ghost. I have my regular haunting hour. I remember as my murderer stood over me the clock in an adjoining room chimed the hour of 1 o'clock, and every night just at 1 o'clock I pay my victim—he's my victim now—a visit. And I must be going."

He moved toward the door and we followed.

"Do you young men want to follow a ghost upon his cheerful mission?" he asked.

"By all means, if you will let us," said Dalrymple.

"I have no objection. A ghost desires no company, but you may go."

We followed him out through the darkness to the road that led past the house. He moved quickly along the road and we followed, filled with a sensation which I cannot explain. With a ghost on his nightly rounds! This was something strange—passing strange.

Over the hills we followed his ghostship until the village had been completely left behind. The fields, waving with their harvests of corn, were on either side.

Where was he going? Who was the murderer? These thoughts flitted through my mind a thousand times. Presently he stopped before a large farmhouse.

"This is the place," said he.

Great heavens! Was it possible?

I knew the place well. It was the residence of Captain James Standiford, one of the most prominent men in our whole vicinity.

"This cannot be true," said Dalrymple.

But the ghost gave us no time for words or thoughts.

"Follow me," he said, and he entered the house. Bolts and bars have no restraining power against a ghost, for he pushed the door lightly aside and stepped into the hallway. Evidently he knew the place well. A look of delight, I fancied, came over his face as he beckoned us to follow him up the stairway.

At the top of the stairs he stopped before a door.

"This is his room," he said.

He turned the knob and went in.

The room was dark, but, through an open shutter a faint streak of light entered.

On a bed a sleeper was tossing restlessly about. It was Standiford.

He moaned, restlessly turned over and then, with a frightened start, sat up in bed.

His eyes fell upon the ghastly ghost figure standing at the foot of his bed, looking a thousand times more horrible than when we had first seen him.

With a loud cry of terror he sprang from the bed and ran to the farther side of the room. Slowly the ghost went after him.

"Take it away! Take it away!" he shrieked. "It's his face! Take it away! Oh, God! Take it away!"

Standiford's face was so terribly drawn and contorted by his terrors that one of his most intimate acquaintances would not have known him.

The ghost went slowly toward him and with a maniacal, terrified look he ran about the room, getting as far from the ghost as the room would allow, shrieking and moaning piteously all the while.

Shrinking in a corner like a cur at bay, with his bloodshot eyes almost ready to burst from their sockets, Standiford held up his hands toward the ghost and cried out piteously:

"Go away now, please go away! I am sorry—so sorry, and this is enough—my God! it's enough!"

But the avenging spirit did not hear his pleas for mercy. Wherever Standiford went the horrible thing followed him.

For almost an hour it went on thus, when at last Standiford becoming utterly exhausted, threw himself on the bed and covered his face with his pillow, trying to shut out the hideous sight and crying out in the most penitent manner.

For a moment the ghost hovered over him and was gone.

Dalrymple and myself stood rooted to the spot for a few moments, and then, realizing our positions, went back down the stairway and out of the house.

"This is a horrible experience," said Dalrymple, "and a horrible revelation."

We walked back home in silence, busy with our own thoughts concerning the novel experience of the night.

The next day I met Standiford on the streets. He spoke to me in his usual happy manner, but I noticed dark lines under his eyes, while he wore a sleepy and dejected look.

He was a murderer, and no one but myself and Dalrymple knew and would ever know.

Would it do to proclaim him to the world as such with no proof but the ghost's testimony, and to have the ghost summoned into court? I think not.—Robert L. Adamson in Atlanta Constitution.

THE ROAD AGENT.

The four horse mud wagon, called by common consent a stage, which ran between Bokey's and Logtown, was crawling up the long grade which corkscrewed around to the summit of Pilot Knob. It was necessary to do this in order that a good preparatory start might be had for the succeeding rattling plunge down the other corkscrew road, which led to Logtown.

By the side of Black Pete, the driver, sat an eastern importation of the genus "drummer." Pete rolled his tobacco into his cheek, snapped a fly off the ear of his leader and said:

"No, sir, I don't git no pay fer fightin, and I don't do no fightin for ther company. If ary galoot stops this hyer stage and perlitely like asks for the cash box, he's a gwine ter get it. 'Taint no use, no ways, to fight them fellers; they always hev ther drap on ye."

"But," said the drummer, "were you ever robbed on this route?"

"Wal, no, but I've seed fellers loafing round heer ez I've thought mought do it some time or other."

"And if they did stop you, you would give them the express box and drive on, eh?"

"You bet! If ther express company wants to pertect ther box they must send a messenger along with it."

The stage crawled slowly up to the top of the hill, and Black Pete settled his foot firmly on the brake strap, and with a "Scat 'em, boys!" the sweating horses started to investigate the mysteries of the almost invisible road below them on a keen gallop.

Round and round the rapidly varying road the stage and passengers whirled, sometimes losing sight of the horses around the sharp turns and again slewing sharply outward toward the dangerous edge of the canyon, which yawned below them. The sun was down and the moon was painting weird shadows on the powdered dust of the grade.

It was just the time for the imagination to picture scenes of violence, robbery and blood. Suddenly the chaparral bushes by the roadside slightly parted, and a long, shining, black object was waved over them toward the stage. A shadowy figure rose in the moonlight among the bushes, and from behind a black veil, which smothered the voice somewhat, came the hoarse command:

"Stop! Stop!"

Black Pete hurriedly pushed his foot heavily down upon the brake, reached down into the bottom of the stage, pulled out the express box and threw it into the road, muttering:

"Cuss ye, take it!"

The restless horses immediately plunged away into the shadows of the forest.

"Wa—was that a highwayman?" gasped the drummer.

"In course it was," answered Pete. "Didn't yer see ther shooting iron? Thar goes a cool thousand dollars, as I knows now. You bet ther boys'll be out arter him tonight. I shouldn't wonder if that war old Bart himself. He's a cool one, he is. He always shoots his mouth off in some poetry. He leaves it in the box when he gets through with it. Didn't yer notice how level he held that thar shooting iron right toward me?"

The lights of Logtown now glistened below them, and a few turns of the corkscrew road brought the stage up to the hotel porch where it stopped with a loud "Whoa!" from Pete.

Not many minutes elapsed before the prophecy of Pete was realized, for as soon as the story of the bold robbery of Wells & Fargo's box was related a dozen or so ready miners volunteered to search the woods for the road agent. After half an hour's swearing and drinking over the matter they saddled their horses and started for the scene of the robbery.

* * * * * *

It was a little, cramped up, helter skelter mining town among the Sierras. One need not rise early in Scar's Hole to see the sun rise, for he will not see it if he does. Old Sol is never visible there until 10 in the morning. The rough, picturesque cabins, looking for all the world like dilapidated dice thrown at random from the box, were built deep down in a hole between the surrounding peaks. And yet they actually had a telephone connecting them with the outside world.

The denizens of Scar's Hole were not given to an indulgence in business communications with the great commercial centers, but their telephone was the means of preventing many of the inhabitants from spending the remainder of their early days at the insane asylum.

Such was their inborn detestation of any man who followed any pursuits which did not require active labor with his hands, and such was their chivalric devotion to the fair sex that the management of their part of the telephone was given to a young lady of the name of Frances Goldsmith.

On the afternoon of June 29, 1880, Miss Frank, as she was usually called, sat in the little telephone office waiting for the nightly crowd of manly gossipers to come to it. The little rocking chair in which she sat went bumping to and fro noisily and nervously upon the pine floor, and the tiny slippered foot beat a nervous tattoo in unison with it.

"It's too bad," she cried, impatiently, "for Charlie to work down in that old hole in the ground all the winter, and then sell out for a paltry thousand. And he's doing it just so he can be married this summer!" and a pretty little wave of blood swept over the sweet neck and face. "He shan't do it. Charlie don't know anything about a mine, and he might have a little bonanza and not know it. Just hear the dear simpleton!"

MY PRECIOUS FRANK—Bonn is negotiating with me for my claim, and he offers me $1,000 cash. I have not yet accepted it, but I have almost made up my mind that I had better do so. You know if I had that much cash I could have the face to ask you to hasten that long-hoped-for happy day. For your sake, darling, I believe it will be the best for me to take this offer. If I do, you may look for me down early next week. Forever yours,

CHARLES MOTLEY.

"Hello, Frank," shouted a smothered voice close to her ear, "are you there yet?"

Frances jumped to her feet and ran to the telephone.

"Dear me, I jerk the receiver naughty down and they could not ring the bell."

She put it to her ear and shouted back through the transmitter:

"Yes, I'm here; what is it?"

"Don't you forget to send that thousand up on the stage tonight to Logtown. Tom says there's at least $10,000 in sight. Motley is a schoolmarm, and don't know it. Don't forget, now. Goodby."

Frank's pretty eyes and mouth spread wider and wider as these words came out of the wonderful little instrument.

"For goodness' sakes! who is he talking to? Oh, y-e-s! why, it must be to Frank Downey, the express agent at Bokey. They've been talking together, and Downey has stopped and switched my end on. Motley is a schoolmarm, is he? There's $10,000 in sight, and Charlie doesn't know it, and the money is going up there on the stage from Bokey tonight. Oh, dear! what shall I do? I'll go up there. I will. It's only eight miles, and it's twenty from Bokey. It's 5 o'clock and the stage gets there at 9."

Frank was a California girl, and there was no perils to her on the eight mile trail to Logtown; and if there had been, the slur cast upon Charlie's keenness and the eager desire to save that "$10,000 in sight" for him, would have been sufficient incentives to induce her to dare them, though she knew they awaited her. Running over to the postoffice, she hurriedly engaged the young clerk to take care of the instrument for her, and, dashing back to her room, soon appeared ready for the eight mile walk to Logtown.

The sun was yet very hot, although almost down behind the hills. The trail was steep and rocky; but Frank pushed on, muttering to herself, when she felt so tired she was tempted to sit down and rest——

"Charlie's a schoolmarm, is he? Ten thousand dollars in sight, and he doesn't know it, eh? Well, he shall know it and have all the credit of the discovery too—there, now!"

Up, up, down, down, around and around wound the mountain trail, and Frank wound with it, until tired, dusty, breathless, hoarse and almost crying, she saw the county highway in the somber moonlight just below her.

Just as she reached the roadside and was about to push through the chaparral which here reached to her shoulders she heard the rumbling stagecoach coming around the bend close to her. With the despairing resolve to go in at least with the stage if she could not before it she pushed her parasol through the bushes and waved it to the driver, shouting at the same time, hoarse from her excitement:

"Stop! Stop!"

But to her astonishment and dismay, instead of stopping the driver reached down into the boot, and with a "Cuss yer, take it!" threw a heavy box into the road and, lashing his four-in-hand into a run, disappeared down the canyon.

Poor Frank crouched down into the chaparral in despair.

"Oh, dear! I haven't walked there and I've lost the stage, and poor Charlie—oh, dear me!"

The spirit of a genuine California girl is not easily overcome with despair, and Frank was a genuine California girl, and she was not to be beaten until she was. She got up, pulled her black veil tighter over her moist face and bravely started on again to Logtown. It was not far, and not a half hour elapsed before she saw the lights of the little camp scattered around in the canyon below her.

Breathless and panting she hurried on to the tavern. A great crowd of men were excitedly swearing and threatening on the porch. Some were in the street cinching saddles on to their horses, and in their midst stood Black Pete, the stage driver.

"Don't I know?" he was angrily shouting. "I tell yer twar only a mile back an ther cuss shoved his shooting iron right under my nose. Why didn't I run fer it? Thar war two uv 'em thar, as sure as fightin."

Pretty soon, with a yell and a whoop, twenty men galloped up the road with a suggestive looking rope dangling from one of the saddles.

Poor Frank hastened to find Charlie. She found him sitting disconsolately on the back porch.

"Why, Frank, what in the world are you doing here?"

"Oh, Charlie, have you sold that mine yet? Am I too late?"

"Too late for what? Sold it? No; and I don't believe I can. That man Benn sent the money up by express, and a road agent got away with the stage tonight and the money went with it. I don't believe he'll risk another thousand on a played out mine."

"Oh, goodie!" cried Frank. "I've got here in time. Road agent! That is too rich! Oh, dear, I shall die!" Frank's voice ended in a high squeak of laughter.

"Frank, what is the matter? What do you know about the road agent?"

Frank was holding her sides in despair of stopping her irrepressible laughter.

"Road agent? There wasn't any road agent at all. I stopped the stage to get on, and the driver threw a box at me."

"What does this mean, Frank? Tell me. What were you doing on the road at this time of night, and all alone?"

It took a long time to get the story out, but she did, while Charlie stood with his mouth open wide enough to represent his played out claim with "$10,000 in sight."

No sooner had Frank told her story than he caught her in his arms with a wild shout.

"You little darling, you shall have every cent of it!"

About two hours afterward a file of disconsolate, disgusted horsemen selected their way up to the tavern, with a "suggestive rope dangling from one of the saddles" and a box containing $1,000.

It is sufficient to relate that Charlie did not sell his "$10,000 in sight," but, on the contrary, received a much larger sum—sufficient, in fact, to make him a happier man financially and matrimonially. When enough of the story had been told in the barroom to account for the stopping of the stage, Black Pete had to provide for a smile all around, with a continuendo.—St. Louis Republic.

A VIGNETTE.

High in the blue the swallows swim like moths
Bronzed brambles lean o'er chalky cliffs below
The stream beneath the mill wheel whirls and froths,
Then, wounded writhes along the meadow slow.
White roads with flint margins rise and fall,
Red houses look from out their orchards green;
The garrulous magpies to each other call,
And, scent of grass, the tethered oxen glean.
A silvery sound of horse bells shakes the air,
Now calm with coming night. The acacias stand
Etched on the orange sky, where shadows rare
Guard, as mute sentinels, the enchanted land
Through which the sun sinks to the unseen sea,
Behind the wooded bulwarks of Normandy!
—John Hughes in London Spectator.

HOW HE WON HIS WIFE.

"See that couple going into the box there—there, right back of the judges' stand—lady in red and the fellow with the light hat—see?"

"Yes! Who are they? What about 'em?"

"Oh, they're staid married folks now but they had enough romance in their courtship to supply one of these female sensationalists with plot for a dozen quarto novels.

"Well, that fellow won his wife in a race. I first met him in England three years ago at Newmarket, the great racing heath, where nearly all their big events come off. He is an American, and just happened to drop into the place a few days earlier than I did. She is English, and the daughter of a man who has long been known as one of the nervy-est bookmakers on the English turf. When I met him it lacked four weeks of the date of the great Doncaster cup, one of the biggest stake races of the English calendar. We became acquainted and got to knocking around together. His name is Shelby, Thomas Shelby, and, as I soon learned, he came from that state where the grass grows blue, not green, and where the rippling rills percolate through filtering limestone to be caught by man and distilled into the nectar of the gods—sour mash.

"Furthermore, I found out that he had money, lots of it, knew all about horses, and had fallen desperately in love with Miss Molly, daughter of William Mitchell, the bookmaker.

"As Shelby and I got better acquainted he confided to me that he had paid his addresses to the fair Molly ever since the race meeting in Leicester, and that while she had received them favorably and said "Yes" to the all momentous question her father had absolutely refused to give any consideration to his proposition for his daughter's hand, and that Miss Molly was sufficiently filial in her duty to refuse his proposition to elope. At that time Mitchell was rated a wealthy man, and that his ambitions lay away beyond bookmaking and racing as professions was well known.

"Well, Shelby was the right sort. He had as much nerve as old Mitchell, and money too. 'There's only one way to make that old fool come around,' he said, 'for he's as pig headed as the devil, and I'm going to take that way.'

"'What's that?' I asked.

"'To break him,' replied my Kentucky friend, 'and I'm going to do it.'

"I intimated that there were two sides to every proposition, that what Mitchell didn't know about horse racing nobody did, and that in his attempt to break the old man young Mr. Shelby, of Lexington, was very likely to go broke himself. 'Elope with the girl,' I said, 'but don't try to break Mitchell. Remember the biter oft gets bitten.'

"'She won't elope,' he answered. 'I told you that, and as long as her respected dad has nothing but money he won't let her marry anybody while he has a chance of hooking some busted title for her. He's ambitious and he thinks he's smart, but I have a scheme to do him which I think will start his downfall all right. Listen: Now, I've got a colt over here that, as soon as he's acclimated, is going to show some of these crack 2-year-olds the real Kentucky pace. Nobody knows he's in the country, nobody knows anything about him, and when I enter him in the Downesborough handicap the bandicapper will let him go at feather weight, and the odds will be 100 to 1 sure. Well, I ain't going to start him in the Doncaster, but I'm going to get in on old Mitchell's book for that a bit first, and then swoop down on him at Downesborough and finish him up. Then I'll stake him again if he'll let me marry the girl. See?'

"I didn't see exactly, at least about the Doncaster business, till the next day, when I heard of a rank outsider, owned by a young fellow named Master, who lived in the country down Leicester way, being backed by £10,000 against £1,200. The colt hadn't appeared in the betting at all previous to that, and nobody had any idea of his being even a possible winner. I saw Shelby that night, and he grinned when I mentioned the incident.

"'Part of my scheme, dear boy,' he said. 'Master is a pal of mine, and that colt's been kept bottled up. He's about as near a sure thing as I ever had. Nobody knows what he is or who he is. Master let me in on my promise to give him a chance on my entry at Downesborough.'

"The next day's papers recorded another bet of £5,000 to £1,000 by old Mitchell, and from that on, the talent smelling a rat, the Master colt jumped up in the odds till only the favorite carried as much money.

"'The old man stands to lose £22,000 on that colt of Master's,' said Shelby gleefully the day before the race, 'and I've got £15,000 of it myself. It's sure money too.'

"Well, the race came off, and demonstrated that he was right. The unknown won handily, and turf circles went crazy in their wild excitement of the unexpected.

"Old Mitchell was wild, but he settled in full and told his friends that he'd even up at Downesborough. He didn't know to whom he had lost all the money, as Shelby had done all his betting through his pal, Master. It was only three days after the Doncaster race that the Downesborough meeting came off, and the famous handicap was the first day's star race. Shelby had been putting big wads of money quietly on his black colt, Ahmud Khan, and had done it through five or six commissions, among them myself, for two weeks back. We all played it in Mitchell's book, too, but coming from so many sources the old man didn't get scared, but took all offered with the explanation to his friends that those —— fool Americans would fill up the hole left in his bank account by that foxy cove, Master, at Doncaster. On the day of the race, however, Shelby came out boldly. The odds were still long against Ahmud Khan, and old Mitchell in the betting ring was shouting, 'One thou' to a hundred against the American colt.' Shelby walked up to him.

"'How many times will you take that?' he asked.

"'Oh, it's you? Well, I'll take it as often as you want to play it, young man!'

"'All right, make it £20,000 to £2,000. There's my money.'

"The size of the wager sort of staggered Mitchell, but he took it with a grim joke about the dampness of the route to America for walking.

"'What odds will you give now against Ahmud Khan?' queried Tom again when the bets were noted.

"'Five to one, thousands or hundreds, just one bet. I don't want to tie up any more money at long odds; it's wasting chances. I can do better on some of the others.'

"'All right, there's another "thou." You'll have a bad Monday I'm afraid, Mitchell.'

"'I'll have a better one than you, my young buck. But say, who owns Ahmud Khan? He's entered from the Lurline stable. I don't know yer American strings, you know.'

"'I see you don't,' responded Tom, 'I own him, and you'd better go get some information about our American strings before you make your odds next time.'

"Well, the race came off, and a beauty it was. The favorite, a horse named Marquis o' Lockhaven, was backed to a standstill, and when they got away went straight to the lead. Ahmud Khan didn't show till the half, then he came out of the pack slowly, but steadily advanced till at the three-quarters he was on the Marquis' flank. At the mile he had crept up to his withers, and when the finish was about 100 yards off, Tom's little darky gave him the whip and he came under the wire a winner by a length.

"Old Mitchell was broke flat. He couldn't make good at Tattersall's, where they settle, and Tom went to his rescue. The old fellow was sore, but it was a case of necessity, and—well, he took Tom's coin and gave Tom the girl, that's all. There goes the bugle. Come on, we'll be late."—Chicago Times.

LIFE.

Life is a folded flower, and what it holds
We know not, till, unwinding leaf by leaf,
It shows God's secrets hidden in its folds
And bares its fragrant heart to vision brief.

For when its beauty and significance
Upon our earth dulled senses break at last,
Back to its dust the flower turns, perchance
Ere we have learned its meaning life is past.
—Eleanor M. Deany in Youth's Companion.

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