

## The Luck of the Babe

or in point of fact was disappearing—the native boy on Pegu. Blake saw this and realized that he would have to, at least, save second money. If Rocket would not go on, he would have to, so he set sail for the leader. Scotty followed. They made up ground rapidly; but the gray hung on surprisingly. Would they ever catch him?

In the stand the excitement was terrific. Nobody had backed Pegu—nobody but the Babe. It was the stand against the Babe; the fast horses against the dead one; the jockeys against the native boy.

It was tragically unique, this race of the wise men against the lambs.

Jump by jump Amir and Rocket reduced the lead the gray outcast had. Abdul could hear something coming now—something thundering along behind him, still far enough away that he need not pull out, as he always had done. It was not far to the winning post—would the gray last?

He thought of the two hundred rupees he would win, and swore by Allah that he would give half of it in charity, if Allah would only breathe into the nostrils of the gray, and fill his lungs with strength.

The two jockeys were riding for second place now; that was about all they could see in it.

The stand, mad with excitement, thought they