

WALLINGFORD AND BLACKIE DAW

André Perigord smiled. He was becoming clever. He knew now where Wallingford made these enormous profits; on the bourse; the Stock Exchange! That was where these clever Americans made their quick fortunes! It was the only place! But André Perigord was wise! He said nothing! He held his peace and took the money!

It was a shame that the amount was, after all, so small! It was a tin horn! If he could only invest in the larger business that Wallingford was about to launch, then he might be a millionaire quickly, and go back to Paris, and do nothing, and be a gentleman, and wear a different dress-shirt every evening! He must be more agreeable to Mr. Wallingford; more generous; more trustful. He sent Mrs. Wallingford the finest scarf in his collection.

"Well, André," said Wallingford, on the fifth day; "the little pool is ended. Here is your last rake-off—two hundred and twenty-five dollars."

"But there will be another pool!" protested André. "Can not monsieur make me a place in that, ever so little a place; only twenty-five, or fifty, or a hundred dollars?"

"No," refused Wallingford kindly but firmly. "I've cut out the small shares. I've dropped about half my investors. I've carried lots of them along because they were with me in the start, when I began in a small way. But now they've had enough."