

"But with a good ride you think he can win?"

"Humph!" sniffed Gabe. "He leave 'em like they standin' still!"

"I want to slip him into the fourth race next Saturday," said Pitkin, "and he'll have Callo-way and Hartshorn to beat. There ought to be a nice price on him—4 or 5 to 1, anyway, on account of what he's been showing lately."

"Yo' goin' bet on him, suh?"

"Straight and place," said Pitkin, "but I won't bet a nickel here at the track. They'll be asking you about the colt and trying to get a line on him. You tell 'em that I'm starting him a little bit out of his class just to see if he's game—any lie will do. And if they ask you about the stable money, we're not playing him this time."

"Yes, suh."

"You're absolutely sure he's ready?"

"Ready? Why, boss, ain't yo' been watchin' the way that colt is workin'? Yo' kin bet 'em till they quits takin' it an' not be scared."

"That's all I want to know, Gabe, and mind what I told you about keeping that big mouth of yours shut. If I hear of any talk——"

"I ain't neveh talked yit, has I?"

"Well, don't pick this time to start; that's all."

That night the lights burned late in two tackle-rooms. In one of them Old Man Curry was bringing the judgment of Solomon down to