

mising two-year-old—just good enough, as the saying goes, to lose good races.

"You are so proud of your colt, Lancing," said Foster one evening as we sat smoking on the verandah, "but I'd bet you five dollars to a match that for a steady trot Duncan's old horse or my 'Campus' would beat your 'Cockney.'"

"Well, I should say so," said Duncan. "The colt isn't a bit level-headed; he breaks at every third step. Now, Foster's 'Campus' is too thin, his bones scarcely hold together, and while his front legs are trotting his hind legs are walking; but my 'Rattler' is a monument of strength; just think of his gait, boys!"

"Rather an intricate gait to follow," said Foster, "a kind of five-barred gate! Now, my 'Campus'—"

"Always looks to me," I interrupted, "as if the buggy were shoving him along, instead of him pulling the buggy. But my 'Cockney'—"

"A splendid animal for a walking race," said Duncan, "but mighty poor at a trot!"

And the discussion ended in a unanimously expressed desire to back our horses against each other on a fair field. Foster knew the