

a fresh cigar and beguiled his vigil with a paper he had found under the safe.

"I guess I'll lock up and go to my dinner," he said at eight o'clock. "To-morrow is another day, and if he don't come to-day he'll come to-morrow yet."

Half an hour later he sat at a table in Glauber's restaurant on Grand Street, consuming a dish of *paprika schnitzel*. At the side of his plate a cup of fragrant coffee steamed into his nostrils and he felt at peace with all the world. After the first cup he grew quite mollified toward Borrochson, and it was even in his heart to pity Rubin both for the loss he had sustained and the disappointment he was still to suffer. As for Daiches, he had completely passed out of Wolfson's mind, but just as pride goeth before a fall, ease is often the immediate predecessor of discomfort.

Perhaps there is nothing more uncomfortable than to receive a glassful of cold water in the back of the neck, and although Wolfson's neck bulged over his celluloid collar so that none of the icy fluid went down his back, the experience was far from agreeable. After the shock had spent itself he turned around to find J. Daiches struggling in the grasp of two husky waiters.

"Schwindler!" Daiches howled, as he was propelled violently toward the door. "For all what I have done for you, you give me a piece from glass."

"Wait a bit!" Wolfson cried. "What is that he says about a piece from glass?"