

would become a benefactor to the human race by setting up as an eliminator of vampires.

"B-b-but," stammered the dazed March, coming up for air, "what they is in it fo' me?"

"Oh!" There was a sudden letdown in enthusiasm. "Sumthin'," answered Atcherson vaguely.

"What?" persisted March cannily. "Co'se — pervidin' I succeeds."

The bare mention of success proved the Open Sesame to their wallets. "How much you want, March?"

March Clisby hesitated. He knew that these men needed his help — yet, understanding the soreness of their straits, he hesitated to voice his demands. "I is a young man," he opened timidly, "an' I ain't got nothin' befo' me on'y a future —"

"Yeh . . . yeh. . . ."

"An' — an' — well, I was thinkin' if'n I c'n do this heah thing fo' you gen'lemen you-all ought to be willin' to give me another thi'd of the Gold Crown Ice Cream Parlour so's I'd own the cuntrollin' interes'."

The price was steep but not sufficiently steep to beget any great amount of hesitation. The Gold Crown was a good paying proposition as such propositions go, but both doctors were too well fixed in the goods of the world to require the little which they received as a two-thirds share of the revenue.

"Tell you what we'll do," compromised Elijah. "T'morrow mawnin' we'll go down to Lawyer Artopee Gaillard an' draw up a contrac' which gives you cuntrol as gene'al manager no matter what we says an' also gives you two-thi'ds of the profits