

razor-edge sort of person. His *metier* was not that of being unfathomable.

Olson made the introductions, and Jim bowed, surveying Leonard J. Smythe, prospective buyer of their Eureka, their Ophir. Smythe did not sit up placid, and rub his face, and pucker his eyes, and say he wasn't really intending to consider mines this trip. Instead he congratulated them upon their discovery, flicking his eyes from one to the other. One almost expected him to crack like a whip as he turned around. He told them that their fortunes were made—which they knew. Then he laughed, and added that he was out to make his too. He told them, which they also knew, that they had hit no 'poor-man drift' to be worked with a long-handled shovel. He told them that it was a long way back, that smelting was expensive, and that freighting was a fright. All this he snapped out, jerking his head back and forth from Olson to Jim, from Jim to Olson, now and then taking in the Assay man, old Reynolds, who having brought these three together would be content with a small acknowledgment anon, if business was done.