

WHEN THE DERBY WAS RUN

By Curran Richard Greenleaf
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"Yassir, dey hain't nuthin' his ekal de side ob greased lightnin' ef he want ter go," but Jim leaned over confidentially—"he's de debbil's own foh tempel, en I'm mighty feared he gwine ter bolt, what wid all dem brass ban's en shoulter's, en ef he do dey hain't nobody kin hot him, lessen it be Miss Jess, en de haint in dat game nowise."

Jim sighed apprehensively as he rubbed down the satin coat of the favorite—clean limbed, dark bay, an aristocrat of the aristocrats, breeding in every line of the arching neck, deep chest and mighty limbs, true son of the great Hindoo. The eyes showed a wicked little rim of white.

"See dem eyes, Mas' Charley? He been a showin' dem whites all day, en I'd say de truf dat haint no peace sign." "Lawsd he's de niggah what's gwine ter ride him!"

I left the stalls and started up toward the judges' stand, considerably worried. It was only "niggah talk," truf, but Jim knew de Bay Prince better than any one on the place. He did not know that on this race depended the old squire's home, and if lost it would mean beggary.

I shut my eyes, and it all came before me—the rolling, golden splendor of the wheatfields, the cool shadows of the beeches boughs across the long avenue that led up to the quaint old home, with its colonial pillared veranda, and the gray stone walls where the guelder roses climbed and the thrushes sang through the summer days; the old squire, white haired and stately, and the little figure that always hovered close to his side, my Jess, my wife to be, somewhere in the future.

Losses, debts, mortgages, one by one had accumulated, until the hour had come when the flower of Bel Air stables must either prove their salvation or their ruin. He had always been a wicked colt, vouchsafing his friendship to none but Jess, whom he would follow like a dog. It has passed into tradition how one sultry afternoon, when the temper of man and beast



THIS FINE HANS ALBERT, STILL AS GARVED DRONER.

climbed with the mercury, the devil in Bay Prince broke out rampant. The stall flew into bits as those mighty hoofs thrashed to the right and left; down came the door, and he was free to work his will.

The men scrambled wildly to places of safety, each shouting orders to the other. Little Pete, the satellite of Jim, had been stealing a nap in the corner of the barn, and when the alarm came no one thought of him until the raging beast swept toward the spot where he lay. A prolonged cry went up from the negroes as, powerless to reach the child, they saw him seized by the shoulder and swung upward, and then, from somewhere, came a clear, low whistle, sweet as a thrush's note. The horse paused, his fine ears alert, still as carved bronze. Again it came, and the horrified negroes saw the little mistress standing in the doorway.

"Prince, Prince, drop him and come here, ek!" And to the astonishment of Pete, whom terror had stricken to silence, he was dropped to the floor with a dull thud, and Bay Prince walked, greatly tickling to where Jess stood, with her hands full of sugar.

I looked toward the grand stand, but could not see Jess anywhere. It was almost time for the race, and the excitement was rising to fever heat. Up in the judges' stand a little knot of men were holding an animated discussion, judging from their gestures. I scolded up to them.

"Say it is against all precedent?" a short man in a checked suit was vociferating.

"It makes no difference about his name. How do you know if any of them own the names they carry?" said another, and old Colonel Sylvester snatched the subject.

"It is merely a matter of pounds. We know the horse and the owner. Let him ride."

"What is it all about?" I questioned, and the Colonel replied.

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mount." He turned to the others, "Have I your consent, gentlemen?"

At the word he waved his hand, and the boy at the weighing block picked up his saddle and stepped on the scales.

Ten minutes later they were in line below the stand—sorrel and bay, chestnut and gray; but, peerless among them all, the son of Hindoo fretted and pawed, rolling his eyes, that now showed the "battledag" more than ever. His foes were worthy of his best stride—Zingara, the red mare, queen of the Blackman stables; Fleur-de-lis of Bannockburn, with the honors of the Tennessee Derby still fresh; Black Rover, Walpurgis, The Thunderer, Malcontent and His Highness, a great red brute from the famous Chanton stud.

Quivering, electric, with the scent of battle in their flaring nostrils, as the tense muscles rose and fell in great cords in the mighty flanks! The gorgeous little figures sitting low down in the saddles settled themselves as the red flag fell. "Go!" and away down the stretch flew a prism of red, yellow, green and purple, blending in the Kentucky sunlight, around the white ribbon of track. The first quarter passed, and the bunch closed up, neck and neck, shoulder to shoulder. Another quarter and one fell behind. Black Rover was in the lead. Around the turn and down the home stretch and Bay Prince had crept to Black Rover's shoulder. Now it was neck and neck, and a wild yell went up from 5,000 throats as black and bay were nose and nose. Twenty yards, and the red jacket lay down in the saddle. They were near enough for the judges to see the flash of the great bay's eyes as he gathered himself and with a mighty effort lagged under the wire just a hair's length ahead of the black. And then pandemonium broke loose. Men clambered down from everywhere. Up went the numbers—Bay Prince first, Black Rover second and Zingara third. It was all over, and the Derby had gone down into history. In the midst of it a little figure all in its gay scarlet satins, dropped from the saddle and was half carried by Jim to the weighing block.

"You go way, Mas' Charley. Dis heah boy ain't no wise fitten ter talk." Jim had for once forgotten his "raisin'" in his anxiety to bar me out, and I brushed him aside and saw my Jess in her close tailor suit standing just inside the door. The scarlet jacket and cap lay upon Jim's cot, and my darling's pretty face rivaled them in color. There was one shameful moment, and then the little head went proudly up.

"I did it for papa and Bel Air!" And Jim went off chuckling to himself as I drew the door close behind me.

Old Age.

Professor Jovett, the great master of Bailiol college, had wise words to speak on the crucial topic of growing old. He wrote to a friend:

"The later years of life appear to me, from a certain point of view, to be the best. They are less disturbed by care and the world. We begin to understand that things really never did matter so much as we supposed, and we are able to see them more in their true proportion instead of being overwhelmed by them. We are more resigned to the will of God, neither afraid to depart nor over-anxious to stay. We cannot see into another life, but we believe with an inextinguishable hope that there is something still reserved for us."

It is worth while to remember his hints for old age, full as they are of a practical wisdom:

Beware of the coming on of age, for it will not be defied.

A man cannot become young by over-exerting himself.

A man of sixty should lead a quiet, open air life.

He should collect the young about him.

He should set other men to work.

He ought at sixty to have acquired authority, reticence and freedom from personality.

He may truly think of the last years of life as being the best and every year as better than the last if he knows how to use it.

Cut Flowers.

Many people who profess themselves very fond of flowers seem not to love them well enough to take proper care of them. Especially is this true of cut flowers, which unless properly cared for last such a short time. During the day give them the coolest place in the room, the icebox if you have one. Choose for all long stemmed flowers a deep vase, change the water every day; at night take them from the vase and plunge them in cool fresh water to the very bloom. You will find them much refreshed in the morning, whereas if they stand all night in the same water or in an insufficient quantity they will be limp and discouraged by morning. Those who complain they "can't keep flowers" are usually those who neglect these simple precautions.

A Recoll Joke.

Not so many years ago there was a veteran teacher in a boys' high school who often made his classes wince under the lash of his bitter sarcasm and ready wit. One day a little half starved yellow cur strayed into the school, and the boys thought they saw a chance to express their feelings toward "Fussy" who was busy in another room. The frightened mongrel was picked up, quickly fitted with a pair of large wire spectacles and placed on the teacher's chair.

"Fussy" entered the room, walked to his desk, calmly surveyed the work of his pupils and then, turning to them, pleasantly said, "In my absence I see you have held a business meeting and elected one of your number chairman."

GOING TO ROMP AND PLAY



Here we go, Indian file,
Down the lane and over the stile;
Over the stream that turns the mill,
Over the bridge at the foot of the hill.
Where are we going, would you know?
Why, down to the field where the daisies grow;
Among the flowers to romp and play
And ride back home on a load of hay.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

How the Little Brown Dwarf Repaid Ellen For Her Kindness.

In a small house by the roadside lived a woodcutter, his daughter Ellen and his son Thomas. The father and son went out every day and cut wood, while little Ellen was at home doing the housework and knitting stockings to sell in the village. One day when it was snowing Ellen made a round circle on the pane of glass to look out. When she looked out, she saw a robin searching for food, and it was almost frozen to death. She took it in and warmed and fed it. That night when the woodcutters came home she told them, and Thomas said, "It will be quite a feast." But Ellen said, "Oh, no." Then her father said she could keep it. After supper she washed the dishes and went to bed early, for she had to cook breakfast.

Next morning when Ellen came down the fire was burning, porridge cooking and everything done, and Ellen was surprised. When the rest of the family came down, she did not tell them, and when they had gone she went to make the beds. When she got there, they were already made. She came down to wash dishes, and when she got there they were finished. She was surprised, and it went on the same all day.

That night Ellen thought she would watch. She peered through the kitchen door and saw a dwarf dressed in brown trousers and a red coat. She did not tell anybody. It went on every day, and one day the robin sat on the window sill and chirped as if it wanted to get out, for the sun was shining. Ellen let him fly.

One day Ellen went to sell the stockings she knitted in the village. She came home at night, her pennies in her pocket tinkling as she sang to the yellow moon. As she came to the side of the hill it opened like a door. Inside was like a room, in which were many dwarfs like the one which worked for her all winter. One said, "There is a human being watching us." They all looked and suddenly rushed toward Ellen and said, "Did you come to steal our treasure?" She said, "Oh, no."

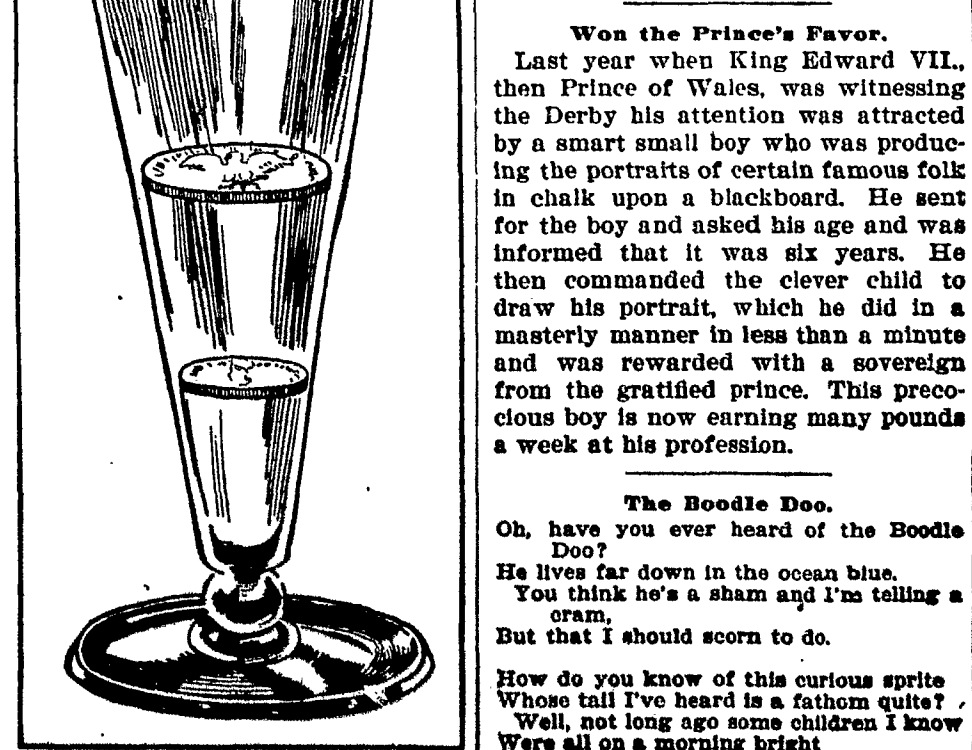
The robin that she fed all winter rushed through the crowd and said: "Oh, that is Ellen, who fed me all winter. Come, let us fill her basket with our treasure." They all ran and filled the basket with their treasure.

She thanked them and walked home, her basket becoming heavier and heavier. She knocked at her door, and her father came to the door and, taking the basket, thought it very heavy. He asked from whom she received the treasure. He and Thomas were very glad and happy ever after. Ellen never had to work so hard, and Thomas and her father never had to cut wood.—Lillian H. Schreiber in Brooklyn Eagle.

Trick With Coins.

Drop a dime in a wineglass and cover it with a quarter. Now take out the dime without touching it or touching or moving the glass.

You may think it is impossible, and any one you ask to perform the feat will be of the same opinion.



THE COIN IN THE GLASS.
But it is easy when you know how. The glass and coins will be as in the illustration.
Now blow smartly down one inner side of the glass. The quarter will turn up on its edge, and the nimble dime will jump past it and come out of its silver doored crystal prison.
Roaming so happily down by the sea, As you, perhaps, or I might be, When they found him aloft in a queer little boat And cried: "Why, it must be he."
"That highly original Boodle Dog, Who's only been seen by the very few," And they bade him good day, and each ran away, And I think you'd have done so too.

THE ALLIGATOR.

He Is Always in Good Humor When Catching Flies.

"The alligator is a funny beast," said the old circus man. "The old fellow we have in the menagerie is a cross tempered chap. Often at feeding time he won't open his mouth, and we tickle the top of his nose. An alligator's nose is very sensitive, and it always makes him very mad. He throws back his upper jaw like a cellar door on hinges. Then we throw in a chunk of beef, five pounds or so, and repeat the performance until we've filled him up with about twenty-five pounds, which it takes to give him a square meal.

"He's never cross when he's fly catching. That always puts him in good humor. One would think a fly a small tidbit for an alligator, but they eat them wholesale. Our old alligator is an expert fly catcher. He throws back his upper jaw and goes to sleep apparently. The flies light on his under jaw, and he waits until it is pretty well covered with flies—until its red color seems about changed to black. Then suddenly he slams down his upper jaw, and he has a fine mouthful of flies. Alligators would make excellent flytraps for houses where there are no children, except that they are expensive, as they consume such a vast quantity of beef."—Houston Post.

Talking For Buncombe.

The expression was used toward the close of the famous debate on the Missouri compromise in the sixteenth congress (1821). Buncombe, a county in the western section of North Carolina, was then part of the congressional district represented by Felix Walker, a resident of Waynesville, in the adjacent county of Haywood.

The house was impatient to bring the debate to an issue when old man Walker (he was then sixty-eight years of age) rose to speak, and he was greeted with loud clamors for "Question." Several members gathered around him, begging him to desist; others left the hall, but he kept the floor, declaring that the people of his district expected a speech from him, that he was bound to talk for Buncombe (or words to that effect), and he did.

This Felix Walker had been in his younger days the friend and companion of Daniel Boone when the latter explored Kentucky and founded Boonsborough. After representing North Carolina from 1817 to 1823 he was a member of the state legislature and died in 1830 a short time after removing to Mississippi.

German Birthday Cakes.

The custom of having a birthday cake is widespread in Germany. I know it for certain that it is prevalent in the province of Saxony, in Hanover and the mark of Brandenburg. As many lights as the one whose birthday it is has years are stuck around the cake, or the Torte, a thick one in the middle, called the Lebenslicht, the light of life. For persons advanced in years one candle must do duty, as otherwise too many would be required, or a skillful lady expresses the exact number of years in Roman figures (XX, L).

When Moltke completed his seventieth year during the campaign of 1870-71, Crown Prince Frederick William, later on Emperor Frederick, presented him with a cake adorned with seventy lights.

Only he or she who celebrates his or her birthday may put out the light of life. It is unlucky if done by any other member of the family.—Notes and Queries.

Saved the Lamp.

An amusing scene occurred at a New York dock the other night. A Scotch engineer, who wished to go ashore, ordered a boy to show him the way with a lantern. As he was crossing the narrow plank that served as a gangway the boy slipped and fell into the water. The instinct of the true Scot instantly showed itself. "Hold on to the lamp, boy," the engineer shouted, leaning over toward the water. "Do you hear? If it's lost, there's a dollar gone from your wages."

After some time the boy was rescued half drowned, but clinging to the lamp. As some compensation for his trouble he was forgiven for losing the bottom of it.

A Lottery.

It happened in the county clerk's office.

"I want a lottery ticket," he said.

"Certainly," replied the polite clerk. He knew a thing or two, did the clerk. A little thing like an old joke could not disturb him. "We don't call 'em lottery tickets, but of course they are much the same thing."

Then he filled out the marriage license and collected \$3.—Chicago Post.

Dickens' Finances.

Dickens did not begin to save money until he was nearly forty, and throughout life he suffered acutely and incessantly from pecuniary worries and anxieties. He was never short of ready money after his great crisis of 1844, but he was never easy about the future until after his enormously profitable second American trip in the winter of 1867-68.

Secrets of Comfort.

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas, are let on long leases.

The Egyptian perfumes, according to ancient authorities, were mostly made in Egypt from materials imported from Arabia, Persia and central Africa.

The fellow who keeps grinding is almost sure to make his point.

WELL BROKEN HORSES.

The silent man generally has the most manageable animals.

Has any one ever noticed that a silent man has usually the best broken horses? It may not be true, but all the men of my acquaintance who do not talk much have well broken horses. Drive with them, and you will wonder how they manage their horses. No management is visible. The horse goes where he is wanted without apparent effort on the part of the driver. One famous turfman at least has been noted for his art in driving a horse to the limit of his speed without making a move while his rivals were lifting and yelling and whipping theirs. How did he do it? Don't know, but he was a man of few words.

Probably there is a lesson in this. The average horse understands only a few things thoroughly, only a few words, signs or commands. The silent man gives only a few, and he does not confuse his horse. The horse is made to know them thoroughly. He understands the man who understands him. It is a pleasure to drive a horse that understands. Few pleasures in life can equal it if the horse is a good, cheerful driver. There would be more of this kind if they were made to know a few things thoroughly—the right things.—National Stockman.

How Sousa Got His Name.

When Sousa, famous the world over as king of march music, landed in the "home of the free," he carried with him a valise on which was marked in plain letters "John Phillipso, U. S. A." Time passed, and this son of sunny Italy commenced to grow musical and also to become Americanized. It was then, so the story goes, that he expressed the desire for a name more nearly like those of the people of which he was one by choice.

Phillipso sounded out of place doing service for a man who had imbibed American beliefs and customs and whose destiny was closely linked with "the stars and stripes forever." A member of the band to which he belonged finally made a suggestion. It turned out to be a happy one and was adopted by the master of the baton. The suggestion was this: To the name Phillipso add U. S. A. Divide the one name into two words, and there was the smooth sounding and easily pronounced name of John Phillip Sousa.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

When Kissing Was Costly.

The case of the People against Murline, heard by the governor of New Haven colony in council on May day, 1690, indicates the attitude toward unlicensed kissing in those times. It appeared that Jacob Murline and Sarah Tuttle had been caught kissing each other.

Jacob tried to throw the blame on Sarah, saying he thought she had "with intent let fall her gloves." Sarah denied the intent. Jacob then admitted that he "took her by the hand, and they both sat down upon a chest, but whether he kissed her or she kissed him he knows not, for he never thought of it since until Mr. Raymond told him that he had not layde it to heart as he ought."

The stern governor, after duly lecturing the guilty parties on the enormity of their offense, decreed that "the sentence therefore concerning them is that they shall pay either of them a fine of 20 shillings to the colony."

Bereavement and Business.

The following curious advertisement is taken from a Spanish journal: "This morning our Saviour summoned away the jeweler, Siebold Hilmaga, from his shop to another and better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hild and Emma, the former of whom is married, and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place tomorrow. His disconsolate widow, Veronique Hilmaga, P. S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our employment, which will be carried on as usual, only our place of business will be removed from 3 Lessi de Leinturics to 4 Rue de Missionaire, as our grasping landlord has raised the rent."—St. James Gazette.

How the Peach Was Produced.

That the luscious peach has been derived from the hard shelled almond can no longer be successfully denied. It is said that the peach in its original soil was a virulent poison and that the Persian warriors brought to Persia some of the seeds and planted them for the purpose of poisoning the points of their arrows so as to render wounds caused by them to be fatal, but a change of climate and soil produced a fruit which is not only luscious, but is esteemed exceedingly healthful.

The Building of a Life.

Life is a building. It rises slowly day by day through the years. Every new lesson we learn lays a block on the edifice which is rising silently within us. Every influence that impresses us, every book we read, every conversation we have, every act of our commonest days, adds something to the inviolable building.—J. R. Miller.

Not Put Out.

I was not successful in the attempt to eject the cook from my house. But what nettled me was the ungrateful demeanor of the woman.

"You might at least have the good breeding to act 'put out,'" I cried and left the kitchen, slamming the door behind me.—Puck.

The Forbearing Dog.

"A good dog is the best friend a man can have," remarked the tobaccoist to the wooden Indian. "When you get sick, he doesn't tell you what to take, and when you get well he doesn't tell you how much worse he had the same disease."—Syracuse Herald.