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the sort of game he had any use for—but a hundred thousand to Tydeman was street-car fare. He admitted that he would have preferred it should have been some one other than Tydeman, in the sense that he possessed an unbounded admiration for Tydeman—for Tydeman, even though he was too old to take much of an active part in anything, was still the gamest sport on record. But it *was* Tydeman, it happened that it *was* Tydeman; and so, well—— Dave Henderson shrugged his shoulders.

"Step up, gentlemen, and place your bets!" murmured Dave Henderson softly. "And take a tip from me—bunch your wads on the dark horse!"