

"You ain't a judge of quality yet," he said to her. "This young feller is a fake. Don't shake your pretty head! He's not good enough for you, and that's why I forbid the banns. Your pore mother thinks it's a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence with me. Well, I know the value of money, because I've made it. Money can buy nearly everything and everybody. Money can buy you, Posy."

"It can't."

"It can buy you from him."

He turned sharply, staring contemptuously at James, appraising him also as the young man stood before him, erect and defiant.

"James Miggott——"

"Sir?"

"You have stolen something which is mine. I'll buy it back at my own price."

"You can't buy Posy from me?"

"Have you settled yet with Mabel Dredge?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

His voice remained impudently firm, but into his eyes crept a furtive expression.

"It seems, my lad, that Mabel Dredge wants you, and you wanted her before Posy came back from school. Took all she had to give, too."

"Oh!" exclaimed Posy.

Quinney continued scathingly: "You were mean enough to break with her, when my girl appeared, but she didn't break with you. As a moral millionaire, James Miggott, you're—bust!"

Susan saw James's face, evidence damning to