

employer had decided to pay the money, but the voice on the phone was not her voice.

"Is that you, Nellamaclung?" came in Jean's unmistakable contralto. She always called me this, spoken as one word. "And do you ken whose speaking?"

"Aye, I ken," I said. "I never could mistake the voice of Jean McCalmon. There's no anither like it this side o' the Clyde."

She laughed in high good humour, and I knew she had won her fight with someone.

"You're quite a smart woman in your own way, Nellamaclung, but you'd better stick to your writing. For from all I can hear you're a —— poor collector. I have ye beat there."

"How did you do it?" I asked.

"That's what I want to tell you. You ken Charlie, Charlie is a policeman who has a room here in my house; so when Charlie came in this evening, I says 'Charlie, I want a favor. Drive me over to Elba Park. There's a bit of unfinished business over there.' I often take Charlie wi' me when I need a bit of scenery behind me, like a man in uniform. So we drove over and Charlie came up the steps wi' me, and we rang the bell wi' a good loud clatter . . . Now mind ye, I didn't get rough wi' her. I remembered I was a lady, even if she wasn't, and when she opens the door and sees me and Charlie, she looked like a sick cat. But I spoke low and sweet, just as nice as you would yoursel' and all I said was:

"'You dirty hell-cat, do you no intend to pay that decent girl her money?'—And she turns and runs up the stairs like something that was shot out of a gun and she comes back with four ten dollars bills in her hand. So will you just tell Mareska to come over tonight and get her money."