

were a dozen of them, and how could Steel be so cock-sure about the Count?

"Griff's never moved in the saddle yet, and the others are all hard at work."

My heart sank. Was our jockey not trying to win?

"Good boy! They'll nev—er catch him now!" It was evidently all right again, though I couldn't quite understand it. But I could see the white legs flashing in the bright sunlight quite in the front, so our horse must be doing well.

A hundred yards from the finish I saw Sir Michael pull up to the girths of the chestnut. The suspense of the moment choked my friend's voice—he was silent. I felt that the struggle had come.

"You win, win, win!" The Thing was dinging in my ear.

Then the arm that had so cheerfully punched me in the chin shot into the air once, twice, and, as it descended

each time, there was a noise like the crack of a pistol. The white legs seemed to flash quicker; the chestnut mass with the long bony neck drew steadily out from the jumble of bays and greys, and I could hear a thousand voices roaring: "*The Count! The Count! The Count wins!*"

Steel turned, screwed up his glasses, put them nervously into their leather case, and said: "I knew they'd never catch him. You've won a small fortune. We'll throw in a diamond pin with the watch. I'm glad I put you on to the good thing." Steel was excited.

"Bli' me!" said Griffith, when I spoke to him about the final struggle, "I only hit my boot-leg; I wouldn't touch the Count with the whip now. We're chums; I sleep in his stall."

The bookies didn't welsh me—they never do in India.

ELLA MAY

By Graham Douglas

ELLA MAY and Miss Mathewson arrived at the City Hospital the same raw bleak winter's day and entered the Woman's Medical at precisely the same hour.

They came on very different missions these two, and to the casual observer it would have seemed very improbable that the fate of the stately fair probationer, whose appearance had already caused a stir in the doctors' quarters, would be bound up with that of the small nigger baby, who had no place in the outside world, and for whom even the hospital hardly held a bed.

"Children's ward full," said the young house doctor who had admitted her; "Babies' too. Send her up to the Woman's Medical;" and thus it was that Miss Mathewson made Ella

May's acquaintance a few minutes after she had been placed on duty.

It was just six months before the day I speak of that Isabel Mathewson made up her mind to have a profession and earn her own livelihood, telling the family of her decision with a faltering tongue and the faint hope deep down in her heart, unacknowledged even to herself, that they would cry her idea down as ridiculous, instead of which it received their warmest approval. Her father applauded roundly. Isabel had expected he would, for although James Mathewson was far from being a poor man, dress allowances were a sore subject with him and there was a fourth daughter to make her debut the coming winter. Indeed, it was this very subject of dress allowance that had finally convinced Miss