

"But I'm not sorry. I'm ever so glad. Whether you are right or wrong about Jim, it is everything—yes, everything—to me to know that you really meant what you said just now."

She went back to her mother as Hunsaker's genial voice was heard coming up the stairs:

"Yes, sir, a sanctuary; and not a thing in it for sale!"

II.

The two visitors entered, followed by James. Tamlin gasped when he beheld Hunsaker's companion, a celebrity known to all the great dealers in two hemispheres. He was short, rather stout, and very quietly dressed, with a fine head set upon rounded shoulders. The face was heavy-featured and saturnine, the face of a man who had lived a strenuous life, a fighter and a conqueror. Hunsaker pronounced his name with pride:

"Mr. Quinney, this is Mr. Dupont Jordan."

"Glad to see you, Mr. Jordan," said Quinney. He waved his hand. "My wife and daughter."

The famous collector bowed to the ladies, and nodded to Tamlin, who murmured obsequiously:

"Mr. Jordan has honoured me with his patronage."

Hunsaker's voice rose jovially above the murmurs:

"Mr. Jordan is interested in my chairs. He wants to see 'em. What he doesn't know about