

ROUGHING IT AFTER GOLD.

CHAPTER I.

ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN.

LEAVING THE ARMY—RACING A FAILURE—ACROSS THE WESTERN OCEAN.

I HAD sold out of the army in a hurry, as many another fellow had done before me, to his sorrow. At first it seemed as if I were but on leave for a time, so I gave the matter but little thought. Gradually, however, I wearied of the monotony of having no fixed occupation. I had written innumerable letters, and answered scores of advertisements, in the vain hope of obtaining employment; but the result was invariably unfavourable. To add to my annoyance, my cash—I never possessed very much—was daily diminishing. My affairs, which from the first wore a somewhat gloomy aspect, finally became almost desperate, and, from the want of something better to do with the few pounds saved from the wreck of my commission, I went on the turf.

At first Dame Fortune smiled on me, and the "Two Thousand," "Derby," and "Oaks," were good business for me. But it was a case of "easy come easy go," and, instead of hoarding my winnings for a rainy day, I foolishly spent them. "Ascot" came round, and then "Goodwood," over which meetings I had but indifferent luck. On the "St Leger" I was once more