

The Luck of the Babe

"All right, come along then," yelled Blake, letting go of Amir's head a little.

They were only cantering; and all the time the iron-gray Pegu, with the black boy on his back, was slipping away from them. People in the stand, seeing the state of things, thought it was a false start, and bantered cheerfully over the idiocy of the native boy, Abdul. "It doesn't make any difference," some one said, "Pegu had no chance, anyway."

Tobyn saw the gray opening up a wide stretch of country between himself and the other two horses, and going up to Larraby, congratulated him upon his perspicacity. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "you're a good one at picking them. They'll never catch Pegu now. I suppose you've backed it yourself."

Larraby's face was a study; but the Babe didn't notice this—he never explored faces.

Down on Amir, Blake was swearing softly to himself. At last he spoke:

"Why the devil don't you go on, Scotty? Can't you see that native slipping away from us? He's got twenty lengths the best of it now."

"I'm ridin' 'cordin' to orders," answered Scotty sulkily. "Go on yourself."

"Did the old man order you to throw the race