

"Anything?" repeated Hunsaker. He glanced about him, and for one moment his eyes rested upon Posy.

"Anything," Quinney reaffirmed.

"I'll remember that, sir. Now, Mr. Jordan, do me the favour to select some object in this sanctuary for which you would pay eleven hundred pounds or more."

"You insist?"

"I shall be under the greatest obligations to you and Mr. Quinney."

Jordan walked to the cabinet. At his request Quinney opened it, displaying the beautiful interior.

"I would gladly give eleven hundred pounds for this," he said quietly.

"Will you accept that, Mr. Quinney?"

Quinney chuckled, looking at Posy.

"Um! There are memories connected with that cabinet, Mr. Hunsaker, which make me willing to part with it. It's yours."

"It's mine."

Solemnly he handed the cheque back to Quinney, who as solemnly received it, laying it upon his desk. Jordan held out his hand.

"Good-day, Mr. Quinney. I hope to become one of your customers, and to send you some of my friends."

Hunsaker turned to take leave of the ladies.

"I'm fixing up that dinner and play, Miss Posy, so it won't be good-bye. *Au revoir?*"

"*Au revoir,*" said Posy.