

enough to face a heavy monetary loss and a still heavier blow to his *amour propre* as a connoisseur with—chucklings. Jordan loved a good loser.

Hunsaker put into vivid words the thoughts passing through Jordan's mind:

"Nothing more to be said!" he repeated. "I've something to say, and I want to get it off my chest quick. You're a dead square man, Mr. Quinney, and, by thunder, I'll make it my business that you don't lose by this. My friends are going to hear of you, sir. And some of 'em will weigh in downstairs with cheques as big as this." He waved the slip of paper excitedly. "I ain't sure that I ought to take this. I bought the chairs after careful examination. I wanted to buy them, and you were not over keen about selling. I remember that."

"I couldn't let you have those chairs, Mr. Hunsaker. Tear up that cheque!"

"I'm hanged if I will! I want to take back to Hunsaker a souvenir of a great morning. Can't you let me have something else for this?"

Then Quinney added the last touch.

"Yes, by Gum! I can. And I'll leave it to Mr. Jordan. You can have anything in this room you fancy at a price to be set on it by him."

Hunsaker threw back his broad shoulders and laughed. There was a whiff of the New Mexico plains in his general air, a breezy freshness captivating to see. At that moment Quinney regretted nothing. He beheld an honest man, and was warmed to the core.