

ring we coul'n't git more'n fifty dollars or mebbe fohty. But Semore Mashby'd let us have sevumty-five —"

"Goo'-bye, Cass. I gits ne'vous when I talks with a crazy man."

"Wait a minute. Heah me th'ough. Me'n you is buddies, 'Rias, an' if'n somebody is got to git a hund'ed dollars off'n me, I'd a heap ruther it was you. Now I got it all figgered out how we c'n raise that sevumty-five dollars an' if'n yo'll lemme splain —"

"Go ahead," commanded 'Rias with weary hopelessness — in the grip of a desire to humour his friend's infirmity, "but be sho' you splain it tho'ough."

Cass perked up with enthusiasm. "Heah's the how of it. A di'min' ring is a di'min' ring, an' if'n a 'ooman is got one she is salisted. Now my idee is that we is gwine borry Elzevir's di'min ring on'y she ain't gwine know nothin' about we is done so!"

"Tha's a fine idee, Cass. An' w'en we finishes doin' that mebbe we is gwine borry the Chimmerses baby off'n Truman an' Orpha an' they ain't gwine know it, neither."

"Babies is diff'ent fum di'min's, 'Rias. We is gwine borry yo' wife's di'min' but she ain't gwine know it because we is gwine put another di'min' back in the place of the one we borries!"

"If'n you is got a di'min' a'ready what you wants with mine?"

"Ain't got one yit. We is got to buy it fust."

"With my th'ee dollars?" sarcastically.

"Yeh. They on'y costs two dollars an' a halft."