

A minute later he departed, leaving Feldman alone with his client.

"Mr. Feldman," he said as soon as Borrochson had gone, "supposing a feller thinks that a safe has got diamonds into it, and supposing I got that safe, but I know there ain't no diamonds into it because I took 'em out already. And supposing that feller doesn't think that I know there was diamonds into the safe because them diamonds was supposed to be in a secret apartment what he only is supposed to know it. Supposing he buys the safe from me, thinking them diamonds is still into it, and pays me six hundred dollars for a safe what is only worth fifty. Would there be any comeback?"

"Decidedly not. And I sincerely hope you haven't been buying any such safe."

"*Gott soll hüten!*" Wolfson exclaimed.

"No, indeed, there will be no recourse to the vendor," Feldman replied. "The doctrine of *caveat emptor* would apply in that case, too."

Wolfson was effusive in his thanks and hastened to return to his recently acquired jewellery business.

When he left the elevated station on the way to the store Wolfson glanced around him for the haggard features and the attenuated form of Rubin, but without avail. He unlocked the store door and immediately made a thorough examination of the stock and fixtures. Nothing was missing, and, after consulting the figures furnished him by Borrochson, he succeeded