

hisse'f wid gamblin' en gwine on. I seed dat sump'n had ter be done, en dat mighty quick, so I tuck 'im off one side en ax 'im ef he 'd bet on de hoss what I'd pick out fer 'im de next day. Dat wuz des fun fer my young marster, suh. He tuck me right up, en des vowed he 'd put his las' dollar on 'im.

“ 'T wa'n't no mo' trouble ter me, suh, ter pick out de winnin' hoss dan 'twuz ter wash my face. Dat night I made my young marster gi' me a tickler full er dram, en den I went 'mong de stables whar dey kep' de race-hosses, en 't w'an't no time 'fo' I know'd eve'y hoss dat wuz gwine ter win de nex' day, en de day arter, en de day arter dat — kaze de nigger boys, what rode de hosses, know'd, en dey tol' me what dey would n't dast ter tell no white man dat ever wuz born'd.

“ Well, suh, we sorter helt back on de fust two races, but de nex' un wuz de big un, en my young marster plankt down all he had on de hoss I picked, en we walked 'way fum dar wid mighty nigh 'nuff money ter fill a bedtick. De biggest pile my young marster got, he won'd fum a great big man, wid white whiskers en blue eyes. He look mo' like a preacher dan any hoss-race man I ever is see.