

technicalities and let's talk business. We only ask you to amend a professional oversight, and offer to pay you well for it."

"But do you not make a mistake?"

"Think so? Well, perhaps we do. Excuse us while Skinner and I have a word together."

The little notary sat pale and silent in the official chair, gazing intently over his meeting finger-tips and seeing nothing, while the two stood apart and hurriedly conferred in eager whisperings. Coming forward and breaking into the notary's reverie, Snatchet abruptly resumed:

"Well, Mr. Notary, Skinner seems disposed to agree with you, and I'm ready to back him up. We recognize the little irregularity, but you'll admit the thing is easily done. The deed is signed by parties making their marks. No copy has yet been registered. A marginal note in your original minute, duly initialled, with a fresh certified copy, and there you are! For this slight service we now offer you one thousand dollars!"

"Ah-h-h!—A fortune, truly! This land must surely be very valuable. And this is your last word?"

"Really, Mr. Notary, you've quite a gift for business. No idea you'd be so exacting, though. Come along. Skinner, let's revise our figures and see what we can do."

The conversation in the corner was a trifle more prolonged, and the whisperings a little more eager, but neither of the partners saw that the eyes behind the spectacles had taken an upward look, the thin lips were relaxed in whisperings of their own, and that palms as well as finger-tips were met in close touch; and none of all the three were aware of the brooding form and saintly face crowned with its silver aureole which watched with tender eyes of love and benediction the outcome of a new Temptation in the Wilderness from its niche in the adjoining doorway.