

"BY THE GRACE OF CHANCE."

By W. A. FRASER.

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Harvey assured Johnson that the horse couldn't lose at that weight.

To make the good thing a greater certainty Johnson let the trainer have his own jockey, Richmond, for Simpkin and determined to ride Zigzag himself.

If the game had been Zigzag, this would not have mattered so very much, for he was one of the best riders in India.

That the owner was riding Zigzag confirmed Layton in his determination to have a plunge on the horse.

At the lotteries the night before the race Layton bought Zigzag in the first lottery.

When the secretary asked if the owner claimed anything, Johnson answered, "Nothing, thanks."

"He'll come to me after it's all over," thought Layton, "and ask for a half throughout. He knows I'll have to give it to him too. It wouldn't be safe to have his horse running with none of the owner's money on."

When Simpkin was sold, Johnson bought him through another party.

And so it was through every lottery, and there were many of them, for the handicap was a big betting race, with eight horses in it.

Layton bought Zigzag steadily every time, and Johnson's agent took Simpkin.

After it was over Layton rather wondered that Zigzag's owner made no sign—did not come and ask for his half.

He could understand Johnson's refusing to take any interest in him in the lotteries, for the effect of that was to reduce his betting price. But why did he not come forward now when it was all over?

"He'll come around in the morning," he thought. "He won't let him run unbacked after that trial."

But in the morning Johnson still made no sign. Layton was getting a little uneasy. Racing was such an uncertain business at best. What if something had gone wrong with Zigzag? He would be utterly ruined if he failed to win the race. Not only the Marwarie's debt, but the present lottery account. He would be posted as a defaulter. At least it would take every rupee he could rake together in the world to square up, and he would certainly have to send in his papers.

Fifteen minutes before the race no offer had come from Johnson to take a share in Zigzag's chances. The suspense was too great for Layton.

He went to the little dressing room just under the stand where Johnson was putting on his slim riding boots and colors.

"See here, Frank," he said, "I've got Zigzag in every lottery, and I stand to win a big pot over him. Do you want any of it? You haven't taken a bit of it yet."

Johnson was noted for two things, his superb riding and his exquisite cynical humor.

"Who the merry hades told you to back my horse?" he asked.

"I backed him because I thought he could win and you were riding him," answered Layton, coloring slightly.

"Well, he hasn't the ghost of a chance," said Johnson, tightening the strings in his racing cap, "and I don't want a bit of him in anything. He hasn't a thousand to one chance."

Layton was dumfounded.

"If he doesn't win," he said, "I shall come a cropper."

Johnson looked at him queerly for a minute; then he said: "Now go and square yourself on Simpkin. You can hedge on him, for he's a sure winner."

"And if he's beaten," said Layton almost angrily, "I shall be in a worse hole than ever. I won't do it. I'll stand or fall by Zigzag, and I'll lay you 5,000 rupees to nothing against his winning."

"I won't do it that way," said Johnson quickly, "for that isn't a bet. If I

his friends, and the ring was flooding the bookmakers with money for Simpkin.

Very few were backing Zigzag, and he was traveling out in the betting.

"Ten to one, Zigzag!" the bookmakers were howling in vain; there were no takers.

At the start Johnson was playing to get away in front to make the running and keep a nice place for Simpkin to drop into when his horse was beaten.

At the third attempt they got away, very much as the captain desired.

"They're off!" went up from the grand stand in a hoarse cry, and glasses were leveled at the bright splashes of color twisting in and out, as the eight horses scrambled for places.

A black jacket, with red and yellow sleeves, shot to the front immediately.

"Zigzag leads," somebody exclaimed, and Layton rubbed his glasses with his handkerchief and focused them on the leader of the rushing troop.

He could see the red and yellow quartered cap leaning far over the withers of the big bay. Yes, it was Zigzag.

"He's got away well," said Layton to Galey, without lowering his glasses.

"He's trying anyway, and if it comes to any brain work at the finish Johnson can give all the boys seven pounds at that game."

When they had traveled a quarter of a mile, the black jacket was a length in front of everything. Layton's heart lay like lead in his breast. That was not Johnson's tactics when he was out to win a mile and a quarter race. With 10 stone up, he wouldn't be making his own running.

Layton knew then that he had lost. It was almost a relief to know just where he stood. He had cast the die and lost.

Some fool near him was croaking, "Zigzag'll win all the way." He felt pity in his heart for the man's utter

ignorance of racing. Perhaps, though, after all, it were better that way; he almost envied him. It was the knowledge of racing that broke so many of them.

At the three-quarters Zigzag was still leading.

"He'll win! He'll win!" the other man was saying exultantly. "I took 10 to 1 about him."

Then something crept up on Zigzag—crept up until the horses were lapped head and head. The glasses showed the white jacket and red cap of the Jagmat's stable.

"Simpkin is coming now!" went up a cry from many throats—the throats of the man who had backed him when the tip was spread about.

At the mile Simpkin's Arab head showed in front. The two were a clear length in front of the field.

The stand was wild with delight, for Simpkin had started favorite.

Over on the horses Johnson and Dick were riding so close together that they could speak in short, gasping words as the wind cut at their breast.

Three furlongs from home they were together, nose and nose—Simpkin had dropped back a head.

Johnson could hear something closing up on them from behind.

"Go on, Dick!" he gasped. "I'll pull back and let you up next the rail."

"I can't," answered Dick helplessly. "I can't go any faster; I'm done for."

A great rage came into the heart of the captain. This was the "sure thing" they had put him on to. Beaten a quarter of a mile from the finish, and the others closing up on them. Already a chestnut head was lapped on the quarters of Simpkin.

Zigzag was still full of running, fighting for his head. Slowly, inch by inch, the chestnut was creeping up. His nose was at Dick's girls now.

"I'm done," he heard Dick say again, and then he gripped the saddle with his knees and rode for Layton's 5,000 rupees.

A furlong from home he was clear of Simpkin, but the chestnut was still there, lapped on his quarters now, and beside the chestnut, on the outside, was an iron gray, coming very fast too.

How he cursed the folly that had made him take so much out of Zigzag to make the running for Simpkin.

If the gallant old horse would only last home, the 5,000 rupees would pay his losses.

In the stand the cry of "Zigzag wins!" went up as the horses clung to each other up the straight.

Layton was tugging at his blond mustache, and even Galey's face was solemn and still as he realized what that struggle meant to the two of them—the money, but honor—life itself—was at stake.

As they flashed past the stand Zigzag's big bony head, with its wide red nostrils, was still in front.

And so they caught the judge's eye.

The stout heart of the gallant horse and the cool head of the steel nerved rider had won the race that was all but thrown away.

Queen African Customs.

Couture de Carli has been entertaining the London Anthropological society with an account of the manners and customs of the Niger delta, with which long experience has made him familiar.

Human sacrifices are offered to the god of the river, and the tan colored maidens of the Ibo tribe are preferred as victims.

The girls know their impending fate and are proud of it. If they take a fancy to garments or ornaments worn by their mothers, the latter dare not refuse to give them up, and so the chosen

girls will be seen wrapped in many layers of the costliest silks and weighed down by a mass of coral jewelry.

A similar contempt for death, with a religious basis, is exhibited by the victims destined for sacrifice. Once De Carli attempted to rescue one of them, but the man was much incensed and deliberately taunted the other savages and their chief with such dire insults that they fell upon him and slew him.

Circumcision is common. It has no religious significance, but in some tribes is a mark of slavery, in others of freedom.

A woman feels herself greatly insulted if another woman extends toward her a first and a second finger in V form, closing the thumb over the other fingers. It means, "I hope you will be the mother of twins." Most of the tribes kill twins at birth, together with their mother.

Monsters of the Old Age.

Aldrovandus' "Monstrorum Historia" was printed in Bologna in 1642, 35 years after his death, and was put forth in good faith as a contribution to natural history. Aldrovandus thought he was teaching mankind all about the remarkable creatures to be found in distant climes. It almost looks as though he anticipated the "rubber neck" by his strange combination of a man with the neck of a crane.

He was not satisfied, however, with giving his readers this marvel to gratify their appetite for the wonderful. He presented a picture of a woman with the wings and claws of a bird, and, having conceived this marvelous bird woman, he reversed the process and made pictures of a boy with a bird's head and horse, goat, pig and lions with human faces.

Not was Aldrovandus alone in the creation of monsters stranger than ever were seen on land or sea. There were Marco Polo, Mandeville and Pliny, who, while relating what was valuable and true of foreign lands, had no hesitation in including stories and pictures of men and animals born of a vivid imagination. Witness the picture of a man like that described by Shakespeare: "Men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." What a credulous age for writers and readers alike!

The Corkwood Tree.

Corkwood comes from the bark of a species of live oak tree found at its best in the forests of Spain. The corkwood tree is said to be one of the three most valuable trees known, the others being the trees producing rubber and quinine. The corkwood bark is stripped from the trees and the principal branches about once in every ten years, each tree yielding from 50 to 200 pounds of crude cork. This is packed in Spain, shipped to the country in bales and baled to make it less brittle and is then handled by machinery and turned out in various finished products.

The corkwood tree requires about ten years to recover from the bark stripping and does not, like most trees, die with the loss of its bark. The older the tree the better the yield of cork is said to be, and in Spain many trees are bearing heavy bark crops at the age of more than a hundred years.

The only cure required of the trees is that the underbark be cleaned out constantly to guard against the danger of forest fires. The trees, because of their bark, are highly inflammable.

Sneezing.

The Jewish rabbis of old say that when Adam and Eve sinned it was enacted that man's death was to be sudden, ending unexpectedly in a sneeze, induced probably by the sweat of his brow being checked by a chill.

But Jacob, set back, presumably, in the history of the world a few ages, saw this terrible state of affairs and wrestled with the angel over the point whether men should fall to pieces when they sneezed. He gained the victory, but the angel made a condition with him that the sneeze should only prove mortal when it was wholly essential, and such a substance can be prepared by melting together one part of India rubber with two parts of linseed oil. This should be gradually incorporated with three parts of white bole so as to form a plastic mass. When heated softens but very little. Though it does not easily dry upon the surface, when once set it is not affected at all by hydrochloric acid and but very little by nitric acid. Its drying and hardening is materially promoted by mixing with one-fifth of its weight of litharge or minium.

Not a Bargain.

"How much will you charge for marrying us, squire?" asked the stalwart bridegroom, painfully conscious of his new suit of clothes, as he looked at the girl, entitled by law to a fee of \$2.

replied the justice of the peace.

"Perhaps, Alfred," timidly suggested the blushing bride, "we might get it done somewhere else for \$1.98?"—Chicago Tribune.

Marveled at It.

"Yes," said Mr. Henry Peck, "I like to go to the circus. One sees so many daring deeds. For instance, did you ever see anything more reckless than the way in which the ringmaster cracks his whip at the ladies who ride the horses?"—Baltimore American.

A Neighboring Disturbance.

First Neighbor—Well, my daughter doesn't play the piano any worse than your son writes poetry.

Second Ditto—Perhaps not, but it can be heard so much farther.—Detroit Free Press.

The desert of Sahara is no little spot. It covers 2,500,000 square miles between the Atlantic ocean and the Nile valley.

The Romans built London about this year 50 A. D., but London wall was not built until 306 A. D.

A Serious Complaint.

What made you leave your place with that gemman?" asked Miss Miami Brown. "Didn't he pay you right?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "He paid me \$100, but his clothes was so out of style that I was almost forced to keep out of society."—Washington Star.

It is said that at present the new steamship Celtic cannot be loaded to her utmost capacity, as she would in that event probably ground on the bar of New York harbor, where the depth at low water is about 32 feet.

COULDN'T CALL HIM CRAZY.

Just a Newspaper Headliner Mumbling From Force of Habit.

The young man with the haggard look sat in the rear car of an elevated train, staring and staring at one of the advertisements.

"English beauty shoes," he mumbled to his companion. "That's what he says."

"Yes," said the other, "but that's too short."

"Hm, hm," the haggard man replied. "Beautiful shoes from England?"

"That won't fit. It's long," was the curt reply.

"Well, then, 'Beautiful English shoes'?"

"That's only three words. You've got to have four, you know."

"That's so, that's so. Ah, I have it!" he cried so loud that the other passengers in the car gave a jump. "English shoes of beauty, 23 letters and spaces at last."

A compassionate old man looked up from his newspaper.

"What's the matter with your friend?" he asked. "Is the chap suffering from delirium tremens?"

"Oh, no," the man addressed replied assuringly. "You see, he's just through with his night's work on a morning newspaper. He's a headline writer, you know, and after a fellow has scribbled off headlines of 23 letters and spaces for about eight hours steady he contracts that habit and can't get over it. Every advertisement, every scrap of paper he sees for several hours afterward until his mind gets rested—well, he begins to count the letters and spaces and turn the wording into a headline that will fit. It isn't exactly delirium tremens. It's something worse. The headlines of 23 letters and spaces go wriggling around in that poor overworked brain much worse than snakes."—Chicago Chronicle.

MILTON RELICS AT HARVARD

Signatures in an Autograph Album and the Poet's Copy of "Pindar."

The Harvard library numbers among its treasures an autograph of Milton and a copy of "Pindar," annotated in Milton's own handwriting, with marginal notes in Greek and Latin. Both of these rarities were bequeathed to the university by Charles Sumner.

The "Pindar" is dated 1620 and was doubtless used by Milton during his stay at Cambridge university. At the end he has added an alphabetical index in manuscript occupying two closely written pages of all the authors cited in his notes, with references to the pages in which their names occur.

Milton's autograph is found in the pages of an autograph album or visitor's book kept, according to a custom common in the sixteenth century, by a Neapolitan nobleman, Camillus Cardoyn by name, who resided in Geneva from 1608 to 1640, where Milton, apparently, visited him. Another autograph in this same album among the hundreds which it contains is that of Thomas Wentworth, the unfortunate Earl of Stafford. Milton's signature is dated Jan. 10, 1639, and is appended to a Latin motto—"Travel changes one's sky, but not one's mind," it may be freely rendered and a quotation from his own "Comus":

"If Veritas feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

The most notable Milton manuscript known to exist is a little book now owned by Trinity college, Cambridge, England, which contains the poet's copies of his so-called minor poems, including "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso." In this country, however, it is said that the only original memorials of the great author of "Paradise Lost" are to be found in these two time-stained volumes in the possession of the Harvard library.

A Cement Which Resists Acid.

In some branches of industry a cement which is proof against the influence of acids is absolutely essential, and such a substance can be prepared by melting together one part of India rubber with two parts of linseed oil. This should be gradually incorporated with three parts of white bole so as to form a plastic mass. When heated softens but very little. Though it does not easily dry upon the surface, when once set it is not affected at all by hydrochloric acid and but very little by nitric acid. Its drying and hardening is materially promoted by mixing with one-fifth of its weight of litharge or minium.

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VANITY OF SAVAGES.

Red Men Love to Pose in Grotesque Attire Before the Camera.

As evidence of the extent to which the ornamental precedes the useful Explorer Humboldt noted the fact that the Orinoco Indians in fair weather strutted about attired in all the finery they were able to procure, their faces painted gaudily, their heads decked with feathers, their whole aim being to strike astonishment to the beholder and no regard whatever had for comfort.

When the weather was bad, Humboldt found that the same men would doff their clothing and carry it about to save it for display on future sunny days.

The same traits are seen today in the North American Indians, little modified by many years of intermingling with civilization.

That part of Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, running from Second to Sixth street is the favorite promenade of visiting Indians. Portions of Second and Third streets, running off the avenue, are filled with boarding houses especially patronized by the redskins and especially avoided by the whites in consequence.

A number of photographers in the vicinity are the chief attractions of this neighborhood for the aborigines. Nothing so delights them as to strut gaily from their boarding houses to these art galleries to sit for solemn pictures at Uncle Sam's expense, the bill being charged in with necessities incidental to a visit to the great father.

To deprive the visiting Indian of the privilege to sit for his photograph in full paint and feathers and a grotesque mixture of cheap ready-made garments with blankets and bear claws would be the greatest hardship possible to the chiefs.

Showing the same disposition Humboldt noted that the visitors got themselves up more barbarously the closer they get to civilization.—St. Louis Republic.

A RARE VOLUME BY PENN.

Only Known Copy is Owned by Quakers in Philadelphia.

The only known copy of Penn's issue of "Magna Charta," published in 1687 by the Bradford Press, is the property of the Meeting For Sufferings, a representative body of the Friends' yearly meeting in Philadelphia. Its title is "The Excellent Privilege of Liberty and Freedom: Being the Birthright of the Freeborn Subjects of England." The copy is not generally open to the public.

The peculiar significance of this book is that a half dozen years after Penn founded his colony he wished to have the colonists realize that they would have to stand for their rights in the new country as well as the old, where they had been so cruelly persecuted.

He wrote this book in order that they might be informed on the constitution of their local government and know what were the legal bases of their rights as citizens.

Curiously enough the only proof there is that this work was written by Penn is the statement made by Chief Justice David Lloyd in 1728, a great Quaker leader who was Penn's attorney general at the time the book was issued. Chief Justice Lloyd was also at that time an intimate friend of William Penn and consequently knew whereof he spoke.

The volume was reproduced in 1807 by the Philadelphia club in 1807 for a limited number of subscribers. The original volume, however, must always remain the rare thing that it is, one of the best expressions of liberty under law that the mind of the great founder could conceive.—Philadelphia Press.

After a Struggle.

"George," said a fond mother to a little 4-year-old, "you must take the umbrella to school with you, or you will get wet. It rains hard."

"I want the little one," he said, meaning the parasol.

"No, my dear. That is for dry weather. You must take this and go like a good boy."

George did as he was bid and got to school comfortably.

After school hours it had stopped raining, and George trudged home with the remnants of the umbrella under his arm.

"Oh, George, what have you been doing with my umbrella?" said his mother when she saw the state it was in.

"You should have let me had the little one," said he. "This was such a great one I took four of us to pull it through the door."—Leslie's Weekly.

Muzzling the Ox.

One morning our washwoman, a lady of color—very dark color—came hastily in and, without any preliminaries, exclaimed: "Sparatualism! What is sparatualism, Miss Cora?"

My sister explained as well as she could and asked why she wished to know.

"Well, you see," she went on excitedly, "Sparatualism is my daughter, you know, and she went last week to live with a lady what says she is a sparatualist, and she says if Sarah takes anything she'll know it. Sarah's going to leave!"—Harper's Magazine.

A Choice of Vowels.

He—You women have such a ridiculous habit of saying "Oh!" on every occasion.

She—And you men have such a ridiculous habit of saying "It" on every occasion.—Indianapolis Press.

Lost Opportunity.

"And you didn't hear of it?" inquired Mrs. Gable.

"Not one word."

"Why, I've known it for a week, so I supposed everybody heard of it."—Philadelphia Times.

Last year the coinage of gold in the United States amounted to \$107,937,110, bringing the total of gold coined from the foundation of the mint to \$2,147,088,113. At the present rate that total will be duplicated within the next 20 years.

American material for the building of railroads, tramways, etc., continues to be exclusively employed in Mexico. The latest order in that line placed in the United States amounted to a large figure, for it was destined for three lines of tramway around Medina, in the state of Yucatan.

Ask for Our New Price List.

The man is prosperous who saves a dollar on this and a half dollar on that; the prices quoted in our new complete 40-page list help you in this direction.

It pays you to deal where no false representations are made, but where goods are sold directly as advertised.

Isn't it much more satisfactory and much easier to sit down at home, look over the catalogue, select the goods required and mail your order, than to depend upon stores where the stock is small, as well as assortment incomplete, and get something that does not give half satisfaction, notwithstanding that you do pay an extravagant price?

Smith's Cash (Dept.) Store

No. 25 Market Street, San Francisco.

Wellington's Endurance.

Wellington on one occasion started, Sir Herbert Maxwell tells us, at 7 a. m., rode to a place 28 miles distant, here held a review and was back at the place from which he had started for dinner between 4 and 5 p. m., says Goldwin Smith in The Atlantic. He galloped 26 miles and back to see whether damage had been done to a pontoon train. He rode 17 miles in two hours from Fremont to Ciudad Rodrigo, where he dined, gave a ball and supped, was in the saddle again at 3 a. m., galloped back to Fremont by 6 and was doing business again at noon. He rose regularly at 6 and wrote till 9 and after dinner wrote again from 9 till 12.

It must be essential to every general and indeed to every man who is bearing a heavy load of anxious business to be a good sleeper. Napoleon was a first rate sleeper; so was Pitt; so was Wellington.

At Salamanca Wellington, having given his order for the battle, said to his aide-de-camp: "Watch the French through your glass, Fitz Roy. I am going to take a rest. When they reach that copse near the gap in the hills, wake me." Then he lay down and was fast asleep in a minute. In the midst of the critical operations before Waterloo, feeling weary, he laid himself down, put a newspaper over his face and took a nap.

For Exercise Why Not Walk?

The best exercise in the world is walking.

A person who knows how to walk intelligently can get along without a gymnasium. No other form of exercise brings so many muscles into play and develops them so normally. The most popular games are those in which walking forms a prominent part. Golf, croquet and in a sense cricket and even bicycling merely give an excuse for walking.

Every one knows how to walk properly. It is because of carelessness that so many walk badly. The body should be carried erect, the chest well out, the head back, while the arms should swing freely at the sides. The pace should be regulated to one's strength.

Every one should walk fast enough and far enough to get the body in a comfortable glow. To get the best results from walking one should give his undivided attention to it. In other words, he should walk