

not have been desired. The spirits of the boys rose high as they breathed the fresh cool air of the early morning.

"Everything favorable, fellows," cried Brooks in his cheery way, as he thrust his head out of his window, but his face suddenly clouded and an anxious look came into his merry eyes. "Why, what can be the matter? Here's Tim's mother coming at breakneck speed. Can it be possible our little mascot's sick?"

He had scarcely finished, when word was brought hastily up that Tim was indeed very ill and could not be with them at the race.

"Oh, such luck!" growled Dick Winters, "What ever made him flunk in that style? He'll bring us all sorts of bad luck."

"Poor little beggar," said Phil Walton, "it will cut him worse than it will us to have to miss the race."

Great crowds had arrived at the scene of the contest; never had the track been in better condition and everyone seemed filled with excitement.

The four men from Elmwood, Brooks, Winters, Walton and Thornton, who comprised the one mile relay team, were in their best running order, and eager to win the four gold watches offered as first prizes. Brooks was to run the first quarter; and, as he took his place with three men from rival teams, all eyes were eagerly turned towards them. Suddenly the report of a pistol sounded in the still air, off they started and soon had finished the first quarter, Brooks being a trifle in advance of the others as he touched the relay.

Wild cheers rang out from the Bentonites as he dropped, weary and breathless, into the arms of the men in waiting; but the cheers died out suddenly and were taken up by the neighboring townspeople as Thornton, the second Elmwood runner, fell slowly but surely back to fourth place. Groans came from the Benton people as Walton, the third man, started to run his quarter; by this time the crowd was on its