

R. L. JOHNSTON, Editor.

HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE.

H. A. McPIKE, Publisher.

VOLUME I.

EBENSBURG, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1868.

NUMBER 48.

GEIS & REUTH, BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS AND BOOK BINDERS.

Manufacturers of BLANK BOOKS, PORTFOLIOS, PAPER BOXES AND LOOKING GLASSES.
Looking Glass and Picture Frames always on hand, and made to order. A large and most complete assortment of Drawing Room and Miscellaneous Pictures, consisting of Chromo, Prints and Colored Lithographs, etc. This collection embraces a selection of large sized match pictures of Landscape and Domestic Scenes and Portraits, and 4,000 different varieties of Card Photographs of prominent men, comic and sentimental scenes and copies of subjects by celebrated artists. We have also a varied assortment of BIBLES, PRAYER, HYMN and SCHOOL BOOKS, HISTORIES, BIOGRAPHIES, NOVELS, etc. Religious Prints and Emblems in great variety, and the largest and most complete stock of STATIONERY ever brought to this country. 500 new and beautiful styles of WALL PAPER, including an assortment of Paper's celebrated English make, for which we are sole agents in this locality. These Wall-Papers are handsome in design, superior in finish, and 24 inches wider than any other make.

The citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity are respectfully notified that we make BOOK BINDING and the manufacture of BLANK BOOKS a specialty. All work promptly executed at moderate rates.

Store on corner of Clinton and Locust streets, immediately opposite Foster House, Ebensburg, Oct. 24, 1867-8.

ANOTHER NEW WRINKLE!

BOOTS AND SHOES

FOR ALL AGES AND BOTH SEXES.

In addition to his large stock of the best Eastern made

SHOES, BUSKINS, GAITERS, &c.

For Ladies' and Children's Wear,

the subscriber has just added to his assortment a full and complete invoice of

Boots and Shoes for Men and Youths,

which will not only warrant to be superior to any goods of like character now being offered in this market, but vastly better in every respect than the shop-stock work with which the country is flooded. Remember that I offer no article for sale which I do not guarantee to be regular custom made, of the best material and superior finish, and while I do not pretend to compete in prices with the dealers in auction goods, I know that I can furnish BOOTS, SHOES, &c., that will give more service for less money than any other dealer in this community, and at a price which will repair, free of charge, any article that may give away after a reasonable time and reasonable usage. Every body is respectfully invited to call and examine my stock and learn my prices.

The subscriber is also prepared to manufacture to order any and all work in his line, at prices as reasonable as like work can be obtained anywhere. French, Calif., Common, Calif. Morocco and all other kinds of leather constantly on hand.

Store on Main Street, next door to Crawford's Hotel.

JOHN D. THOMAS,
Ebensburg, Sept. 26, 1867.

SECURE THE SHADOWS THE SUBSTANCE FALLS.

Having located in Ebensburg, I would respectfully inform the public that I am prepared to execute PHOTOGRAPHS in every style of the art, from the smallest card picture to the largest sized for framing. Pictures taken in any kind of weather.

PHOTOGRAPHS PAINTED IN OIL, INDIA INK OR WATER COLORS.

Every attention given to the taking of children's pictures, but in clear weather only.

Special attention is invited to my stock of LARGE PICTURE FRAMES and PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, which I will sell cheaper than they can be bought elsewhere in this country. Copying and Enlarging done on reasonable terms. I ask comparison and defy competition.

Thankful for past favors, I solicit a continuance of the same. Galleries on Julian street, two doors south of Town Hall.

T. T. SPENCE, Photographer.
Ebensburg, Nov. 14, 1867.

HOLLIDAYSBURG

JACOB M. PIRCHER,

FASHIONABLE
CLOTHIER & TAILOR.

Has just opened a full assortment of well selected and most desirable

FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

Gentle and Boys furnished with CLOTHING, HATS, SHOES, &c., of the latest styles and best material, at the LOWEST CASH PRICES.

A VARIETY OF PIECE GOODS, which will be sold by the yard or made to order in the most approved manner.

Having given full satisfaction to his customers for more than TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, he guarantees the same to all who may favor him with their patronage in the future.

Store on the west side of Montgomery street, below Blair, next door to Masonic Hall, Hollidaysburg, Pa. [my23.14.]

VALUABLE LAND FOR SALE.

Will be offered at Public Sale, at Sumnerhill, Cambria county, on Wednesday, the 16th of January, 1868, a tract of valuable WOODLAND, formerly owned by Owen McNally, containing 122 Acres, more or less, adjoining lands of Isaac Paul, Anthony Warner, and others. The land is valuable and the title good. Terms will be made known on day of sale.

H. MINTOSH, Agent.
Dec. 19, 1867-8.

GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR

A SUPERB STOCK OF FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, ALL WARRANTED TO RUN, AND THOROUGHLY REGULATED, AT THE LOW PRICE OF \$10 EACH, AND SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

- 100 Solid Gold Htg. Watches, \$250 to \$1000
- 100 Magic Casd Gold " " 250 to 500
- 100 Ladies Watches, enamel'd, 100 to 300
- 200 Gold Hunting Chronometers
- Watches, 250 to 300
- 200 Gold Htg. Eng. Levers, 200 to 250
- 300 Gold Htg. Duplex, 200 to 250
- 500 Gold Htg. American " " 100 to 250
- 500 Silver Hunting Levers, 75 to 250
- 500 Silver Hunting Duplexes, 75 to 150
- 500 Gold Ladies' Watches, 50 to 250
- 1000 Gold Hunting Lepines, 50 to 75
- 1000 Miscell'us Silver Watches 60 to 100
- 2500 Hunting Silver Watches, 25 to 60
- 5000 Assort'd Watches, all kinds 10 to 75

The above stock will be disposed of on the FAVORABLE ONE-PRICE PLAN, giving every patron a fine Gold or solid Silver Watch for \$10, without regard to value!

WRIGHT BROS., 161 Broadway, New York, wish to immediately dispose of the above magnificent stock. Certificates naming the articles, are placed in sealed envelopes, and well mixed. Holders are entitled to the articles named in their certificate, upon payment of Ten Dollars, whether it be a watch worth \$1,000 or one worth less. The return of any of our certificates entitles you to the articles named thereon, upon payment, irrespective of its worth, and as no article valued less than \$10 is named on any certificate, it will at once be seen that this is no lottery, but a straight forward legitimate transaction, which may be participated in even by the most fastidious.

A single certificate will be sent by mail, post paid, upon receipt of 25 cents, five for \$1, eleven for \$2, thirty-three and elegant premium for \$5, sixty-six and more valuable premium for \$10, one hundred and most superb Watch for \$15. To agents or those wishing employment, this is a rare opportunity. It is a legitimately conducted business, duly authorized by the Government, and open to the most careful scrutiny. Watches sent by Express, with bill for collection on delivery, so that no dissatisfaction can possibly occur. Try us. Address WRIGHT BROS. & CO., Importers, Oct. 31-3m. 161 Broadway, New York.

ASSIGNEE APPOINTED.

District Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania.

In the matter of ISRAEL BERKLEY, Bankrupt: TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The undersigned hereby gives notice of his appointment as Assignee of the estate of ISRAEL BERKLEY, of Tyler township, in the county of Cambria, in the said District, who was to wit, on the 30th day of October, A. D. 1867, adjudged bankrupt upon his own petition, by the District Court of said District.

Dated at Johnstown, the 5th day of December, A. D. 1867.

MARTIN L. LONGENECKER, Assignee.
Dec. 12, 1867-4t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County to distribute the money arising from the Sheriff's sale of the real estate of the defendant, in the case of J. Y. McLaughlin & Co., for the use of Jeremiah McGonigle, vs. James Burns, No. 12, September Term, 1867, Ex. Dec., among the judgment creditors, hereby gives notice to all parties interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on Saturday, January 11, 1868, at 2 o'clock P. M., when and where he must attend, or be debarred from coming in on said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Dec. 19, 1867-4t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria County to report distribution of funds in the hands of Francis J. Christy, Trustee for the sale of the real estate of John C. McGuire, deceased, hereby notifies all parties interested that he will sit at his office in Ebensburg, on Friday, January 10th, 1868, at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in for a share of said fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Dec. 19, 1867-3t.

NEW AND EXTENSIVE ARRIVAL OF WINTER CLOTHING.

JOHN DOUGHERTY, TAILOR, has just received a new and extensive stock of CLOTHING from the East, consisting of Cloth Coats, Furred Salmis Overcoats, Shirts and Lace Trimmed Gaiters for Gents, Boots and Arctic Shoes for Ladies and Gum Shoes for Children, all of which will be sold at the lowest prevailing prices. He has also received his Quarterly Fashions for the Fall and Winter of 1867, with a large number of patterns for Boys' Clothing. nov. 14-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Peter C. Wible vs. Elizabeth Wible, et al.—March Term, 1867. Summons in Partition. 14th December, 1867, John S. Rhey, Esq., appointed Auditor to report distribution of the sale of the property in the above stated case. In pursuance of the above appointment I will attend at the office of Wm. Kittell, Esq., in Ebensburg, on Tuesday, the 4th day of February next, at 1 o'clock P. M., to discharge the duties of my appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend.

JOHN S. RHEY, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Dec. 24, 1867-4t.

SURAY STEER.—

Came to the premises of the subscriber, in Carroll township, Cambria county, some time last Spring, a BLACK STEER, three years old next Spring. No marks distinguishable.—The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be disposed of according to law. JOHN AGER.
Dec. 19, 1867-2t.

GOOD TRUNKS AND VALISES

for sale low at G. HUNTLEY'S.

FIVE POUNDS BRITISH.

CHAPTER I.

The scene of our story, reader, is laid in Ireland. If you give ear for a moment to two old women who were gossiping by a country roadside, we shall hear of some of our characters.

"And so ye tell me they're all well about your parts, Judy?"

"Yis, they're all purty well, Mrs. McGrath—but did ye hear what happened Thady Dolan?"

"No, Judy; what's wrong wid the boy now?"

"Oh, there's a great matter wrong wid him! Sure his own brother, Ned, that wint to Ameriky three years ago, has sinit him a letter full of gold!"

"Now, Judy, d'ye tell me that?"

"Faix, I do, Mrs. McGrath; and Father Lavery's been down at Thady's cabin, hard at work this half hour, tryin' to read the letter for him, but I believe it's too scholastic for him, wid all his latin'n, so he's sinit off to the schoolmaster, to let him try what he can do out of it."

Leaving the women to their talk, we will follow Maguire, the schoolmaster, pass him on the way, and enter Thady Dolan's cabin before him. The good Father Lavery, with his hat on his knees and his staff leaning against the wall where he is sitting, is trying to decipher Ned Dolan's epistle, muttering his vexation at times as certain phrases and odd words completely baffle him. Thady is on his feet in the middle of the room, holding in his hand a draft for five pounds, which Ned has sent him. There is joy within the old lad, and it manifests itself by his grinning face, his humorous remarks aimed at the occasion, and his affectionate way of troubling his wife, who, with her apron instead of a bellows, is trying to coax a turf fire into a better display of itself. The schoolmaster enters, and the priest greets him with:

"Welcome, Maguire, thou man of A. B. and C.!"

"I'm glad to see you, and more used to dealing with scrawls; so there is a matter for their consideration. Try them with it, and let us have as free a translation as you can give us."

"A literal translation would be out of the question, I'm afraid," responded Maguire, after he had scanned the letter a while.

"Such an arrangement of written words as never before witnessed; but here goes for as plain an English as I can render them into."

"And, with a humorous twinkle in his eye, he reads the letter, which we give below, spelling and expression as near to the original as possible:

"NEW YORK NOVEMBER 2, 18—

"MI DEER THAD—I take my pen in hand to ritte too let you know that I am well hoping those few lines will find you in gud health and give you some satisfaction."

"I send you five pounds British, and another five pounds and you an Molly come out to this deacent country, write a deacent ship. see now I can read and write a deacent mistress Iarned me up on my word, Thad, I think siled marry me if it wusnt for the quare squint I have in my left eye—that a joke but never mind. Now cum out heer as sune as you kan. try hard to arn the rest of the munny if ye only know that I have to go with no top coat this cold Winter coming so as to send ye this munny you wud try yer best to make up the defference his Molly for me an take a twin brother to ye. Tell Father Lavery I honor his munny an also give me lue to Missus McGinnis that kapes the pigs. Tell owid Maguire that I remember all the batins iver he gave me, and that I wout forgit him iver he comes out heer. Give my luv to little mary Casey, an tell her that if I hadnt left Ireland and if she hadnt red hair we mitte her married long ago."

"So no more at present from your own brother, 'NEW DOLAN."

"P. S. Thad endnt ye arn the other five pounds by borryin' it?"

"That last suggestion is very much to the point," remarks Father Lavery, laughing; "but the reference to yourself, Maguire, is rather ambiguous, eh?"

"Too enough, your reverence. Yes, the whole letter is like Ned himself. He was a careless dog, but as good a soul as ever lived."

"Troth, it's him that was the good soul!" interposes Thady. "An' wasn't it deacent of him to sinit the five pounds and go widout the top-coat for our sakes? Oh, if I only had another twin brother like him!"

"Which you could not very well have," responded the priest, laughing. "The pathless plain before you, Thady. Ned has met with success in America; and seeing prosperity for you and your wife there, too, he sends money enough to pay the passage for one, trusting that you will double the amount by proper exertions. You must, therefore, use your utmost endeavors to increase what you have to the amount required; and after having done so, you can take your passage to a better land than this, where the poorest man can raise his head above water."

"Ah, it's meself wou'd like to go there, Father; for I've notion' to keep me here, bairn; that jive of me heart, Mollie, and she'll go where I go. It's been bitter hard for me to keep the dog from my door the last two years, and I see nothing better before me; but how could I make five pounds, or even half of it? The third of rint that's upon us, and the few scanty bits we ate, all I've made by me labor this many a day."

"Well, you must think of some plan for you, Thady; meanwhile let your own wits be busy; and there's the Molly, sure she can contrive."

"Ah, it's she that is the contriver, your reverence. Sure she turned me coat twice for me, and if it only had the third that would soon get an sinit' too, I'll go bail."

"A wonderful sample of domestic economy, truly," replied Father Lavery, smiling at Thady's conceit.

"Ah, it's she that is the sample. Molly, you contriver, couldn't we sell the pig?"

"Arrah, is it jokin' ye are, Thady. Sure we have no pig but the wan that was stole?"

"And are you sure you have that, Molly?" asked the schoolmaster, laughing heartily at the expression.

"Oh, ye needn't laugh, Mister Maguire; maybe I'm not as simple as ye take me for."

"Prove it," says Maguire, laughing good humoredly.

"Prove it! I'll do that some; an' before I'm much older, ayther. Isn't that what belongs to us our own until we sell or give it away?"

"Most certainly."

"And wasn't that pig our own, entirely?"

"It was, I'm sure."

"An' did we sell it or give it away?"

"I believe not."

"The Missus Maguire, I bowld that the pig that was stole is ours still!"

"Bravo! Molly, bravo!" exclaimed the priest. "There, Maguire, confess yourself beaten by an Irish scullion, a bit of native logic, unobscured by the dust of the schools."

Maguire joins heartily in the laugh that is against him; and, after a few moments' further parleying, priest and pedagogue take their departure.

At the time our story opens Thady and Molly Dolan had been married half a year. Previous to her marriage she was servant in one of the well-to-do families in the locality, and left her place, against the wishes of many, to associate her fortunes with Thady, giving little thought to the uncertain future before her. Indeed she hardly knew what discomfort was until the pinching poverty of her wedded days made itself felt. Still she never complained, for Thady was a kind husband, who had nothing to keep him from being clever except his empty pocket. The tidy habits that Molly had acquired when a servant made themselves observable very soon after her appearance under Thady's roof.

There was not much in the cabin to make a show of neatness with, but whatever could be kept free from dirt, or whatever had a proper place for itself, did not miss attention; and the hand that did this had an effect on Thady, too, as his well-patched clothes and general improved appearance testified.

Thady had no occupation in particular—like too many Irish country lads—and, therefore, eked out by a precarious livelihood. He gave the small farmer who was over him work enough to pay the rent of his dwelling, and half an acre of ground was sowed on the same farmer's land which he wanted, and he sowed, plowing, harvesting, threshing, etc. His only failing—the base of his country—was a love of whisky, which too often mastered him, and which was a cause of secret fretting to Molly. She—and she had a considerable fact of her own—had extorted a promise from him, about two weeks before the time at which he introduced him to the reader, that he would not touch liquor any more. She troubled for him, however, when he became master of the five pounds.

Our couple sat up very late that night after the departure of the two parish worthies. They debated the question of how the money should be doubled very earnestly. Thady, who was the doubting one at first, became the more sanguine party. He put forth several schemes, which were quicker tried on Molly; and she, who was quicker witted one of the two, had nothing to say to any of them, she was afraid that her husband could not master himself and so much money at the same time.

"Now, Molly, you craitur, how would it do to buy pigs for the money—young pigs, I mane—kape them till they're a good size, and sell 'em when you can get a good profit?"

"An' how would you feel them, Thady?"

"How would I feel 'em?—why, like any other pigs, of course."

"Where would you get the money to keep them in feed?"

"Eh! now that bothers me intirely; how did you think of that, ye contrivin' sample? The saints be about us, but it's well I have you to keep me from megadown and goin' iverly way but the one widout the crook in it!"

Molly's objections to every plan of Thady's were received in good part by him. Indeed he was too happy in contemplation of his money to feel provoked at her. He pulled out his draft so often to have a fresh look at it, that she was forced to take it away from him and lock it in her chest, telling him in all likelihood he would forget himself and light his pipe with it in the morning. Then they retired for the night: no conclusion having been arrived at.

Father Lavery was an early visitor in the morning. He had a plan to propose to Thady's account—one that seemed very feasible to him. It was that Thady should go to Dublin, get a pedlar's license, purchase a stock of miscellaneous goods, and peddle them through the country. There was money in the business, and as an aid to Thady the priest would give him a letter of introduction to a friend in town, who would assist him in making his purchases. This was more to Molly's mind than any of Thady's plans, which had too much speculation in them, and which involved attendance at fairs and markets—notorious for their bad associations. Thady took a strong liking to the priest's proposal, and announced himself as ready to put the matter into operation at once, confident that success would attend him. Molly was not so sanguine as her husband. She looked at his inexperience, and thought of his weakness, and it was only under a strong protest that she at last gave way to his pleadings and Father Lavery's persuasion.

"Trust him, Molly, trust him," said the priest, "and I'll go bail for him he wou'd come back empty handed. This is the only chance he has; he must earn the money here or he wou'd be doing right by Ned. And if he does not use some exertion to earn it now, ten to one but the five pounds he has will be squandered—and think what a sore heart Ned would have if he should hear such a story. Work for the money he must, Molly, for there is no one about these poor quarters who would make him a present of it."

It was accordingly agreed that Thady should turn roving merchant.

CHAPTER II.

One fine morning, a week after the events of our last chapter, Thady stood at his cabin door bidding good-bye to his Molly. As Dublin was not very far from his native place he was about to make the journey on foot; and he had concluded that after he had made his purchases he would return and begin his peddling among his neighbors. As this separation was to be only for a day or two, neither Thady nor Molly had great cause for a display of emotion. Nor did Thady exhibit any—he was as cheerful as he had ever been in his life—but Molly cried a little at first, and although her husband dried her tears and strove to raise her spirits, a cloud remained on her face.

"Ye needn't be frettin' for me, my darlin'!

Sure I'll be back to ye again imajately; an' if it's the thought of the whisky that's botherin' ye, make yer mind easy on that; for not a drop will I taste while I'm away, by these five fingers I'm holdin' up to ye."

For the sake of good luck Thady threw her shoe after him as he left the door. He hurried off, with a stout staff for company, as fully resolved in his own mind to earn money and let whisky alone as any consistent man that ever made a resolution.

Who has not heard of the Curragh of Kildare?—that place so famous for its military reviews, and more famous still for the horse races that have taken place over its noble courses. When Thady left the big road that led from his place, and began his tramp up the highway, he was surprised to find the latter well covered by a great concourse of vehicles of every character. They were all going the same way, and that puzzled Thady until he remembered that the great fall meeting was to come off at the Curragh race-course that day.

"Tare an' ings!" exclaimed our hero, "why did I make up my mind to go to Dublin to-day? I'll miss all the fun at the course, and that'll be a big miss for me, who has never been away from a race at Curragh for twenty years. Never mind, the course is on the horses anyhow, an' I'll drop in to take a look at the horses anyhow."

Thady had his draft cashed by a shop-keeper of his town, who kept an account at Dublin: so he entered the race-course with five gold pieces in his pocket, each one worth twenty shillings. As it was early in the day, and as he was well acquainted with some of the horse-trainers, he had no trouble in getting admission to the stables where the animals that were to run were kept for the time. The sight of these beautiful thorough-breds was taken out by the groom, and put to a gallop to show his condition to his owner. Thady yielded to his heart's longings, put his visit to Dublin off for a day, and, what was more, determined to stake half his money at least on the grand race of the afternoon.

"An' why shouldn't I invest me money that way?" he said; "sure I'm only takin' this risk in Dublin, I troth, I might as well lose me monee one way as another! Arrah, good morrow to ye, cousin Barney!"

"Good morrow to ye, Thady! Is it for Dublin ye are? or will ye stay for the races?"

"Troth, then, Barney, I think I may as well thry to aim an honest penny here as any where."

"Faix, you're right there, Thady; I wou'dn't make as I could dole me monee here in ten minutes, or less. Now, Thady, let me tell you how ye'll make a fortune on this very spot. There'll be five horses in the grand race to-day for the Kildare Cup. That mare ye saw go by a minute ago is Gipsy, and she's the favorite. Now, mind what I'm tellin' ye, Gipsy is bound to win! I had trainin' from me own brother, and he's her trainer. So you see, you know where to lay yer monee. A wink is as good as a nod for ye any day."

"Faith, Barney, I don't care a snap for any trainer's story—not that I mane bad to your brother—but, at any rate, I've made up my mind how to put me money. I heard at the stables that Waterford would be here, and I just said to meself that whatever horse he backed at the grand race would be the one for me monee."

"Well, do as ye like, Thady, and good luck to ye any how."

When the racing began Thady mingled with the small fry who gathered about the gates leading to the grand stand. The persons composing this gathering were small publicans, petty shop-keepers, farmer's sons, and others, who risked small bets, and con- sidered the crowd away. With these Thady felt perfectly at ease. He had seen in such crowds on other rainy days, and had wagged odd half crowns and shillings on the running. Now he was to stake pounds where before he had ventured shillings.

The minor races were over, and now was to come the great struggle for the Kildare Cup. For this race five splendid horses were ready to try their speed. They were Fagha-ballagh, Barbarian, Shamrock, Pipe Bonnet, and Gipsy. The latter—a beautiful bay mare—was the favorite. She had done good running on several occasions, and had many backers. Barbarian belonged to Mr. Bradshaw, and had many backers, and was from Maze, in the north of Ireland. He was not well known, but a rumor spread over the course that he had been put to a most severe test in the morning, and had done wonders. This was a point in his favor, and that gained him more friends than the fact that Denny Winn, the best jockey that ever rode on the Curragh, was to ride him. The three remaining horses were crack steeds, and each had a prestige.

The bell sounds, and the five horses come out for the usual short canter before starting in the race. Thady becomes very nervous now, and is used to his party that the Marquis of Waterford has laid one hundred guineas on Barbarian. Thady's time had come, and his wager is:

"Two pounds on Barbarian against the field!"

"I'll take you," says a voice near him, and in a moment even money is placed in the hands of a stakeholder.

The horses are now in line for the start—the flag drops—they are off! Fagha-ballagh is away with the lead, Gipsy is close upon him, and Barbarian brings up the rear.

Thady wishes he had not made the wager. The animals disappear now, as they round the turn, from the sight of our party at the gates; but those who are on the grand stand have the whole course in view, and with their glasses can distinguish the colors of the riders. From these reports come down every few seconds to the gate party.

Thady hears and immediately reports that: "Fagha-ballagh has fallen back, Shamrock is third and Barbarian is fourth."

Something thumps against Thady's waistcoat.

"But a few seconds elapse when a second report says:

"Gipsy is still first—Barbarian has passed Shamrock and is fast drawing on his leader."—The fire is an easier feeling under Thady's waistcoat.

The excitement becomes intense now all over the course, and the eyes of Thady's party are anxiously looking for the first sight of the horses as they make the last turn and strike the homestretch.

"Here they are! here they are!" and wild shouts burst from a thousand throats as the jockeys' caps, bobbing up and down behind the rise of the hill, announce the approach of Gipsy's first! Yes, the gallant mare is still at the front; but Denny Winn has been doing well, for Barbarian has the second place, and is pushing hard for the mare.

Thady lays his remaining three pounds on the Barbarian.

On they come, thundering over the turf, and a great cheer goes up for Denny as he places the horse by the side of the mare, and the neck-and-neck struggle begins