

"Then, Peter, we'll tell the public," he ventured.

Peter swung about, crying:

"Ah, why didn't you get down to that in the first place! I can understand that—I've understood it all along—you were bound to hold me up. I'm used to that—have had it all my life. Now, look here, Flomerfelt, I'm through with you—through with both of you. But I'm willing to be fair. I bought Leech with a million dollars, as you know. And I'll do the same with you—with her. You can take it or leave it, just as you please."

"It's not enough," spoke up Flomerfelt.

"I should think not," said the lady.

Peter V. took out his watch and said:

"I'll give you just one minute to accept."

Flomerfelt took out his watch, and answered:

"I'll give you two minutes to divide with us."

At the end of a minute they were glaring into each other's faces like beasts of prey. Wilkinson held up his hand and repeated:

"You can take it or leave it, just as you please."

"Thirds or nothing," answered the other stubbornly, at which reply Wilkinson thrust his watch into his pocket and strolled toward the door, where he waited until Flomerfelt raised his hand; and in that brief moment it was borne in upon him