"Certainly," said the nimble-fingered fakir, "it's all going, and going fast. Where is the little ball, for $10, for $5, or for $2! Now, gentlemen, what do you want? Old man, you have the call!"

"Well," said Ike, "I will start you low, and go easy; it's there, for $2!"

"Just made a mistake, old man; you should watch the little ball while it rolls. Try a five, next time, and you must win sure."

"You old fool, could you not see it was below the other shell, why didn't you watch. Let me try once, and I'll show you your eye-sight's failing," said Betsey, as her eyes flashed fire in anger.

"Come on, my lady, come on and pick it out! There's plenty where it comes from, and it's all for the good of the people," sounded the shrill voice of the adept manipulator, while a broad-check adorned youth beat him out of $20.

Betsey's eyes opened, and she moved a little closer. She kept her half-closed eyes fixed on the little covering. She would stake her life it was under the middle shell! No doubt her heart beat fast while she put up her old well worn five dollar bill, but faster still when the shell was raised and she found she also had made a mistake.

"You rascal! you unworthy wretch! give me my money! You are just the sneak I read of in the book! Ike, here, why do you stand there? Come here! break the wretch's head!" screamed the infuriated woman.

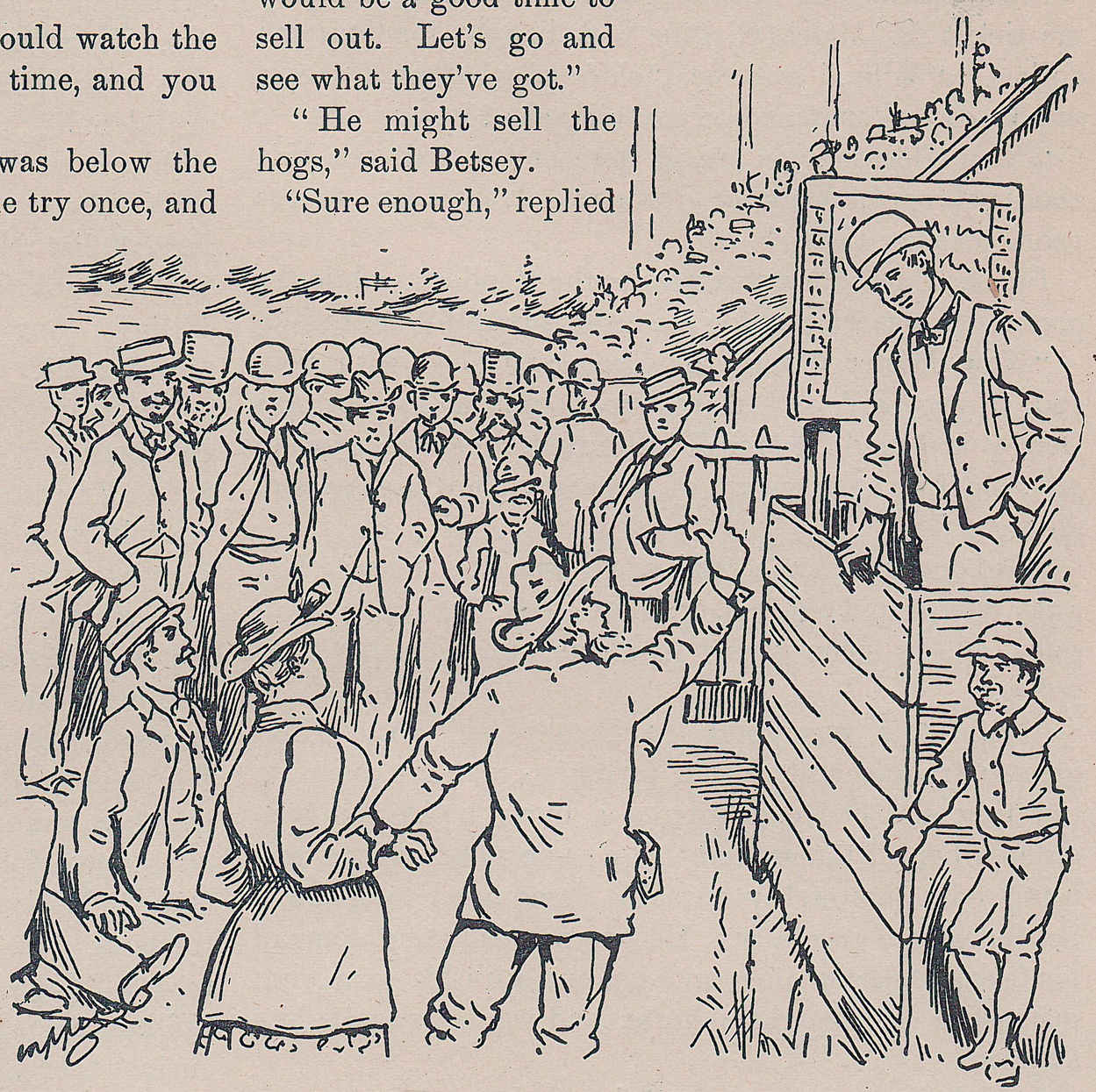
Ike made for the unlucky cheat, and as he made a dash to escape the heavy hand of the farmer, some one smarter than he seized his money box and escaped in the crowd. The old farmer was not so quick as his nimble opponent, who escaped, less about eight dollars, while Ike and Betsey resolved to gamble no more.

We find our friends a few minutes later in the betting ring, looking in amazement at the way the people handed over their money and got their quickly written receipt for it. Betsey vowed they were the best paying people she ever saw, and Ike agreed with her. Ike saw a man who owed him three dollars and fifty cents for a load of wood for the last year, pay the fat fellow in the box ten dollars, and as he seemed to be in the mood to pay, he thought he would ask him for his money. The crowd was so great, however, that Ike, with Betsey hanging to him, was pushed further and further away nearer the track fence. Ike led Betsey to one side to cool off, and while there saw a smooth-faced fellow perched on a stand, seemingly engaged as auctioneer, selling, as he supposed, some article of trade. Looking once or twice at the man and Betsey alternately, he said,

"Betsey, I never knew that they had a sale here to-day, but I suppose they try to kill two rabbits with one shot, and as the people are here thought it would be a good time to sell out. Let's go and see what they've got."

"He might sell the hogs," said Betsey.

"Sure enough," replied Ike, "it will save us the time of staying over, even if we do sell a little cheaper."



"Thirteen fifty!" shouted Ike.

"I hear him talk of horses, Ike. It must be a horse sale. I suppose they have the races so as to attract people that have horses to sell."

Ike, who had always been a speculative man in buying stock cheap and selling high, got in the betting ring and could not understand why they could be selling a horse for $10.

"Here, Mister, excuse me, but will you explain what animal you're a'selling for $10. I'm interested, an' I buy lots of stock," said Ike.

"Match Girl there, number four. Now I'm bid $10 for Match Girl, can I get $15?" cried the pool seller.

"Eleven dollars," said Ike.

"Twelve," from some one in the crowd.

"Thirteen fifty," called Ike.

"No half dollars," said the pool seller.

"Fourteen dollars," cried Ike.

"Fourteen dollars! fourteen dollars! do I hear any