

knew he had never let me quite close to himself. There was a barrier between him and all men. But the look passed, and said he, slowly and definitely:

"I can never go home."

We went out into the air and sat silent till the east-bound whistled and whistled and screamed nearer and nearer.

It was while we sat there that I remembered that he had advertised for Jackson's relatives, and asked what he would do if they were heard of.

He had evidently forgotten about that, for he seemed put out, and then remarked that he would send them his share of the turquoises, still to be disposed of.

"But you —" I began, and he held up his hand.

"I don't want the stuff, anyhow," said he. "Now — don't worry me. Don't ask me questions. What I like about you is that you take me for granted. Don't spoil the impression of yourself you have given me by wanting to know how I will get on, and thinking me foolish for what I intend to do." He looked round on me. "Yes," said he, "I like you. Do you know that the fact that you had never asked me what George Brooks and I were enemies for made me your most humble servant? Would you like to hear that story?"

I nodded.

"Well, well," he said, and laughed. "That makes me like you all the more. You are really interested,