

sticks the sharp steel into your flank, or hits you with a rawhide whip, what's a fellow to do? It's awful! but if a fellow's got any blood in him, any of the king's blood, he's got to make another try—just a wee bit more. That's what I did at Cau'field, and I got through, but something snapped. Everybody was saying that I'd won easy; but I didn't. I had an awful pain, but I just managed to stay in front, for the others were dead beat, too. That's why I get a pain when I gallop more than a mile. That's why my owner in Australia sold me. He said I'd turned lazy; but he didn't tell Captain Thornton. And now my master and your mistress are risking all their happiness on my winning the Cup."

I shuddered at this, for it was all new to me. The only race I had started in was the Nizam's Cup, and my jockey had used neither whip nor spur; had just kept me back a little with the bit, for I wanted to show them all how fast I could run; I liked it.

"I wish I could tell my master," sighed Sting. "He thinks I'm all right. A vet looked at me when I landed, and said I was sound as a bell. These men are such fools—sometimes."

Just then Sting's trainer came and ordered the syce to bring him out; the jockey, Archie, got up on his back, and they went on the course for a gallop.

"Who's that fellow?" said a big bay horse, Table Top, as we stood for a few minutes close together in the paddock.

"That's little Sting," I replied.

"Oh, I know," he answered; "Son of Grandmaster. Grandmaster was always blowing about his father, Gladiateur, who won the English Derby. He was a Frenchman, was Gladiateur, and that's why they boasted so much. We'll see what the breed can do out in this blazing hot climate."

It seemed to me they all had a pick on Sting because he was small, and my heart warmed towards the little fellow. As the days wore on I began

to have doubts about being able to win myself. My legs got so bad that I had to give up galloping on the hard course. They gave me frightful long walks, and swam me for hours in a big pond to keep my muscles hard. This eased my legs, but it took away my appetite, and I always left part of the oats in the feed-box.

This made the trainer pull a long face; but he was *so* kind. He gave me raw eggs, and sorted the hay all over, picking out the best for me. He was a dear chap.

My owner was a pompous man, and when he came to the stables everybody jumped about as though they were going to lose their heads.

One day Southall said to him, "The horse is losing flesh, sir; he won't eat, and I'm afraid he'll break down before the race."

My master flew into a rage, and cursed everybody. He swore that somebody must have drugged me. Miss Jess was with him, and she broke in with, "Why, papa, nobody would do that; besides, Dip knows as much as a man—he wouldn't eat it. Why don't you do with him as the doctors did with me when I was run down, give him stout or something to drink."

Everybody laughed at this, even the father, who was so angry; but the trainer said, "My word, sir, that's a good idea; let me try it."

They had to do something, so the master consented, for he knew that trainers often gave whisky to horses who were a bit soft, when they were going to run a hard race. After that I had three quart bottles of beer twice a day. It was a funny way to train a horse, the knowing ones said—swim him, and feed him on beer; but I felt better.

We were a sorry lot, the whole of us. Sting had a weak heart; so had Robin Hood, as I could see now; First Water had a split hoof, liable to go at any minute; Table Top was so big and lazy they couldn't get him down to condition; Jack-in-the-Green had a splint; and I fancy all of the others had something the matter.