

## WILLIAMSON'S TWO RACES

"Hard luck certainly seems to be always knocking at our door, especially when it's not wanted," said Mr. Huntley, the Head of Surrey College, with a worried air.

"Yes, and it seems that we generally open the door and let it in," replied Mr. Browney, physical instructor of the College. "If Hoff's ankle had not gone bad, we could have counted on the three miles as ours, at least, but now it's up to Jones, and he'll never win it."

"By the way, how *is* Jones, Browney?"

"14.49 yesterday. Not fast enough to win. Stevens of Milford College is stepping it off in 14.45. Only 4 seconds of a difference, but that means a lot when the point depends on the winner. 14.45 would never have held Hoff, but it looks mighty good now" said Browney.

"Who is to run second string with Jones, Browney?"

"There's Coster,—too nervous; Smith,—too bull-headed, and Williamson—too eccentric. But it's got to be one of these."

"Try them out again, Browney, and pick one from the three to help Jones along to-morrow."

"All right. I'll let you know if I find a dark horse."

Late that night Browney again entered the Head's room.

"Well, Browney, whom did you pick?"

"I guess it's Williamson, Sir. He beat out the other two in 14.52. But that man puzzles me. I really think that if we understood him we could get him to do better. He has the goods in him to win, but he is always so sullen and morose that no one ever speaks to him. Well, I must go and see if all the men are sleeping. Good-night."

"Good-night, Browney; I hope it's a fine day, anyway."

As was expected, Milford College captured the two sprinting events, but Surrey came back strong, and took the next three events. All they needed was one more event, but alas! Milford captured the next, and left the score standing three all, with the three mile run to decide the day.

Jones was the first to come out when the three mile run was called. He was smiling, but appeared rather nervous. Shortly afterwards, the two representatives of Milford came out, followed by Williamson. When he came out, the spectators could observe his appearance. He was a dark, sullen man of medium height, deep chested, muscular, and rough looking.

As second string man, his duty was to try to draw out the rival runners, and exhaust them so that his partner Jones could win out on the final sprint.

They are away! The second string man of Milford took the lead, followed closely by Williamson. For two miles the runners kept the same positions. Beginning the third mile, Williamson let out with a great sprint, but Milford men were too wise, and did not follow him, being content with running their own race. After Williamson had sprinted a very fast quarter, he eased up, apparently all in. With a half mile remaining the second string man of Milford dropped out. A greater surprise was yet in store for the spectators: Jones himself dropped out. Everybody now conceded that Stevens had the race; the majority had never heard of Williamson before.

One lap more. Williamson was leading. Stevens started to sprint and passed him. With fifty yards to go, Stevens was ahead by five yards. But what did the spectators see in that last fifty yards? They saw a man sprint like a frightened deer running for it's life; they saw Williamson sprint like a hundred yard man. He was neck and neck with Stevens. He was past. He staggered over the line and collapsed, plucking feebly at the grass.

Williamson had won the odd event for Surrey.

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It was evening across the desert a solitary rider was riding, riding as though his life depended on his horse. And so it did. A fierce band of Afghans had that morning attacked the little village of Karely where the British consul to India had his residence. This rider was one of the few who had escaped; but he had been noticed leaving the village by some of the band, and since then he had been pursued by seven or eight. The reason why they so hotly pursued one man was because he had escaped with a large diamond which the British consul had taken from one of their chiefs. The rider, looking behind for an instant, could see his enraged pursuers, about two miles behind. He was thinking whether he could make the eight miles that lay between himself and life, for eight miles farther on was a fortified place where he was sure of safety. Two miles gone.—Six more.

All of a sudden his horse shied. Wondering what had made him shy, he glanced around and saw the prostrate form of a man lying on the ground. With a leap he was



on the ground. To his amazement he recognized the man as Stevens. There was still life in him, and in a few minutes he was revived with the water which the rider gave him.

"Hurry up, Stevens, old man, and take this horse and ride to safety. When you get there send a party to help me."

"But," said Stevens,—

"Never mind. You've no time to lose,"

In a moment Stevens was off. But what of the rider? Throwing off nearly all his clothes he started to run. He had five miles to go in a run for life against mounted men. For the first three miles that long, steady stride never faltered, but at last it began to give way. His pursuers were now only yards behind him.

Early next morning a body of men under the direction of Stevens came to look for the rider. About a mile and a half from their camp they found the dead body of a man, covered with knife wounds. Mr. Huntley was one of the party; he had come to India three years before as an explorer. Examining the dead man he was much surprised to recognize that face again—the face of Williamson.

"Poor Williamson, we never understood him," he murmured; and in his brain ran the words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

E. MacGuigan '25

