

## THOROUGHBREDS

"He cashes in often when he's credited with a mistake," retorted the other.

"Well, I've played the little mare," asserted Porter.

"Much, sir?" asked Dixon, solicitously.

"All I can stand—and a little more," he added, falteringly; "I needed a win, a good win," he offered, in an explanatory voice. "I want to clear Ringwood—but never mind about that, Andy. The mare's well—ain't she? There can't be anything doing with McKay—we've only put him up a few times, but he seems all right."

"I think we'll win," answered the Trainer; "I didn't get anythin' straight—just that there seemed a deuced strong tip on Lauzahne, considerin' that he'd never showed any form to warrant it. Yonder he is, sir, in number five—go and have a look at him."

As John Porter walked across the paddock a horseman touched the fingers of his right hand to his cap. There was a half-concealed look of interest in the man's eye that Porter knew from experience meant something.

"What do you know, Mike?" he asked, carelessly, only half halting in his stride.

"Nottin' sir; but dere's somebody in de know dis trip. Yer mare's a good little filly, w'en she's right, but ye'r up against it."

Porter stopped and looked at the horseman. He was Mike Gaynor, a trainer, and more than once Porter had stood his friend. Mike always had on hand three or four horses of inconceivable slowness, and uncertainty of wind and limb; consequently there was an ever-recurring inability to pay feed bills, so he had every chance to know just who was his friend and who was not, for he tried them most sorely.