

The Luck of the Babe

away?" queried Blake, petulantly, wrenching at Amir's mouth.

"He told me not to throw it away by makin' the runnin' fer you."

While they wrangled, and their horses jumped sideways, like a lady's palfrey because of their noses being pulled down on their chests, Abdul was stealing away into the distance like a soft, gray shadow. Luckily for him he never looked back in any race so long as he was ahead, but kept pegging away like a true native. All the time he thought the sahibs were at his heels, ready for a surging rush by him as they swept into the straight. And into the straight, and still no sign of the sahibs. What if his mount should win! He had put ten rupees on him with the bookmakers. The odds, twenty to one, had tempted him; besides, was it not the horse he was going to ride—and had he not ten rupees of confidence in himself.

A serious problem had opened up for the other two boys to consider. Because of astral communication Blake knew that his employer would win if Rocket won; and Scotty also knew that Amir's winning would benefit his master. Also were the jockeys in the same boat, because of arrangement.

Then the third factor in the problem appeared,