

an entire stranger. He however carried five thousand dollars of Dick's money, with orders to place it at the best odds on Stafford for first place in the Sea Shore handicap. Galy himself very prominently distributed in different books nearly fifteen hundred dollars on his own horse for the same place.

During this time Telmont was to all appearances highly elated over Stafford's prospects of winning, and devoted much of his time to training him; but at heart, he saw in his vicious black only a reservoir of pent up stubbornness and devilry which would break loose at the starting post. Despairing of winning the race, he had, like Galy not despaired of winning money on it and had also an agent entrusted with Telmont funds, who was looking out for good things on Persecutor. Telmont had gone into the scheme much heavier than had Galy and had correspondingly more money on his own horse in the local pools.

Stafford's mount was a colored boy who well knew all the caprices of his mount and was an adept at humoring him when Stafford wished to be humored; he could also bring out all the meanness in the horse. To Ike Jackson, Telmont had confided the part he was to play in pulling the horse in the approaching race. The pulling would amount to nothing more than angering the horse in which condition he would be worthless, among such fast company as Persecutor and Alien. Daily the little darkey was enjoined, and threatened by Telmont and as he was in mortal fear of his employer, he would probably do his best to lose the race. Galy on the other hand, said nothing to his jockey about his own particular plot until the day before the race, then he had warned him that he must ride Persecutor exactly according to his directions and disclosed to him the scheme for raking in the shakels of the innocent betting public.

The evening before the race found Galy's agent seated on the piazza of the Turf hotel, talking horse to a stranger who like himself had but recently arrived at Cradlesend. Naturally

the approaching race claimed some of their attention and it was a topic which each man seemed eager to discuss. Galy's man was of the opinion that "that lank black would cross the wire a winner on the morrow, while the other stranger thought Persecutor a winner and was anxious to substantiate his statement by a wager. Stafford's backer seemed reluctant but on being offered odds of 3 to 5, took the stranger up to the tune of a thousand. The next morning Dick Galy opened a letter which read :

"Have gotten all the money up; caught a Jonah last night for the last thousand. JIM."

Neither "Jim" nor Dick knew that at this time, the said "Jonah" was wishing Telmont all success in his game and probably relating to him how *he* had caught a "Jonah."

Sea Shore day came, bright and cool like every other previous Sea Shore day except that there was more excitement in the gambling ring. The first two races were unimportant attracting scarcely any attention, everyone being busy in investing their all, or most all, in little pink tickets. At the Telmont quarters Ike Jackson was getting his last orders: "Don't win! Don't win, if you have to fall off to lose. If you come in a winner I'll kill you" came in muttered words from Telmont. Then Ike was given his "leg up" and the black with the "rogue's badge" of blinders was led into the paddocks. Galy's boy was instructed to keep well in with the leaders until near the home stretch where under the shelter of an embankment he could safely pull without being seen from the judges stand.

After weighing in, the horses cantered up and down before the grand stand, each receiving rounds of applause until the bugle summoned them to the starting post. The first two trials were unsuccessful because of the fractiousness of some of the horses. The third trial the field was pretty well together but yet some persisted in getting left. During this time Stafford behaved excellently, and despite everything his jockey could do to anger him, he was very docile and eager to