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THE MODERN JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON

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"Yo' won't do nuthin'!" said Gabe stoutly. "Pitkin, yo' an' me is *through*; yo' an' me is *done*! Yo' made me all the trouble yo' eveh goin' make. Nex' time they ketches yo' cheat-in' on a race track I hopes they shoot yo' head off!"

Old Gabe walked away toward the Curry barn, and all Pitkin could do was stare after him. Then he sat down on a bale of hay and took stock of his misfortunes.

"I reckon everything's all right, Gabe," said Old Man Curry, who was counting money in his tackle-room. "It was sort o' risky. When a man can't tell his own hoss when he sees him, anything is liable to happen to him on a bush track. I've just cut this bank roll in two, Gabe, and here's your bit. Shanghai's a good bettin' commissioner, eh?"

Old Gabe's eyes bulged as he contemplated the size of his fortune.

"All this, suh—nine?"

"All yours—an' you better not miss that six o'clock train. Never can tell what'll happen, you know, Gabe. Pitkin will keep General Duval, I reckon?"

Gabe grinned from ear to ear.

"I fo'got to tell him so," he chuckled, "but he got both them hosses now. Mist' Curry, whut yo' reckon Sol'mun would say 'bout us?"

"The Lord will not suffer the soul of the righteous to famish," quoted the horseman,