ing. I'm half inclined to add to the proverb, too, 'old horses to race with,' after my experience over at S——."

"How was that?" asked I.

"It's a short story, which, you know, like a short horse, is soon curried!" replied Palethorp; and filling up a glass with old Madeira, he thus commenced:

"I was over there with Ben Wilson one day in October, '58, and in the afternoon, Ben, who had a slashing pair of grays of his in the stable, proposed a ride,—and a ride it was! We went so fast we left our shadows at the hotel, and never saw them again till Ben held up, of his own accord, under the shade of some cherry-trees alongside the road.

"There's going to be some fun here this afternoon," said he, 'so if you're in no hurry we'll stop and see it.'

"Pleasure before business,' I answered.

'Hold up!"

"While we sat there in the shade, blowing a cloud, there came up the road a queer-looking old cock in an open wagon, decidedly the worse for wear, drawn by a rough-looking old horse, with the hardest-looking harness on him you could scare up this side of the water. Ben, who is always chaffing everybody, commenced his jokes on the old head in the wagon.

"An elegant day, sir," he commenced. 'I hear there is to be a bit of a race this afternoon along this stretch of road; perhaps I have the pleasure of speaking to one of the parties.'

"I ain't no party; I'm an individual, I am!" answered the old man, as he drew up alongside the road near us. 'As for racing, I should think one eye'd tell you I ain't the man. Look at that hoss!'

"Thus solicited, Ben turned both eyes on him, and then answered: 'There is certainly "blood" in that beast,—four or five quarts, anyhow!'

"Yes,' spoke the old man, 'and bones, too. I guess they speak for themselves.'

"I sat looking on quietly, noticing by the quickness of the old man's replies, by the fire in his gray eye, by his compact figure and general care of his person, though shabbily dressed, something underneath all; and as Ben kept on chaffing, I politely offered the old man a cigar, made a remark about the weather, and we entered into conversation. Before long a flashing of red and yellow wheels and the sparkle of silver-mounted harness, loud talk, and clouds of cigar-smoke, told us of the approach of the 'fancy' who were to trot the race. They were to start from the cherry-trees, as the road for nearly a mile from this point was very level, in excellent order, and tolerably straight. At the word 'Go!' off they went, yellow wheels ahead and red wheels right after him, while we all followed suit, in order to see the termination of the race. I noticed the old man with the old wagon and the old horse far behind us, and evidently laying on the 'braid' with all his might, in order not entirely to lose sight of us. Arrived at the end of the road, or at least a mile of it, we found that yellow wheels had won the stakes.

On turning my head there was the old man, with his turnout, walking his horse just behind our wagon, while we had been on the hard trot the whole time! There was a tavern not far from here, and in a few minutes the fast teams were all at it, and the fast boys all in it. Noticing the old man coming in the bar-room, I at once insisted on his joining us at the bar, and we had drinks all round. Coming out of the hotel the old man said to me aside, 'Mr. Palethorp, you have forgotten me, and old Boncoeur, too!'

"The very instant he said Boncoeur I knew my man and horse. 'By all that lives, Powers! is that you?'

"No other living man, though I am down here on a piece of boys' play just now. So you know old Boncoeur again?" asked he, as by this time we had walked over to where his old wagon was hitched up.

"Know him? I think I do, though how in thunder you've managed to change him so, I can't see.'

"Harness and a pint of lamp-black; no currying for a couple of days and a dirty litter. I know what I'm about, and I'll tell you, as you're a gentleman. Them fellers with their yaller