

to the stewards; and added, out of his own knowledge, that this was true.

Leigh had just passed over the scales weighing in, and he was summoned before the stewards.

In answer to their query, he declared that the horse he had ridden and been beaten on was Ben Ali.

Then Raeburn was sent for. He also maintained that that the horse Leigh had ridden was Ben Ali.

"We must have the owner of Ben Ali here," the steward said.

When Kathleen had come, the two horses, Ben Ali and North Light, were brought into the selling enclosure.

The steward said: "Miss Braund, you claim that your horse won this race, I understand."

"Yes, he did—I am sure he did."

"Well, there is the winner," the steward declared, pointing to the bay without a star in his forehead.

"Yes, that's Ben Ali, and he did win. Why did they give it to the other horse?"

"I think you are mistaken, Miss Braund. That is North Light, the other horse is Ben Ali."

"Oh, no, he has a white star in his forehead; he's a different made horse from Ben Ali."

"But Mr. Raeburn entered that other horse as Ben Ali; Mr. Leigh rode him as Ben Ali. Do you charge that they fraudulently exchanged these two horses?"

Kathleen's face grew white. She stared at Leigh; the sudden shock of these words casting over her heart a spell of dread apprehension. The blow was so sudden, the evidence of the charge so explicit, that she was staggered. For a moment even her faith wavered. The steward's voice roused her to the knowledge that they were waiting for her to speak.

"No," she said faintly, "there is no fraud. I thought—I thought the judge had made a mistake. Let the other horse have the race. I—I fancy I have made a mistake; I—I'm satisfied. I want to go."

"No," the steward interposed firmly, "this is a very grave matter; we must clear it up."

He gave Kathleen a chair. She could hear the droning buzz of many voices on the lawn. She saw a serried mass of upturned faces as their owners thronged about the judges' stand, drawn by the ominous words: "An objection to the winner!"

The steward, turning suddenly to Denton, asked: "You are with Miss Braund, sir—do you know Ben Ali? If you do, please identify him."

Denton made a pretense of unwillingness to speak, claiming that he had no interest in the race. But the steward was insistent, saying: "I can see plainly that there is something peculiar about this race, and I'm bound to get to the bottom of it. You must give your evidence."

"I'm sure it's just a mistake," Denton said—"an unhappy mistake. I'm sure Mr. Leigh will be able to explain it all right. But the horse that won—the bay without the star in the forehead, that ran as North Light, is Miss Braund's Ben Ali."

"You could swear to this?"

"Yes, I could. I thought once of buying Ben Ali, and examined him closely."

Leigh stared aghast: a horrible dread crept over him. Up to this he had thought that Kathleen had been mistaken, the two horses looked much alike, and probably she had confused them.

Then Kathleen was told gently, firmly, that she must say which of the two horses was Ben Ali. She felt that it was like passing sentence upon Leigh. He couldn't be guilty of dishonesty, but how could he clear himself from this dreadful mistake? Yes, Denton was right, it must be all a mistake.

Then the steward questioned Raeburn, and there was no gentleness in his voice now; there was no mistaking the imputation of fraud in his words.

"Did you bet on this race, Mr. Raeburn?" he asked.

"You generally back your horses heavily. Did you back this horse that started out of your stable, that you ran as Ben Ali?"

"No; he was a bad actor, and I had no confidence in him."

"Did you back the winner?"

"Yes, I had a bet on him."

"Ah, you did!"

The girl shuddered. The steward's "Ah!" pierced like a knife. She drove shut the lids of her eyes to dam back her tears. Why had she been the means of drawing forth this whole horrible thing—why had she not remained at Belmont? She could hear the voice of the steward going on in its hard, monotonous, inexorable grind, asking

Raeburn why he had backed another horse in the race with one of his own stable running.

The owner of North Light had been sent for, but the messenger had returned, saying he couldn't be found. Even this looked ominous. The steward construed it as evidence that the owner was a straw man, that Raeburn was the real nominator of North Light under a fictitious name.

"Send for the trainer of North Light," the steward commanded. And as they waited he said to his colleague, aside: "There's no doubt in the world but that Raeburn has played the 'ringing game' here to make a killing; he's handling both these horses, we shall find. A pretty pair of scoundrels they are, to practically steal that girl's horse! And she would like to shield the young fellow, I can see that."

Both Raeburn and Leigh were dumbfounded. The whole thing was so astounding that their wits were paralysed. There was no possibility that the horse could have been changed while in their stable. That they were entirely innocent seemingly made no difference.

Suddenly Raeburn sprang to his feet, crying excitedly: "Stop that nigger that's sneaking out of the selling enclosure—he's the one man that can clean this matter up!"

The steward, turning quickly, saw Johnston, the trainer of the winner, about to pass through the little gate to the course; having turned the horse over to a stable-hand, he had at last managed to steal into the enclosure.

In an instant a Pinkerton man had his hand on the darky's shoulder, and he was brought into the stand.

At first he declared stoutly enough that the horse he trained was North Light; but when he saw that this contention was useless he broke down, and in the breaking down he went all to pieces. To save himself, he told everything, declaring he was just a poor coloured man—as innocent as a child, and just did what his boss told him to do.

The rehabilitating of matter—the disqualifying of North Light, the giving of the race to the horse that had finished second, the handshake of repentance from the steward for his suspicion of Raeburn and Leigh; the flood of joy, tears from Kathleen's eyes, as in her heart she was happier than if she had won forty races; the going over and over the horrible nightmare thing that evening with Leigh, the recovery of the real Ben Ali who had proved his worth by winning that day—all these matters, told as they should be, would make another tale quite as long as this one, and that is impossible.

If There Was Plenty of Gold

THERE was once a man, a college graduate, who said he would like to make all the world wealthy and happy. How to do it was the problem to which he turned his magnificent intellect. He had no money to give away like Rockefeller and Carnegie, because he had never stolen from the public. He had no accumulated gold, or silver, or precious stones. But he had an idea and it ran along this line:

What would happen if the world were suddenly to find that there was plenty of gold, that the supply was as adequate and liberal as the supply of coal, or of iron, or any other common substance? Or, what would occur if some one were to discover a method of making gold, as any other chemical compound is made?

Under these circumstances what would be the price of bread, of meat, or of milk? Would bread sell at six loaves for one cent, and meat at a half-cent a pound? Would our houses, now worth \$2,000, be worth \$100 or \$40,000 each? Would they go up in value or would they go down?

What about bonds which are guaranteed to be redeemed in gold? If gold were as plentiful as iron, what would a \$1,000 gold bond be worth? Would it be worth carrying home? Would all the millionaires be paupers? Would there be equality among mankind?

What would become of stocks that are not redeemable, but are to pay dividends forever? Would a \$100 share become worth \$1,000? Would stocks go up as bonds came down? Would there be a panic on the stock exchanges of the world or would there be a mad rush to buy?

As he thought these things over, he evolved a plan whereby he might experiment in New York. And the story of his experiment will be told in the succeeding issues of The Canadian Courier, beginning with next week. The story is entitled "The Golden Flood," and the author is Edwin Lefevre. It is not a long story, and will be completed in ten issues.