

"Mon cher, you want to know these things?" she said.

"I want to know," I said.

"You said the horse bobbed three times, didn't you?" she said.

"Yes," I said.

"On the third fall," she said.

"Suppose he stay down after he fall the second time?" I said.

"Never, mon cher," she said.

"Can't you give me something to put in his food to keep him from getting on that horse? Some powder or something?"

"Do you think I can challenge death?" she said.

"No, Ma'am," I said.

"That's what you asking me to do," she said.

"I thought you stopped things and made other things happen," I said.

"I do," she said. "But, mon cher, your Joe Pittman wants to be a man, and if I stop him here he will find something else to do. You see, mon cher, the horse is only one thing. Man must always search someways to prove that he is a man. Mon Dieu, but some of them are very, very stupid."

"Then he wants to die?" I said.

"Mon cher," she said. "Mon cher, mon cher, riding that horse is his way of living. Not his way of dying."

"When he know that horse's going to kill him?" I said.