

## Weight for Age

By ALFRED STODDART

Continued

"I think I know now," said Hugh Westerly, "why a weighty pony makes the place to a smart fellow in his horse racing days. It will really be hard not to see all these young fellows riding in the same manner."

"Very foolish and high-ho!" called Philip Denton. "As if you could ever give up."

The last from me was the half of Bede's looks. It was like the silent apartment, and none of the participants had any of time for him. Only Hugh was left in his life to put his hat with Ruth Peniston, the daughter of the house.

The Monday evening Hunt races on the morrow were the outcome of the gathering, and Hugh had only just arrived.

Hugh Westerly, who had won the last few months, won most of the \$10,000 in England, was twenty-four years of age, and the horse of R was fast. He was beginning to be aware of that fact.

In his heart, however, Hugh knew well enough that it was one of the differences between English and American men which caused this sudden, rather impulsive engagement of his horse. The real reason was Little Peniston, herself, the shrinker of his father's old friend Roger Peniston with her intended penitence and chiding wainwright of twenty-four.

"I suppose," confided Hugh, "that your brother Dick will ride his own horse Harvester in the Challenge Cup?"

"No. Tom Dick is out West on important business, and cannot get back, he wired me to find another rider for Harvester, but I'm afraid I can't get one."

"All the good men have mounts in the race. I should like to have had Stanley Borden, but he has promised to ride Mr. Bradbury's geldin."

Hugh knew Stanley Borden very well indeed.

No wonder poor Hugh felt a shudder that was very much like jealousy as he pictured Stanley's slight form, so much at ease in a difficult race of a difficult as it was when leading the field on a good horse in the finish of a stiff three miles "across country."

When it was announced the next morning at the breakfast table that Hugh Westerly's offer to ride Harvester in the Challenge Cup had been accepted, in spite of the fact that the

most of the younger people present did not know that Hugh had ridden many races in England.

Bertie Norris murmured something about "weight for age," which poor Hugh could not but overhear, and Stanley Borden, who was staying in the house, snorted a rather scornful smile which affected Hugh's nerves considerably.

When at last, however, the knifing took for the Challenge Cup had sounded, and Hugh, having weighed in, was ready to mount, he felt not a little nervous in spite of himself, and he wondered whether after all Edith herself was not laughing at him a little bit.

Once more, however, the "feel" of the good horse between his knees gave him confidence.

Hugh was glad to accept a hint from old Watson Peniston's head groom.

"It's a proud 'oss, sir," said Watson, "and you can't keep 'im back very long. If 'e once gets discouraged, it'll be half hell for today, sir."

There were six entries for the Challenge Cup, and all of them started.

The starter, with a sweeping glance which comprehended every one of the "field," drops his flag with a sudden downward sweep, and the horses skin over the turf like a flight of swallows flying close together.

Hugh Westerly, on Harvester, got away about fourth, a position which suited him well.

The Mondovia team comes to a natural one, and the first mile of the race was over in literally "splitting" seconds.

Hugh had ridden from about half their distance when Harvester made up his mind to try his chances with his older, and threw up his head in a very determined manner, with the ultimate intention of halting the course.

Up to his neck, Hugh was compelled to give his mount a rather vigorous treatment with his spurs, driving him tightly by the head, to stimulate just one telling kick with his whip, and then suddenly Harvester determined to go kindly to the present. The struggle, however, had cost Hugh his place, and he was soon found trailing along in the rear.

All the horses had been running unbroken well, but they soon approached a small "beamfoot," formed by a grossly uneven running between two post and rail fences.

Brake! poor horse! James stopped by in his carriage and he was followed over by Bradbury, while Ruth, however, followed at the second jump, and Lady Grey refused altogether at the first jump.

This left the way clear for David, who took both jumps very cleverly while Harvester, rushing at them with an impetus that was almost fatal, just managed to get over without a fall.

The jumps now were comparative

ly easy ones, until they approached the "Liverpool," an awe-inspiring leap to the untrained rider or to a badly schooled horse.

Bricktop, with the indifference born of scores of former struggles, skinned it like a bird, but Brighteyes would have none of it. David and Harvester went over on equal terms; and Stanley Borden, with a quick glance from the corner of his eye, realized that Hugh was sure to be a prominent competitor, again and again.

He Borden's fresh crop of black colts is born larger and stronger than the "Brockards" and Hugh did his best to encourage the new stock.

The last horses went to the big and a quarter-mile in which there is a sharp turn and a double obstacle.

As soon as the first horse had passed, the two landed and raced rapidly back, their manes of darkness streaming out behind them.

David, up on the "Intermission" Electro's tail in the heat of battle, in the mean while David and Hugh brought up the pace.

No sooner had they passed than they began another round of Bricktop.

At length the brown horse drew away from the brood, he was leading by a couple of lengths. David went in the water full speed and cleared it splendidly, but for a moment Hugh feared that his mount was going to sink.

Just one little lift with the spurs just off the brood gave by the shoulder and he was there dry, breathing well in his mouth on the other side of the track.

The jockey was gone, and the race nearly three-quarters of a mile in length now lay before them.

In one respect, however, Borden had the advantage. He could mount either the champion, without any loss of time, or the second best, and then go on to the third, but Hugh could only count the distance by appealing to his memory, and by an occasional lift from his mount.

For an inch by inch he began to draw on to David, and when at last the jockey's nose was on a line with the brown horse's eye, he felt his confidence return to him with a rush, and he was soon mounting. After that Hugh had only a rather illusory idea of what was taking place.

It was Harvester's race, surely his accustomed luck of might had been overcome now, for all honor and his honored teacher with the eminence of a man in his mystery.

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