

"We all agree to the terms of the bet, don't we?" said Foster. "The purse is thirty dollars, and the first horse to pass the line takes the whole."

"Two out o' three half-mile heats, I suppose, genl'men?" said Meloy.

"No, a single mile race!" we replied. Meloy and I jumped into our seats, and the owner of the track took his position in the judge's stand. I was surprised to see that Foster and Duncan followed their drivers to the place where we turned for the start, and even more so when Duncan, stooping down, removed the square boxes from his horse's feet. I then perceived that the "Rattler" had the most peculiar shoes on, round in shape, and with a hole on one side of each exactly like the keyhole of a large clock.

"This is a beautiful animal, boys," said Duncan, "but his limbs can't keep up with his spirit, and so I mean to help him. These shoes are fitted up with a cute clock-work inside; here's the key, and when you're ready I'll wind him up and let 'er flicker full fling."

"Ginger! I thought *I* was scarcely acting on the square when I brought this, but it's