

All these things that this man said the other type of financier would have said too. They were inevitable—especially the bit about expensive smelting and freighting being 'a fright.' But the other type would not have remarked, in quite the manner that this one did: 'All the same, boys, I want to get first refusal of your Golconda,' or, if he had, they would have wondered what was behind such an admission of its value.

'It is a question of terms,' he brought out sharply, and glittered amicably at them. He came from roll-top desks and telephone bells, but he admired these men. On his brief rushes into the wilderness he was wont, for a moment or two at times, to wish he had been a cow-puncher, or a lumber-jack. But he could never have 'stuck it' for long. Snowed up some winter, blizzard-bound in a cabin twelve by twelve, he would have gone jumping crazy from lack of exciting 'interests' to juggle with.

When they did come to the question of terms the partners felt that he was not trying to rush them, felt that he was merely being his own alert, quick-moving self. The partners did not adopt that