

Saturday, he might go into the ring and hurt the price. I can't stop you putting the little nigger on your own horse, but if he tries to make my barn a hangout, I'll warm his jacket for him, understand! You can tell him so."

"Yes, suh," answered Gabe meekly. "Mist Curry an' yo' bad friends, boss?"

"We ain't any kind of friends," snapped Pitkin, "and that goes for every blackbird that eats out of his hand!"

"I thought he was a kin' o' pious ole gentleman," said Gabe.

"He's got a lot of people fooled, Curry has," replied Pitkin with unnecessary profanity, "but I've had his number right along. He's a crook, but he gets away with it on account of that long-tailed coat—the sanctimonious old scoundrel! Don't you have anything to do with him, Gabe."

"Me?" said Gabe professing mild astonishment. "Humph! I reckon *not*!"

"Always stick with your friends," said Pitkin, "and remember which side your bread is buttered on."

"That's whut I'm aimin' to do, suh. Yo' know, boss, I sort o' figgeh the Gen'al's got a mighty good chance nex' Satu'day in that secon' race. A mighty good chance."

Pitkin sneered. "Going to bet on him, are you?"

"No, suh; not 'less some people pay me whut they owes me."