

All the

A PRINT AND A LOUD

They're like the rest of the great American public! Go out on a holiday to yel -doesn't make any difference what about-just so they yell." Esther made no response. Her eyes

were fixed on the course, and her thoughts were with a rider yet too far away to see. Something in her preoccupation seemed to attract the major's attention.

"H'm, I don't see Bronson anywhere und.do you, Esther? She blushed guiltily, "N-no; I haven't

seen him yet.' "Funny," mused the major, "I thought-

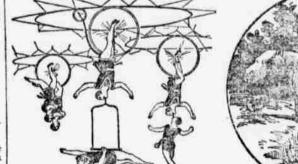
"Stand back there!" cried a marshal. "Move that line back--Kcep off the track! Do you all want to be killed? The walls of crowded humanity were forced back and the curving line of the road showed far in the distance like a white ribbon, clear at first, and then through field glasses Esther saw the spidery outline against the sky that told the racers were coming. "Look, look!" she cried, "Here they

come! The thousands massed about the termination of the course grew wilder with excitement. Shouts filled the air. Favoritos were greeted with admonitions to win as they flew by, dust-cov-

ered and pale from strenuous exertion. "Everett is setting a magnificent pace," said a man near Esther. "By Jove! see that red-hot sprint he made then. If Bronson doesn't move up on him quick now he'll lose the race. I'll bet the finish will lie between the two!"







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Esther's heart was in her throat. She glanced at the major. His eyes were riveted on the road now, and the popu-

said. "There goes a man off his wheel and left and looked in vain upon the -gad-1 hope nothing will happen to sea of faces for one he knew best of those two fellows in front. Can you all. The major and Esther were ruthnce, Esther?"

a swirl of yellow dust she saw a figure them to the front. Esther stepped forshe knew well hanging close to the ward, waved her handkerchief, and a wheel of a rider who led by less than a smile of recognition gretted her from wheel length-scores of figures in the Paul, dusty perspective swam hazily before her gaze-the crowd was hoarsely major looked thunderstruck, "Now shouting the names of both men until that you have distinguished yourself, I think we will get out of this," he said, no one could tell who was the favorite. A wheelman crept out of the cloud of dust, made a mad sprint, and raced neck by neck with the leader for half a minute, heralded by the fickle crowd,



PAUL WENT BY LIKE A ROCKET.

then he as suddenly lost his gait and was swallowed up bodily in dust among his fellow riders. The course was clear now for the two men in front. The contest narrowed. Both men made a rush, their wheels fairly whizzing in the air. Everett came down the home stretch like a tornado. For a moment ground the latter went by like a rock-

RED ROUGH HANDS

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cried. him back."

ce, Esther?" | lessly crowded in, Suddenly a move-She pressed closer to the track. In [ment of the "hydra headed" pushed

It was the work of an instant; the ized entreaty, a lady's volce:

"What did you have for supper last hight? Do tell me!"-Tid-Bits.

After Forty Years.

An epitaph as curious in its way as any of the qualut gravestone inscriptions that have been recorded is on a tombstone in Esther was suspiciously cheerful, and the major, after a brief consideration of the matter, decided to seem to pay he cemetery of a suburb of Paris. The husband dled first, and beneath the no more attention to it, but to hasten

quest, the line: "I am anxiously awaiting you. July 30, In the gray dawn of the morning of 1827.1

for the foreclosure was to take place that morning, and he wondered as he came upon the horse and rider, bound in his direction at this unseemly hour, whether they also might have ome part to play in the loss of the old The two passed and repassed each "I'll take a fall out of you in a min-

ite, all right," said the horseman. "If you really want to race, why don't you get off and walk?" "I'll go you," replied Paul; "come

The horseman whipped up suddenly. Paul calmiy gave him a good start, then made one of his bursts of speed, overtook him easily, circled around in the road, laughed, fell back until it seemed that he was beaten, then went

preparations for their departure.

. . . .

-two men, a horseman and a wheel-

man-were riding along the highway

Paul had resolved to be on hand early,

home

other.

ome fifteen miles from Scarlet Oaks.

spinning ahead at a rattling pace. "When you begin to race let me know, will you?" he said, riding along-side the horseman. "Its awkward waiting around here for you to begin."

The horseman used an expletive or two. "I'll give you a race," he said. it seemed as though Paul could not the clatter of hoofs and the whir of the that almost lifted his wheel from the horse was a speedy animal, but he was wheel told of a genuine struggle. The no match for the expert rider; man and beast were matched against each other,

and the highway, in the quiet morning hour, witnessed a contest that promised to be a record breaker. The two had their blood up-they raced recklessly. Paul was just gathering himself for another sprint that he intended as a farewell to his antagonist when the horse stumbled suddenly and his rider fell headlong. Paul was beside him in a

"No, 1'm not hurt," replied the mesenger, "but this beast has gone lame. I had no business to race him-and there'll be the dickens to pay into the bargain, for I got a "hurry' order on this cablegram. Do you think I can get a horse anywhere about here right away an

"I feel as though I were to blame for this," said Paul. "There's no chance for a horse now, but I will deliver the message for you." "You're a trump!" said the messen-

ger. "Do you know where Scarlet Oaks

He turned the yellow envelope to Paul. It was addressed to Major Har-| rington.

"Rather bold play, sir." "Well." said the player, "I dreamt last sight that I saw the table exactly as it is

now, and on the first coup black won." The cards being duly cut, the tailicur proceeded, watched by the onlookers with unusual interest, to deal out the cards for the first coup, and black won. A suppressed "Oh" from the bystanders

receted the announcement, and then from pross the table came, in tones of agon-

The drive home was a quiet one. ecord of his name was placed, at his re-

When his widow died, forty years after, the following line completed her inscripthe thirty-first-it was only five o'clock

"Here I am. Sept. 9, 1867."-Elgin Cour ant.

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