

A RANK OUTSIDER

By Clifton Halliday.

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Danbury saw that the man was lying in the middle of the road, in imminent danger of being run down by the whirling automobiles that followed each other in a never-ending stream. He shook him, but the man did not respond. Then, lifting him in his arms, the young American carried



"What's the Odds on Silver King?"

him to the side of the highway and laid him down under a tree.

Automobiles and carriages streamed past them, but no one stopped to notice the recumbent man. For this was at Kempton Park, and one of the classic races of the year was to be run. All the fashionable folk of England had turned out for the racing, and all the unfashionables of the district, afoot, on horseback, in pony carts and behind donkeys, men, women and babes, a shouting, whooping mob,

The man had evidently fainted; there was no smell of liquor upon his breath. He was elderly, thin, gaunt, wild-looking. Leaving him there, Danbury ran to a public house near by and bought a flask of brandy and some sandwiches. Returning, he tried to force the liquor between the man's teeth, but he clinched his jaws.

"No, no!" he muttered, beginning to revive. "I promised my dying mother that I would never touch liquor. Food, for heaven's sake!"

He munched the sandwiches greedily, and presently seemed so far recovered as to sit up. He stared at his rescuer.

"Have they run the Victoria stakes yet?" he implored.

"Not, I believe, till three o'clock," Danbury answered.

"Then help me to the course. It's a matter of thousands." He looked at Danbury thoughtfully. "Help me there and I'll show you what an old man's gratitude means."

Half an hour later they were seated by the side as near the track as they could get. It was fifteen minutes before the race. The horses had been led out of their paddocks. The old fellow stared at each as he went past.

"There!" he cried, as a poor-looking animal went by. "That's Silver King. He's being quoted at forty to one—a rank outsider. And he'll win—he's mine."

"That horse is yours?" ejaculated Danbury.

"Mine, every inch of him. And now I'm going to make your fortune," replied the other. "Listen!"

"Ten years ago Silver King was a Derby winner. Never mind what his name was then. He was mine, and I won ninety thousand pounds on him. It went to wine, women and song—squandered, sir, as easily as it came. I lost everything; I lost Silver King. He was sold to a millionaire. But his jockey misused him and he wouldn't run. At last he was sold again as a hackney, then he became