

BAD HABIT LAND.

The topsy-turvyest land that I know is the land where the careless and bad children go. Now take for example the dear little boys who seldom, if ever, help pick up their toys...

BLOOD WILL TELL!

Old Dad Tully, proprietor of the 70 Ranch, laid aside his newspaper and gazed thoughtfully and a little wistfully out across ten thousand acres of green meadow. "A horse! a horse!" he murmured, "my time is coming. Who was the cuss that got off that line?"

in to me, F. O. B. ranch, the person of one Mike Dolan, a friend of a friend of his an' presently to be a friend of mine. This friend thrice removed an' gettin' further (accordin' to Bill Calkins) has a thoroughbred horse farm down in Kentucky an' runs race horses. Mike Dolan is his jockey, an' from all Bill has been able to learn, Mike is so good his boss resolves to do somethin' nice for him, when Mike comes down with tuberculosis.

"Was he a good horse, Mr. Tully?" "He was a thoroughbred, I had papers on him, too, Mike. He was just a mite too slow for a race horse, so a friend o' mine give him to me for a saddler."

fully sixty an' maybe seventy percent o' the class they're born with, you can just bet your ranch, Dad, these mares will drop big foals. An' no good little horse ever beat a good big horse, at any distance over six furlongs. You got to have a big powerful horse to go a mile an' a quarter."

has a porch built all around it so he can walk 'em in wet weather. Havin' cooled 'em out he grooms 'em an' blankets 'em an' so on, ad libitum, until the day's work is over, after which Mike stands leanin' in over the half doors o' the boxes admirin' 'em.

an' cuss an' tell myself this is absolutely the last time an' if that Mike Dolan ever asks me for another dollar I'll hire him killed. Mike, who is up on McGonigle, waves to me as he's paradin' past the grand stand, an' his cheerfulness gives me courage. Then the race is run, it's all a smear to me. I get heart failure. There's three horses hunched in front an' it's anybody's race—so I close my eyes an' groan.

When I open them again the numbers are up, an' out of fifteen horses in the field McGonigle is first, Dad's Dandy is second by half a nose an' I never was sufficiently interested to find out the name o' the critter that came third. I'm still settin' there tryin' to figger out how much I've won when Mike Dolan comes up on the clubhouse Veranda an' hugs me. Then he figgers out my winnin'. I've made twenty-two thousand dollars an' still have my ten thousand.