

"Oh!" said MacDonald.

"Dot vas der time you told dot it vas Thornley—yess? Dot vas von dollar py each. Vell, I vant dot—yess?"

"Really!" laughed MacDonald. "Well, I guess *not!*"

"Dot—vas—der—time"—Dutchy was raising his voice, each word growing louder and more distinct than the preceding one. Thornley's chair inside creaked ominously. MacDonald glanced furtively toward the door, and his face grew red—"you—told—dot——"

With a hasty movement, MacDonald clapped one hand over Dutchy's mouth, and with the other thrust a five-dollar bill into his fingers.

"Get out!" he choked, and shoved Dutchy violently toward the stairs.

At the bottom, Dutchy halted, turned and looked up with a grin.

"Py golly," said he, "I shusht thought me dot I like jokes pretty good, and I hope dot——"

"Oh, shut up!" said MacDonald.