

"'but he casteth away the substance of the wicked.'"

"A-a-men!" said old Gabe. "An' a fine job o' castin' away been done this evenin'! Mist' Curry, I'm quit hoss racin' now, but yo' the whites' man I met in all my time."

"Go 'way with you!" laughed Curry.

It was one of the black stable hands who recalled Pitkin to a sense of his responsibilities. The roustabout approached, leading a bay colt.

"Boss, is Gabe done quit us?"

"Huh?" grunted Pitkin, emerging from a deep-brown study. "Yes, he's gone, confound him!"

"Well, he lef' thisyer Gen'al Duval hoss behin' him. The Gen'al's cooled out now; whut you want me to do with him?"

"Put him in his stall," mumbled Pitkin. "To-morrow I'll see if I can get rid of him."

It is a very stupid race horse which does not know its own stall. The stable hand released his hold on the halter and slapped the colt's flank.

"G'long with yo'!" said he.

Then, and not until then, did Henry M. Pitkin begin to estimate his misfortune correctly, for the bay colt which had won the maiden race in the name of General Duval and carried the racing colours of Gabriel Johnson to their first and only victory marched straight into Sergeant Smith's stall and thrust his muzzle into Sergeant Smith's feed box!