

would translate them it might be said that to be her paladin was his desire. He found himself at the Assay Office door, and marvelled how he had come there without being either run into by a rig, or jostled by passers-by. From Morley's to the barber's, from the barber's to the Assay Office, had been a period of thought, it seemed, rather than of locomotion.

He pushed open the door, and no one was within save a boy, in white shirt and starched collar, behind the counter.

'I was to meet Mr. Olson here,' said Jim, focusing his gaze back to the reality.

'Mr. Jefferies?' asked the youth.

'Yes.'

'Come ahead this way.' He opened a hinged end to the counter, swept back a door, and stood aside.

There sat the Assay man and Olson, and another who was not a bit like Jim's notion of a company promoter—for he was not big and heavy, of the stolid four-square type. He was a little, lean, springy man with black hair and bright, bird-like eyes. He was shrewd as an augur. He was a