

silly. I ain't got no sevumty-five dollars an' you know it."

"Sho' I does. But worser men'n you is made money what they ain't nev' had befo'."

"I got zae'ly th'ee dollars, fo' bits an' a dime, Cass. I ain't hahdly prospee' tha's enough to buy no autymobile."

"Woul'n't Elzevir like bout'n a hund'ed dollars?"

"Her! If'n Elzevir ev' seen that money all to oncet I'd be a widdier."

"Sho' nuff. Tha's jes' what I says to myse'f. I says: 'Cass Driggers,' I says, 'Rias is yo' buddy an' Elzevir is his wife, an' Elzevir is a broad 'ooman —"

"Croست the hips mebbe. But if'n you is makin' talk 'bout gitten Elzevir interes' in 'vestin' sevumty-five dollars . . . anyways, Cass — she jes' ain't got it!"

Cass lowered his voice discreetly. "She is got it, too!"

"Elzevir?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Sevumty-five dollars?"

"Yeh."

"You is absotively an' ontirely crazy, Cass Driggers. If'n autymobiles was sellin' for ten dollars apiece each me'n Elzevir between us coul'n't buy a puncture. Whar you git that notion 'bout Elzevir havin' sevumty-five dollars?"

"Her di'min' ring!" sibilated Cass eagerly. "Ol' Semore Mashby is a lookin' man when it comes to good s'eurity an' he'd easy leave us have sevumty-five on that ring, an'—"