

he ain't doin' no intrusion, en de preacher-lookin' man say ef dey's anybody doin' any intrusion, it's him, kaze he ain't doin' nothin' but settin' dar projickin' with de kyards waitin' fer bed-time. Den my young marster ax 'im ef he won't jine in de game, en he 'low he don't keer ef he do, but he say it twon't do no good fer ter jine in de game ef my young marster know ez much 'bout kyards ez he do 'bout race-hosses. Wid dat, my young marster 'low dat he never won'd a dollar on any hoss what he pick out hisse'f. Dis make de preacher-lookin' man open his eyes wide, en dey look mo' bluer dan befo'; en he 'low:—

“Who does de pickin' fer you?”

“My young marster nod his head to'rds me. ‘Dar's my picker.’

“De man say, ‘Who larnt you so much 'bout race-hosses?’

“I make answer, ‘Well, suh, hit's mighty much de same wid hosses ez 't is wid folks. Look at um right close en watch der motions, en you'll know what dey got in um, but you won't know how you know it.’

“De man say, ‘Kin you pick out kyards same ez you does hosses?’