

observed, with a noticeable effort at indifference.

"No doubt you are paid for the extra time."

"If thanks is pay!" Pat flung back at him over her shoulder. "Brassy calls these rush orders little 'thank-you' jobs. And he doesn't give too much of that either."

The gentleman being silenced, Pat turned back to the lady.

"Vipe might sly us in if he liked. But we know a trick worth two of requestin' a favour of him. He's—he's what you might call *convulsive*."

"Child, you mean repulsive," suggested Isobel.

"Yes—ugly, and mean, and low, and disgusting, and everything you can't look at. For instance, there's moustaches and *moustaches*. He has the latter sort—four sickly white hairs parted carefully to right and left, and all dead and straight from being stroked. Most men would say they hadn't shaved, and be done with it."

Something twitched about the stranger's boyish mouth, but he kept his gravity with a painful effort.

The awful child continued her conversation with Isobel.

"Then he's got the long eyes—I mean they see a long way. If you were trying to bring in a pin on the quiet, he'd dart up his flat, oily head and hiss out, 'Parcel, miss!' And you'd have to leave it in his clutches till six o'clock. Ha, ha! Once I