

"*Sho'* ain't even the word, 'Rias. I can sell it for th'ee hund'ed easy. They is somethin' 'bout a secon'-han' flivver, 'Rias, which gives white folks the itch in they money pockets. Reckon they think they is gittin' nothin' for less. I asts you for the las' time — is you with me?"

Urias didn't have a chance. He battled desperately with his conscience and his ingrained terror of a militant spouse. Arrayed on the other side was his passion for money and plenty of it — and a hundred dollars all in one luscious lump was more than he had dreamed of in his most avaricious mental orgies. And finally — albeit tremblingly — he informed Cass Driggers that he was with h'm. The die was cast — and if Urias felt like unto the trembling surgical victim who fearfully inhales his first paralysing whiff of ether while eyeing a glittering array of knives and clamps, he did not show it by other than a slight greenish pallor under his rich brown skin.

He voiced only one doubt. "You — you ain't gittin' me into nothin', is you, Cass?"

"Meanin' which?"

"They ain't possibly gwine be no slip 'bout sellin' that car?"

"Huh! You is just makin' sounds with yo' voice, 'Rias. You ain't talkin' a tall."

They proceeded to an almost-jewelry store on Second Avenue where for twenty minutes they pottered around purple velvet trays. They laid aside a half-dozen "as good as the real thing — only an expert can tell them" diamonds, and from that half dozen made a choice.

The brummagem brilliance of the ultimate selec-